



# 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

## Pentecost and Healing at Wit's End Corner

How the Lord Dealt With Prejudice.

Jonathan Perkins, Tulsa, Okla.



My mother was a woman of prayer, and I was converted when I was seven years of age. From that until I was thirteen I loved the Lord and the old-fashioned Methodist class meeting. I was very tender-hearted as a boy and would grieve when I heard the other children quarreling at school. I prayed earnestly every day and had a very definite religious experience, but when I was about fifteen, my father, who was a money maker, had financial reverses, which brought about a complete change in my life. Up to this time I had everything that a boy might desire; in fact I never knew the value of a dollar and had grown up in that environment, but with my father's losses I was obliged to quit school and go to work. As I saw my chances of getting an education going, I became greatly embittered.

At sixteen years, wicked associations changed a tender-hearted boy to a hardened sinner with an ungovernable temper. I left home and drove a dynamite wagon and handled high explosives for a mining concern. Every year I grew more hardened in sin, and had many narrow escapes, but time after time God saved me from destruction through the prayers of my godly mother, which were daily offered in my behalf.

When I was nineteen I had typhoid fever, and for days I lingered at the point of death, but even this affliction did not bring me to feel my need of God. As soon as I recovered, I planned on leaving home again, though my father begged and pleaded for me to remain at home and lead an upright life. I shall never forget that July day years ago, when my father begged me to forsake my sinful life. The clouds of an on-coming storm gathered in the heavens, but there was a greater storm in my soul. As my father pleaded, my heart became tender for a moment, but I did not yield. I had been angry with one of my cousins for four years and had deliberately refused to speak to her. My father's pleadings linger with me yet as he begged me to forgive and forget. That was the last conversation I ever held with my father, for that very evening, in the midst of a heavy thunder-storm, he was suddenly killed by lightning. I shall never forget the darkness of that night as I helped to carry his lifeless body to the house. It seemed as tho

my heart had turned to stone because I had steeled myself against his continual pleadings. As I looked into his dead face and realized with bitter agony that I had denied his last request, I was overwhelmed, yet my unforgiving spirit held me, as it were, in a vise.

My mother had dedicated me to God before I was born and through all my wanderings in sin I never got away from the thought that I was to preach the Gospel. For two days I struggled to be reconciled to those whom I hated. My heart was so hard I could not shed a tear, and during those awful days I realized that God was talking to me about preaching the Gospel. As I stood beside the open grave and heard my father's boyhood friend pronounce the benediction, a great struggle was going on within. I tried to leave the grave twice, but could not. All at once a great darkness came over me, and while I knew nothing about theology or the unpardonable sin, I was made to realize that my last chance had come to get right with God. I walked around the newly-made mound where stood one I so bitterly hated and, taking her by the hand, asked her forgiveness. Then I burst into tears and my pent-up feelings found relief. Soon after that God wonderfully saved me.

I was twenty years of age when I started in to High School, and later to college. As my preparation for the ministry closed, I realized keenly that I needed a deeper work of God in my heart. I went out to hold a meeting in a little town in Kansas, though I was in poor health, having severe stomach trouble, the result of the typhoid fever years before. I prayed for three weeks and preached the best I knew, feeding about a score of people on Shakespeare and Robert Burns, and Victor Hugo, and at the end of three weeks I was planning to close the meetings because I had run out of sermons. But some of the people didn't want me to close, and so I began to dig into the Bible and really discovered that there was a Bible to *preach from*. Before this, it was to me a Book from which to get texts. The more I preached from the Bible, the more interest was aroused, and the Word of God became in my hands the Sword of the Spirit. As I walked out into the fields one day I decided to fast and pray, which I did for three days. At the end of that time, another preacher and I were praying together and the power of God came

down and prostrated both of us on the floor, at the same time God wonderfully healing me of my physical trouble.

For three years after that the power of God rested upon my ministry. It seemed that everywhere I went God gave a revival and I saw great spiritual victories through preaching the Word. But gradually this power seemed to leave me, and becoming dissatisfied with my church affiliation I decided to quit the ministry and go into business. Being a strong Fundamentalist I found myself out of sympathy with my brethren in the ministry because of their leaning toward Higher Criticism. A business opportunity came along in which I saw the chance of a life-time to make a fortune, and I decided to avail myself of it, promising God to give Him practically all of the profits to satisfy my conscience. I felt I could not conscientiously stay in my church any longer and at the same time be out of harmony with the brethren, so I stepped out, the devil blinding me by taking me into business.

Everything seemed to go along well for a time until it seemed that fortune was just within my grasp. I had the strongest kind of financial backing and access to big moneyed men who believed in my proposition, but just on the eve of success, God made it plain to me that I should give up the whole business. My church officials came to me and offered me a good pastorate with a fine salary, but I felt that to accept I would be going back on my convictions and that God had something better for me farther on.

I went into independent Gospel work, but my health failed and I was in a terrible plight. About this time I came in contact with some Pentecostal people in Wichita, Kansas, who told me about the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. I had always thought my wonderful experience I had years before to have been the Baptism in the Holy Spirit, for at that time the power of God was upon me and on the audience in a very marked degree, but I see now that I stopped short of the fulness.

When I started out into independent work all my friends and relatives turned me down and openly opposed me, but God dealt with every one who laid his hand upon me. My uncle asked me not to call him "uncle" any longer. My aunt who resented my leaving the church, was found dead in bed the next morning, and my uncle soon had a stroke of paralysis. A friend became angry with me and insulted me, and before the week was over, he was down with appendicitis. He

sent for me and asked my forgiveness, thinking he would die. Another who opposed was afflicted with cancer and died in three months; others suffered severe financial reverses.

I was in the South holding a tent meeting, and during its progress a lady in the audience gave a Pentecostal testimony in a very modest manner. I challenged her statements, however, and told her before them all that her blessing was of the devil. That night the tent blew down and the crowds dropped off. The next night it blew down again. The crowds became less and less and the third night the tent went down again. I put it up myself and put in bigger stakes so it would not blow down again. The day was hot and the sledge heavy; perspiration streamed, my back ached, but my determination carried me through the day in triumph. I had the tent up in fine shape and held the evening service in it, though I ached in every muscle as I walked home from the meeting. About one o'clock in the morning I was awakened by the fearful howling of wind and thought of the tent. I hurried to where it was located and when I reached there it was ripping and tearing; my big stakes had failed to hold in that gale. I let it down as best I could, and in desperation I gave it up. Pentecost and the Almighty were putting me to confusion. We cannot trifle with God and escape the penalty of wrong doing. Fifteen years before that, just as I was entering the ministry, I had come in contact with a Pentecostal mission, but the testimony of a colored person turned me aside. My mother's folks had come from Old Virginia and I had a deep prejudice in my heart against the colored people and the Pentecostal teaching had never since crossed my path until during my tent meeting.

Soon after this I failed completely in health and a physician said I would last about six months. For three years I had seen this coming but had hoped for the best. Broken physically, I went to Wichita, Kansas, where for many years I had longed to settle. I was conscious that unless God undertook, life for me would soon be over and I tried to face the future as a man in my condition should, though at times I was furiously rebellious against meeting my end with so little accomplished. I was unable to work and support my family properly, and it was indeed a Gethsemane hour for me. I drank the cup of sorrow to the bitter dregs and ate the ashes of bitterness.

For the first time in my life I felt absolutely

and completely cornered, broken, baffled, beaten. Always before I could see some sort of a loop hole that gave me an opportunity to squeeze through, but at this time I was absolutely at a standstill. I felt as helpless as a child.

One day in Wichita a sister brought up the subject of speaking in tongues and suggested that I needed the Baptism. I was sure I had the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and while I did my best to conceal it, a feeling of commiseration welled up in my heart for her. She was a cultured woman, and as she talked her testimony disturbed me more than I cared to own. She succeeded in convincing me that the subject of "other tongues" was in the Bible, and as I walked home to one of the best and most faithful wives that a man ever had, I decided that I had no right to be totally indifferent to a Bible theme, for I had always prided myself for standing for the non-mutilation of the Word of God. I decided that I would take my Bible and really study the question and also that I would abide by the decision of Scripture. I read every verse on the "Baptism" and the "speaking in other tongues" until I reached the very last verse on the subject where Paul concludes by saying, "Forbid not to speak with tongues." I Cor. 14:39. This verse was a poser. I had read it many times before, but not in the light of prayer. The sensation that came to me at that time was rather puzzling, and it began to dawn on me that Paul actually meant what he said. I turned to my wife and told her that this verse settled it with me, in that any person who forbade the speaking in tongues was going contrary to the expressed Word of God. Mrs. Perkins looked me in the eye for a moment, smiled, then, woman-like, said, "Maybe that is what killed your meeting down in Texas last summer. It is possible that that woman was right and you wrong, if you are a preacher." I looked her straight in the eye but had nothing to say. Her reminder of that meeting put me to thinking, and then began a spiritual tug of war. I saw that the Bible plainly said, "Forbid not to speak with tongues," and that in rebuking the Pentecostal woman I had repudiated the plain teaching of the Word of God. I made up my mind to be careful with the "tongues folks" if any more of them came around me.

Every day I was becoming weaker physically, so that it required quite an effort to walk a mile. I believed in Divine Healing but knew little about it from actual experience, although I had been healed once as I said before. But I felt

that God would surely heal me sooner or later. School being over, my wife and children went to visit her people, which left me alone in Wichita, God's, clear leading. For nearly a month I ate just enough to keep soul and body together. One evening a friend apprized me that a colored campmeeting was being held in the north end of Wichita. I wanted my body healed and was willing to go anywhere, so I went. The sermon was good and I was much surprised at the eloquence and power of the speaker. I soon felt the reality of God's power and became conscious of the fact that those folks had the real, old-time power of the Holy Ghost in their midst. I was asked to preach the next night and I did so, speaking on the demonstration of the power of the Holy Ghost. The colored folks became happy and began to shout, and for the time being I forgot that I had ever been sick. God's power fell mightily, and Jesus Christ seemed to be at my very side. About the middle of the sermon the power of God became more and more real, and I trembled in the presence of Deity. God thundered in the midst of my consciousness just as definitely as though He spoke with audible voice, "What will you do with the tongues question?" With trembling fingers I turned to I Cor. 14:39 and read to the audience, "Forbid not to speak with tongues."

Like lightning flashing from a clear sky, there came a picture. It was a picture I had scorned with ill-concealed disgust more than fourteen years before, the picture of a little mission hall with a handful of people listening to an old colored woman praise the Lord Jesus Christ. A colored woman had scared me away over fourteen years before when I first came in contact with Pentecost, but when I preached my first sermon that even hinted at friendliness toward Pentecostal truth, I was surrounded with not one, but a sea of black faces. It all came back to me in a flash, and the shame of it rolled in upon my soul like the back-wash of the sea. I did not get my healing that night, but I got something better. Before morning penciled rays of living light across the eastern sky, I received the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, speaking in other tongues as the Spirit giveth utterance. The altar was filled with those seeking pardon and the Baptism but I slipped away to my room. I wanted to be alone. I saw the hand of God upon me. It was very clear to me that for my prejudice against one lone colored woman, God had made me declare myself in a large colored campmeeting, where hundreds

of white people could look on and sneer if they felt so inclined, which some of them did.

I felt so hungry, lonely and old that night after I reached my room I pleaded with God to make Himself more real. The more I prayed the worse I felt. As I prayed it seemed as though my soul was poured out like water, and water once poured out cannot be regained. I felt abandoned by God and man. At one o'clock I was praying and groaning out my heart's desire to God. My prayer was very quiet for I was too exhausted and weak in body to put any physical strength into my petition. A little past four o'clock I got a glimpse of the loneliness that Jesus had in Gethsemane, and it seemed as though I would die. I could not pray, I had no words, but just waited on my knees before God. Later I began to pray very quietly. I had no thought of asking for the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, but all at once without the least bit of excitement, in the very midst of my prayer, I found myself praying in other tongues "as the Spirit gave utterance." My first feeling was one of intense surprise and I stopped praying. My burden had lifted, but when I stopped praying it fell on me again. Again I started to pray in an unknown tongue. Then it flashed on me that I was having the same experi-

ence that they received on the day of Pentecost, and I thanked God.

I went through real days of suffering before I became fully affiliated with the Pentecostal people. I held some meetings in country places but didn't get enough to pay expenses, and it was very hard when I went home to see my wife and family living on bread and potatoes. I wanted to get a job, but my wife would not listen to me. I had been living with the farmers and was not suffering, but she was going through real suffering, and yet she was brave enough to stand firm in the hour of trial. My next meeting was a Pentecostal meeting, and from that time the Lord has abundantly provided for us. I believe the Lord took me through that time of testing because of my independent spirit, and when I made up my mind I would work with other people and be co-operative, He lifted the burden.

Soon after my Baptism I was wonderfully healed of physical ailments. Have much to thank God for, and the last year of my ministerial life is worth all the rest of my time put together. Thank God for the "latter rain." I am glad that a few drops fell on me.

Bro. Perkin's book, "The Brooding Presence," can be had for 50 cents. It is a splendid work on Pentecost.

## Working Out and Working In

"Without Murmurings or Disputings."

Pastor Philip Wittich in The Stone Church, November 30, 1924



O, then, beloved, even as ye have always obeyed, not as in my presence only, but now much more in my absence, work out your own salvation with fear and trembling; for it is God who worketh in you both to will and to work, for His good pleasure."

I have read to you the twelfth and thirteenth verses of the second chapter of Paul's letter to the Philippians. In the twelfth verse Paul tells the Philippians, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling," and then adds, the statement, "For it is God who worketh in you both to will and to work for His good pleasure." These two statements are strange to the natural mind. They look like contradictions, but to those who have received the anointing from above, this word presents no contradiction and is therefore no stumbling block, for when we receive the Holy Ghost, we receive also Jesus Christ, our blessed Lord. Paul emphatically says to the Colossians,

"Christ in you, the hope of glory."

The real reception of this Word into the believing heart will, first of all, have a very calming restful effect upon the believer. You do not see Christ in you, neither do I, not with our mortal eyes, but just as we have received the anointing by faith, we also retain this Christ by faith in our hearts. The thought that should calm us and bring about such a rest is this: "I am not alone, but I have God Almighty; the loving God, the tender God, the merciful God; I have Him within me." Are you conscious that the Lord Jesus Christ who is on the throne with the Father, is also through the Spirit in you? If you grasp that by faith it ought to calm your heart as nothing else will do. It will help put you in the place of perfect rest and peace no matter what adversities beset you on every hand.

Paul says it is "God who worketh in you." He comes into us and then He works in us. Our Lord Jesus is not dormant, but active in us. He worked for us on the cross because we could not work to deliver ourselves from sin; but the work



on the cross is not all the work that Jesus had to do. Now Christ is in us through the Spirit, and He works in us just the thing which He accomplished on the cross. Do not reject the activity of our Lord in the heart of the believer, for "it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do" that which is well-pleasing in His sight. Now this very statement of Paul coming from God Himself ought to put a quietus upon each one of us. He is working first of all "to will!" Has it never come to you that the natural man's mind is not willing to be saved? A sinner loves sin, and if he loves sin he hates God. What then changes the sinner? The secret work of God in putting will power into that sinner to sin no more, to follow Him. That "will power" is not natural; it is divine. God has put it into the sinner's heart, and He likewise puts into us as believers a new will which gives us the desire to live holy lives. That desire to live a holy life does not come from ourselves; it comes from *Christ in us*. He puts the "will" in us. It is the gift of God.

"But you say, 'Lord I am so far yet from this life, the perfect life that pleases Thee and that puts rest in my own heart.'" Brother, do not make a mistake; you receive the will power to lead a holy life; do not leave the second part out. He is doing the work. "Oh," you say, "with all my will to live a holy life, I have made so many failures; I find myself failing God so much, I just feel like giving up. I do not seem to make any headway at all. I 'will' to live a holy life, and I will to have nothing at all to do with sin, yet with all my effort, my life seems to be a failure." Brother, you have left out the second part of Paul's statement. He has given you not only the power *to will*, but *to do*. If you know God's *will power* is in you, you ought to rejoice. Now rest in Jesus that He will work it out.

Do you not think we have made a great mistake when we come to the Lord Jesus and *ask Him* to do something in the way of salvation or sanctification, or any kind of a work that He has guaranteed us on the cross, if we do not *accept* it? We expect the Lord to move in such a way that we can sense it with our reason, and feel it with our body. There is where we blunder and sometimes retard God. He has put the will to live a holy life in us, and He is also working out this holy life. All we have to do is to thank Him for putting this "will" in us, and for doing the work.

Often the enemy comes to upset and disturb us, saying, "Now you haven't gotten very far with

your sanctified life. There you have done something you should not have done!" We all know the Bible standard of holiness, and when we measure our own lives with it and see the failures, we are apt to murmur against God and be dissatisfied, or get into a condition of carelessness and give up, saying "I have tried my best to lead a holy life and I cannot do it." Well, you are right. You cannot do it, but remember that Paul says that this very God in you not only puts the will power in you, but the *working* also. That requires *perfect rest in Christ, perfect confidence in His work*, perfect trust in the holy character of our Lord Jesus Christ. Then when the enemy comes and says that you have failed, never mind about your failures; just recognize that the Lord Jesus is working mightily and powerfully in you. Let us meet the Lord with confidence and trust! Even if you seem to have failed, have confidence that the Lord is working in you, in spite of your apparent failures. It is a lack of confidence in our Lord that causes the saints of God not to come up to His standard.

I have read of a dear saint of God who has had the baptism of the Spirit for twenty-five years. He is in the Pentecostal Movement in Europe, one of the mightiest tools of the Lord. He writes this: "When I stood on the platform I would always give way to stuttering and stammering before I began to preach. I asked the Lord to take it away as it was a great hindrance in my ministry. When I got up the next time the enemy came to me and said, 'You will stammer again, the Lord has not healed you.' Sure enough, when I believed the enemy, I stammered; but as I began to rest in the Lord, saying, 'Lord, I will speak to my people the word You have given me without stammering lips,' there was no more stammering." He had confidence in Jesus.

Perhaps you have been cursed with a good deal of pride, or with a temper that since your anointing has caused you and others much trouble. I am sure you have prayed about it, wept over it. Who would not? You asked the Lord to forgive you for giving way to it, *and He did*. You asked Him to take it away and you say that *He did not*. When we go to the Lord Jesus we must *expect* Him to fulfil that which He has promised. Of course if you expect to lose control of yourself or to experience some other manifestation of the carnal nature, you will have it, because you believe the enemy. But if you believe God for the overcoming life this exhibition of the old flesh will no more be seen. Christ

has taken it away from you. *You will be free.* This is the confidence that Paul had in the Lord Jesus Christ and this is the confidence he wanted to impart to the believers in the church at Philipp: when he said, "For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to work for His good pleasure." God wants to present you perfect, but you yourself cannot do a thing toward your perfection; you can only co-operate with Him. You must *expect* God to finish the work in you and to present you faultless and perfect at the day of Christ—the day when He shall come to take home His bride. If you have this confidence you will be encouraged to co-operate with the Lord. I have met hundreds of saints who were tempted to give up the struggle because they lacked *confidence in God*. Expect God to answer your prayers. If you see anything in your heart and life that is displeasing, expect God to remove it. If you have not this expectancy you grieve God, and He is not able to work in your heart as He has promised.

What we need is a greater amount of real faith, trust and confidence in our Lord Jesus Christ, that He is working in us to will and to do. The very God who put within us the desire to lead a holy life, would He leave us simply with the desire and not help us to accomplish it? No, He would not. He who has given us the will to live holy and pleasing in His sight, will also accomplish the work.

To the direction that we have considered, the Apostle Paul adds: "Do all things without murmurings and questionings." Herein lies the practical part of holiness. What is murmuring? Murmuring is moral rebellion against God. What is "questioning"? It is intellectual rebellion against God. Paul tells the saints that God is working in them, but in order that He may not cease working they should abstain from murmurings and questionings. If I translate to you the word "murmuring" from the Greek I am sure that you will never forget it. "Murmuring" means the sound that a sea-shell makes when you hold it up to your ear. You are all familiar with this sound. In our childhood days those sea-shells were to be found in every home, and as you put them to your ears you would hear a buzzing sound. This is the biblical way of expressing *murmuring*.

When we murmur we are displeased with God's leadings. We have another will contrary to the will of God. You never murmur against the will of God unless you want your will carried

out against His will. But if you have no will of your own, you are satisfied with the will of God. Murmuring is nothing else but the exercise of our fleshly self will against the will of God. This grieves Him. "Disputings," "questionings," refer to our reasoning. We use our heads entirely too much, and make the mistake of bringing our reasoning to God, expecting Him to carry out our plans. What folly! As if our minds could ever reason out the will of God, or our ways touch the ways of God! Paul tells the Philip-pians to do all things without these two sins, murmurings and questionings. In other words he says, "Stay apart from reasonings and questionings if you want to live a holy life." It is very easy for us to murmur, "Lord, I cannot understand why You permitted this to come into my life!" Here is the key-note of questioning and also of murmuring.

If we are in the will of God we will put away these things. The Philip-pians were not perfect, otherwise Paul would not have warned them against these two sins. Neither in these days are we perfect. How easy it is for us to question God's leadings! If they cannot be grasped by our little, finite minds, we begin to murmur. We can never understand God's dealings with us; His ways are mysterious. My own life is a mystery to me, especially since God baptized me in the Holy Ghost; but I am not here to question or reason, lest I fall into the sin of murmuring. My business, brother, and yours, if you would be a faithful child of God, is *to obey*. Do not try to understand God's dealings in your life.

You say, "God has healed so many, why does He not heal me? Is He a Respector of persons?" What is this but questioning and murmuring? You will never be healed when you take that attitude, but when you reach the place where you say, "Lord, I do not care whether I am healed or not; I leave my case in Your hands," you will see how the Lord will undertake for you.

It may interest you if I tell you of what happened lately to me. When I came to the Stone Church I had a cancerous growth on the middle finger of my right hand, and God healed it. About two months later, since I am in your midst, the growth returned, and became worse and worse. I tell you that many times I was tempted to question and murmur; but in the Name of Jesus I cursed it and said, "Lord, I turn it over to You." When the enemy wanted to turn my attention to that growth I refused to consider it, for I had committed it to God. Two or three

weeks ago I looked at my finger and found there was no trace whatever of Cancer. But I had to cease to question and murmur, leaving the matter completely in God's hands.

How much more would God do for us if we would cease our questioning and murmuring and be satisfied with Jesus; satisfied that He is in us, the hope of glory, and that He will never cease working in us. It ought to satisfy us to know that the mighty Christ is working in us. Let Him work. Let Him undertake. And when you put your case in the hands of God, it cannot be taken out by the devil. But when you question and murmur and find fault with God's dealings you make yourself liable to the devil's temptations, taking yourself out of the hands of God. May God help you to say, "Lord, You have put the will in my heart to go all the way with You; now the perfecting of that will, the carrying out of that will I leave with You." Brethren, we

need to have a holy recklessness when we deal with God. The world has a sinful recklessness, we must have a holy recklessness, leaving things altogether with God. I am tempted just like you are. I have been saved by grace just as you have been; I have made many a blunder, and stumbled many times. When I put my case in my own hands I stumble and fall, but when I put my case in God's hands I am free from worry and from care.

Now you would not be human if some of you did not have some kind of a worry or strain on your heart. Commit it to God. Do not tease your Lord by murmuring or questioning, but say, "Lord Jesus, I am satisfied with the way You lead." If you do that, you will be surprised how sweetly the Lord will undertake, and the difficulties that were mountain-high He will remove. You can then walk along in the path of holiness that is pleasing to God and delightful to you.

### A Solemn Warning to the Sleepers

Evan. Chas. A. Shreve, with the Sunnyside Assembly, March 25, 1925



WAKE, awake! Put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city . . . . . Shake thyself from the dust . . . . How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!"—Isa.-52.

It seemed to be a very strange thing for the prophet Isaiah to say to Zion, "Thy God reigneth!" for they had known God of old. They had experienced God in the midst of the people. If there were any people in the whole world that should not have to be reminded that God reigns it ought to be those Jews, but God had to cry out to them. Nobody, without being a prophet, could have seen the condition these people were in; it was time for them to be aroused to a realization that God reigned. To the prophet they appeared as a people who had gone to sleep along the roadside, and they had slept so long that the dust had covered them up like men in their graves. So he calls to them with all of his soul to awake, to arouse themselves and get ready for something.

I want to talk about that a little while, for if there is one thing that has settled down upon the people, it is sleepiness. There never has been any-

thing the matter with God. God has always been able and willing to do His work. It is not that the people have never learned about God; they have been aroused many times, but nearly every time they have gone back to sleep again. The Jews had known God. He had given them the law for their footsteps; it was a foundation for their feet, to establish them. God had given them prophets and guided them miraculously; He spoke to them out of the heavens, but they had forgotten.

In the Early Church they were keen and alive to the fact that God was a great God and that He was doing mighty and wonderful things. On the one hundred and twenty He poured out the Holy Ghost and they glorified God in other tongues. They had miracles worked before breakfast in the morning. The supernatural God was in their midst. They turned the world upside down because of that fact, but after a time we find a change brought about. The Christian world seems to have gone to sleep, and a great space of time swept in. It was the time of the Dark Ages, when nobody looked out through the shutters to see if it was daylight. If it hadn't been for a few saints in the Roman Catholic Church, there wouldn't have been any light at all. But there came a time when somebody blew a trumpet and awakened many. Martin Luther awakened multitudes. Years later, John Wesley came along and found them all asleep again.



He got on his pony and awakened them. They threw bad eggs at Wesley. What for? They didn't want to be awakened. They wanted to be let alone. They stayed awake quite awhile when Wesley blew the trumpet, but after awhile they went back to sleep again. Other movements have come along that have roused the people. We have had many revival waves that have swept this country. I myself was converted in the Holiness Movement, in Nashville, Tenn. It was a wonderful movement in its day, but many in that movement have gone to sleep.

Then God started the Pentecostal Movement. Behold, it is daybreak! Let's get up. And they threw off the bed-clothes and started to run all over the country, calling on people to awake. "The Bridegroom is coming back. Get oil in your vessels and let us get ready!" But in some of those places where it spread with tremendous power, people are just as fast asleep today as if they had never wakened up. The only way to do in some of those towns is to have a resurrection. Many are asleep all over America. I come in the Name of the Lord to bring you the same message the prophet brought long ago, and I say to you: "Awake! Awake! lest you be found sleeping when Jesus comes." I am sorry to say this, but I find God's people to be the easiest people to go to sleep of any class of people I have ever known, and I have associated with many different classes of people. I was not a Christian at all until I was twenty-three years old. I started out to be a lawyer, and mixed with people during those early years, and I never found people so prone to go to sleep as Christian people. Why is that? It is because the devil is busy putting them to sleep, and they do not realize that it is the enemy of their souls.

The prophet told the people first of all to *awake*. People cannot do anything unless they are awake. People are asleep to what God is doing in the world. There are those for whom God has done wonders, and like the children of Israel they forget the miracles, and the Providences. They go fast asleep and when they get into trouble they look to the arm of flesh. There are people who have been baptized with the Holy Ghost who have forgotten that the fire once fell upon them; once burning and shining lights, they are now just like anybody else. They have all gone to bed and do not hear the bell when it is rung. The sleeper in the bed says: "I have put off my shoes and coat, my children are with me in bed, and I cannot arise!" There are many people like that. If

Jesus were to come tonight they would not arise and open the door.

The prophet wanted the people to awake to their present condition, to awake to know that they were in trouble, and that there was a better day at hand. Do not be afraid of a little excitement. I sometimes think it would be a good thing to set the bed on fire; that would arouse the sleepers; at any rate God wants us to open our eyes to see the wonderful things He has in store for us, and launch out on His promises. If you want to be filled with the Holy Ghost rouse yourself. Do not stay in bed and rub your eyes. If you want to be healed of disease, stir yourself from your lethargy and unbelief and take what God has for you. "Well," you say, "it is so hard to step out by faith." I know it is. It has been hard for me to get out of bed ever since I was born, especially on a cold morning when you have to go down to the pump and wash your face in that ice-cold water, but you have to get out or you will become paralyzed. I find many Swedish people in my meetings. Where do they get their strong rugged constitutions? From their grandfathers, the Vikings, who fought and battled with the elements in the northern seas many, many years ago, and sent down that which you have by nature. Now let us do the same for those who follow us; let us bequeath to them spiritual natures.

The prophet says, "Shake thyself from the dust!" They had been asleep so long that everybody who passed by stirred up the dust and it settled over the sleepers, so that the prophet cries out, "Awake and shake thyself from the dust!" Many of God's people have dust in their eyes so that they cannot see what God is doing; they have dust in their ears so that they cannot hear the voice of God. They have dust in their mouths from sleeping with their mouths open, so that it is almost impossible for us to get them to praise the Lord. They need somebody to prod them like Shamgar prod the Philistines with an ox-goad. Open the windows of your mind, and God will cause the heavenly winds to blow out the dust; all this dust of curious doctrines that people get in their heads, sleeping by the roadside. They turn over and dream about something and get up and start a church. If they were busy winning souls, they wouldn't have time to dream. Your doctrines are not worth a nickle unless they have life. I have found people all over this country who have lost out completely on the question of doctrine. Doctrines are like rungs on a ladder.

used to climb up somewhere, but some people when they get a doctrine they sit there forever. They polish that rung of a ladder for forty years. Nine thousand people try to pass them, but they cannot get up because that old moss-back is sitting on the rung of the ladder. If a man wants to do the will of God, God will teach him all the doctrine he needs to know, but when you sit down and make a hobby out of a doctrine, there is something the matter with your heart.

Then the prophet tells them to "Arise and sit down." Get up out of bed, and when you get well roused up you do not need to be nervous or excited, you can rest on the promises of God. Then he says, "Put on thy strength O Zion!" If the people of God cannot get any thing accomplished, to whom are we to look? Jesus said, "All power in heaven and earth is given," and He promises to be with us always. I believe if we would arouse ourselves God would send down the old time power upon us and give us a wonderful time. Awake and put on thy strength! What is the strength of a Christian? The Word says, "The joy of the Lord is your strength." Put on your garments of joy. The Lord promises to change the spirit of heaviness and give you instead the garment of praise. That is the kind of clothes you ought to be wearing. If we can find a body of people anywhere in this world who are full of the joy of the Lord and who are shouting the praises of God from their innermost soul, I will guarantee that you will find a people able to tear down the strongholds of the devil and bring sinners to God. "Not by might

nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord." We need to wear the garment of joy constantly so that the sinners of the world will see that God has done something for us. Jesus has brought this garment to you; all you have to do is to bow yourself down in humility before Him and put it on. You say, "I am a deep scholar in the Lord." What you need is the simplicity of a child, to praise and rejoice in the Lord. That is what the angels did. The morning stars have been singing for many years, and their light has never yet dimmed. I read that they clapped their hands and shouted together for joy when God laid the foundation of the world. I wonder what they think of us who have had such a revelation of God that His people in the early days of the world never dreamed of. He reserved better things for us, has given us Jesus and the Holy Ghost. So if the stars rejoiced, how much more ought we to rejoice.

There are other things that give strength to the people of God. They need to live clean, holy lives and wholly follow the Lord; otherwise their strength is weakness. If you just put on Christ when you are in church, you are a weak Christian. Any one dressed in the garment of praise can make a way through any kind of a situation. Why? Because he wears such good clothes. I believe in presenting the best there is to God, and the best is the garment of praise. It is a garment that will fit anybody, little or big, old or young.

Don't allow yourself to go to sleep, I'd rather be a fanatic than to be slothful. "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."

## Thru the Gates of Praise

Leila M. Conway



YES, our heart was earnestly looking unto Jesus, our lifelong Healer, but just at that particular moment one evening in March, 1924, as we sat by the stove suffering the pangs of inflammatory rheumatism, neither prayer nor faith were ascending unto Him right then, our mind preoccupied with the pain and the prospect of a sleepless night. Hair uncombed, unable to remove our clothes, etc., for the swollen and helpless arm refused to do its duty. Suddenly in the midst of our dismal moaning the thought came, "Are these groans *glorifying* to God?" It did not take long to answer that question from Eph. 5:20. God, whose tender mercies fail not, whose faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds, bids His fol-

lowers to "Rejoice evermore." The next breath we started in singing the familiar song, "I Will Praise Him." Oh, that precious hymn! I shall never forget it this side the Pearly Gates. Barely had we got started on the first line, when I felt the touch of the Great Physician upon my aching arm. A thrill of mingled surprise and gladness. In the hour of prayer and of faith we would have looked for His healing, but here was He by a way undreamed of. Surely, our God is sovereign and worketh by the way as pleaseth Him, that the glory may be all His. On and on I sang, fearful lest any little let-up might hinder the Divine working which was increasing with each line of the song. The pain and stiffness were fast disappearing. What a compassionate

Christ! By this time—which all occurred more quickly than pen can write it—the arm would move freely, and reaching for the comb I straightened out my disheveled hair, tears of deepest gratitude mingling with the song flowing from my lips. The next thing was to take off my clothes, preparatory to going to bed, and to lie down for a test, as it were, on that arm so sensitive to pressure the hour before. Yes, it could be done all right, and how good the sense of relief. Louder rolled the words of the song. "Persons passing by will hear you," said Prudence and Discretion. "Cannot help it if all the world hears," went back the mental reply, for our poor, unworthy soul was all taken with the praises of the dear Lord Christ.

"Then God's fire upon the altar  
Of my heart was set aflame."

The spiritual tide rose higher with our augmented praises and such a sweet consciousness of sinking away into Him! We had not much more than settled comfortably upon our pillow, heaving a little restful sigh of content, when lo! the windows of heaven were opened and the healing power of our Lord swept in surges through and through our arm. Here we must draw the veil, for angelic hosts fall before the Throne on their faces and worship God, saying, "Amen: Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God forever and ever!" Each of the seraphims render homage, too, unto Him so high and lifted up, for "with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly. And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of His glory." Isa. 6:2, 3. It was a bit of heaven to earth come down, and a little earnest of the time when face to face our Beloved we see and "shall know as we are known." Hallelujah! The good news we could not keep, so early the next morning we hastened to tell it, and swinging our arm round and round we joyfully exclaimed, "See, Ma, what the Lord has done!" Dear mother's eyes filled with tears, for she also had been praying for my need. The next on the scene was our unsaved brother, and losing no time we broke the announcement, "Olin, the Lord has healed me." Never shall we forget the look of conviction and hunger passing o'er his countenance that brief second. Try hard as they may to conceal it, sinners at heart do really want to know Jesus the Saviour. Are we pointing them to

Him? "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!" Rom. 11:33. Should there be one class above another unto whom our heart goes out, it is to the incurable sick, and to those undergoing fiercest trials. Unto you, our deepest sympathy is extended. The latchstring of our closet of prayer hangs out to you by day and by night. "O thou afflicted," tempest tossed, comfortless one, look away to "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, today, and forever." His arm has not lost its ancient skill, nor His heart its tender compassion. He still lives to bless and to deliver as in Bible days. Hold up your cup and get it filled to overflowing, and together we will sing the praises of Him who alone is worthy.

"I shall never cease to praise Him,  
Glory, glory to His Name!"

\* \* \*

Pastor Andrew L. Fraser, sends us the following notice of special meetings at Bethel Temple, 1901-5 Washington Boulevard:

"Pastor Ernest S. Williams of The Highway Mission Tabernacle, Philadelphia, will be with us for a series of Evangelistic meetings from May 17-31, inclusive. Meetings every night except Monday at 7:45, and on Sundays at 10:30, 3:30 and 7:30. Choir and orchestra. Mrs. L. M. Piper at the organ. We are expecting a glorious time. Come and enjoy the feast with us."

\* \* \*

The Maryland and West Virginia District Council of the Assembly of God will hold their first annual Campmeeting at Hagerstown, Md., Aug. 2-23, in a beautiful shady grove on the outskirts of the city, in the heart of the District. The grove is located on the Antietam Pike, a tributary of the Lincoln Highway.

The "Washington Trio," composed of Evan Chas. A. Shreve, Benj. Bauer, pianist and Joe Elliot, the Philippino song leader, are engaged for the Camp. There will also be a large group of pastors, missionaries and Christian workers to assist. For full information, tent reservations, etc., address, P. C. Duborg, Ft. Humphries, Va., or Pastor H. W. Kline, 509 3rd St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

\* \* \*

Evangelist P. C. Nelson and wife of Galesburg, Ill., will hold a campaign in a large Tabernacle now being built in Sterling, Ill., at Fifth Ave. and 10th Street, beginning May 10th and continuing indefinitely.

Pentecostal people in the state are invited to come and help build up a work in this new field. Evangelist Nelson has a special ministry to the sick and the unsaved, and God has blest his campaigns with marked results.

\* \* \*

**THE RECALL OF LOVE**  
By Ralph Connor

An attractive Booklet in artistic cover. The story of Peter's denial and penitence. Beautifully illustrated. An inexpensive gift. 35 cts.

# The Latter Rain Evangel

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## Notes

### Sixteenth Annual Convention

**B**EGINNING May 24, the Stone Church will hold its Sixteenth Annual Convention. The first week, May 24-31, we will have with us Pastor A. G. Ward of Toronto, Canada, and from May 31-June 7, Evangelist Armin A. Holzer, a converted Jew. Pastor Ward, who was with us last year, is well known to our readers, and the article in this issue, "From Synagogue to Pentecost," will introduce Mr. Holzer. Those who have heard him expound the Word, will bear out the statement made recently, that when a Hebrew becomes converted his knowledge of the Old Testament makes him a profound and able teacher. He visited Palestine in 1923 and has an interesting lecture on that land. Our meetings will be held every night at 7:30 except Saturday; Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday afternoons at 2:30; Sundays at 10:30, 2:30 and 7:30.

The congregation has been much in prayer that God will bless, and save and heal. We have reason to believe that He will, as scarcely a week passes by in which some are not saved, and a number healed. A remarkable healing recently was that of Mrs. Rosie Kocsis, 11745 S. Sangamon Street, this city. "For forty years," said Mrs. Kocsis, "I have been suffering with terribly swollen limbs and feet, having open running sores of a cancerous nature. My doctor said he could do nothing for me. The pastor and a member of the Stone Church visited me some months ago and saw my condition, praying for me. Last Sunday a week (April 19) I was prayed for at the Church and Jesus completely healed me.

When my unsaved sister saw me walking around, she said, "Are you healed? Let me see your feet." When she saw my feet and limbs perfectly healed, she lifted her hands and cried out, 'My God! You are healed!' 'Yes,' I said, 'Jesus healed me.'

A son of R. A. Taylor, Ft. Collins, Colo., was healed of *hernia* of long standing, through an anointed handkerchief.

\* \* \*

## Missionary Disbursements

(For March and April)

Miss Carrie P. Anderson, China . . . . .	\$ 51.00
L. M. Anglin, China . . . . .	20.00
Miss Olga J. Aston, India . . . . .	5.00
Mrs. A. F. Berg, Congo . . . . .	20.75
S. Biorness, Palestine . . . . .	10.00
Miss Mattie Bran, China . . . . .	10.00
J. H. Boyce, India . . . . .	20.00
Miss A. E. Brown, Palestine . . . . .	5.00
Miss Grace Brown, India . . . . .	5.00
Miss Josephine Cobb, China . . . . .	25.00
Miss Mable Dean, Egypt . . . . .	10.00
C. W. Doney, Egypt . . . . .	20.00
Miss Harriet Dithridge, Japan . . . . .	35.55
Miss Ruth Erickson, Africa . . . . .	45.00
Miss Marguerite Flint, India . . . . .	60.00
Mrs. Esther Harvey, India . . . . .	60.00
Mrs. Samuel Hanson . . . . .	20.00
Miss Anna Hockelman, for China (\$50 fare) . . . . .	75.00
Miss C. B. Heron, India . . . . .	24.75
Miss Gertrude Johnson, Africa . . . . .	10.50
C. F. Juergenson, Japan . . . . .	25.00
Otto Keller, Africa . . . . .	11.75
Miss Beatrice Lawler, China . . . . .	20.00
Miss Mattie Ledbetter, China . . . . .	20.00
F. G. Leader . . . . .	5.00
Miss Bernice Lee, India . . . . .	68.00
Miss Belle Mellitscher (\$16 native work) . . . . .	26.00
Elmor Morrison, China (native work) . . . . .	16.00
J. J. Mueller, India . . . . .	40.00
Mrs. M. Neeley, Africa . . . . .	30.00
W. K. Norton, India . . . . .	15.00
L. H. Parker, India . . . . .	15.00
Mr. and Mrs. J. Perdue, China . . . . .	10.00
Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Pettenger, Africa . . . . .	10.00
V. G. Plymire, Tibet . . . . .	25.00
Charles Personcus, Alaska . . . . .	10.00
Mrs. Julia Richardson, Congo . . . . .	25.00
Ira G. Shakeley, Africa . . . . .	20.00
B. A. Schoeneich, Central America . . . . .	25.00
W. E. Simpson, Tibet . . . . .	70.00
Thos. Stoddart, India . . . . .	50.00
Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Surtees, China . . . . .	85.63
Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Smith, India . . . . .	40.00
E. M. Scurrah, South Africa . . . . .	3.00
Lillian Trasher, Egypt . . . . .	30.00
W. R. Williamson, China . . . . .	15.00
Miss Adah Winger, on furlough . . . . .	15.70
Missionary Rest Home . . . . .	65.00
<b>Total . . . . .</b>	<b>\$1,348.63</b>

\* \* \*

## Preparation Days

**T**HE first four issues of The Evangel for 1925 contain some intensely interesting and helpful articles, and we are anxious to get them into the hands of a large number of readers. We

feel we can promise equally good and inspiring reading for the coming months, and we are making a special offer of *The Evangel* for the year 1925, including back numbers, to *new subscribers* for \$1.00.

Send subscriptions to those whom you want saved, and to friends who have grown cold and indifferent to spiritual matters. You will be sowing precious seed in their hearts that will germinate and bear fruit for God.

We are entering into the most eventful years of the world's history; prophetic students tell us that 1925-1928 will show a fulfilling of important events, and this paper is being sent out to prepare people for the Coming of the Lord. It was established for that purpose and from its inception the heralding of Christ's Return to Earth has been paramount. Eight times in one day, the Lord brought to one of our readers Scriptures concerning the imminency of His Coming. He is calling to His children to broadcast this prophetic news by voice and by pen. Co-operate with us in spreading the news thru THE EVANGEL in these momentous days. Every soul won to God will be a star in the crown you will lay at His feet. Hand your paper to your neighbors and friends and ask them to subscribe to it. Have copies of THE EVANGEL or other religious literature on your library table for your young people to pick up. Some of us who love the narrow way, owe the formation of a godly Christian character to the spiritual literature that had a place in our homes. We will give special club rates to any assembly of ten or more copies monthly, for \$1.00 a year each subscription. We will appreciate the co-operation of the Pastors along this line. Let us work for God while it is day, for the night is fast approaching when no man can work.

### Following in His Train



HE coming of Christ to this sinful world was a great foreign missionary movement. We look with loathing upon the degraded African, and with great commiseration upon the ignorant and superstitious of China and India, but the sacrifice of a missionary leaving a Christian land, its comforts and privileges for the darkness of heathenism is not to be compared to the sacrifice of our Savior in leaving His heavenly home with its purity and holiness for this sin-cursed world.

Jesus was a Foreign Missionary, and today as in the first century He is commissioning men and

### Missionary Home Anniversary

THE Chicago friends celebrated the Fifth Anniversary of the Missionary Rest Home, 1848 Berenice Ave., on May 6th. These anniversary times are seasons of special rejoicing for God's blessing upon the Home. The past year has been a very busy one for the Matron and her assistant, for the Home has been filled almost continually.

Pastor Alvin L. Branch of the Assembly at Battle Creek, Mich., spent a few days in the Home recently, and shows his estimation of the Home by the following letter to the Matron:

"Since coming home after the two happy days in the Home, I have been thinking about the need of the electric ironing machine and have talked with some of the brethren about it, and we are going to send you one in the near future. We are so pleased and satisfied with the management of the Home in every way, even though we have no official connection with it, that we are happy to have a part in adding to the comfort of the missionaries and the workers in the Home. God bless you more and more in the grand work for our Lord and His servants."

This is a very substantial appreciation, and we praise God for a number of faithful friends who supply in various ways the needs of the Home. The Matron wishes us to state that if the friends in country districts would like to put up fruit for the Home, she will be glad to send them empty jars. We greatly appreciate gifts of fruit and other loving gifts that come to the Home from time to time. In sending packages always address them to The Missionary Rest Home, 1848 Berenice Ave., Chicago, Ill.

\* \* \*

"So He Made It Again," an inspiring booklet of two modern miracles of healing, by F. A. Graves the song writer. There are also a number of Mr. Graves' songs, which are loved and sung the world over. Beautifully bound in heavy art paper. Price 50 cts.

women to follow in His train. No darkness is so dense that cannot be disseminated by Gospel light. Let us pray that God will call men to be light-bearers, to follow Him who blazed the trail in this dark world. Men today are needed like Paul and Barnabas, like David Brainerd and Henry Martyn, like Judson and Carey. Will you pray that God will send them to "the uttermost parts"?

There is many a man in heathen lands in whom apostolic power is latent, like Pastor Hsi of China, the converted Confucian scholar, whose influence for God extended over entire provinces, or like Narayan Sheshadri, "the Brahmin Apostle," who

led 2,000 of his countrymen to Christ. The man who hears the Macedonian call and responds has a field of usefulness and an extent of territory in which to work to satisfy the most ambitious. Would you like to speak to thousands? The opportunity is waiting for you in many parts of heathen lands.

### Busy and Happy Days

At last Miss Erickson is rejoicing in being settled at Hooyah, a tribe in Liberia who have been asking for her for months. She is expecting one of the missionaries now on the ocean to join her. She writes:

"It will soon be three weeks since I came to Hooyah, and it was a happy day when I arrived here with bag and baggage, to begin the work among this people to whom the Lord has called me. Although I think these are the busiest days I have ever had in Africa, they have been by far the happiest, for I feel I am in the center of God's will. I wish you could see my little mud house which I have fixed up to look quite comfortable and home-like. The greatest difficulty is trying to keep it clean, as you can imagine. Also, I have frequent visits from the white ants, tarantulas, and numerous others of their kind. One gets used to them all at length.

"I have been making furniture out of boxes, so my bedroom, living room, little dining room and kitchen are quite completely furnished (?). Some day, D. V., there will be a better house, but the building will go slowly with none to help except the natives, for they know very little about building. However, I expect to go ahead as much as I can, beginning to make the cement pillars, the making of which I have learned to supervise, and two men are now sawing plank with pith saw, having done 70 in three weeks. I have found what looks to me like a very good place, about ten minutes walk from the heathen town, and the boys will begin to clear the land next week (Mar. 6th).

"The best news I have to tell is that God is working. Last Sunday was a great gathering from all the towns around; we could not begin to accommodate them all in the little meeting house. All that could find a place even on the floor, crowded inside, while a large crowd stood around the doors and windows all through the four hours of meeting. One young woman who has been in the mission for years received the Baptism in the Holy Spirit, glorifying Jesus in new tongues, while several others were under the power. A holy hush came over the people as they saw and heard this manifestation of God's power, and many were under deep conviction. We are believing for the salvation of souls, and an outpouring of the Spirit. You are praying with us I know."

\* \* \*

"Calls are constantly coming," writes Bro. Stoddart, Poona, India, "to pray for the sick.

We were called out three days ago to pray for a paralyzed man. The next day his wife remarked that the death look was gone and he was much better. The doctor said he would soon be able to walk." No instrumentality will so open the hearts of the heathen to the Gospel as the healing of the sick. It was the means Jesus used to win the multitudes, and humanity is the same today. When they saw the signs which He did, they believed on Him, and the "signs" are a great factor today in turning the hearts of the heathen to the living God.

### Healings among the Heathen

Mrs. Otto Keller, Kisumu, Kenya Colony, writes how the Lord is proving Himself to the natives of Africa in sickness:

"One child was almost dead with pneumonia when the father called us to pray for it. We asked the parents if they were prepared to let the child go if the Lord saw fit to take it; to which the mother sweetly replied, 'We are only strangers and pilgrims down here. Why should we not let the child precede us a little while?' The father also yielded to the will of the Lord, but when prayer was offered, the child was healed.

"A woman was lying ill and completely helpless for some days before we learned about her condition. She seemed paralyzed and in extreme pain. After prayer, she arose and went to the garden to dig, proclaiming abroad that the Lord had healed her.

"A girl was brought to us accompanied by eight of her companions, while Mr. Keller was teaching his class of boys. She was very ill with large swellings about the neck, and came a long distance to ask for medicine. I asked them to sit down while I read portions of Scripture where Jesus healed the sick. Faith sprung up in their hearts and after prayer was over she arose healed. She asked permission to go back home to get her things and come and live in the mission.

"I have a class of married women and girls every morning from 6:30 to 8:30, numbering about a hundred, who get Bible instruction, prayer and singing."

\* \* \*

Mrs. Arthur Berg writes from the Congo that she has a women's meeting twice a week, and the Lord is enabling her to bring the Gospel to their hearts. A number of men have come to them bringing their pipes and tobacco, and they are encouraged to see the working of the Holy Spirit in conviction for sin. She writes:

"Not long ago, word came that the mother of one of my little garden boys was very ill and dying. Naturally her little boy felt quite troubled and asked me if he could not go and offer a chicken to the spirits who were tormenting his mother. I felt heavy that after these months he had so poorly comprehended the Gospel; so I



talked to him and he said, 'No, I will not offer to the spirits but will pray to God.' The next day she was still living but no better. I planned to go over and see her, but before I got ready a face appeared at the window and I was called to come quickly to pray for a woman in the next village who was in travail. I was happy to go and prayed with her and talked to her and the other women who filled the little hut. I encouraged them to pray to God and not to the spirits. Then I went to see Kashera's mother and found her lying on the floor near the fire, thin and wasted away from suffering. I prayed, and talked with her and felt that the Lord was working. At noon that day a girl came from the village to tell me that a baby girl had been born to the other woman I had visited, and all was well, adding that her other child had died at birth but this child had lived because 'Madam had prayed to God.' The next time I went to see Kashera's mother I found her sitting outside the hut, eating, and apparently quite a good deal better. We are looking to the Lord to heal her completely and save her and her boy."

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Mrs. G. Anderson, writing from Shanghai, China, says that about thirty have been saved since the New Year. Their hall is filled with humble, country people who are very open to the Gospel. They have just opened a new mission in a needy field. For three years they have been holding street meetings in this place, and the people have been praying for a mission.

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Bro. May, South India, writes that in Kaleicherry they have had forty-two souls confess Christ since last October. They erected a pandal in a village called Rannee. At the first meeting 500 came, but from then to the close there were 1,200 in attendance who listened very attentively to the Gospel messages.

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From Mrs. J. J. Mueller, Laheria Sarai, we learn that Bubonic plague is raging in their district, but they are seeking refuge in the 91st Psalm. "We have a school for high caste zenanna girls," she writes, "and this week some of the girls were telling how the plague had been raging in their villages. One remarked that plague had not visited a single home of the Christian high caste school, and another said, "We believe it is because we are all trusting in Jesus." Two very little girls asked if they might not get down and thank Jesus, and in a minute all the girls from heathen homes were on their knees thanking Jesus for His wonderful protection.

"Through this school we have access to many women behind the Purdah. By faith we have opened a station on the border of Nepal where we

have placed two preachers and their wives. We felt the need was so great we ventured out on God's promises, trusting that the Lord will lay upon some hearts the support of this station."

### From Soldiers to Evangelists

"As a result of the daily special meetings for the soldiers," writes Mrs. Surtees, "which Mr. Surtees held in our Kiangwan chapel, during the past six weeks we have had a class of eight earnest Christian ex-soldiers preparing to become evangelists. Mr. Kennedy has taught them three half days a week from the Book of Acts; Mr. Surtees has spent four or five half days weekly with them on the four Gospels, also giving a little drill in singing, while I have taken up Genesis, Exodus and Numbers with them, in Mandarin of course, three half-day sessions weekly.

"A Chinese widow in Kiangwan who has a wonderful gift of tongues with interpretation, has also co-operated with these student-evangelists, and with us in prayer, and has helped in the living expenses of the Bible students, all of whom came by faith alone, since we could promise them nothing but the teaching and their room-rent free (in two rooms above the chapel) and so far God has provided for all their needs.

"On March 13th, Mr. Kennedy left the district beyond Hangchow for two months' evangelistic work, taking two of these men and also a preacher-cook with him. The same day another party of three men from this training-class went off for a two months' tour in another direction, depending on God alone for support. Mrs. Wu, the widow gave them each a few extra dollars towards their expenses. Yesterday Mr. Surtees left for northern Kiangsu, taking the remaining three soldier-evangelists with him. Each party is well-supplied with Scripture portions, Gospels and tracts. In a few days I hope to join Mr. Surtees' party, taking our two children and a Chinese woman along, and together we plan to evangelize an untouched strip of territory while living on and traveling by boat. We ask prayer for these three evangelistic parties that many souls may be won as the result of the next two months' work."

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No one can read the Word of God without being moved upon. As the language teachers of the different missionaries read the Word with the missionaries, it gets hold of their hearts with real conviction. "Our pandit here in Bettiah," writes Miss Flint, "has been on our hearts all of these months, and now as we see him coming to the

place where he will have to decide, our hearts yearn that God might give him the courage to pay the price, even though it cost him his life. He is bringing a good number of the young men from his school to our services, and yesterday in the service in the presence of over thirty Hindus and some Mohammedans he rose and gave a beautiful testimony of his faith in our Jesus, of the healing of his wife in answer to our prayers when the doctor said there was no hope, (for she was dying of tuberculosis) and of the faithfulness of God. In his neighborhood he has always been a man of great influence, and now he has forbidden the Hindu priests to bring their Hindu gods and heathen plays to his home. He told them those things had all gone from his heart, and at the school where he is teaching, when his fellow pandits scornfully call him a 'Christian' he says, 'All right, call me a follower of Christ. You know there is nothing to the Hindu religion but form, marking your forehead when your heart is full of sin. What is there in that?' When I gave him a Hindi Scripture calendar with the words of Jesus printed for each day of the year, he said with great pleasure, 'I am glad it is in Hindi so that my wife can also read and learn.' It will cost the little Brahmin wife much; it will cost our dear Brahmin pandit more, but if he pays the price and comes all the way, Bettiah will be stirred as perhaps in no other way."

### The Double Cure

From the city of Lucknow, Bro. Alex. Lindsay writes that they have had the joy of baptizing fifteen precious souls, ten Indians and five Anglo-Indians, who desired publicly to acknowledge Christ as their Savior. "One was gloriously baptized in the Holy Ghost and others are hungrily seeking this blessed experience. The wife of an Indian Presbyterian minister came for healing and the Lord healed and saved her the same night. She had a vision of the blood working the double cure, and in simple faith believed and received. Her husband is now our Indian preacher.

"We have an Indian and an Anglo-Indian mission established in this great city for God, and both are in a healthy condition of growth. A prominent Indian business man was so interested in our meetings that he has given us his large electric showrooms, rent and light free, every Sunday for our meetings, an unheard of thing for Lucknow. We feel encouraged to press on."

A man who wished to be baptized in the Benares Pilgrim Mission told his wife and she became terribly angry about it and threatened to leave him. That night she had a dream in which someone told her she would be ruined if she left her husband. In the morning she said she also wanted to be baptized. In the meantime their baby became very ill, and they "read the Bible over it," claimed the promises of God and it was instantly healed. They both obeyed the Lord in baptism.

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Miss Anna Helmbrecht, who had charge of Sharannagar during Mrs. Harvey's furlough, has now gone to Fyzabad, a large city with big opportunities. She writes there are no less than 300 villages to be reached in the territory allotted to her, and as she and her helpers have gone out to preach in several of the villages, they found willing listeners. God has opened doors in the zenanas to speak to the women who beg them to return. From village to village they go, and find entrance into many zenanas. Sometimes they give the Gospel under great difficulties, preaching by the wayside. She tells us her Bible woman stood and preached with her baby on one arm and a book on the other. In each village they were asked to visit zenanas and the women heard most gladly. "But what are we," says this missionary, who is burdened for this great district, "among so many? We have a horse and tonga, one preacher and Bible woman, but we cannot begin to cover the ground with these few workers." When she looks over the vast field and realizes that she is almost single-handed, her heart goes out in a deep cry for workers and missionaries to help enter the open doors.

Mrs. Lillie Doll Maltby, writes from Colombo, Ceylon, where they have settled, of a very blessed Convention they held in Jaffna during the holidays. She says there was an attendance each day of a hundred or more, and that a blessed spirit prevailed in the meetings. English was understood by the majority and among the company were teachers and students who desired the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Twelve confessed Christ by baptism in water, and the same number were baptized in the Holy Spirit.

"One outstanding case was that of a young girl who very earnestly sought the Lord for the baptism in the Spirit. While beseeching the Lord to fill her she had a vision of the Lord Jesus. Then she asked Him to give her the nail-prints

in her feet. She was baptized in the Holy Spirit and began to intercede in other tongues. Later we noticed an imprint on each foot, a mark as large as the head of a nail. It looked as though someone had pressed the nail-head hard upon the skin which left an impression. This had the color of blood. I saw both marks distinctly. By the following evening the red color had vanished, but the clear impress still remained. How this dear one loves the Lord!

"During the cottage meetings which followed this convention, six or eight more received the Baptism in the Spirit.

"The Missionary in charge of the work in Colombo has asked us to take charge of the work here as she is leaving. This we have done. It is a large and responsible work and we need your earnest prayers that we believe God for abundant fruitage."

## From Synagogue to Pentecost

"I Sought Him Whom My Soul Loveth."

Armin A. Holzer in Grace Missionary Church, Zion, Ill.



TONIGHT I want to tell you of the way the Lord led me out of darkness into light, but before entering into the story of my conversion, permit me to make a few preliminary remarks. When I come to this part of the program I could wish that I were anything but a converted Jew. I would prefer to be a converted Hottentot or a converted cannibal. I am sure you would rejoice and congratulate yourself if one of these stood before you, to see such a result of your prayers and missionary sacrifices; but when the average church member sees a converted Jew, he scratches his head and says, "What is that Jew up to now? Is he a Christian to make money out of it?" Friends, I do not apologize tonight for being a believing Jew, for I am persuaded that if there is a person upon earth whose business it is to be a Christian, it is the Jew.

If I am not mistaken, the Bible from Genesis to Revelation has been written by Jews. If I am not mistaken, Jesus, our adorable Savior, was born of a Jewish woman in a Jewish village; was brought up in a Jewish country. His disciples were all Jews. On the Day of Pentecost there were one hundred and twenty Jews in the Upper Room; not Americans, not Gentiles, but Jews, if you please. The first great 'Billy Sunday' was a Jew by the name of Peter, who preached a sermon on the Day of Pentecost and three thousand Jews got saved. A few days later, Peter and John went to a prayer meeting, and at the gate of the temple, they saw a poor, lame Jew, begging. When Peter said, "In the Name of Jesus of Nazareth arise and walk," this poor lame Jew shouted and behaved like a regular Pentecostal person. The Jews gathered around

him and Peter explained the wonderful miracle that had been performed, with the result that 5,000 Jews were saved that day. Do you know that the majority of the Christians in the Acts of the Apostles were Jews?

In the meantime, God raised up Paul. Now some good friend says, "Don't you know that Paul turned away from the Jews and went to the Gentiles?" That is true, but has it ever occurred to you that God called Paul particularly for the Gentiles? God never uses a man in a field to which He has not called him. If God had permitted Paul to succeed among the Jews, he would never have gone to the Gentiles. When Paul was in Antioch hundreds of Gentiles threw away their idols and turned to the living God, and then when Paul preached to the Jewish Christians they said, "We cannot take these Gentiles in unless they become circumcized and accept our Jewish customs and rites, for salvation is only for the Jews." We read in Acts 15 that Paul had no small dissension with them and he and Barnabas went up to Jerusalem to confer with the apostles on this question, and there Paul opens his big discussion on what to do with the Gentiles. Here I have to remind you that among the orthodox Jews a Gentile is as unclean as a pig. A real orthodox Jew would no more shake hands with a Gentile than to touch a pig. He would have no association with them, and Paul was trying to break down that wall of partition which was even among Jewish Christians. Paul and Barnabas presented the proposition. I have tried to picture that meeting, and imagine an old venerable Jew arising and looking sadly at Paul express surprise that he allowed the Gentiles to come in.

Then I see Peter getting up and he tells of his Bible Conference in the house of Simon the

tanner, and of his vision on the housetop, the coming of the three Gentiles and his meeting with the household of Cornelius, and how when he was preaching the Holy Ghost fell upon the Gentiles as it did upon the Jews in the Upper Room, adding that if God did not withhold salvation, how could they? Immediately the council saw the argument, and wrote a letter to the church at Antioch, sending it with Barnabas and Paul, and with others. Those Jewish Christians drafted a platform upon which the Gentiles have built ever since, and today I must ask you for Jesus' sake help us to give the Gospel to the Jews and fit them for the skies.

"By night on my bed I sought Him whom my soul loveth." I was brought up in a rabbi's home. My father was one of the noted rabbis of Europe, a professor in one of the universities. He was a personal friend of the Emperor of Austria and we mixed in the highest circles; at the same time he was a very devout Jew. I never saw a day that he didn't put on his prayer-gown, his phylacteries, turn his face to the East and go every morning to the synagogue, beating his breast, and repeating the 150 Psalms.

Some people say, "Last night I got religion." It always sounded to me as if they bought it. When I came to Jesus Christ I got rid of religion. Jesus Christ did not say, "I am come that ye might have religion," The devil is manufacturing religion for every nation and every people. You can get it wholesale and sell it retail. I was religious from my earliest youth. Like my father I used to go every morning to the synagogue; my whole life was religious, but Jesus Christ did not come that we might have religion, but that we might have life. I do not preach because my religion tells me to preach, but I cry out "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel," and I pray because I cannot help but pray.

So from my youth my soul wanted to know God. When I went to school and my teacher told me about God speaking to Adam, to Abraham and Moses and through the prophets, I wondered where that God was who used to speak to men, and why He did not speak now. When I was between seven and ten years old, I used to go out into the back yard and kneel down on my mother's wood-pile, fold my hands and look up into the sky and say, "Oh God, will You not show Yourself to me? I'd like to know You." Many times when there was nobody around, my longing for God was so intense that I would go into the back yard and cry out, "Oh God, if You

are anywhere I want to know You." I used to go into our beautiful garden at night, and look up and see the beautiful stars, and cry, "Oh God, where are You?"

"By night on my bed I sought Him whom my soul loveth; I sought Him but I found Him not."

I had a mysterious passion to know God, but I did not expect to find Him in Christianity, for the Christianity I knew about was that which would repulse me. When I went to school, the Gentile boys used to say, "Good morning, you Christ-killer." Many times our residence was surrounded by a Catholic mob headed by priests with crucifix in hand. My father had a secret chamber built in the basement where we would hide in time of persecution, for the mob would surround the synagogue and cry all night long, "Down with the Jew!" Are these recollections such as would cause us to think kindly of Christianity? Shakespeare has painted a picture of the real relationship existing in Europe between the Jew and the Christian, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"He (the Christian) hath disgraced me, laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated my enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us do we not laugh? If you poison us do we not die?"

What wonder that the broken-hearted Jew cries out, "And if you Christians wrong us, shall we not revenge?"

When I meet my Jewish brethren and testify to Jesus, sometimes it pains my heart as they look at me with their accusing eyes as much as to say, "Why have you turned over to those who hate us, to those who massacre us," and then it is up to me to tell them the difference between true Christianity and sham Christianity.

That was the atmosphere in which I was born and bred. In my soul I was proud I was a Jew. I was proud of our synagogue, proud of our temple and of our Jewish history, and I hated everything connected with Christianity. Every time I saw a crucifix I would spit at it; every time I saw a church, in my heart I would curse it.

*"By night on my bed I sought Him whom my soul loveth: I sought Him but I found Him not."*

When I was about seventeen years of age I left home, very much against the will of my parents. I started out to be a violinist, took my violin and started out on what I called a world tour. I reached Hamburg and started for the United States, but there were certain difficulties in the way and I was unable to embark. While I was wondering what to do, a man stepped up to me and handed me a tract, saying, "I perceive you are a Jew." I looked at the tract and saw the name of Jesus on it, and as if stung by a serpent I threw it immediately to the ground and expressed my indignation. He began talking to me about a great Gentile who lived on the outskirts of the city of Hamburg, who loved the Jews and that he would tell me about Christ. "What?" said I. "Do you say there is a Gentile who loves the Jews? I never saw or heard of such a person. Let us go and see that man." I was hungry for love.

He took me to the outskirts of Hamburg to D. H. Dahlman, the leading Missionary to the Jews to this day. He greeted me with a holy smile on his face and he tried to find out what I was doing. There was nothing professional about his interview with me. It seemed as if I was the only one in whom he was interested. He said to me, "Young man, you interest me. I wish you would stay in my home a little while." I thought I would stay for three days and cut down my hotel expenses, but I stayed there for months, during which time he opened to me the scriptures. You cannot talk to a Jew about hell because he doesn't care which way he is heading; you cannot talk to a Jew about sin; that doesn't phase him. The only way you can reach a Jew is for you first of all to get him to believe in you before he will believe in your religion. If you were to ask me what started me in the Christian life I would say, *the life of a Christian man*. I am persuaded that we do not need any great theology, any great sermons, any great arguments to convince men of the blessings of Christianity; what we need is more Christian lives. I am afraid most professing Christians believe a great deal and live nothing, and there is the difficulty. The reason I was interested in what "Poppy" Dahlman (for that is what we all called him) taught, was because I was interested in him. I just loved him. He opened to me the Scriptures and he showed me from Genesis to Revelation that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God. He

showed me in Genesis the promise that "the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head." In Exodus he showed me the blood; in Leviticus he showed me the types; in Deuteronomy he showed me how Jesus is the Lamb; in Joshua, Jesus as the Captain of our Salvation. He showed me in Isaiah that "a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and His name shall be called Emmanuel." Again I read, "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given," I read in the 53rd of Isaiah, "He hath no form nor comeliness" . . . "He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief . . . Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows: . . . But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities," and I never knew that until someone told me. I found the whole story of Jesus in the Old Testament.

One night I sat battling with my own soul. I wrote a letter to my dear father and called his attention to these passages, and closed with these words: "Father, I always want to obey you, and whatever your instructions are I will comply with them, but I cannot but believe these passages": I at once got an answer to that letter from my father, consisting of two lines: "If you continue in that sort of work any longer, you cease to be my son."

*"By night on my bed I sought Him whom my soul loveth; I sought Him but I found Him not."*

When I received that letter I made my way to "Poppy Dahlman's" study and showed it to him. When he read it the tears ran down his cheeks, as he said, "I cannot advise you what to do. You must choose between your father and mother and Christ." If there are people on earth who love their children, it is Jewish parents; and the same is true of the children. I loved my parents as devotedly as a boy ever could, and home never seemed sweeter to me than at that moment. I thought of my childhood days; I thought of the sacrifice of my parents; I thought of my duty and of my future. And then I thought of the despised Nazarene, and it seemed as if I could see Moses and the prophets march before me and whisper in my ear, "He is the Son of God. Follow Him!"

Then I said to myself: "I know what I will do. In my heart I will follow the Nazarene; outwardly I will remain a Jew." And then something said to me, "Judas! You are trying to sell your Master." I knew not which way to turn. It seemed as if the devil were battling for my life. "Poppy Dahlman" said to me, "Armin, if the

Lord leads you to give yourself to Him, read this," and he handed me a little book. We knelt in prayer, and I read out of that little book, and for the first time in my life these Jewish lips repeated: "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried. He descended into hell. The third day he rose from the dead and ascendeth into heaven, sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty. I believe in the Holy Ghost, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body and the life everlasting." Then I said, "Lord, I am willing to follow Thee wherever Thou dost lead. I am willing to give up father and mother, for Thou hast said, 'Whosoever loveth father or mother more than Me, is not worthy of Me,' but I shall also hold Thee to Thy promise, 'If thy father and mother forsake thee, the Lord will take thee up'."

Then I was sprinkled, in 1899, I cannot call it baptism. Soon after that I wrote home to my father explaining what I did and that I had to follow my own conscience. The following October I received news from home, but the letter was not written by my father or mother, or any of my family, but by my father's lawyer, saying that after my father had received the news of the stand I had taken, he fell back in my mother's arms and expired. I will pass over that awful time of anguish which filled my soul at this news, but soon after Poppy Dahlman sent me to London, England. I was in an Episcopal Institution; I had a great profession, but that was all I had. I listened to a Methodist Class leader and heard her telling about the Holy Ghost. The glory shone on her face as she talked, and I went into a dark alley and cried to God, "Oh God, give me what You have given this girl!" I began to fast and pray and kept it up for weeks. I would not go to bed but slept on the cold floor, but no help came. One Sunday afternoon I was in my room on my knees with my Bible in front of me, and there came a knock at the door. The principal of the Institution came in and said, "What is the matter?" in a cold, unfeeling voice. I told him I was just praying. He said I shouldn't make so much noise when I prayed.

One day I noticed in the paper that Dr. John Alex. Dowie was speaking in London, and I determined to hear him. A great persecution broke out, particularly from the students. I heard him

preach on water baptism, and I soon saw that I wasn't baptized. I spoke about it in the Institution where I was, and they thought I was crazy. I made up my mind I would get baptized at the first opportunity. The principal of the Institution heard of it and sent me word I should see him before I was baptized, but I sent word back that I would see him afterwards. I always played my violin at worship, but in the evening when I was praying I was impressed not to go to worship. They came to me and said, "Mr. Holzer, you have violated the principles of the Institution and you will have to leave." I said, "I left one comfortable home, father and mother, and I can do it again." Then I left my second home. I was told to go to a great leader of the Jews in Cardiff. I told him my story and he said, "I will give you a chance to work in my coal-mine." He gave me some instructions and I worked fifteen months in the mines, preaching on the streets at night on salvation, divine healing and holy living.

When the news came of the crash in Zion, a fearful darkness came over me, and many were the taunts I received. I was at that time just a young convert and I was crushed. I tried to pray and could not, and one night I took the Bible and threw it in the corner of my room. For six years I was on the verge of hell, but Jesus said, "What does it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" If Zion would have been worth ten million dollars, it would be worth nothing compared to a single soul. I make no charge, but I simply voice my own conviction when I tell you that if it hadn't been for God's grace, I would be in hell today. I took my violin and said, "There is nothing to it. *I will rise now, and go about the city in the streets, and in the broad ways I will seek Him whom my soul loveth: I sought Him but I found Him not.*"

I traveled, trying to find satisfaction in concerts; as long as the music was in progress, the bright lights and the crowds, all was well, but when the lights were put out and I had to go home to my own meditations, all was darkness. I went back and visited Poppy Dahlman, and said, "I wish I never had known the truth. I know Jesus is the Messiah, but my soul is in the depths." He said, "You cannot leave this home until you get right with God." I went to Amsterdam, but went back again to Hamburg, restless and unsettled. My friends left for Bristol and I was alone in the home. As soon as they left I paced the floor, sometimes throwing myself



on my knees and crying to God, then cursing Him. Thus I spent the day. In the afternoon something said, "A bullet will settle it all." In the evening I heard a Salvation Army band, and I took my hat and went to the meeting, my eyes red with weeping. I will never forget the words I heard that night, "*If you were the only sinner, Jesus Christ would have died for you.*" When they asked me if I was a Christian I said, "My God, I wish I could say I was." They knelt down with me, but I saw no light. A brother said, "Mr. Holzer, I want you to promise me you will not go to bed until you give yourself to God." I cried out desperately, and suddenly I heard a voice say, "Let not your heart be troubled. Ye believe in God, believe also in Me." I cried out, "I do believe." The room was filled with the atmosphere of God, and I began to glorify Him and shout and sing. I shouted, "I am saved! I am saved." and from that day to this I have never had a doubt of my salvation.

But God had another blessing for me. Last September, the Lord gave me the baptism in the Holy Ghost. I was in a hotel, and suddenly at two o'clock in the morning, the Holy Ghost flooded me. I arose and began to speak in tongues and glorify God. Then I could say, "I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

Why do I tell you this story? I am the representative of 15,000,000 Christless Jews, who do not know their own Savior, and do not know that in Jesus is fulfilled all that Moses and the prophets have spoken. When Jesus rose from the dead He told Peter to feed His sheep, to bring in the Jews. The Lord is asking everyone of you, "Do you love Me?" "Do you appreciate this great salvation you are enjoying?" "Feed my sheep."

### The Lord Heals Broken Bones

I praise God for the privilege of testifying for Him. I praise Him for salvation and for a miraculous healing which He recently granted me. I have been in business at 7149-51 South Chicago Avenue, paints, glass and wall paper, for thirty-four years; my next birthday I will be 65 years old.

On Jan. 23, 1925, in climbing a ladder, the ladder slipped out from under me. As I fell I struck the corner of a show-case. I got on my feet as quickly as I could, but found that my left arm was hanging to my body by the flesh and

muscles. My assistant heard the crash and came to me at once. When he saw that my arm was broken, he at once ran for Dr. Donovan, and I called my wife on the 'phone and told her that I was hurt and was coming home. The Doctor came soon after I reached home and took me to the Grove X-Ray Co., where they found the shoulder joint bone was broken, also the two bones in the forearm and the wrist. They decided to lose no time in setting the bones, and called in another doctor to administer the ether. After everything was set and bandaged they sent me home in an ambulance, when I became conscious. I requested the pastor of the Grace U. B. Church to come and pray for me which he did, after which I rested well and had no swelling from the injury.

Ten days later, the Doctor came to take me to the X-Ray Co., to have more pictures taken to see how the work was progressing, but to his disappointment he found the shoulder bone had not even started to knit, and the bones were overlapped. Dr. Donovan and Dr. Gilbert again put me under the floroscope and tried to get the bones together, but they did not succeed. They then informed me that the best thing to do was to take me to the hospital and perform an operation; that is, to cut the arm open, scrape the bones and splice them together with silver plates and screws. I replied, "Gentlemen, I will not go to the hospital, nor will I submit to an operation," so the Doctor took me home. He told my wife and me many things that were apt to happen if I did not submit to an operation, and asked her to get me ready, saying he would soon be back to take me to the hospital. He made all arrangements for a room, nurse and a specialist to perform the operation. I told my wife that I would not be operated on but would put myself in the hands of the Lord, no matter what the result would be. I sent her to see the Doctor and tell him I would not go, but he said to her, "He will go. I will come after him." My wife and I made a splint to put on the arm to support it, but when the Doctor came to take me to the hospital I stoutly refused to go; so he left highly displeased.

Then I went to The Stone Church at 70th and Stewart Avenue, where I knew they prayed the prayer of faith that heals the sick and afflicted. The Pastor laid hands on me and prayed in the Name of the Lord, and I received a blessing. The following Thursday I went to the Divine Healing meeting and he prayed for me again. I received strength in the arm and was able to do almost

anything with it that I needed to do, insomuch that I waited on the trade in the store. And praise the Lord, within three weeks I took everything off and have been using my arm the same as I did before the break. Many who knew of it wondered at the rapid recovery, and some even doubted that my arm was broken at all, but the Doctor said it was the worst he had ever seen in one limb and that it would be a miracle if the arm ever became right again. I tell everybody that the Lord has healed it, and I am glad to have had this experience, for I am able to say experimentally that the Lord is just the same today as when He was on earth, and He is no Respector of persons.

Five weeks after I had given up the Doctor I went to see him, just to witness for my Lord. He was glad to see me and much surprised at my recovery. I said to him, "My dear Dr. Donovan, the wonderful progress that medicine and surgery has made is not to be despised, but my Lord and your Lord is greater than all. He never fails if we only believe Him. Thus we have positive proof that faith is the substance of things hoped for; the evidence of things not seen. Without God man can do nothing. I have touched the hem of His garment and I stand before you free." The Doctor is a Christian gentleman and he was pleased to hear my testimony, giving God the glory. I cannot find words to express my praises for what the Lord has done for me, and I pray that this story of Christ's healing may be helpful to others.

F. W. Schmidt.

### Slavery Instead of Corn

**I**N the Old Testament we find many types and shadows of things that are to come and in the experiences of the children of Israel from the land of bondage to the Promised Land we find a picture of people today. We see the children of Israel in Egypt's land of slavery, attempting to do the impossible, lashed and scourged by their tyrannical masters who had been placed over them. There they were grinding out their very life's blood. They had come down there because they thought there was corn but they remained to be slaves. And today there are scores of men this country side over who have gone down to Egypt's land of slavery and sin because they thought there was corn there. People think they can find happiness and joy in a life of sin; that they will find the fulfillment of their dreams by plunging into the pleasures which this age affords them. But they grope around hopelessly. You can not make

bricks without straw. You cannot have happiness without the ingredients for happiness; you can never find joy and not put into your heart the ingredients of joy. No one in Egypt can ever enjoy the milk and honey of Canaan; no man can be a slave to his baser impulses and enjoy the peace that is in the breast of a real Christian. You will find yourself, like the Israelites, being driven by cruel masters.

When I was in Spokane a man came to me after one of the evening services and said, "Mr. Price, I wish you would come and see me. I understand you have attended one of the colleges of my home town." He gave me his address and two nights later I climbed the dirty steps of an old house in a disgraceful neighborhood. I went up to the third floor and found the man in one of the filthy rooms. From underneath the bed he pulled out an old battered-up trunk, unlocked it and from under some of the old dirty clothes he pulled out a roll tied with some ribbon. I shall never forget the expression on that man's face as he picked up that college diploma. The first thing he showed me was a photograph of his family and said, "As far as they are concerned, I am dead. I haven't written home for more than four years and I want them to think I am dead. Here is my mother and here is my father and also my brother." I noticed that the father wore the dress of a clergyman. He continued: "Yes, I am the black sheep of the family." I looked around at the filth and the man's own destitute circumstances and tried to picture him in former college days. The next thing he showed me was an old crumpled parchment and I read the Latin on it. It was a Master's degree from a certain University. I looked at the parchment and then at him and said, "What are you doing now?" "Doing now? Oh, I'm cleaning floors and the cuspidors down in the saloon just for the drinks I can get. I have been living a life of hell on earth. I heard you talking the other night on the street and it went to my heart. What you said is all true but there's no hope for a man that has gone as low as I have. Oh that I had known!" And then he went on, "It started back in the college days when we fellows would bring up the liquor just for the sake of a good time. We would have a good song and fill our pipes and then have a drink just to have a good time together. I was going down into Egypt for corn but instead of corn I found only slavery." No man can trifle with sin and not eventually be caught in its clutches. You cannot find peace or

joy or contentment in a world which does not possess them. This man, after he had finished his bachelor's course, went on and on, trying to find corn in the land of Egypt and finally became a master of arts at cleaning out cuspidors. Just simply eking out a miserable existence when he might have been enjoying the milk and honey of Canaan's land.—*Dr. Price in East St. Louis.*

### Unparalleled Missionary Recorded

"*The Story of the Maio*," by Sam Pollard, a missionary for twenty-nine years among the aborigines of China, is one of the most remarkable accounts of the working of the Holy Spirit that has ever been recorded.

For seventeen years Mr. Pollard and his colleagues toiled and prayed, formed a few churches among the Chinese and won a few of the *Nosu* tribe to Jesus, but it was slow work until July 12, 1904, when, without a moment's warning, four strangers walked into the court yard of the mission at Chaotong. "They looked very tired and shy, and carried bags of oatmeal over their shoulders," writes Mr. Pollard. "In a few moments I went out and from the upper part of the courtyard looked at my visitors. Little did I dream what it meant for them and for me! Little did any of us dream that this was the revival come at last. God had smitten the rock and the waters were flowing. But we did not know it then."

Mr. Pollard learned that having heard something about Jesus they had gone a long journey of 200 miles to Anshuen, in the Province of Kweichow, to find a missionary who knew about Him, and the missionary, knowing the long distance the Maio had traveled advised them to come to Mr. Pollard's compound, which was only two days' journey from the home of Chang mo-shee, the leader. They received them kindly, and as they did not want to go to an inn they let them sleep in an empty school-room. The following Friday five more came, and the next day, thirteen more. The thirteen told the missionaries that they were scouts come to see and if possible open the way for others. They said that away off in the hills to the North and East there were *thousands* of fellow-tribesmen anxious to come to Chaotong to see the missionary and to hear about Jesus. *Thousands!* They could not believe it. They had toiled for years and had gathered in only a few Chinese and *Nosu*. Surely these simple tribesmen had no real idea of what *thousands* meant. In one fortnight, twenty-two men

had come seeking Jesus, and that was wonderful! One night a party of twelve traveled all night in the rain which had been coming down in torrents. They had not minded the rain in their anxiety to reach the place where knowledge of the wonderful Jesus was to be had. Every party brought the same story, that there were thousands in the hills! By this time eighty had come to the mission and were being taught in the simplest manner possible of the Savior.

They had rather doubted when the "scouts" had said there were thousands hungry for God, but they soon found it was true. They invaded the missionary's home and compound like the plague of frogs in Egypt. In one of the chapters the author gives a description of the coming of the thousands, drawn hither by the Holy Spirit:

"Go where you would, there they were! In the kitchen, in the dining-room, in the study, in the sitting-room, in the guest-rooms, in the chapel (two layers of them!) in the schoolrooms, in the courtyards, in the stable, on the steps, morning, noon and night they were everywhere! If the lady of the home went into the kitchen to prepare breakfast, she had to push her way thru a crowd who had commandeered the stove and all the space about it. If we took our meals in the dining-room, it was under the gaze of wondering eyes which looked at us from every point of vantage. When you came down stairs in the early morn you often met them noiselessly and slowly making their way to the top. There was no getting away from them, no escape anywhere.

"One can never forget those days. The autumn harvest had been gathered in. The thousands in the hills were free from the heavy pressure of work, and the thoughts of all turned towards the missionary's home in Chaotong Fu. Almost every Miao village made up a party to go into the city. From east and west, from north and south, these mountain men, with bags of oatmeal over their shoulders, a few cash in their girdles, a felt cloak on their backs, straw sandals on their feet, and a strange unrest in their hearts, made their way to my home. Each afternoon at about four o'clock, if you stood at the big doors opening from the street, you would see a long line of men in single file walking on the pavement in the middle of the road, making straight for the big doors. Entering in, they slipped the bags from their shoulders and then, if they could find room, sat down on the raised platform around the courtyard. They had at last reached their goal. No one would drive them away. All rooms were open to them, and they knew that somewhere or other, when night came on, there would be a few square feet for them to lie down on.

"Some days they came in tens and twenties! Some days in sixties or seventies! Then there came a hundred! Then two hundred! Three

hundred! Four hundred! At last, on one special occasion, *a thousand of these mountain men came in one day!* When they came, the snow was on the ground, and terrible had been the cold on the hills they crossed over. What a great crowd it was!

"They had not come as visitors of a few hours, to disappear at night as rapidly as they had come. They came to stay, to eat and drink and sleep in my house. Once we counted six hundred people staying the night with us. . . . We provided nothing for these Maio except plenty of water to drink, plenty of coal and a roof overhead. Oatmeal and cold water were the staple diet for breakfast, lunch and supper. It was almost incredible the quantities of water they used in swallowing the dry oatmeal. Grace before meal was one of the first things they learned, and often when an apple, a pear or a biscuit has been eaten by the wayside have I watched the hands close tightly over the food, the head drop for a few seconds and the lips move with some words of thanks to the Great God almost unknown to them.

"The great demand these crowds made was for books. Something giving them an account of

Jesus was what they wanted. We were caught napping. We had never imagined a revival coming in this way and were quite unprepared. No one among us knew the Miao language and at first all teaching had to be done in Chinese. Whenever possible we started the inquirers learning Mark's Gospel. It was a pathetic sight to see these poor, ignorant, dirty men, who had never before handled book or pen, sitting down trying to master Mark's Gospel in Chinese. Slowly and laboriously, and with great awkwardness they would read, word by word, 'The beginning of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God.' They had only reached the beginning after 1900 years of the Christian era! The students read their books aloud, shouting out the words in imitation of the Chinese method of study. There was no quietness in our home in those days. I have known them start reading at five o'clock in the morning, and the last one finish his shouting at two o'clock the next morning."

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