



The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on the Earth

Contents

The Ideal Pentecostal Church	2
Revivals Bear the Same Earmarks.....	2
Proving God in the Interior	8
Desperate Characters Transformed.....	8
Notes	12
After Seventeen Years.....	12
A Vacation Worth While.....	12
Blessing in South India.....	13
Chief Directs Building Chapel.....	13
Led by a Way He Knew Not	13
How God Worked for Lepers.....	13
Maniac Who Became a Missionary	17
Healing Retained by Faith.....	17
Jesus Pictured in Joseph	19
Man Meant Evil.....	19
God Meant Good.....	19
A Phenomenal Growth	23

An International Monthly Magazine

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

The Ideal Pentecostal Church

Revivals Past and Present Bear the Same Earmarks.

Pastor A. G. Ward, Toronto, Can., in the Stone Church, May 29, 1925



I WISH to speak tonight on The Ideal Pentecostal Church. I trust that I am not taking too much for granted when I conclude that you desire to be an ideal Pentecostal Church. God certainly has His idea of what a Pentecostal Church should be and I think we should do our best to discover His ideal and then strive to reach it.

In the second chapter of the Book of Acts God has set forth His idea of a Pentecostal Church to which I will refer as I proceed with this little talk. Without any further introduction I wish to say that I believe an ideal Pentecostal Church is comprised of born-again people; that you will not find on its membership roll the name of any unsaved person. But the question arises in the mind of every thinking person, What is implied in being born again? I believe it is a conscious experience; it is of such a nature that it cannot take place in anyone's life without that individual being aware of it. It is not so near next to nothing that one can be born again without knowing it. I consider it quite as conscious an experience as being born of the flesh and it certainly would betray weakness of mind were I to tell you tonight that there are times when I am not quite sure whether I was born in the flesh or not; that occasionally I believe I am and then for a long period of time I am uncertain about the matter. You would decide that I had gone mad should I talk like that. The very fact that I am on this platform proves unmistakably that sometime about forty-three years ago my mother gave birth to me and for me to express any doubt in regard to it would be an evidence of an unbalanced mind. And yet there are people filling our churches who are doubtful of their salvation.

Of course they are not saved because the new birth is a conscious experience and if it takes place in your life you will know it. I believe that this experience is preceded by conviction for sin; how great or how deep will depend very largely upon what degree of depravity one is in when conviction overtakes him. There is a great absence of conviction for sin in our day and I believe it would be in order for the people of God to pray earnestly that real conviction for sin

would grip the people who attend our services. Finney was surely right when he said, "I believe that just as long as sinners can come in and sit under the Gospel and go out unmoved, just so long should the people of God pray until the power of God falls in such a manner as will make it necessary for them to fall at the feet of Jesus and seek peace or else flee in terror from the place." Bud Robinson tells us that years ago he was visiting in a home where the mother told him of her daughter who had recently graduated from some seminary and was going as a missionary to Africa. A little later Bud met the young lady and she repeated what the mother had already told him, and so Bud said, "Sister, when were you sanctified?" to which she replied, "Why Mr. Robinson, you are a very peculiar man. We don't have that kind of a religion." He realized he had gone too far but asked her another question, "When were you born again?" Again she said, "You are a very odd man. We don't believe that way." "Well," he said, "what do you propose to tell the people of Africa that Jesus Christ can do for them?" "Why," she said, "I am not going out with the thought of telling the natives about Jesus. I am going there to teach them to read and write," And Bud Robinson replied, "I think the Missionary Society would be much better off if it would send a sack of saw-dust to Africa. The expense of transportation would be much less, the up-keep would be less and as far as results go, the sack of saw-dust would accomplish as much as any unregenerated person could hope to accomplish."

Someone raises the question, "If this be a conscious experience how may we know it?" There are four ways by which you may know that you have been born again. First, because the Word of God declares it. Second, the Holy Spirit will witness to it. Third, our own spirit will witness with the Holy Spirit, and fourth, our transformed life will be another evidence. But I am not speaking to you on the new birth, but on the Ideal Pentecostal Church. Now I believe that an ideal Pentecostal Church is a Holiness Church. That is a word which causes a great deal of alarm among many people; even some Pentecostal people are so afraid of the word, "holiness," that they never pass it without blinkers on. But we ought not to be so alarmed. When I speak of "holiness" I

have in mind a state rather than an experience and that immediately raises the question, "When are we brought into this state that you refer to as holiness?" But I do not propose to answer that. There are some folk who insist very emphatically that we enter this state at the new birth and that *that* is the end as well as the beginning. Then there are others who insist that we must have another experience before we are properly in this state of holiness. For a long time I was quite emphatic in the belief that it was impossible for any man living to eat breakfast and dinner at the same time. I am not any too sure now that it is the best thing for our spiritual digestive organs, but if anyone can prove that they have had breakfast and dinner together, well and good, though I prefer to have breakfast and then dinner. Then there are others who insist that neither of these classes to which I have referred, is correct in its doctrinal view and that this state of holiness is entered into after we receive the Baptism in the Holy Spirit; they believe that it is a progressive work and that it terminates—well, I don't know just when. Very well and good. However, it seems very evident that many folk who profess the Baptism do not know much about holiness, and since Paul emphatically declares that we must be holy, over and over again constraining us to be holy, I think it would be becoming of Pentecostal folk to look into the matter and spread themselves before the Lord to see what He will do for them. For an ideal Pentecostal church must be a holiness church. They call me a *holiness preacher* and I thank everyone for the compliment. That is just what I am and hope to be until the bell rings announcing that it is time for supper and then I hope to be recognized throughout all eternity as a preacher who preached holiness with all his heart down here on earth.

Then I pass on to say what of course is familiar to all present, that an ideal Pentecostal church is one which believes in and enjoys the Baptism in the Holy Spirit. Now when I speak of the Baptism of the Spirit I certainly do not have in mind what some people mean when they speak of the Baptism. To some it indeed seems to be a very cheap affair, sort of a Fourth of July celebration with fire works, but such an experience fails in a very short time. Then to others the experience seems so insignificant and unimportant that it might come to one without his knowing it unless he were told. Over in my town a series of meetings were conducted and it was reported

that quite a large number had received the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. Later on a preacher who became quite friendly with me, told me that the first night he was there a lady came forward and said, "Brother, do you think I have the Baptism in the Holy Ghost?" He answered, "Evidently not, sister, from your question." She said, "Well that is what I thought but the preacher told me I had it." Then she proceeded to tell how she had been helped through into the Baptism. Now I believe quite as heartily as do others that it is perfectly proper to throw about the seeker an atmosphere of faith and help him. That is not what I am condemning. This woman was seeking the Baptism and the evangelist came to help her to say something that was not English and then told her that she had the Baptism of the Holy Ghost.

I refuse to take a back seat any place when it comes to the question of the Bible evidence according to Acts 2:4; I believe in that with all my heart but if the Baptism of the Holy Ghost consists of nothing more than speaking something that is not English, I do not believe in it. The following day after this woman had been told she had received the Baptism, like thousands of others all over the country who are perplexed and mystified about the matter, she felt she hadn't anything real and when the altar call was made that night, she returned to tarry for the Baptism and the evangelist came to her and said, "Sister, what are you doing here? Didn't I tell you last night that you had the Baptism? Now get up and go on." Oh friends, the Baptism in the Holy Spirit means a great deal more than that! It is a mighty flame of fire, this Pentecostal experience. Let me read you something that appeared in *The London Times* some time ago:

"As it looks back to Pentecost, the church is reminded that its *mechanism* is vain without the dynamic of the Spirit, and that records of apostolic Christianity are less concerned with the machinery than with the power by which it is driven. The great festival (Whitsunday commemorating Pentecost) of the Spirit will be lost if it does not bring home to the church the movement and passion which were realized in apostolic times, whence alone these things can come. It will be lost if it becomes an occasion of the discussion of machinery or for the provision of a scientific explanation of that which they said and heard in Jerusalem when the day of Pentecost was fully come. It is either a festival of power or it is nothing—and of power not for the analyst to explore, but for the plain man to use, with his life to live and his death to die.

"Nothing is clearer than the every-day, matter-of-fact way in which the apostolic church regarded the Spirit. It was no concern reserved for its theologians or mystics; it was joy and strength to every man. Not that he might understand the Spirit, but that he might experience the power. The men of Pentecost did not leave things as they found them, but with new power committed to them, they turned the world upside down. They may not have known how they did this, but they did it, and the doing is the great matter."

I think in those few words we have presented to us in a nut-shell what Pentecost implies. It implies changing things about; it implies turning things upside down; it implies that we do not leave things as we found them. It is wonderful to be living in these days when God is pouring out the Holy Ghost on the people, and a marvelous thing to be so filled.

I pass on now to say that I believe an ideal Pentecostal Church should be a witnessing church. That is the reason that the Holy Ghost is given to folk; that they might become witnesses, for the Word of God says, "After that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem and in all Judea and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." Every spirit-filled, fire baptized man or woman is called to a world-wide ministry. We are commanded to do this. And you will do well to remember that this cannot be done by proxy; you must do this yourself. Isn't it surprising how the enemy has endeavored all down the ages to try to hinder God's people from witnessing because he realizes much better than any of us do, the power there is in this ministry. If you try to answer some critic with logic you may find that he is equally as logical as you are; you may endeavor to acquaint him with some Hebrew verbs or Greek roots and discover that he is familiar with them, but if you will meet him with the testimony that you have been transformed by the mighty power of God, that once you were bound by sin and a slave to the devil but now you have been liberated and are able to walk through the earth a free man, that you have the joy of salvation in your soul and the fear of death has been removed, I tell you, sir, you have presented to him an unanswerable argument. That is why God's ideal Pentecostal church must be a witnessing church, for it is a fact that more is accomplished through the ministry of witnessing than by any other, save prayer.

That is a fine word in Ephesians: "And He

gave some apostles; and some, prophets; and some evangelists; and some pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ." Do we get the full meaning conveyed in that verse? The accepted idea seems to be that God has set apart in His church apostles, prophets, evangelists and teachers in order that they might do all there is to be done and the people are to come together to enjoy themselves. Is that the thought we are to gather from this Scripture? I like either of these renderings better: "God has set in the church apostles, prophets, evangelists and pastors and teachers with a view to the edifying of the saints for the work of the ministry," or "in order to equip His people for the work of serving." God never had in mind that the apostles and prophets and teachers should do all the religious work, and if it were all put over on them it would kill them. The best man you could bring to your church would go down under such a load. In fact there is not a man living that could assume all the responsibility and hold up under it. We are missing God's thought entirely when we so interpret that Scripture.

To illustrate what I think God had in mind: During the days of the great World War this and other countries found it necessary to launch Liberty Loans. These Loans were presented to the general public and the government expected them to subscribe. However, they had to go about it in a systematic way if it was to appeal to the people, so they brought together in various centers of the States, men who were perfectly competent to give instructions to those who were willing to canvass for subscribers to these Loans. These men gathered with the volunteers who were willing to engage in this business; they met and listened to the instructions given. Then these volunteers went out into their sections. They had not the slightest idea that all the people would buy these bonds but they believed that there were a great many folk who would invest if they were wisely approached. So it was the duty of these canvassers to discover the people who were willing to invest in Liberty Bonds. They went from house to house, from store to store, and though they occasionally found one who was very indignant at being asked to buy, they succeeded in selling the bonds. Perhaps not more than one out of four bought but they were perfectly satisfied with the results of their work.

Now then we come to the church of God.

We have this glorious Gospel to distribute among the people. It is impossible for the apostles and prophets, the teachers and the pastors to do all the work, but they do know how to instruct those who are willing to do it and so the people gather together and listen from time to time to instructions given by the apostles and pastors and then they scatter; not with the thought that everyone in town will receive the Gospel but they are convinced that there is a large number of people who will receive, if properly approached, and that now it is their duty, not to sit with folded arms, but to go out and find those who are open and receptive to the Gospel, tell them the good news that Jesus Christ died to save men from sin, and that if they will yield themselves to Him, He will make Himself more real to them than husband or wife or son or daughter. So they scatter and go here and there to tell the story till our churches are filled to overflowing; the walls burst out, the buildings have to be enlarged and the work of God goes forward with great strides. That is God's ideal for a Pentecostal church.

What is the pastor to do? Some folk have the idea that a pastor is the man who does all the preaching and most of the praying, who runs all the time and hardly has time to eat his meals, a man who is supposed to be ready for anything at any time. Stop a moment and ask, Isn't the better pastor the one who knows how to teach his people that *they* may go out with the Gospel? The real pastor is the man who is called of God to see that his people do the work properly. You see so much more can be accomplished in that way; two people can do much more than one. If your neighbor has a headache and you have talked Divine Healing to him, go over and pray with him and let your pastor rest. And if you yourself get a little pain, look to Jesus and don't call for the pastor from the other side of the city. God will help you right on the spot. Oh that we might be a real witnessing church! I believe we are falling short along this line. We seem to conclude that the majority of the people are going to the devil anyway and we just let them go. But are you not aware that there are a great many who have never been approached by anyone in regard to salvation? We cannot treat such cases with indifference. A friend said to me, "I used to think that everyone who was not in sympathy with this movement was anti-Pentecost but I have discovered that there are a great many hungry people all over the country."

Of course there are. And what are we here for? To tell them the truth. It is not by mere accident that we Pentecostal people should be scattered over such a wide area. We have in our city 600,000 people but my people are scattered from east to west about twenty miles, and from north to south about seven miles and then out into the country. That is not by accident. God has scattered us to be witnesses and if my people do as I tell them along this line of witnessing in their immediate vicinity, one man doing it here and another over there, we will soon get the Pentecostal message scattered over the whole city. We have the greatest message in the world and do not need to make any apology for it.

"But," you say, "just stop talking that way. Don't you know that some awful things have happened in Pentecost?" Sure I know it. In the providence of God I came into the Movement in the early days and I know a heap of things, and there are a heap that I don't know about. But while some very sad things have occurred in this movement I know that some very sad things have occurred in other movements as well. and as far as I am aware it ill becomes any movement to criticise any other movement. One of the most sarcastic and stinging criticisms in regard to this movement came from Philadelphia and it was scattered all over our city, but I happened to know that the movement which offered such a severe criticism on Pentecost would have had quite a job if it had undertaken to clean up its own work. We do not need to be ashamed of this movement. It is a wonderful movement, though we do feel grieved over some who have failed God.

Some man over in my town undertook to criticise and said, "If the Pentecostal people would only get busy and send some missionaries to India and China, we would have more confidence in them." He was speaking out of the abundance of ignorance for he was not aware that this movement had equipped and sent forth hundreds of spirit-filled missionaries who have faced hardships and endured conditions which no other missionaries have been willing to endure; a company of missionaries who will compare very favorably with any company sent out by the churches; we have sent them to the utmost confines of the globe. We need not apologize for being here; we have the greatest thing in the world, and it is almost criminal for us to sit still and let this glorious message go unheralded in this land. Let us arouse ourselves and go forth with

a new enthusiasm that becomes men and women who have received the flaming Baptism from the skies.

But passing on from the witnessing church, I come to a point that you may object to. I want to say that an ideal Pentecostal church is not only comprised of born-again believers; is not only a holiness church, and not only a church that believes in and enjoys the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, but an ideal Pentecostal church is a demonstrative church. I would not go very far to help a man anywhere that didn't believe in the demonstrations of the Holy Ghost. Now I have declared myself very emphatically, taken off my gloves and told you exactly how I feel about it. Many Pentecostal churches are dying from propriety. I do not believe in wild fire nor do I encourage fleshly manifestations and I know there are plenty of folk who will demonstrate in the flesh unless you have enough of the power of God in your service to keep the flesh in subjection; but it is our privilege to have enough of the flaming fire of God that the flesh will not be able to manifest itself. On the other hand, you cannot have the mighty operations of the Holy Ghost in your midst without demonstrations. In many places they are trying to be so nice and proper that a lot of those professing Pentecost look like marble slabs in a cemetery and act as though they had spiritual rheumatics. I had an old aunt who lived in my home for many years; she was greatly troubled with rheumatism and would say to me, "There are times when I am not able to sit in one place more than fifteen minutes." She had the freedom of our house and could walk wherever she liked. Now that is what some of you need to do; just get up and walk around. If you sit much longer you will not be able to get up at all. I couldn't have gone to a more conservative people than those to whom I am now ministering. I had been accustomed to a different order of things, having just returned from Pennsylvania where my audience wouldn't hesitate to take a Jericho march clear around the church; a band of young and old, filled with the Spirit who would inspire anyone. And then to drop into this conservative place, I hardly knew where I was. But little by little they began to warm up and now once in a while they will rise and sing and praise God quite heartily.

But for fear somebody will think this is all a modern idea that belongs to a few cranks in the Pentecostal Movement, let me read you a little of what Charles Finney declares: "I have many

times seen people unable to endure the Word—several times it has been true in my experience that I could not raise my voice or say anything in prayer or exhortation except in the mildest manner without wholly overcoming those that were present."

You may have heard of the revival known as the Cane Ridge Revival which broke out in Kentucky among the Methodists and Presbyterians and resulted in the founding of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. Without any assistance from anybody the power of God just slew the people. A dare devil of a fellow over here in Illinois heard of this revival and said to some of his chums, "I will ride down to Kentucky and break that thing up." He got astride his horse and rode to Kentucky and when he arrived on the camp-ground he found that some strange power, strange to him, was swaying the people as if by magic force. His own knees began to shake together, so he decided he would go down the road to get a few drinks to strengthen himself for the job. But when he returned he found that scores of people had been slain and were falling in all directions. He decided he had better get off the camp-ground and leave the job of breaking up the camp to someone else. But when he got down the road about a block the power of God struck him, and like Saul of Tarsus, he was prostrated in the dust. Someone carried him to a cottage owned by a man who had been at the campmeeting. A few tarried with him until the morning and as the morning broke James B. Finley came through into a sky-blue experience of Bible salvation. He became one of the great leading Methodist preachers in this country. That was the Cane Ridge revival. We don't have many such times in Pentecost, but I am encouraging myself to believe that there is an inflow of God's power coming that will eclipse anything that happened in the days of old and will convince the worst critics that it is the mighty operation of the living God.

Let me tell you of Joseph Benson, whose commentary you know something about. He had thousands gathered to hear him in the open air and hundreds of thousands wept for joy or cried out in a manner that would melt a heart of stone. Come, you who are apologizing for the few demonstrations in Pentecost. Let me introduce you to this man and to his meetings. On one occasion conviction ran like fire through that crowd and the conscience-stricken sinners fell by the hundreds, slain by his words. You must be familiar

with the work of Jonathan Edwards. I have in my possession a sermon of his entitled, "Sinners in the hands of an angry God." Jonathan Edwards preached that sermon one day and the power of God gripped the people until they held on to the back of the seats lest they should fall into hell. When he concluded five hundred men and women remained to seek God. Benjamin Abbot was an early preacher. It would be a fine thing if Methodism had a few more Abbots and Peter Cartwrights. Benjamin Abbot was afraid of neither man nor the devil, and why should anyone who knows God be afraid? It is recorded of Benjamin Abbot that people seeing his face as if it were the face of an angel, fell prostrate. In some cases all his congregation were prostrate save himself. Would it not stir things if it were noised abroad tomorrow that in our Pentecostal church, everyone save the preacher fell prostrate under the power of God? We are not looking for prostrations, but sometimes God sends them anyway.

Last Fall after I had returned from a number of different campmeetings, I found that my people had gotten into sort of a rut and I said, "Lord, You will have to do something for us. We must have some of Your power down here and I care not what I have to do to bring it." Then I felt that the Lord put up a stiff proposition to me but I promised I would obey. We started in and God started in with us and the result was that the first three months of this year were perhaps the best three months in the history of our little church which has been runing for twenty-five years or more. God came down in Apostolic power; like a mighty cyclone He swept through that church and slew people on the right and on the left, and while some were coming through into the Baptism others were being saved. He will do the same any place where people will forget to be so proper and nice. It doesn't become Pentecostal people anyway.

But you say, "I never do shout. I am the quiet kind." If anybody had come to me years ago when I was a stiff, young Methodist preacher and said, "Brother, shout," I would have said, "Why man, get away from me and let me alone. I believe in doing everything decently and in order." But one day after I had been looking to the Lord for many years, He dropped a bit of heaven into my soul and before I knew what I was doing, I was shouting and dancing and having a good time, which has kept up now for more than twenty years. Does not the Bible say, "Cry

out and shout"? Shout because the Holy One of Israel is in the midst of thee. Remember that He who is in the midst is mighty. How mighty we could never tell, but enough to fling worlds into existence; mighty enough to keep them swinging in their orbits; far mightier than we can comprehend.

I have only introduced this subject to you but with one more word I will close. An ideal Pentecostal church is a magnetic church. Here comes a little bit of that which justifies people in thinking I am an extremist. But without any modification I will say again that an ideal church is a magnetic church, one that draws because of the power of God. We had a man over in our town, whom they announced as the greatest living evangelist and then they had at least seven pictures of him in all sorts of positions. We had others come to town who put up large signs saying that the lame walked and the blind could see and that the dead were raised. Why, of course God will heal folk and nobody is casting any reflection on the truth of Divine Healing but the trouble was that the whole business was over before the evangelists ever came to town and as far as I know, not a lame person walked or a blind person received sight. It was all on the sign. You ask, "Do you not believe in advertising?" Well, perhaps we are living in a day that demands some modest advertising but I do believe that the greatest advertising you can do and the one that will draw the greatest number of people, is to get the power of the Holy Ghost and let Jesus stretch forth His hand in healing power; then the crowds will gather. What is the use of gathering great crowds into a place where there is nothing going on? I rather think God is getting sick of the thing and if we are not careful He will spew us all out and get somebody else. The Lord does want to work but He wants us to depend upon the Holy Ghost. Did God raise up the Pentecostal Movement to become like the churches and become popular? I tell you No. Our ministry is a distinctive one. We are raised up to take this glorious message to the utmost confines of our globe and to carry on our work at home in a modest and retiring manner. An Ideal Pentecostal Church is a magnetic church. I was in a town twenty-five years ago as a young Methodist preacher, the first preacher who had ever been stationed there. After I had been there a while I left and then returned later to conduct some meetings. One morning real early there was a rap at my door in the home where I was being

entertained and someone shouted "Fire!" I was sure that the building in which I was sleeping was on fire so I arose and hastily dressed and when I looked out of my window I saw the young and the old, the lame and the lazy, the rich and the poor, the ignorant and the wise, all running to one place.

A building was on fire and although it was just a small town and they hadn't any bells to ring, somebody had run through the streets shouting "Fire!" and everyone wanted to get where the fire was. Now of course you need to have a fire before you can get out and shout "Fire!" or else you will be lying. But once you get a fire

going and you are sure it will last long enough for folk to come and see it, if they have to come a little distance, then you may shout "Fire!" and the people are sure to come. You cannot hold people from a fire. An Ideal Pentecostal Church is a magnetic church and the fire of the Holy Ghost will draw bigger crowds in less time than can be gathered by the most expensive advertising.

Someone has observed that while ice-wagons do not attract the crowds, fire-engines do. Lord, send the fire!

Get the holy flame, the Pentecostal flame,
Join the mighty army, marching in His Name,
He who died for you demands a love the same,
Oh brother, get the flame for Jesus!

Proving God's Promises in Brazil's Interior

Desperate Characters Transformed Thru the Gospel.

Paul J. Aenis, Missionary to Brazil, in the Stone Church, Sept. 20, 1925



THE Lord has dealt with me in a very mysterious way, leading me out by a way which I knew not. I would like to tell you a little of how God has worked with me in sending me forth to the neglected land of South America. After the Lord gave me a call, I attended the Rochester Bible Training School for two years. I then looked to my home Assembly, the Cleveland Assembly, to send me out, but they had already eight missionaries on the field whom they were supporting and five prospectives whom they promised to support when able. So they felt they couldn't obligate themselves to take on any more. I then applied to the General Council at Springfield, Mo., and they told me they had forty applications on file and no support promised for them, so could not help me.

So, although the doors were closed against me, I knew that God had given me a call and if He wanted me to go, He would open the door. I prayed earnestly, "Lord if Thou dost want me to go to South America Thou must open a door of which I know not." The next morning I received a letter from friends in Maryland, saying they felt I had a call to some foreign field, and asked me to come down and talk it over with them. If satisfactory, they would send me forth. I want to say to the glory of God that letter was written before I had offered up that definite prayer, verifying the promise, "Before they call, I will answer." They seemed delighted to assume the responsibility of my support.

After I made all preparation to go, God spoke

to me, "Are you willing to go forth knowing that these people will fail you?" I said, "Yes, Lord," for I reasoned that it might happen after I was on the field two or three years and then I could come home and raise my support. But just as I was ready to sail from New York City, through some misunderstanding they revoked their decision to support me. There was I without support before I had even sailed. Then God reminded me that I had promised I would go forth even though friends failed me. As I spoke in a little mission in Brooklyn no one knew of the trial through which I was passing, but as I told of my call and of the field in which I was expecting to labor, a sister said, "The Lord seems to give me a promise for you," and she read, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious sheaves, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing bringing his sheaves with him." I thank God tonight for that promise, for I truly have precious sheaves to lay at my Master's feet.

After arriving in Brazil I studied the Portuguese language, which is similar to Spanish and very easy to learn. After five months' time I was able to conduct services on some of the islands near the city of Para. On the same boat with my wife and I were from six to twelve Catholic priests. I felt badly to think there were just we two with such a little grip of the language, and so many priests.

One day a brother in charge of the main station said to me, "Paul, we missionaries who came before you arrived went out and built our own stations. We do not think you should stay here and

build upon our work. You should go out and pioneer." That looked rather hard to me, for I was just wondering which station I would take charge of. But I looked to the Lord and asked Him where He wanted me to go. He seemed to show me a place far into the interior, about 2,000 miles from the coast. As I waited to be sure of His leading, a brother said to me, pointing to the map, "Paul, I feel there is a country very much in need." It was the same place the Lord had showed me. After a week a second brother came and pointed out to me the same place, and again another came to tell me of that need. My leading was confirmed by three people, yet none of them knew of the others' leading.

As I began to make preparations for my journey there were plenty of Job's comforters to tell me of all the dark and discouraging aspects of the place. They told me it was a breeding place for black-water fever, malarial fever, etc. I might say, just a small railroad had been built into the interior about 110 miles along the branch of the Madeira River which contains sixteen waterfalls. They bring the rubber from Bolivia over this short railroad, then re-load on boats, which bring it to the ocean. The building of this railroad was attempted by three different companies. The first was a Dutch company which gave it up because they lost all their men, some being killed by the Indians, others by fever. It was next attempted by the French and they failed. Finally it was attempted by an American company and they succeeded, but at a great loss of men, according to the railroad figures: 1,500 men lost their lives through black-water fever, malaria, and other causes, in building 110 miles of road. They also told me that the drinking water was bad and would cause your stomach to swell. In the hospital there the nurse pointed out a woman from whom they extracted two and a half and three pails of water per month. You are constantly tormented with innumerable insects which swarm around your head and eyes, and bite you. Oh, there are many obstacles, but I knew God would take care of me, so I started off into the interior alone, leaving my wife on the coast! I was unable to have a native worker, not knowing where my next dollar would come from.

When I arrived in the city of Porto Velho I found the mayor was a Catholic priest. Those who have had dealings with the Catholics can readily understand my feelings. Having all authority in his hands, he could easily have had me removed. I certainly trembled; in fact, I didn't care to remain in the city and wanted to return

to Para by the same boat. But after walking the streets for three days I met a brother who had been converted at a station on the coast and he told me how he had been praying for over two years for the Lord to send a missionary or native worker, and how happy he was that I had come. He helped me to rent a room and I bought some boards for benches. We made simple board benches, and then this native brother went out and invited all his friends and neighbors, saying that a missionary had come. The people came out of curiosity and that was a splendid opportunity to give them the Word of God.

From that time on God began to give me fruit, but on the other hand here was this Catholic mayor who opposed me indirectly. Sometimes he would leave the city to attend to business in other places and then I would always rejoice, but when he returned I was sad and dismayed. But one day God spoke to me, "Why do you fear this man? You have the Word of God, you have the truth. He needs to fear you because he is not giving the true Word of God." From that day God gave me more holy boldness and courage to labor for Him.

I remained about six months in the interior, slept in the same room where I held the meetings. I had some hardships. For the space of five months I lived on one square meal a day. I sometimes have wondered how many people in the homeland would be willing to live on one square meal a day for the missionary cause. Here in the homeland I had a trade which brought me \$10 a day and if I went back tomorrow it would bring me \$12.50, but I was willing to give this up at the call of God that those who sit in darkness might have the light. Oftentimes the natives would say, "Paul, why do you come so far out here, endure all this suffering with fever and eat this food we have to offer?" To explain, I would give this illustration: "If I saw a man fall overboard in the big Madeira River, would I be doing my duty if I simply stood on the bank and said, 'Poor man, he will drown'? No, but my duty would be to jump into a boat and go out to save the drowning man. That is just why I have come into the interior. I feel it is my duty to bring you the Gospel that you may be saved." They were touched by it.

After being there six months, my supplies ran out. I might say here that the sun is very powerful in Brazil. It takes the color out of everything. Anything that is black will turn white. I had a dark blue surge suit and it faded to a purplish gray. My shoes were worn out through

much walking, and I was obliged to return to the coast. On my way down the river I was taken with the terrible malaria. At the suggestion of others I went to the mountains, taking a steamer to Fortaleza and from there I traveled on mule back for three days.

When I reached my destination in the evening I thought I would retire at once for I was very tired, but to my surprise the people gathered and I was obliged to hold services. I had come for a rest and at the end of two weeks I felt I could not hold services every night, so I announced that I would conduct services twice on Sunday and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights. On Monday night I had a very high fever and was unable to go down to the service so I told the brother in whose house I was staying to take charge. On Tuesday night as I was lying in my hammock (that is how we sleep there) the brother came to me and said, "Why, Paul, the room is full of people. I suppose they want you to speak to them." "Didn't these people understand my announcement that I would hold services only three nights a week?" I was obliged to take the service that night. The people said, "Yes, Paul, we understood you all right, but you had a fever last night and so we came to hear what you would have told us had you spoken." And so they came every night. I was having fever as high as 106½ degrees, and the brother in whose home I was staying was troubled, fearing that I would die. He said, "Paul, you know we Brazilians cannot stand the fever, much less the foreigners. I think the best thing you can do is to go back to your country." I told him I did not feel led to go home, but I would return to the coast. I was urged to take quinine, but I felt I wanted to trust the Lord fully. A business man even wanted to pay my doctor bill. Then he offered me a business position, asking me to go to Germany, England, Portugal and the United States to sell the natural resources of Brazil, and in return buy flour, cement, and other products; but being called as a missionary I could not accept this offer. I had to wait eight days for the steamer, and four days before the boat sailed, the Lord marvelously healed me. I want to say to those who are tried in their bodies, Satan will tempt you almost to the limit, but when he sees you determined he will leave you.

After the Lord healed me I once more returned to the far interior. I found now there was quite a bit of persecution, but the more the persecution raged the more the Lord blessed. He gave us more souls and enabled me to plant other stations

along the railroad. I would like to tell you of some incidents in the opening up of these stations. The first woman to be converted at Jacy Parana was living with a Mohammedan Turk, though not legally married, which is a common occurrence in Brazil. I might say that the only means of living for a woman is to live with a man, to get married, or to live the life of a prostitute. When they become Christians we insist on their being legally married according to the laws of Brazil. After this woman was converted the man's friends went to him and stirred him up about it. He became enraged and put her out, expecting her to come back and beg to be reinstated, but on the contrary she rejoiced that she was being put out for righteousness' sake. He resented that, so he thought the best thing would be to get rid of me. Oftentimes when I would meet him on the street near his place of business, he would put his hand to his hip-pocket. I didn't realize that he wanted to shoot me, but because of the dear ones who were holding me up in prayer that man couldn't raise that revolver. I thank God for the prayers of those in the homeland.

One day I missed a Bible from the home. It was a Bible in the Portuguese language which was to be sent up to one of the rubber camps, and was the only one I had left in stock. I prayed that the person who took it should not destroy it but that it might be used in his or her conversion. One day I was passing by the store of this Mohammedan Turk and I noticed he was cutting off the wicker of his chair, intending to put on a new one. I had been a mechanic and understood the art of putting it on, so I asked him if he knew how. He said "No," and I offered to do it, carrying out the Scripture to return good for evil and thereby heap coals of fire on his head. After I was working awhile he asked me if I would have a glass of lemonade. I accepted it heartily, but after drinking it I felt dizzy and began to pray. I felt I had been poisoned and claimed that promise in Mark 16:18, "If they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them." I became so weak I could hardly hold up and excused myself. After lying down for an hour I felt quite strengthened and went outside. I saw the engineer of the railroad going by and asked him to give me passage to Porto Velho, my main station. I felt quite good all the way, but the minute I reached the house I became deathly sick. I vomited very profusely. I want to say to the glory of God that His working is marvelous. It is the custom in Brazil when you enter a home to be offered a small cup of black coffee, and this man might have

very easily put the poison in the coffee, but he didn't. He put it in the lemonade and lemon juice is an antidote, just like the white of an egg. The lemonade caused the poison to be vomited up, so my life was spared. Time went on. One day a woman came down to Porto Vehlo and she said to me, "Paul, did you ever miss a Bible?" "Yes, I missed a Bible." "Do you know who stole it?" "No, I haven't the slightest idea." "Well, it was that Mohammedan Turk. He is converted now and wants you to baptize him." I had the privilege of baptizing him on the following Sunday, and then he got legally married, which we demand of every believer. He also asked me to perform a religious ceremony. On the day of the marriage the Chief of Police came to me and said, "Paul, do you realize this is the best thing that ever happened to our town? Before they were converted hardly a week passed but that I was summoned to their home to make peace. I would find them quarreling and screaming, one with a razor and the other with a revolver, but conditions are changed today." Dear friends, does it pay to save a man like that? To invest a few dollars in heathen lands? I am glad that I had the privilege to go through and suffer that this man might be saved.

Just a few doors away from this home was a lady possessed of a terrible temper. She would fly into a rage, tear her dress and even be without clothing on the street; not once, but many times. The Lord saved her and made her a living witness to His power. I wish you could have seen her after conversion. She showed me a trunkful of dresses that needed mending because she had torn them in a fit of temper.

The Chief of Police came to me one day and said, "Paul, why don't you build a church?" I told him I didn't have the money. So the Justice of the Peace offered me one of his empty houses where we have been holding services to this day, having over sixty members in this town. Just a short distance from this village is a rubber camp, but they cared nothing for the Gospel there. They cared only for sprees and dances and having a good time. So when the Gospel was first given to them they all rebelled, but gradually one by one got saved, and in a short time forty were converted out of forty-four. These four said they wanted to run away, for the others cared nothing about dancing and smoking, but cared only to pray. Before it was carrying a knife or a gun; now it is carrying a Bible and a song book; before it was fighting and drinking; now it is praying and singing.

God saved some of the vilest men in South America. I always tell my natives to pray for those who spitefully use them because they can not tell what day they may be saved. Some of our worst enemies often make the best Christians. One man who bitterly opposed the Gospel was a very heavy drinker and owned a house of ill-fame. He would go into a store and demand a drink of strong alcohol and then refuse to pay for it. After a time they had him spotted and refused the drink until he first put down the money. His wife also opposed us but God got hold of them both and saved them. The man got rid of his house and gave one-tenth of his money to the Lord. It was \$100, which is equal to \$1,000 here. I have seen that man zealously persuade people to be Christians.

At another place in the interior there was a man who was violently opposed to the Gospel; many a time he threw stones at the mission. One day he thought he would listen to what these Christians were teaching, and he put his arm on the window sill and listened. It was far different from what he thought it would be, and the next night he came in. That very night this liquor dealer, one of the vilest men in Guajara Mirim, gave his heart to God. He disposed of his liquor business and was very good to the poor. He had more of the love of God in his heart than many Christians at home. He started a grocery business, but he was more interested in spreading the Gospel than in selling goods. I would often see him on the door-step reading the Bible. When people came in to buy he would talk about the Lord and forget his business. I sometimes think he is too zealous. Some of our converts have gone a distance of two or three thousand miles to testify to their relatives after they were saved. How many of you would do that? Some of you would not even take a street car to another part of the city, I fear.

Pray for the work in South America and for the five interior stations that God has enabled me to open up. Also for my wife and me as we return to that neglected land. I am the only Pentecostal missionary within 2,000 miles on the Brazilian side, and within about 5,000 miles on the Bolivian side.

* * *

MOUNTAIN PEAKS OF PROPHECY AND SACRED HISTORY

By W. H. Cossum

Through the Bible on prophetic events, handled in a masterful way. Eight chapters, on intensely interesting subjects for these days. *Fulfilled and Unfulfilled Prophecy, The Indestructible Jew, The Zionist Movement, The Antichrist, Babylon, etc.* A marvel of cheapness.

195 pages, 70 cts.

The Latter Rain Evangel

Published Monthly on the Fifteenth by
The Evangel Publishing House

Subscription Price

TO ANY PART \$1.25 (6s) per year in advance
OF THE WORLD 65c (3s) six months in advance

Special rates to Assemblies ordering twelve or more copies. Write for terms. Send drafts, express or money orders payable to The Evangel Publishing House. Foreign Countries send international money orders. Do not send personal checks unless 10 cents added for exchange.

Contemporaries wishing to copy any article from this paper will kindly add "LATTER RAIN EVANGEL," Chicago, U. S. A.

A red cross on your wrapper signifies that your renewal has been received.

A cross opposite this note means your subscription expires with this number.

Notes

After Seventeen Years

THE LATTER RAIN EVANGEL has just completed seventeen years of ministry to countless men and women throughout the world. As we enter our eighteenth year with this issue, we take this opportunity to ask our readers for their continued co-operation.

Our mails contain many encouraging letters telling of the blessing that God gives through the paper. It is very heartening when the burdens press to know that the blessing of the Lord is upon the paper, but encouraging letters are not sufficient in themselves to keep the paper going. We need subscribers. If those who appreciate the monthly visits of THE EVANGEL will help in a substantial way we will be doubly assured of their desire to see the paper continue in its ministry. So we ask those who are interested to co-operate with us in getting the paper into new homes. If you are a member of an Assembly or have Christian friends, will you not undertake to get up a club of ten or more subscribers? We will give a club rate of \$1 a year to clubs of ten or more. One of our subscribers sent us a club of over twenty names, considering it a privilege and a service unto the Lord to get the paper into those twenty homes. If one is rewarded for a "cup of cold water" this sister will not go unrewarded for helping us to give spiritual food to the hungry.

Perhaps you have not been able to do much for the Lord and feel your life is a failure as far as witnessing is concerned. If you could send a subscription or two to some who have become cold or indifferent to the things of God, and will water the seed with your prayers, you will have a silent ministry that will count for eternity. "This is the only way I can talk to my folks about the Lord," said a woman who gave us several subscriptions to her relatives. Do you want THE EVANGEL to talk to your friends about God and their need of Him? It will have a ministry in the

homes it enters which cannot be valued by money, and you will never regret the investment of the subscription price.

Another way you can help us in sending out the paper is by sending us an order for our books and calendars, for the subscriptions alone are not sufficient for us to meet our expenses. We can get any book for you if it is in print, and will be glad to have you favor us with your orders.

A Vacation Worth While

A profitable vacation is one which Miss Bernice Lee spent in Landour during the hot season in India. She had planned not to go to the hills this year, not feeling the need of it and not minding the heat, but God had some precious children in the hills who needed her ministry and so He moved upon her to go. She writes: "Already before I reached there, eight more hungry ones had received the Baptism of the Spirit through dear Mrs. McKelvey's ministry. Four of these were young ladies from down country. Oh, it was wonderful! Their hunger was so intense that they could 'give Him no rest' until He baptized them, and surely He did it for they have been verily set on fire of God. Your heart would thrill could you read their letters, for not only have they been made abundantly happy, but through them the 'old-time fire' is spreading in their Mission Stations, reaching out to the Indian community, causing conviction and heart-crying. Their fellow missionaries are saying they can see that something has surely happened to them. The power of God is felt as they engage in public prayer and God is mightily stirring things!

"Before going to the hills the Lord seemed to show me that I was to have quite a personal ministry, and it was even so. I found that hilltop verily honeycombed with hearts that were crying out for Him, and during the six weeks I was there I had just one day I could call my own. The days were literally filled with meetings and dealings with people personally. Some of the young people newly baptized felt the need of special help and instruction; others needed encouragement to stand against the persecution of friends because of 'this way.' Some had gotten out of touch with Jesus since their baptism years before. It seemed I could scarcely leave my room but that He brought me in contact with some soul whose heart was crying for Him.

"One day while returning to my room a young lady caught up with me. While I had met her but a few days before, she began pouring out her heart. It was the story of many another. A little opening wedge had come in between her and

her Beloved, the breach had widened until she was conscious of being 'out of touch.' I asked her to come to my room, and there in the quiet of His holy day, together we talked and wept and prayed and He was found of His weary, heart-sick child, and she went home rejoicing.

"I did have a busy time, but Oh, such a happy one! I could think of no lovelier way of spending a vacation, and I praise Him for the strength and health He has seen fit to give me. Oh, how I love India! It is the dearest place on earth to me!"

Blessing in South India

Mrs. Mary Chapman, our veteran missionary from South India, writes that they have been observing the three days of prayer and had much blessing. One received the Baptism of the Spirit in his home at night and came to the meeting filled to overflowing. Others have been healed and one dear woman saved. Brother May has been holding meetings in Kelar, not far from Bangalore and reports thirty-six souls saved.

"In our own work, two Spirit-baptized young men, one a teacher and the other a farmer, have been holding meetings at vacation time, and have started three new assemblies. A teacher from another mission has received the Baptism of the Spirit and been dismissed from his school. He is called to the work and is pastoring a little flock who are to help some on his support. The teacher who has raised up these assemblies with the help of others is a good evangelist and feels strongly burdened for the work. As a teacher

he gets less than \$5 per month. The work is enlarging on our hands faster than we are able to meet financial necessities and we are looking to God to help us. I deeply realize the great need is not the work but to live in love and fellowship with Himself."

Chief Directs Building of Chapel

"The town people started to build the mud chapel this week," writes Miss Erickson from the Hooyah tribe in Liberia on July 31st. "The Christian chief is in charge of the work, and the first day he came to me and said, 'My heart too glad all this day and I make much prayer to God.' That is just the way I feel, too. We are right on a main road which leads into many large villages, and we are beginning to pray for the salvation of these passing travelers as well as a mighty outpouring of His Spirit. My heart is encouraged in Him even though the seed must often be sown in tears.

"With Sam's assistance I have now made eight cement pillars and it works all right. The boys are getting out timbers from the bush for sleepers and joists and I have succeeded in finding two men to saw plank. Though they are going very slowly I think they will get on. This little mud house is crowded, for it has only three small rooms. In the main one I teach my class of boys, sew, receive my steady flow of visitors, eat my meals, etc. So I will be glad to get other quarters, though that will not be soon." Miss Erickson is still alone on this station, but is trusting that God will soon send her a co-worker.

Led by a Way which He Knew Not

How God Worked for the Pentecostal Leper Home in India



WO consecrated young men were students at the Nyack Institute. They were room-mates, and when the spiritual tide ran high and God was dealing with young lives, they each felt a call to India. Several years went by and one of them with his face set toward that land of sorrows, left his godly home and loved ones to be a faith missionary. As he was about to embark, with his young wife, his classmate said to him, "Now, Harry, I cannot go, but you go and I will stand back of you." He was faithful to his promise for several years, and then through a misunderstanding the funds from this source ceased.

It was a testing time to this missionary, for he now had a growing family. There were many anxious moments when he saw the little mouths

which must be fed and saw the great need of that dark land. But what could he do without money. As he labored in prayer, a great door opened to him and he felt the Lord bidding him enter. Back of Harry Waggoner's call to India was a call to that most shunned class of human beings, the lepers. As he labored in India that call to the most despised of outcasts deepened, and with it came an offer to work in the Chandkuri Leper Asylum in the Central Provinces, under the Board of the Evangelical Church. At first he shrank from making such a change, for he was a Pentecostal missionary and loved the Pentecostal truths. But God was moving and caused him to enter the open door. A term of happy years was spent among those unfortunate men and women. He was happy to be able to alleviate the sufferings of those whom everybody shunned, and to

tell them of a Savior's love.

In this asylum of Chandkuri, Harry Waggoner labored for six years among its six hundred inmates. Then he came home for a furlough, and this furlough marked another important milestone in his life. God had a larger plan for him and its unfolding is as marvelous as any work launched on the mission field. The burden of the work at Chandkuri rolled from him and he felt he was not to return to it. He resigned from the Board and yet what was he to do? He loved leper work, his heart was bound up in it, but God led him out. Broken in health, crushed in spirit, no money and a large family, he knew not which way to turn, but he attended the Cleveland Convention and there God began to work for him.

The tender love he manifested for the despised lepers appealed to the heart of Pastor Ward, who long had a burden for these outcasts. "Why had the Pentecostal people so long neglected them?" he asked himself, and the stored-up compassion of years for these people, of which there are from one to three million in the world today, began to shape itself in a practical way. "Why not go back to India and open up a Pentecostal Leper Home?" he proposed to Harry Waggoner. It appealed to him and they wrote to the General Council who were interested but felt unable to finance it at that time.

But God knows no barriers. If He can get the "two or three" to pray, He will work out His highest will. Prayer had been offered up many years ago for a Pentecostal Leper Work, and now that the hands of time had marked the hour, His purposes ripened fast. Pastor Ward invited Bro. Waggoner to New Castle, Pa., where he was then pastor, to give an illustrated lecture to his young people. At the close they took up an offering of \$30. As it was presented to the missionary, Pastor Ward said, "Bro. Harry, I am not trying to be a prophet, but I venture to prophesy that this offering will support the first leper in the Pentecostal Leper Home. Keep it for that purpose."

Shortly after, Bro. Ward was called back to Toronto, and as they launched their first Missionary Convention he felt strongly led to invite Harry Waggoner. He wrote him, "I do not know that we can do more for you than for any other missionary, but I have a feeling there are some 'handfuls of purpose' for you." He came, and his burden became the burden of that convention. The morning meetings were altogether devoted to prayer, and one morning the pastor had rolled upon him a great burden for the future Pentecostal Leper Home in India. He prayed through

to victory and while on his knees he had a mental vision of the entire colony and the buildings. Another, a matured saint, had the same experience but didn't speak of it until later. At the close of the convention the Church Board voted an offering of \$2,000 towards the starting of the Leper Work.

Pastor Gortner of Cleveland and Pastor Ernest Williams of Philadelphia, who were present at the convention, seeing the people respond so enthusiastically, caught the fire and invited the missionary to their Assemblies. He first went to Cleveland, and while he did not receive any great financial remuneration there, he received that which money could not buy. His heart was in such a precarious condition that it looked almost impossible for him to return to India, but down in the prayer-room in the Cleveland Tabernacle God met him and healed his heart. The life of God was poured into him until he felt "he was like an old run-down battery being re-charged."

Pastor Williams wrote from Philadelphia, "If you will come down and speak to our people on Thanksgiving Day we will let you present the need of the Leper Work and give you the Thanksgiving offering." It was usually about \$80 or \$90. As Bro. Waggoner prayed about it, the Lord said to him, "If you will go I will give you a thousand dollars." It was the only time the Lord had definitely spoken to him about money. He went and presented the work. The offering amounted to \$440, a great surprise to the Philadelphia people, but not to the missionary. As he talked to the Lord about it he said, "I thought You said a thousand dollars, but it is all right. Perhaps I was mistaken." He left Philadelphia and a few days later Pastor Williams wrote to him saying, "A young woman in the congregation has been so moved upon that she feels she must give you \$600." So he had a little over a thousand. His hopes ran high as he saw the Lord working for him.

Through Pastor Ward an invitation was given him to attend a convention at Ossining, N. Y., and by this time enough money had come in for him to sail. The night before he sailed, Pastor Lucas of Ossining took him aside and said, "At Bethel we have decided to contribute \$1,000 a year toward your support." The Philadelphia people volunteered to send \$100 every quarter towards the missionary's personal support.

When Miss Bernice Lee was home on furlough she had precious fellowship with the Waggoners and felt that in some way they were to be associated in the work in India. As matters matured

here, Mr. Waggoner wrote to Miss Lee asking her to act as trustee for the proposed Home. She assented and invited the family to Uska Bazaar to remain there until they located permanently. In the meantime as she prayed, the Lord assured her that He was sending her help from the sanctuary. Their coming to Uska was so of the Lord that Miss Lee asked them to remain there permanently, for it was in that district they had planned to plant the Leper Colony.

The disappointment which Bro. Waggoner suffered when his school friend failed to "stand by" proved to be God's appointment for him, for through that failure he was led to take up work in the Chandkuri Leper Asylum where he received the invaluable training for the work God had in store for him.

At once they began negotiations for land. Only those who have had experience can ever understand the intricacies, the trials, the vexations of purchasing land in India. Their patience was often taxed to the limit and there were days when they almost despaired, so hopeless seemed the task. For nearly two years they prayed and struggled and worked. The people at home who had given the money were wondering why the home was not started, but there was a deadlock which only prayer could break. And so they prayed on and on. One project after another had been followed only to fade within their grasp. Nearly a score of times they felt sure of a piece of land, only to be deeply disappointed.

Once when Bro. Waggoner was so burdened at being unable to push the matter through, he asked the Lord to give them a token that day if a certain piece of land they were negotiating for was the one He wanted them to have. And that very day brought to him a remarkable letter from a sister in England. She told of how God had burdened her for leper work sixteen years before and led her to consecrate to Him £150 for this purpose. She put the money in bank hoping that someone would have a call to open up such a work on full Pentecostal lines. She had it mentioned at conventions and made it known in various ways but to no avail. She had waited sixteen years for God to make it plain where it was to go. Sometimes she was tempted to think she had made a mistake but concluded if she went back on this leading she could never be sure of another, so waited, and now had great joy in sending the sum to Bro. Waggoner with accumulated interest at 5 per cent. The amount was about £270 (over \$1,200). Again God had

proven that He was directing the work, and they were greatly encouraged.

Miss Lee gives a very graphic account of the dramatic scenes of the last deal, which actually left them in possession of the land:

"Last April began the 'dickering' for this particular piece of land, and somehow amidst all the stupendous conflict we were made to feel again and again that this was what the Lord meant us to have. The owners were not only heathen and Brahmins, but men addicted to the awful opium habit. Evidently from the start they meant to sell the land to us, as it had become a dire necessity for them to have the money, but with fiendish tenacity they held on for all they could get, and being so completely under Satan's control they broke promise after promise and did their utmost to settle matters in an underhanded way. As soon as we made an effort to make the matter legal the whole crowd would walk away, and this oftentimes after hours had been spent in heated discussions among themselves when we were weary in body and mind. Again and again as all have been seated on the floor in our little drawing room, each one seeming to vie with the other in loudness of tone and wildness of gesture according to Oriental custom, I have slipped away to my room and just paced the floor talking with my Father (above the shouts) and pleading with Him for victory. And oh how many a day of this kind has ended with apparent defeat! But, praise God, His eye was over us all the while!

"One night after Bro. Waggoner had labored with them until he was almost worn out and nothing had availed, he sent one of the preachers to the station to buy his ticket for the hills where he was to spend a few days with his family from whom he had been separated for months. Then fearing their opportunity had fled they came begging him not to go, that they would certainly come to terms, etc. Always ready to grasp the least opportunity, he cancelled his order for the ticket and decided to remain a day or two longer. When they found this out they brought into play all their old intrigues and once more things were left just where they had been hanging for months.

"The day finally came when God said, 'It is enough,' and things began to take shape. It was a happy day when the deed was drawn up—just a rough copy, which must then be made secure and registered in court. But we were still kept in dire uncertainty, for at the last minute of that most trying day, just at dark, all blankly refused to sign and went off home! Can you read between the lines all that this meant to Bro. Waggoner, alone at the Mission Station? Truly words fail sometimes! But again the next morning with a re-charge of faith, hope and courage, he hastened out to the village where the men lived and as he went from one to another he found that as God in the days of old had piled the waters of the Red Sea high during the night, so now He had gone ahead, and lo! each shareholder as though in the power and control of the Almighty,

quickly and willingly gave their signatures and promised to go on Monday morning to have the deed registered.

"Though the place of recording was only 14 miles distant, the journey was no easy one for there is no direct road, and now during the rainy season swollen rivers had to be crossed, so it was decided to make the journey by boat, Bro. Harry himself going a round-about route by train and motor lorrey. At last all was ready and Bro. Harry saw them off on the boat, waving goodbye with a beating heart, then left on the 2 p. m. train for his journey which would get him there about 2 the next afternoon. After a wearying trip he arrived several hours ahead of the boat, and just at night when he had about given up hope of their coming until the next day they appeared, and what a tale they had to tell! After getting well started an old man, one of the land owners, who has so long been under the influence of opium and who is almost insane through it, became desperate for another 'dose.' The men on the boat tried to pacify him, but he wildly declared he would jump into the water if they did not pull into land. Finally they were compelled to do so, and with a frantic leap he reached the land, and with his grey locks floating in the breeze he madly ran, not knowing or caring whither, but on and on he fled! One of the men, a Brahmin, whom God has used to be such a help and blessing to us in all these trying experiences, kept close on his heels, and for three hours in the sweltering heat of India's sun, they ran on and on until both were worn out, but at last they succeeded in reaching the destination with this poor creature.

"The next morning they began business operations, and all day long they worked and perspired, untangling legal difficulties and seeking to bring things to a consummation. The day was wearing away, Bro. Harry was so worn, and while sitting awaiting certain proceedings, suddenly our Brahmin friend came rushing in to say, 'The whole crowd is going home. They will not sign off! They have started!' Quickly he sent out word to hold them, that they must not go; he would even be willing to pay a little more if necessary, but the deal must go through. By dint of great effort, amidst loud shoutings and wild gesticulations, terms were finally agreed upon, and just as the day was getting late the last details were accomplished, and on Sept. 11, 1924, the papers were all finally signed and recorded which gives us possession of the land. Hallelujah! Amen! The land is ours!

"It is indeed a beautiful piece of land, and during the season when floods have been all about us and so much land has been lying under water, this spot of His own choice is high and protected. It is just far enough away from the bungalow (a mile and a half) to be easy of access yet not to endanger the children, and already we have several times walked over the ground singing, 'And all is mine my feet have pressed!' The number of lepers is steadily increasing and we look forward to a precious service among them."

The work in connection with the Colony is now moving blessedly forward. A recent gift of £500 has made it possible to proceed with the build-ings, and the houses for the native workers have been completed. There will be thirty-two individual houses built of brick which Bro. Waggoner and his native helpers have made. Each house will accommodate four lepers. Ten of the individual houses are almost completed, the foundations of two others are laid and part of the walls are up. They are making the buildings as substantial as possible, plastering them on the outside and tinting with a color wash, giving them a neat appearance. The cost of these houses is about \$185 each at present rate of exchange. The plan is to make them memorial homes. When finished a stone slab or brass plate will be put into the walls carved with the name of the donor. The cost of maintaining a leper for one year is \$35, and they are expecting to accommodate 100 lepers at the beginning.

There is to be a Home for the untainted boys and one for untainted girls, for leprosy is not hereditary, and the children of leprous parents are segregated.

The property is held by nine trustees, six in America and three in India. They are now planning for a much needed chapel to be built in the form of a cross; the main part to be used for the lepers, one wing for healthy men and the other for healthy women. This will cost between \$800 and \$1,000.

But the greatest need of all—next to prayer—is helpers for Bro. Waggoner. The burden of the work has indeed been very heavy and has rested largely on him, though Miss Lee has rendered valuable assistance. To meet this need God has been preparing two young men, who feel definitely called to His work. One of the young men is Harry Waggoner's younger brother, George, and the other is Thomas Brook, the only child of a family in Pastor Ward's church. These consecrated young men have given their lives to minister to these unfortunate outcasts. They are expecting to sail this fall and hope to reach India not later than December. Sufficient funds are on hand for their transportation, but thus far their support has not been pledged, though they are willing to go forth leaving the matter of their support with God and the Pentecostal saints.

When Minnie F. Abrams, of sainted memory, purchased the land for the Uska Bazaar Mission Station it was not from choice she selected the site. She would have preferred one more densely populated, but looking ahead to the Pentecostal

Leper Colony to be planted contiguously, God closed every other door. Friends had often questioned opening a station in that country district. "Why not have built the station in a large city?" was often asked, and invariably the reply was, "It was impossible to get the land." God was planning then, fourteen years ago, for this Leper Colony. A work of greater sacrifice could scarce be found than that to which these noble lives have

consecrated themselves. Prompted by the love of Him who was "moved with compassion" toward the poor, despairing leper, they are joyfully following in His train. Pray for this God-planted work.

The Evangel Publishing House will be glad to receive offerings for it, or they may be sent to Pastor Ward, 183 Rushton Road, Toronto, Ontario.

The Maniac Who Became a Missionary

Healing Retained by an Attitude of Faith.

Evan. P. C. Nelson in Kalamazoo, Mich., Sept. 6, 1925



THE Lord made two foreign missionary trips across Lake Genesaret. The first time He made just one convert, but He made a missionary out of him. That missionary was so faithful that when Jesus went back there a big company of people gathered to hear Him. When the Lord went over there on His first trip, the first man to meet him was one who lived among the tombs. He was a fit subject for the tombs, not safe anywhere else for he was a desperate demoniac. The Lord met him and cast out the demons; there were enough in him to kill two thousand swine. When he was healed he wanted to go along with the Lord, but He sent him back to his people to tell what the Lord had done for him. He went back and began to publish in Decapolis (two Greek words meaning ten cities) what Jesus had done for him, causing all men to marvel.

Now if you will turn over to the sixth chapter of Mark you will see an account of our Lord's second missionary tour to that district: "And when they were come out of the ship, straightway they knew Him, and ran through that whole region round about, and began to carry about in beds those that were sick, where they heard He was. And whithersoever He entered, into villages, or cities, or country, they laid the sick in the streets, and besought Him that they might touch if it were but the border of His garment: and as many as touched Him were made whole." vs. 53-55.

Our Lord didn't seem to accomplish anything the first time but to cast the demons out of one demoniac. I can imagine that man going home to his family. Perhaps he had attempted to murder his wife and children before he was taken away. Perhaps his neighbors had to be watching him to keep him away from home, for they didn't

have any institutions for the insane like we have today. I imagine that he was so changed after his healing that they hardly recognized him as he entered his home town. As he reached his home no doubt his wife was terrified and urged the children to hide, "Papa is here; don't make a sound. He might kill some of us." But then I can hear him say, "Mary," as sweetly as he used to say it before they were married, "Mary, don't be afraid of me. I am not the same man who went away. You do not need to be afraid of opening the door." I can see her opening the door just a little and looking out. Oh what a different sight met her gaze from the raving maniac who had last left her door! "Oh Levi, come in and tell me all about it!"

"Well, I was out there among the dead, all scarred up, under the power of the demons which caused me to tear my garments and cut myself, and One came in a boat across the sea with some men. He was not afraid of me as I ran up to Him. He commanded the evil spirits to come out, and would you believe it, there was a great herd of swine on the hillside, and these demons that were in me came out and went into the swine and the swine ran down into the sea. I feel fine. I am fully delivered and healed. Where are the children?" She calls the children, and I can imagine they had a regular family reunion. Great joy filled their hearts. Soon in came a neighbor, "Mary, I hear your husband has come home. They say he is healed. How did it happen? Did he meet a big doctor who cured him?" "Yes, he met a big doctor whose name was Jesus, and he says He is the Savior of the world, very different from anyone he ever saw in his life. Now my husband prays and sings and shouts, and never was so sane. Come in and see him. Here he is." "I know I have been a terror to the whole town," he said, "but it was all because I was a sinner and under the power of the devil. There was a

Prophet they call Jesus who came across the Sea of Galilee and delivered me. I wanted to go with Him, but He told me to go home and tell what had been done for me. Perhaps He will come back some time." "I wish He would. I have a son who is lame. Do you suppose He would heal him?" "I think He would." "And across the street there is a woman who is blind. Do you think He can give her sight?" "Certainly, He can heal anybody."

They finished breakfast and he said, "Good-bye Mary; good-bye children. I have to tell all the neighbors about it." He was a sermon with a pair of shoes on. I was much impressed by a testimony I heard when I came back to Battle Creek for a second campaign about fifteen years ago. At that meeting there was a man who had been a tramp for years. That man had been saved at South Bend, Indiana, and came up to Battle Creek; got on his feet and went to winning souls for Jesus Christ. In one of his testimonies he said, "You all know I am employed by the Gas Company, going around reading meters and giving my testimony. I am a wonder to everybody. I am a sermon with a pair of shoes on." A walking sermon! That is what this delivered demoniac was. He told them all he knew about the Prophet Jesus.

One day Jesus came again with a little company across the sea and somebody recognized Him. "This is the Man who healed that crazy man." He told everybody and they passed the word along. They brought to Him the cripples, the blind, the deaf, and the bed-ridden, and said to Him, "Just let them touch the hem of Your garment." Do you know how many were healed who touched the hem of His garment? Everyone. Everyone who touched was healed. Some people ask, "Why doesn't everybody get healed at these meetings in the Masonic Temple? Everybody ought to be healed if it is Divine Healing." I will tell you about that. Everyone who touches Him is healed, but all who come for healing do not touch Him. I wish I could get everybody to touch Him, but perhaps the Lord couldn't trust me with such power.

You ask, "Where is He?" He is here. If He were here in body you might not be able to get to Him, there would be so many, but brother, sister, He is nearer to you than the one who sits next to you. Will you not touch Him today? "As many as touched were made whole." Blind eyes are opened, cancers, tuberculosis cases, every infirmity disappears when we touch Jesus.

His divine resurrection life flows into us, when we come in touch with Him.

There are people who receive healing and lose it. I tell you frankly, it takes faith to receive healing, and it takes faith to hold it. I know Satan cannot bear to see us live a life of faith and really trust the Lord, and he is constantly at work to weaken and destroy faith by bringing back symptoms and causing people to doubt. The devil has the power to put sickness on the body. If you do not believe that, study the book of Job and you will see that it is true. He put on Job enough boils to cover him from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. And he has power to bring back the symptoms again. God permits our faith to be tested, but the temptations and the doubts are from the devil and the word says if we resist the devil he will flee from us. Many do not know that when healed they must stand guard in faith and live in touch with Jesus to keep their healing. As soon as healed the enemy says, "Now I must have some way of spoiling that healing or that person will endanger my work." One who has faith in God can do the devil more harm than a thousand without any faith. When the soldiers were fighting in Europe and drove back the German lines, after they had taken a sector they might expect a counter attack. "How is that?" you ask. The enemy would rally all their forces and concentrate on the sector they had lost, drive back the Allies if possible and implant themselves more firmly than before. So the enemy attacks our bodies when he has been driven out. There are two gates you must guard; one is "doubt gate" and the other is "fear gate." The enemy will come and say, "Do you really believe you are healed?" Was it not imagination?" Then he strikes you with an awful pain. "There! How do you like that? Did you say you were healed?" "How about that cancer? Isn't it burning right now?" Then you say with a sinking heart, "Oh I thought I was healed!" I know how the enemy attacks those who are stepping out in faith for healing. I know how he attacked me. I said I was healed in Detroit five years ago on a Saturday night, when I was lying helpless and the Lord raised me up. I had a good shout and a good supper. The next day I was in my pulpit giving my testimony, and on Monday down town telling the Baptist ministers all about it, but on Tuesday night the most frightful pain struck me in the knee where the blood-poison had been. I had to lie down right away and it was late at night too

The devil said, "That was a pretty nice story you told at the meeting of the Baptist ministers. When they hear about your dying what will they think?" "And what will your church think of you, you who stood there telling them you were healed? This will do more harm to divine healing than all your testimony will do good; it will spoil all your work, and spoil you too." I was frightened, and called my son. I said, "I am suffering. I have the worst pain in my leg I have had and don't know what to do. I told the preachers down town that the Lord had healed me and now I am in hot water. What shall I do? It looks as if I might not live until morning. Go and ring up Brother and Sister Beal." (They had anointed me). It was two o'clock in the morning and Mrs. Beal answered the 'phone, "Oh don't let that scare you! Tell your father it is the devil's counter-attack. Tell him to 'resist the devil and he will flee' from him," she said. "Jesus Christ has healed him. Tell the devil to pack his goods and be gone." I tried it and it worked. I don't know if he was afraid of what I might do in the future if I went on with the Lord, but he marshalled all his forces that night to destroy my faith. You had better die fighting the devil than to let him kill you without a conflict.

"As many as touched Him were made whole." You touch Jesus and stay close to Him until your healing is perfected. Don't admit failure and every time you resist the enemy you will better understand his attacks. Do not become frightened if the symptoms return. I doubt if I have faith to stand tests that some people have stood. One woman who had a cancer between her eyes and another one on her body, was prayed for and she claimed her healing. The cancer stopped hurting, but it didn't disappear. She praised the Lord for her healing and the

people who knew her protested against her praising the Lord for healing. They said, "Look in the mirror and see what you have between your eyes." She said, "That is where the devil used to be in business but he has not yet taken down his sign." You know when we first had prohibition there were many buildings that had on them, "Beer, Wine, Liquors and Cigars," but when you got inside they were as dry as the Sahara Desert. That is the way with our old symptoms. The devil still has his sign on some of us. One morning the woman awoke and found the cancer on her forehead had fallen off and there was a little patch of white skin where the cancer had been. The Lord had been working all the time, but the devil still had his sign on her forehead. Sometimes it takes a test of faith, but Jesus Christ can take off the signs and cause the devil to let go his hold.

I do not think you are ready to be prayed for until you expect God to heal you. The word says, "Without faith it is impossible to please Him: for he that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." Heb. 11:6. A brother in Coffeyville, Kansas, came for healing, I do not remember how many hundred miles. He was very deaf. I wrote to him that we would pray for him at the healing service. He asked when that would be, and I told him at the end of the preaching service. He said, "Will you not pray for me now? I want to hear the sermon." I did pray for him and he received perfect hearing. He came expecting and God honored his faith.

While we are interested in healing, we are more interested in seeing people saved, and if any here today need to touch the Lord for salvation Jesus will show forth His power in saving the lost.

Jesus Pictured in the Life of Joseph

Man Meant Evil, God Meant Good.

Pastor Philip Wittich in the Stone Church, Sept. 13, 1925



WE HAVE in the fiftieth chapter of Genesis the record of an event in the house of Jacob at the time of his death and subsequent embalming; also of the behavior of Joseph's brethren when the days of the embalming were fulfilled.

Of all the men of the Old Testament, Joseph is one of the cleanest and

finest types of our blessed Lord Jesus Christ. His very name is suggestive; it means "added." Our Lord Jesus was *added* unto us to bring us life and to draw us out of death; to bring us into the Spirit and to lead us out of the flesh. Joseph's brethren are a type of the Jews and their entire history, and also a type of Gentile sinners.

The life of Joseph from his infancy was, as far as we can trace from the scriptures, a clean-

cut and pure life. In his early boyhood he had the gift of prophecy. He prophesied, by virtue of a dream that God gave him, that sun, moon and stars made obeisance to him. Another dream to the same effect, was that a number of sheaves, corresponding with the number of his brethren, were bowing before his sheaf. Just as Joseph in his youth had the spirit of prophecy, so our Lord Jesus, by virtue of the fulness of the Spirit resting upon Him, is the only genuine Prophet of all the ages. He is the wonderful Prophet. He knows the hearts of men, the secrets of the whole creation, and even of the angelic hosts of God. He knows *the past, the present and the future*. To Him there is really no past, no present and no future. History is to Him fulfilled prophecy, and prophecy unfulfilled history. The more we as God's people have Christ indwelling us, the more will we also have His spirit of prophecy. That was the purpose of God when His spirit fell on the 120, but the Early Christians failed Him just as His people are failing Him today. Paul said to the Corinthians that the unlicensed speaking in tongues in public meetings was causing confusion in the congregation, and went on to say, "Now I would have you all speak with tongues, but rather that ye should prophesy; and greater is he that prophesieth than he that speaketh with tongues." The plan of God is that His people should be so filled with His Spirit, which is the Spirit of Jesus, the Spirit of prophecy, that He could better acquaint them with Himself and His Scriptures. If God's people were more filled with the Spirit of Christ they would know Him in a deeper way and enjoy greater unity with each other. They would also know more about the Father's plans, for the Spirit is given unto us, as Christ says, to tell us of the things that will come to pass. I do believe that due to the present confusion in our Pentecostal Movement God had to stop pouring out His Spirit of prophecy, for when a believer is not fully sanctified thru the blood of Jesus and dead to self thru His death, he will do untold harm if in possession of the gift of prophecy. The flesh can never reverently exercise the gifts of the Spirit, but will only abuse them. There are men in our day who boldly declare from the platform that their prophecies are equal to the Scriptures, thus setting themselves up on the same level with the holy prophets and apostles of old who were divinely inspired and directed to write this wonderful Book as our Guide and

Record. But such men are presumptuous and dangerous.

Joseph was bitterly hated by his brethren, and in that he is also a type of our Lord Jesus. The hatred of the scribes and Pharisees toward our Lord was intense, and finally culminated in His crucifixion. But Christ was not only hated by the people of His time. He is hated to this very day, not only by the world, but by many who profess to be Christians. It was jealousy that caused Joseph's brethren to hate him; it was jealousy that caused the Pharisees to crucify our Lord. "For he (Pilate) knew that for envy they had delivered Him." Matt. 27:18. Jealousy is one of the worst sins that can ever take possession of a man's heart. It will make him blind to himself, blind to others, and blind to the Word of God. The brethren of Joseph were jealous of his pure life, of the affection of his father, and of the gift that God had bestowed upon him. You will find among God's people that those who are not living a clean life, are jealous of others who, by the grace of God, are pleasing Him. You are never jealous of a man who is beneath you, but of one who is above you. The spirit that prevailed in the hearts of the sons of Jacob is also extant in these days. It emanates from the same source. Satan is jealous of God because he wanted to be a counter God. He is jealous of Christ who having redeemed us from the power of sin and Satan, has been promised a place of universal authority to which Satan in his pride aspired. But praise God, the promise was given to our Lord because He humbled Himself, "That in the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven and things on earth, and things under the earth" that is in Hades, and "that every tongue should confess that *Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.*" Phil. 2:10:11. Some people have wrested these Scriptures to mean that there will be a time in the distant future when everybody will be saved, because Paul says the souls in Hades will bow their knees before the Lord. You give the devil any passage in the Bible and he will twist it to suit himself. When Paul said that all should bow and confess that Jesus is *the* Lord he does not say that souls in Hades would confess Him as *their* Lord, but *the* Lord. They are in rebellion against Him, but the time will come when they will have to acknowledge the authority of the exalted Jesus even though they gnash their teeth, for God has given Him all authority in heaven, on earth and under the earth. So the souls in hell will have to admit that Christ has

the keys to Hades, but the word never says that they will be saved and accept Him as *their* Lord. It will then be too late. Luke 16:19-31. You know when Thomas saw the Lord he fell down at His feet, but he did not say, "Thou art Lord and God." He said, "My Lord and my God!" That is a personal claim on the part of a repenting and believing Thomas. Souls in Hades are there because they failed to repent and believe in Jesus as their Savior. However, they will have to acknowledge His authority to the glory of God the Father.

Joseph's brethren were jealous of him and con- vided to get rid of him. One of the brethren wanted to kill him, but Reuben interposed, sug- gesting that he be put into a pit, and then when some Ishmaelites passed by they sold him for twenty pieces of silver. The brethren sold Joseph; the Jews sold Christ. After Joseph was sold his brethren heard from him no more. Since Jesus Christ was crucified He has become a stranger to the Jewish people. They will not admit that He is their Messiah. Most Jews will turn from you the minute you mention the name of Jesus; in fact it is often the case that orthodox Jews spit at the mention of the holy name of Jesus. To the Jews as a people, Christ is lost, but the time will come when He will again reveal Himself in mercy to them.

Joseph went to Egypt. He withstood all the temptations that beset him, and in that he was a type of the Lord who was tempted in the wilder- ness forty days and forty nights. The flesh is the contact point of the devil. It is the medium through which the devil tunes in to send you his radio messages, but there was nothing within Jesus to respond to the temptations which came from without. He met every temptation by say- ing, "It is written!" He showed by every fibre of His being that He would not transgress His Father's Word.

Joseph was cast into prison and forgotten. Jesus was buried, and even His own little flock despaired that He would ever redeem Israel. You remember when the Lord appeared to two walk- ing from Jerusalem to Emmaus how sad they were as they told Him of the recent happenings.

Joseph when released from prison was exalted in the house of Pharaoh, and when our Lord Jesus was raised from the dead He went to the throne of God and now is exalted above all princi- pality and power, in heaven and on earth. He obeyed the command of the Father, "Sit thou at my right hand till I make thine enemies thy foot-

stool," Ps. 110:1. Jesus is now exalted, but the Jews do not share in that exaltation; they do not even know of the glory life that He is imparting to the Gentile believers.

The time came when Joseph's brethren were in dire need of food. Their father sent them down to Egypt because of its abundance of grain. Joseph's brethren did not care about Egypt but when they were in dire need they were glad to go down to buy. The time is drawing near when God's people of Israel will realize the prophecy of Amos (8:4) "Behold the days come, said the Lord Jehovah, that I will send a famine in the land; not a famine of bread, nor a thirst for water, but of hearing the words of Jehovah." Then Jesus, the true Bread from heaven (John 6:32) will reveal Himself to them.

There was a testing out of Joseph's brethren before and after the death of Jacob. How did they get out of that test? They said to Joseph, "We are all one man's sons; *we are all true men.*" When he quizzed them further they said, "The youngest is this day with our father and *one is not.*" Listen to the two statements these men made to Joseph: First, "We are all true men," and yet they were guilty of the blood of their brother, and had been false to their father. When further pressed about all the twelve sons they simply said, "*One is not.*" They had put him aside! Their confession revealed conviction but no real conversion. It was only *after* the death of Jacob that God was able to bring them down in real contrition. This is the case with many people of today; they try to appear better than they are. Jesus Christ did not die for the right- eous and just, He died for sinners. If we deem ourselves right and just His cleansing blood has no effect on us.

When God began to corner these men they said, "One is not." That is always the effort of the flesh to appear better than it is. It looked like a failure on the part of God to bring these men to time; not that God is a failure. However He could not use His power to change their hearts at that time because of their unwillingness to confess. It is one thing to be convicted, but another thing to be converted.

When Jacob died there was a wonderful change. For forty days the body of their father lay in state. I am sure that God spoke in those forty days. If He could not speak through the living father, he spoke through the dead. Have you never found out that death can sometimes preach a better sermon than the man on the plat-

form? Why is it that the death of Jacob made such a change? Because they had more or less leaned on his mediatorial protection, hoping that as long as the father lived Joseph would not be severe with them. Have we not had in times past a Jacob on whom we have leaned, something that we trusted in which God had to take away, so that we could lean on Jesus only? The man who will go anywhere with God is the one who directly trusts in His Son, Jesus Christ. Our great danger is, as with the sons of Jacob, to lean on someone or something else. Some people depend on the prayers of the church or the lives of other saints to carry them through and fail fully to trust in Jesus. So sometimes the Lord has to take away these props to teach us that Jesus is our only Savior, our safe Mediator.

While Jacob was lying in state those forty days the conscience of his sons was working. They were not moved on before. What was now the effect of his death? They felt that Joseph would requite them the evil which they did and they sent him a messenger saying, "Thy father did command before he died, saying, so shall ye say to Joseph, 'Forgive, I pray thee now, the trespass of thy brethren, and their sin; for they did unto thee evil'; and now we pray thee, forgive the trespass of the servants of the God of thy father." Gen. 50:15-17. Oh beloved, our Lord Jesus has often to take things out of our lives upon which we have been leaning, and take away our wretched excuses, until we get to our end and say, "We have done evil against Thee, Lord."

What a difference when they were stripped of their props! Before they were "true men." A man's natural heart is very proud and it takes strong measures on God's part to break him down. It is only when the heart is broken that man will confess himself to be a sinner, and turn to his Savior who "healeth the broken in heart and bindeth up their wounds." Psa. 147:3; 34:18; 51:17.

Have you ever met people who claim to be Christians but fail to be honest with their own souls? You ask them if they are saved and they answer, "I am all right," like the brethren of Joseph, "We are true men." The Jew of today tries to vindicate himself before God who will have to send some severe punishment in order to break his proud heart, and it is coming for all such in Israel as are really honest. Praise God for the trials that He sends into our lives!

After the man on whom they leaned was gone, Joseph's brethren really confessed. It was then

that Joseph showed his love and pity for them, for the Word says that he wept when they spake to him. And his brethren also went and fell down before his face and said, "Behold we be thy servants." There was repentance! And Joseph said, "Fear not, for I am in the place of God." Joseph wept when they confessed their sin.

How is it that some do not get near to God? Is it not because they have never undergone a real repentance? When you repent of all the sins you have committed and of all the sorrows you have caused the Lord Jesus Christ, it is then that you will find the compassion of Jesus as Joseph manifested it toward his brethren. Jesus has a sympathetic heart. He will weep over you as He wept over Jerusalem. He cannot show His loving heart to the proud; but to those who confess their wretched condition He has comforting words. Was it not then you found Jesus—when you realized you had an iniquitous heart and were unworthy of His love? As long as you excused yourself; as long as you thought you were good enough, you got nowhere with the Lord, but when you came to Him broken-hearted, pleading His mercy and His grace, you found the Lord ready to receive you in His loving arms. Joseph told his brethren, "I am in the place of God." "He that seeth me, seeth the Father." You cannot come to God *except through Jesus*. So Jesus says to us today, "I am in the place of my Father." There is much said in our day about the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man, but you can never get to God except through Jesus Christ. He is the only One who can save the sinner and perfect the saint.

My brother and I in former years were upbraided because we prayed to Jesus, a certain minister telling us we ought to pray to the Father in the Name of Jesus. However, I was saved by the Lord Jesus and I entered into such close relationship with Him that I delighted to talk to Him. You like to speak to a person whom you love. Why should we not talk to Jesus. I thank God, I love to bring my petitions to the Lord Jesus Christ who is our loving High Priest.

Joseph told his brethren not to fear, but comforted them by saying, "I will nourish you and your little ones." Just as Joseph took care of the little ones, so Jesus takes care of us and our loved ones. I believe if we commit our families to the Lord they will all come in. Some of you have realized that in a marvelous way. God has recently saved the father of one of our brethren.

Naturally speaking, he seemed to be far from the kingdom, having drifted into Christian Science, but God found and saved him. Do not look at your loved ones through human eyes, but keep your eyes on Jesus. "Oh," you say, "I have prayed for my husband so long, and he seems farther away than ever." Do not look at your husband's heart, but look to the heart of Jesus. He can change the heart in one moment. We make a great mistake by looking at our circumstances and surroundings instead of looking to Jesus. It was the tenderness of Jesus that saved you and me.

As an example of answered prayer for loved ones I cannot bring before you a better human example than George Mueller. He had a list of 2,000 friends and acquaintances who were unsaved, and he prayed definitely every day for them. He expected nothing else but that when he prayed for the salvation of these people they would be saved. As the reports came in, he would put a cross behind their name, and when George Mueller died there were only three names uncrossed. One of these was saved at the burial of Mueller, and the last two came into the Kingdom two months after his death. So his friends put a cross mark behind their names. The great trouble with us is that our hearts are too shriveled up, and we measure God's heart with our own. The *power of Jesus Christ to save is unlimited!* Do not tease and tantalize God. Do not worry about the dear ones who are still unsaved in your home circle, but commit them to God every day with the faith of a George Mueller, and expect that God will save them because of His Word, "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you." If we look at our weakness and poor efforts, we have reason to despair, but we have a Man on the throne, and as we look to Jesus we see Him weep for us and our loved ones as Joseph wept for his brethren.

I read an incident in the life of Dr. Yoakum which almost startled me. He had several boys who were living sinful lives. The members of the mission would come to him and tell him of seeing his boys at questionable places. One night they came to him saying "We saw George drunk and being hauled away in a patrol wagon." Dr. Yoakum could stand no more. He said, "Lord, if you want George in hell, take him." You might take exception to that expression, but he trusted that God would save him and was even willing to trust Him under any circumstances

because he knew that *God is love*. Do not despair but keep on trusting. God had to wait for you and me. Many a time He spoke in our lives. If He had been impatient with us where would we be today? The very love that brought us will bring your loved ones if we are faithful in prayer and confidence. The Man on the throne who pleaded for us, is also pleading for our loved ones. The One who went to the cross with such love is sufficiently able and willing to bring all our loved ones to His heavenly fold.

"Sovereign Lord and gracious Master,
Thou hast called with holy calling,
Thou wilt SAVE, and KEEP FROM FALLING,
THINE THE GLORY! THINE ALONE!"

A Phenomenal Work

THE Pentecostal work in Galesburg, Illinois, has had a phenomenal beginning. It was started a year ago by Evangelist P. C. and Mrs. Nelson, who began a campaign in the State Armory, Sept. 28, 1924. The blessing of the Lord was so upon this campaign that after five weeks of meetings, in which numbers were saved and healed, it was decided to erect a Tabernacle. A lot was secured near the center of the city and a Tabernacle built. It was again enlarged in January of this year, at which time the ground was purchased, for it had become evident to all that the work had taken on permanent form.

The Revival continued in power with two or more services a day for more than six months from the beginning, and God wonderfully blessed. An Assembly of God was formed with one hundred and twenty constituent members, under the name of The Galesburg Gospel Tabernacle Assembly, with Evangelist Nelson as Pastor and Herbert F. Halwe, Asst. Pastor. During this time about six hundred confessed Christ as their Savior and one hundred and sixty-three were baptized in water. The power of God fell constantly and about one hundred and twenty-five were baptized in the Holy Spirit as in New Testament times.

These new converts were on fire for God and at once were burdened for the lost. A large group of workers under the direction of Mrs. A. A. Carpenter of the Nelson party, went two by two from house to house, bearing the glad tidings through this city of twenty-six thousand. The revival spirit permeated a large portion of the population and reached people in many other cities and towns within a radius of fifty miles. Some came from different states for healing and to get into the revival flame.

Among those who received the baptism of the Holy Spirit were two Methodist pastors and their wives, and a Presbyterian minister, President of a Bible School in Arkansas. Several other ministers received light on the Four-fold Gospel through this revival campaign.

The Assembly sailed some rough seas during the past year but has emerged with the banner of the cross still floating at the helm. Sept. 27th and 28th was the First Anniversary

of this work of God, and it was a precious home-coming to Pastor Nelson and his wife. The days were filled with addresses, a communion service, the installation of officers of the Assembly, a healing and a baptismal service. God was there in old-time power. By unanimous request Evangelist Nelson continues his relations as Pastor of the Assembly, but it is expected that an Associate Pastor will carry the burden of the work leaving the Pastor free for the evangelistic field.

Some Good Books

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

Twilight Talks, Bible Stories, Bed-Time Stories, Our Darling's A B C Book, Happy Hours.
All 60 cents each

STORY OF THE BIBLE

By Jesse Lyman Hurlbut

The best Bible story book published. One continuous story of the Bible from Genesis to Revelation, for Young People in simple, every day language. Beautifully illustrated. 750 pages, \$2.10 by mail

CHALMERS OF NEW GUINEA

By Alex Small

A vivid account of the transforming work and martyr death of James Chalmers, a pioneer missionary on the Island of New Guinea, the second largest island in the world. Illustrated. \$1.35

THE MISSIONARY HEROES OF AFRICA

By Rev. J. H. Morrison

Thrilling stories of how God's Ambassadors pioneered for the Gospel, crossed deserts, waded swamps, faced the treachery of heathen, braved dangers, perished with thirst and hunger and oft a martyr's death. A wealth of interesting material about Moffat, Livingstone, Mackenzie, Stewart, Coillard, etc. 267 pages, \$1.50

MARY SLESSOR OF CALABAR

By W. Livingston

The missionary book of the period. Thrilling story of heroism and devotion of a humble-minded Scottish factory girl who conquered African tribes; appointed a judge, kept armed mobs at bay, tramped African forests to stop a war. 353 pages, \$2.00

A BIBLE GAME

A fascinating study of the entire Bible, for old and young. Entertaining instructive and helpful. When played a few times one is master of the characters, cities and countries of the Bible. A means of mental and spiritual development. The best Bible Game out. Everybody who plays it once, wants one of their own. Suitable for a gift. Price 50 cents

"PRAYING HYDE"—A Booklet that will bring a revival in your midst—25 cents by mail.

"AND TODAY"

A miracle of healing and vision of Jesus. 10 cents

PRACTICING THE PRESENCE OF GOD

By Bro. Lawrence

15 cents



1926 CALENDARS NOW READY

A SCRIPTURE VERSE FOR EVERY DAY
The Calendar With the Big Figures

Place your orders early before the supply runs out. Hang a Calendar in every room.

Price: Single copies 30c, 5 for \$1.25, 12 for \$3, 25 for \$5.75, 50 for \$10, 100 for \$17.

You can help this part of God's work by placing your orders with us. Orders promptly filled.

THE EVANGEL PUBLISHING HOUSE

162 W. 74th Street, Chicago

Send for our list of Scriptural Mottoes. Agents wanted. Can make good money. Order early.

The Stone Church, 70th Street and Stewart Avenue, Sundays 11:00, 3 and 7:45; Tues., Prayer Service, 7:45; Thurs., Divine Healing, 2:30; Evening Service, 7:45; Young People's, Friday, 7:45.
Tel. Vincennes 8362
Philip Wittich, Pastor
7102 Stewart Ave.