



The Latter Rain Kwangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

The Thirty Years of Obscurity

MULTITUDES blackened the banks of the Jordan, eagerly pressing the water's edge. A stately figure, manly and fair, had entered the flood and waded to the prophet in raiment of camel's hair. The Baptist hesitates then yields and the waters now closed on the form of Jesus of Nazareth. Lo! the heavens open, a dove descends and a Voice resounds as a peal of thunder, distinct and diffuse, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

Pleased? And yet Christ had performed no miracles; no sick had He healed, no dead had He raised. No great works had been wrought, no demons cast out, no sermons even had been preached and no disciples had been chosen. Just why then was God pleased?

God the Father was putting His seal on the Thirty Years of private, obscure life in Nazareth, during which Jesus, subject to His parents, had earned His bread with honest toil. Sometimes one might think those thirty years were more important than the following three. At least Christ lived ten times as much as He preached.

How many Christians are tempted to think that God has not noticed nor approved their consistent life in the quiet of the home. Comparatively few are called to public ministry with its dire dangers and relentless responsibilities. And there is no reason to believe that such will have greater rewards than those who faithfully fulfill the every-day duties of the Christian household, whose records are kept in heaven and whose triumphs are sacred to the All-seeing Eye of God.

We agree with Luther who, when speaking to an immense concourse of people, about 25,000 at Libau, said he believed a greater reward awaited the commonest faithful believer, such as a thrifty hard-working widow who successfully reared her ten children by scrubbing her fingers bare at the wash-tub, than the mightiest prince of the church, the greatest evangelist of Salvation.

W. E. B.-C.

Ask Ye of the LORD Rain in the Time of the Latter Rain

A Visitation from God in Trans-Jordania - - See Page 19

The Latter Rain Evangel

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Two Months' Report

(May and June)

Carrie Anderson, on furlough	\$ 10.00
L. M. Anglin, China	1.00
Miss Blanche Appleby, furlough	10.00
Miss Mattie Brann, China, Famine	74.10
Miss Grace Brown, India	10.00
Mrs. Esther Harvey, India	18.00
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V. G. Plymire, Tibetan Border	30.00
Mrs. Julia Richardson, Congo	10.93
Russian E. E. M.	5.00
Gustav Schmidt, Poland	100.00
Mrs. Violetta Schoonmaker, India	5.00
W. W. Simpson, China, Famine	41.00
Thos. Stoddart, India	39.64
Benj. Surtees, China	10.00
Walter Turner, furlough	15.00
Nicholas Vetter, Venezuela	15.00
Mrs. C. Wynes, Mongolia	9.75

Back to China

We are glad to announce that Benj. and Mrs. Surtees, who have been having a ministry in England, sailed for China on June 15th, leaving from Rotterdam on the *S. S. Saarbrucken*. Their present address in China is 31 Quinsan Road, Shanghai.

A Pressing Need

Sometime ago we published an appeal for contributions to put a water system in the Home of Onesiphorus, Tianfu, China, which is under the superintendency of L. M. Anglin. They have in this Orphanage about eight hundred children, and a good water supply is an absolute necessity. It is hard to realize the unsanitary conditions and the consequent endangering of health in an orphanage of this size without a proper water system, and we urge our readers to pray that this need may be met, and to ask themselves what they can do toward meeting this need.

A recent letter from Mrs. Anglin says that they are very short of water at this time due to the dry season. Their orphanage is on a hillside and the well is not deep enough so they have to haul the water from the valley some distance away. This gives them only enough for cooking and drinking, and they have none for bathing. If every one of our readers would contribute an offering toward this need it would not take long to get enough money for a well-equipped water system, which would be of untold benefit. Please send money for this purpose to the office of The Evangel Pub. House, 18 W. 74th St., Chicago.

Faith, Floods and Flowers

Cross Section View of the Pentecostal Work in Holland

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Polman, Amsterdam. Foreward by W. E. Booth-Clibborn



WHAT mortal has never heard of that charming little country of windmills, canals and sand dunes? Well did the American writer describe it when he said "God created the waters, but the Dutchman made the land."

Holland is the land of faith, floods, and flowers visited by multitudes from old England and great America every year, for there the colors are varied and vivid, the landscape peculiarly different and there are conditions that cannot be produced anywhere else in the world.

To have flowers we must have both faith and floods. Yes, faith and nowhere is this requirement of faith so eloquently illustrated as in the Dutchman's diligent cultivation of the precious ground he has won in his unending battle against the fury and greed of the sea. May we not learn from the Dutchman? Oh what ground today stands inundated with oceans of wickedness which may yet be reclaimed and won for the Kingdom of God serving as fruitful, grassy fields, or as beautiful gardens of flowers! The work goes on apace. Enormous pumps are drying up the extensive expanses of the Zuider Zee, and in a few years there will be added to the productive land of the intrepid Hollander, tens of thousands of acres providing sustenance and fruit for the benefit of mankind.

But faith would be useless were it not that the Dutchman believes in the virtue of water. What strikes the traveller is the endless labyrinth of canals that honeycomb and criss cross the country in all directions. There is always plenty of water in Holland. Not alone are its broad rivers and streams useful to the commerce and communication of man. The sail boats that dot its extensive lakes like white sea gulls are innumerable, and the proud steamers unloading in every port are from every part of the East, the West, the South, and the North. There is also partic-

ular beauty to be seen on the tree-framed canals which seem like mirrors that reflect every drooping leaf, every spreading branch, because a land with much water is a land under the benediction of the Creator. It is the floods of water that produce the tall blue grass and the myriad flowers.

Ah! We can well learn here, for how many a spiritually withered wilderness thirsts for the floods of God! But what about the flowers, the millions of sweet hyacinths with their intoxicating fragrance and myriads of dainty daffodils and narcissus, so generous, so large, and the endless fields of gorgeous tulips of every tint, of every hue, of every shade in the rainbow! No wonder as the trains speed through the unending flower beds, every compartment is filled with their perfume, and very often the trains are stopped and every passenger embraces a lap full of as many flowers as he can possibly gather. What a kaleidoscope of color and beauty, quickening the eyes, cheering the heart, and filling the mouth with praises at the



Pastor G. R. Polman

sight of this carpet of Paradise! Yes, the faith and the floods produce the flowers that so sweetly testify the blessings and the beauties of God's mercy and love. Other countries pride themselves on their factories and produce, but Holland on its floral display. Yes, no country is so close to Eden's glory as Holland, the flower garden of the world!

Flowers! Yes, flowers! Every Christian is a flower, and everyone a different variety. What a bouquet it will be when we all get to Heaven. Our business is to produce yet more flowers for God's glory, for Christ's crown. What though, like often in Holland, the storms of winter raise their angry winds, and the fury of the sea beats against ten thousand dykes! The mountainous waves swell higher and higher and throw the might of their towering heaps over the top, break the dams and melt the dunes and pour in foaming torrents upon miles and miles of the trembling

land! What if the waters cover the farms and forests, spreading desolation and destruction everywhere? There are heads that can bow, there are lips that can pray, and there are souls that can humble themselves under the mighty Hand of God in Holland and the "Peace, be still" calms the wind, arrests the billow, and the old, plodding Dutchman gets to work and regains the blighted soil piece by piece and rests not nor faints till again the ground is free and the victory won.

So it is also in spiritual work. We do not raise our congregations, our spiritual flower beds with such scores of beautiful, promising converts even in Holland without having to constantly war against the tides of Modernism, the floods of the falling away, the fury of the powers of darkness; nevertheless, Holland has reaped great benefits from the original faith of the Reformation, and there are multitudes who hold it loyally and tenaciously in spite of the blight of formalism and bonds of dogmatism. When God's gentle breezes blow, Holland's human soil is very fertile and that faith, for which they fought, bled, and died, soon awakes and springs up to fruition. When the floods of the Latter Rain drench the ground Holland's best flowers are Pentecostal flowers! The following is an account of the work by Mrs. Polman:

* * *

FIRST we speak of Amsterdam, the Queen of the happy waters of a thousand charming canals. Here twenty years ago a little group of believers, perseveringly prayed for the floods of living water. The hall in which we met held only about 120. It faced a canal and was very unpretentious. Why such hunger and thirst in this little band? Oh! we had heard the glorious news that God was pouring out His Holy Spirit as upon the thirsty disciples at Pentecost with the same manifestations. Reports of this had come from England, from the United States and from Norway. It was not long before the clouds burst above our bowed heads, and down came the sheets of living, quickening power. Men, women, boys and girls, were baptized in the Holy Ghost speaking with tongues, filled with the glory unspeakable and the joy that is our strength. Sinners were saved, the sick were healed, and many miracles attended and confirmed the preaching of the Word of God. A blessed work of God sprung up, and was being watered by the wonderful manifestations of God's power and love. A bigger hall was needed, and God gave us one seating 300. The showers

of "latter rain" spread all over the land, Pentecostal assemblies multiplied and spread here, there, and everywhere. But Amsterdam remained the mother church and twice in the year the Pentecostal pilgrims and leaders of other Assemblies came for conference and prayer.

Then again God enlarged our borders; it was faith that had brought the floods, but now the floods produced greater faith and into the soggy, muddy soil one hundred and forty-four gigantic beams were sunk, laying the foundation of Immanuel Hall; a great building arose which contains a Bible School, Missionary Home, Auditorium, Bible and Book Depot. It was a big enterprise but think of the big message we bear! Missionaries have been trained and sent out, young preachers developed, those needing spiritual and bodily help have been looked after, and an open door remains day and night for the poor and needy. A large burden still remains upon us, and we are now looking to God to undertake the final clearing of the indebtedness which amounts to \$20,000. But, praise God, all the gold and the silver are in His hands and we are looking to Him that through His stewards He will supply, that the work may continue in a larger way of blessing and power.

Thousands have been and are being blessed through the Pentecostal Movement in Holland. It is not for us to count the numbers of those who have been saved, healed, and baptized with the Holy Spirit, and who have come under the influence of this blessed flood of the Latter Rain, but we give you an inkling of the extent of the work and the character.

Our Training School grew from six missionaries, and more are following the footsteps of these pioneers. Some went to China, some to India, others to the Congo. Two are at present in Venezuela, South America. We issue two monthly papers in the Dutch tongue, one called "The Latter Rain," and the other "Bells of Peace." They are read wherever there are Dutch speaking people, in America, the East Indies, Germany and South Africa. Thousands have been blessed by the printed news of Pentecost. Of some issues we have put out 20,000 copies.

We have many and varied Assemblies working in the unity of the Spirit in Holland. In Rotterdam, a city of shipbuilding, large docks and world-wide trade, there is a beautiful assembly of spiritual flowers to the glory of God and the spreading of the full truth. A substantial and progressive Assembly is Rotterdam. Then come

with me and visit the city where our beloved Queen Wilhemina resides and where the Palace of Peace is one of the attractions to hundreds of tourists. Our Pentecostal brothers and sisters of The Hague are very zealous; they meet in an attractive Pentecostal hall on one of the prominent streets. Their work is aggressive, they spread tracts and papers, witness fearlessly for Christ and are always eager to win sinners who surrender their lives to Christ through the influence of the sweet Gospel of joy and peace.

Haarlem, surely you have heard of the famous city of flowers! Yes, there is a large Assembly in Haarlem and their work and hall are a replica of ours in Amsterdam. A lively band of consecrated, deeply-taught people have survived many difficulties in Haarlem and are boldly proclaiming the Pentecostal message. Twenty miles from Haarlem on the beautiful North Sea, where thousands seek health and strength from the sea air and water during the summer there is a little Pentecostal Home of Rest called "Lydia," where those who are tired and worn can recuperate both body and soul.

Forty miles from Amsterdam, you can visit the work at Hilversum, a residential city of beautiful parks and villas. During the whole of the summer open air meetings are held by the consecrated believers at Hilversum. The Sunday School work is large and progressive. Showers of blessing of the Latter Rain have created at Hilversum a garden of spiritual flowers. All over Holland the Assemblies are scattered, wherever one travels; in Heerlen, in the south of Holland, an industrial district filled with mines, in Utrecht the city of the great Cathedral and the University.

At Groningen many of the smaller Assemblies of the North meet together regularly. On the Island of Terschelling, there is a faithful group of praying Christians who have sent two missionaries from their midst to China. As in apostolic times, so now, that Assembly is known for its prayers and has been used of God to bring down blessing on many, individually and collectively. Oh the field is white to harvest, yes, even in Holland!

Every Easter and Whitsuntide delegates come from all over Holland for the great rally at Immanuel's Hall, Amsterdam. What a joy it is then to see each other for a few precious days and to sense and taste the Spirit and the love of God which has been shed abroad in our hearts

by the Holy Ghost through the Pentecostal experience! And to be again reminded of the fact that only *One* is uppermost in our hearts—Jesus, the gracious, glorified, Almighty Saviour of the world, bless His Name for ever and ever!

It was in Amsterdam this year we had the joy and privilege of having our beloved brother, Evangelist William Booth-Clibborn in our midst for an eight days' Convention. Many years ago, we stepped out from the Salvation Army into Pentecost. We had known and worked under his parents when in the Army ranks in the great pioneer work of that movement in Holland. The few days of our brother's brief visit were much enjoyed as we listened with rapt attention to the messages filled with divine power. Sinners flocked to the Upper Room to surrender their hearts to God, backsliders were reclaimed and numbers received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit.

God bless our dear brother. We can hardly realize that so many years have passed since we first knew him, a little boy of eight. Oh may God give us more men, for we need them, men who will sound the call clear and strong, whose preaching will be fearless and without compromise, that we may experience the floods of blessing promised by our God and prove in a far greater way yet in these last days that He can save to the uttermost.

* * *

Friends wishing to send parcels to Bro. and Sister Plymire, Tangar Kansu Prov., China, on the Tibetan Border, will be pleased to know that parcel service is now open and parcels will go thru regularly. The Postmaster advises them that no mails to Tangar have been lost. Parcels should be sewed in cloth and well-marked, tying the whole package with a strong string. Unbleached muslin is good for use for sewing around the package, and this can afterwards be used by the missionaries. The postage is quite high so it does not pay to send clothing that is well worn. Perhaps our California friends will be able to send dried fruit, which is very acceptable. It is well to register the parcels.

* * *

FROM DEATH TO LIFE

An Autobiography by Anna W. Prosser

Reared in luxury, this consecrated woman was ostracized by family and friends because she chose the Master's service. One of the early advocates of Divine Healing. Gives helpful instruction on this and other deep themes. "The best book I have ever read," is an expression from many of its readers. A splendid book for a gift. Paper, 50c; Cloth, \$1.10

Repentance the Foundation Stone of Christian Character

The Baptism of Fire the Need of the Church Today

Pastor Robert A. Brown, New York City, in the Stone Church Convention



God is so marvelous and glorious. He has blessings for us far beyond anything of which we have yet conceived, and He is calling upon us this morning to launch out into the deep and cut all the shore lines. In the second chapter of the Acts we read God poured out His Spirit upon the infant church. It is called the promise of the Father. When Peter preached that memorable sermon on the Day of Pentecost he said it was a fulfilment of Joel's prophecy (Joel 2:28-32). Everything in the New Testament is foreshadowed in the Old. If I did not have the types and shadows concerning the work of God I would be at a loss to understand some things; there are so many beliefs and opinions today that unless one has a scriptural foundation it will be hard to stand.

In Joel 2:28, 29, we read, "And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions: and also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my spirit." Then he goes on to say, "And I will show wonders in the heavens and in the earth, etc." If we did not have many witnesses to substantiate this Scripture you might think I was talking about something I could not prove, but our God is doing wonders today. One night we were tarrying in the old Glad Tidings Assembly on Forty-Second Street, and near two o'clock in the morning the whole place was shaken by the power of God, and God Himself seemed to pour out a shower of blood on a sister. Everyone of us saw it on her white dress; it was poured out just as thick as a shower of rain. It remained thus for three days and then disappeared. It was a sign from God just like it says here in the Bible, "wonders in heavens and in the earth, blood, and fire, and pillars of smoke." There were fifteen people present who witnessed it, and the woman is still living today upon whom this marvelous sign was wrought.

We are living today when this scripture is being fulfilled, when God is pouring out His Spirit upon His people. I know there have been extremes in Pentecost, people who have been hun-

gry after God have run into fanaticism and fleshly manifestations which did not glorify God, but it is just as bad to be too conservative as to become too radical. Let us keep in the middle of the road.

On the Day of Pentecost they were all of one accord in one place. Often the reason God's power does not fall is because there is not the proper kind of unity. If I take fifty pieces of dry cedar wood and build a fire out on the pavement it will not be long until there is a roaring fire; you feel the heat and you see the light, but let me take those fifty pieces and put everyone of them separate, and it will not be long until everyone will go out. People who separate themselves from the main body may have a semblance of light for awhile but it will soon go out. They were all together in one place, "and suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house. I thought when I sought the baptism of the Holy Spirit I would get it in three days and three nights, because of previous experiences in my life. When I came to God I was very wicked. I smoked and drank, and did everything in the catalogue of sin, and to get saved took more than raising any hand and turning over a new leaf. For three days and three nights I sought the Lord in real repentance and sorrow and making restitution for wrongs committed. On the third night when I separated myself from the last idol, heaven fell in my soul.

Years after I read a book by Col. Brendle of the Salvation Army on "Helps to Holiness." He wrote on the baptism of the Holy Spirit, sanctification and a clean heart. When I read that book I sought with all my heart for three days and three nights for this experience; I fasted and prayed before the Lord, and in the same way I received salvation God gave me what I then believed was the baptism of the Holy Spirit, but I have since learned otherwise; it was the anointing spoken of in the Old Testament. The priest was to anoint the thumb of the right hand, for service, the ear so that they might hear the Word of God, and the great toe, which typified their walk with God. If I do not walk with God, if my life is unclean what good will my preaching do? I must live as I shout. As Paul said in Romans 12-1, I presented

my clean body, washed by the atoning blood of Jesus, as a living sacrifice, and God anointed my service, my walk and my hearing. So when I sought the baptism of the Holy Ghost I marked out the plan before God and said I would get it in three days and three nights. I prayed and fasted, and at the end of the three days I was further away from it than ever. The devil would discourage me; many a time I attended my own funeral. He would tell me this blessing was not for me, then try to persuade me that I had it, and so on. But there is only one way to receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost and that is the Bible way. I still had to do some repenting, and when I did that God poured out the Holy Ghost upon my life.

In the first chapter of Acts we are commanded to be witnesses after the power of the Holy Ghost has fallen upon us. We are to tarry for the baptism, wait until we are endued with power to witness. Some people have made a toy of the gift of the Holy Ghost; they thought that when they spoke in tongues they had received it all and spiritual pride entered, just as it entered into Satan when he lost heaven. When God saved me I discovered it was only the door into everything that God called salvation, and when He sanctified me it was the door into the sanctified life. When He baptized me in the Holy Ghost I humbly entered the door into the Spirit-baptized life.

The need of the church of Jesus Christ today is not more money; it is not greater education, and not anything along material lines, but the need of the Church today is what she needed in the beginning, the fiery baptism of the Holy Ghost. That will give her power to witness and power to stand. Peter never had any power before Pentecost. He was always talking and getting himself in trouble, and when it came to a real test he denied the Lord and ran away. But after he received the baptism of the Holy Ghost, he preached with such power they cried out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Peter's counsel to them in the First Century was what to need today, "Repent." I am convinced in my soul that if every Assembly would get a real old-fashioned spirit of repentance upon them and weeping before God He would do something for us. Do not be afraid of repentance. Repentance is more than being sorry for sin; it means to be sorry enough to give it up, sorry enough to make restitution and confession.

A woman who was very wealthy had a lovely home and beautiful grounds. In her garden she had beautiful roses, and one bush in particular had literally hundreds of roses upon it. It was a sight to behold. One day she went to gather some of these roses for a friend and as she reached into the bush to pluck them a black snake coiled itself upon her arm. The woman screamed and it did not bite her but for twenty-four hours she went into one convulsion after another. When she recovered she had such a hatred and horror of the reptile family that she could never again look upon a snake, alive or dead; she could never be brought near a rose bush for fear. If you have real repentance for sin you will hate it like that woman hated the snake. It may be hidden in a beautiful exterior but you will hate it as you would poison.

God wants us to have something that will keep us thru life. It is marvelous to have the keeping power of God, and yet that will not make you immune from temptation; the nearer you live to God the harder the devil will try to tempt you and make you fall. People have told me they never had any temptations before they were baptized in the Holy Spirit, but afterwards they found the enemy testing them greatly. That is because they never before put up any opposition to the devil, and never made him any trouble; never did anything for God, never undermined the devil's kingdom. When you are baptized in the Holy Ghost you are commissioned and sealed. In my early days I was an engineer; for ten years I worked as an assistant and fireman. I worked under the supervision of the engineer, but when I came before the United States Government Board of Engineers, took my examination, they put a seal on my paper and authorized me to be a full-fledged engineer. God has given us a wonderful salvation, and marvelous refreshings, but He says that if we wait until we are endued with power from on high, if we come before Heaven's Examining Board, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, God will put His seal upon us.

Now when the Holy Spirit fell on the disciples what happened? The Scripture here speaks of five classes. First they were all amazed (verse 7) "Well," you say, "I would not be amazed." Yes you would if God had His way with you. You would go home from this meeting and say, "I saw strange things today," if the same thing happened as when the Holy Spirit was poured

out on the Day of Pentecost. The reason we do not see more strange things today is because we are so "churchy." It is amazing to see God work. Then we read they were in doubt. It will produce doubt in your heart if you do not watch prayerfully. Satan is always on hand to sow seeds of doubt in the heart at the supernatural workings of God. Then they questioned, "What meaneth this?" There will be an interrogation point wherever there is a Pentecostal revival. They say, "We have heard of a Methodist revival, and all kinds of revivals, but what is this?" That was the third class. And the fourth class was the mockers, the slanderers, and the liars. They said, "They are drunk, a lot of idiots, crazy folks." If God had His way in this church there are many who would mock. Then there was the fifth class, those who believed and were pricked in their hearts. Thank God, thousands were added to the church in one day. Peter told them, under the power of the Holy Ghost, what to do. He said, "Repent and be baptized everyone of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and *ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.*" It is a sad thing for a man or woman to sit in a church for years and not know he or she is saved, when the way is so plainly set forth in the Word of God. I will put you in the witness box and have you answer before God Almighty, and will let three thousand be your judges. Is it an abnormal condition to know that one is right with God? The Bible says there are two ways to know: one, the Spirit—not an angel, not a seraphim or cherubim, but the Spirit of God will bear witness. That is a spiritual transaction between God and man. Then we read in I. Jno. 5:13, "These things have I written unto you that . . . ye may know that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God." These are two unfailing proofs where one may know that he is right with God, the Spirit and the Word. Brother, if this were the last word I should ever speak to you on earth I should say, Be sure that you are right with God. And further, I would say, If you are you will know it, and if you do not know it, it is because of a lack of a full surrender in your life.

There are some people, even in Pentecostal circles, who claim to be saved who are not right with God. In the First Century there were two people who walked into the temple of God, and they were Pentecostal people. They had just sold their place and tried to deceive the apostles by

pretending they had given the entire price of the land to God. Ananias and Sapphira paid the price of their lying by their life. If people were struck dead for lying today there would be many deaths even in Pentecostal circles. If you want to have an old-fashioned revival it will mean confessing your sins of deception and dishonesty; it will mean that if you have anything against anybody you will get it out of your heart. On General Grant's tomb along the Hudson River, there is the inscription, "Let us have peace." I would that these words were chiseled on every heart, "Let us have peace." "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, that ye love one another." This is the day of grace. It is not the will of God that anyone should perish.

A minister saw a potter fashioning some beautiful vessels, and after he observed him working quite a long time, he said, "How is it that in these days of machinery you do not turn out your work with more ease and less energy?" The potter looked into the minister's face and then pointing to some of the beautiful vessels he said, "These have to have the human touch." What a lesson that brought to my heart! In these days of compulsory revivals and evangelistic machinery, getting thru by signing a card, walking up the sawdust trail, and holding up your hand—all of these are of no avail without the touch of the hand of Jesus. Only the Divine Potter can make out of us vessels for His honor and glory. The machinery of the church of Jesus Christ is kept in motion only by the power of the Holy Spirit. When I was baptized in the Holy Spirit I was filled with God, just as before I was saved I was possessed with an evil spirit. To get any blessing from God you have to humble yourself. When Finney was holding a revival in Rochester, N. Y., the Chief Justice was in the gallery, and Finney said to him, "If ever you are saved you will have to come like any other sinner. You are the Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals but you will have to come down." The Judge said, "I am not here to disturb a sermon, but if you give an altar call I will come to the altar." He did, and the judge came and knelt at the altar. Then twenty-five lawyers came also and one hundred business men. It is said that six thousand were saved in that campaign.

The way of salvation and the way to receive the Holy Spirit is the same as it was in Peter's day, "Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost."

A Service of Transcendent Joy among the Lepers in India

Beauty for Ashes

Miss Bernice C. Lee in the Stone Church Convention



AND HE led them on safely so that they feared not." This afternoon as I stand before you I have many happy memories, because it is just sixteen years' ago that I was with you people in The Stone Church previous to my going to India the first time. Many of you here remember the gracious visitation that God gave in 1913. I have never forgotten those wonderful days, but as I sailed away from those scenes, made precious by the power and presence of God, on my first missionary journey, there was little of sadness in my heart because He had given to me the vision of a lost world and a burden for the lost of India. When I came home seven years ago I had just passed through the great sorrow of losing my precious co-worker, Miss Baugh, and as I sailed from Calcutta and the shores of India receded, a great cry went up from my heart, "Oh Lord, send me back to do a better work than ever before; send me back with a larger vision, and to be more faithful." I praised God for the first precious seven years, but now that my dear co-worker was gone I felt the need of help. Miss King who was with us did not seem to be able to live on the plains and now God has given her a wonderful ministry in the hills.

As I looked to the Lord as to what His plan might be for the future, there was in my heart a consciousness that He would work out His will. Again and again He whispered to me, "Your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need." While I was at home I came in touch with Brother and Sister Waggoner, who were also on furlough; had just a little time of fellowship with them, and later when in California I received a letter from him asking if I had any objections on their returning to India to their entering the District in which I was working. That district has a population of about two million, and while it was not necessary for him to ask, it is just a little missionary courtesy which is customary, and I immediately wrote back and said I should be very glad to have him work anywhere in Basti District.

My family was just a little bit disturbed to think of my going back alone, but when I got on

the boat there was great joy in my heart and upon arriving in India I prayed daily, "Lord, send help from the sanctuary." Then there came a day when I was very conscious that help was on the way. After I reached India a letter came from Bro. Waggoner saying, "You will be glad to know that God has opened the way for our return to India. I do not know where we will stop but we will at once make our plans to build a Leper Home." Many of us know that Bro. Waggoner had a special call to leper work and was engaged in it during his first term.

I need not explain to you what an anointing means, the anointing of the Holy Spirit; but that afternoon I was anointed and re-anointed just as when I first received Pentecost, and I knew this was the answer. I felt that Brother Waggoner was to stand at the head of the work at Uska Bazar and so it was.

Then came the question of getting land for the Leper Home which God had so definitely laid upon his heart. The land in that part of the country is largely held by well-to-do Brahmans who do not care to sell. We scoured the country for miles and everywhere we met with the same story, high prices. Some is held by several landowners and the complications are very great. A few times it seemed we just had the land we wanted when the deal would fall through. The battles of that year no one could ever know excepting those who had prayed through. Oh the days of discussion with those heathen men, who wanted to sell and yet held off! One time we felt we had prayed thru on a certain piece of land which seemed to be the very one for the Leper Home. We went so far as to have the papers drawn up and then took the long journey through the hot season of the year to have the transaction completed. It was in the days when we traveled by oxcart, when the wind is as strong as a blizzard only instead of being cold it was as tho it came from the mouth of a furnace. This wind sometimes causes nose-bleed. Thru it we drove for miles, in the intense heat, and finally we got to our destination where the court was and labored all day on those complicated details. At night completely worn out we fell into our beds and had just gotten to sleep when at half past ten a messenger came saying that the men had all

gone back on their bargain, and submitted conditions to which we could not agree. Our situation was embarrassing; the friends in the homeland who had contributed toward the leper work were writing to know of the progress, offerings were coming in and we knew they would wonder why we were not accomplishing anything. We were working and praying to the limit of our capacity and yet it seemed we were not accomplishing anything. It was a year of tremendous testing and trial. But God's time finally came; the land He gave was none we had looked at before, and the following year when there was a flood in our district our land was high and dry while the land we almost got was flooded by water.

It was not until four years ago last January, that the foundations were laid for the first leper houses. They are two miles out from the old mission bungalow at Uska Bazar, and are built on the individual cottage plan, each cottage holding four persons very comfortably. Then we have the Women's Quarters as well. At present there are fourteen of these houses completed, each of which has its own little garden plot. Then on the other side we have been able to give them a little strip of land to plant their grain and some vegetables. I do not know who told the lepers but they have sweetly gotten the idea of giving their first fruits to the Lord. Sometimes we will walk into the chapel to a meeting and find there some ears of corn or some fruit, their gift to the Lord. One dear man and his wife, who are Christians, took it into their heads they wanted to make a gift to the church, and how they got the money together I do not know, but they came to our Indian preacher and handed him eight rupees (\$2.75) and said, "We want this money to go toward the buying of a Bible for the church." It almost broke our hearts to think of those lepers who have so little (we give them aside from their supplies one rupee, 33c, a month) giving eight rupees. The Bible was bought and it is used for all the services. From the little collections that are taken on each Sabbath they have given a number of offerings to Bible societies, and once they sent an offering to one of the other missionaries working in India.

I am often asked the question about our mingling with the lepers. Our church is built with two wings. The lepers occupy the main body and the children from the Orphanage and the workers sit in the two wings. I may as well answer

the question which I am frequently asked, about contagion. Leprosy is not contagious, tho it is infectious. So unless one has a sore and comes into actual contact with a leper's ulcers there is very little danger. We are very wise and do not put our hands on their sores or their possessions, but we have times of precious communion with them in their houses and in the chapel.

The Lord has also enabled us to build a Children's Home. Our children are not lepers but orphan children which have been given to us. Our children's home is fenced off from the Leper Homes, and here we have forty-nine children that God has given us, tho three of these belong to one of the men who is a leper. He sees them every day but they are not permitted to go into the Leper Homes.

Before we were able to build at all there was one leper who came to us in a very bad condition, from a village not very far away. He was a caste man; our Christians are looked upon by those in caste as the off-scouring of the earth. This man heard we were going to build a home for lepers and came and sat under a tree outside our compound. At first when we offered him food he would not take it, but little by little that caste spirit was broken down, and he stayed under that tree day and night and finally he was very glad to take the food we offered him. One night after midnight Brother Waggoner heard him groaning and crying and he went out to where he was lying under the tree, and found that this poor leper's ulcers were filled with maggots. It seems almost unbelievable but sitting there by the roadside he took out five hundred maggots. That was our first leper.

God is saving many of the lepers. A number have gone home, redeemed thru Jesus' blood. There was a little Hindu widow, living in a village not very far away. She has no fingers, just stumps, and perhaps has one or two toes. She came and listened to the story of Jesus day after day, and one could see conviction written on her face, but she had been threatened by her brother that she was not to become a Christian. So she was afraid, but day after day, and day after day she stayed. Once in awhile she would go back to her village and then come again. She lived under a tree, and after the chapel was built she attended the meetings. We could see the tears coursing down her cheeks during the service and tho she would wipe them away and try to shake

off the conviction, we saw the Spirit of God working upon her. We are careful not to force them to be Christians as we want the Holy Spirit to do the work, but one day I said to her, "Perhaps Jesus is calling you to be a Christian." She straightened herself up and said, "No No!" Then I knew she was talking against herself. Shortly after that she went back to her village and calling together her relatives said, "Jesus Christ has won my heart. I am going over to the Leper Home to stay. I am about to be baptized. This is my last meal with you." She burned the bridges behind her and came to the Leper Home to live. We have named her Naomi. She has become a real prayer warrior. We never lock the door of the chapel; just keep it open for anyone who might come in for prayer. I went in one day and there was Naomi praying. When she was conscious of my presence she thought she must go, but I said to her, "Don't ever leave when I come into the church. You stay and pray, and I will pray; we will just talk to Jesus alone." That settled it. I have gone in many times and found Naomi on her face before God. She said to me one day, "Miss Sahib, I do not know what it is but in the night there is something that says 'Get up and pray! Get up and pray!'" I said to her, "Naomi, that is the Spirit of God, and if you will be faithful in prayer there is no telling how many of these other lepers will come to Jesus."

I want to tell you just what it means to pray thru for some of these cases. There was a young Mohammedan who came a leper. He had not been with us very long until he manifested a desire for the Lord Jesus Christ. It is hard to explain the almost insurmountable difficulties in the way of coming out for Jesus, but this young man had a desire to give his heart to Him. Just a few days before a number were to be baptized, he amongst them, he came and asked permission to go back to his people for a last visit. We felt greatly concerned in the natural to have him go back to those heathen relatives. However, we always aim to pray until the Holy Spirit does His work, and so we let him go, knowing that each soul must stand before the Lord for himself. The afternoon before the baptismal service he came back and said that he had decided not to be baptized. We cannot tell you what that meant to us, after all the heartache, the tears, the real burdens of prayer that we had had in his behalf. We went down before the Lord again, and that evening after dark a mes-

senger came to the door, one of our native teachers, and with joy and a happy smile he said that Nur Mohammed had after all decided that he would obey the Lord Jesus. Oh friends, away out there shut away from friendships and the fellowship of home folks I cannot tell you just what that experience meant to us! The next Sunday morning we took away his Mohammedan name and gave him the name of Nura, meaning Light. We praise God he is one more light in the Leper Settlement at Uska Bazar.

There came to the Leper Home one day a poor, emaciated man who appeared to be in the very last stages of leprosy. His condition can scarcely be described, and as he lay upon the ground he seemed hardly like a human being, for besides being so foul with his horrible ulcers, he was reduced to mere skin and bones.

As we ministered to him day after day, our great concern was how to get the Gospel to him, for with such intense suffering it seemed impossible to turn his mind to anything else. But *love* has a wonderful power, and as he received the daily, tender touches—having his sores cleansed and bandaged, etc., the Holy Spirit was doing His work, and one day we were gladdened by the assertion that he loved Jesus and wanted to become His disciple. Oh, how joyous the occasion when he, in company with others, followed Jesus and received water baptism, and wonderful to relate, almost from the day he took his stand for Christ he became perceptibly better in body, so that a horrible ulcer, reaching from shoulder to hand on one arm, healed up in a few days. His body also began to take on flesh, and soon he was walking about in our midst a happy Christian.

Just before I came away we had the joy of seeing twenty-three of our number, ten of whom were from our orphan children, go down into the baptismal waters, and come up into newness of life. The tears flowed freely as I saw what God had done. I feel that God has highly honored me to permit me to have a little part in that work among the outcaste lepers of India. Do not think for a moment that it is any cross to work amongst them. They become like our very own. You can never know the part you have in this work, especially in the ministry of prayer, and oh if you pray thru for God's work over there, the results you may never know until we see Jesus face to face.

One after another they are being gathered into

the fold, and the great burden of our hearts is that not one shall be missing in that day when the jewels are presented to the King. Other lepers are being added to the Home, and also other orphan children are coming in. Our responsibilities increase and our prayer borders enlarge, and we are conscious of a deep longing

to be at our best for Jesus as we labor among so needy a people. With all the miles of sea and shore that lie between I find one desire uppermost—to spread abroad the tidings of His doings among our precious lepers and children and then to speed forth again, as quickly as possible, to see many more led to His blessed feet.

A Life, the Penalty of Unbelief

God's Prophet Is Always Fearless

Sermon by Pastor Ben Hardin, May 12, 1929



IN the Twenty-second chapter of I. Kings we come to the closing days of a very unhappy life, one that had a few good qualifications, yet had been influenced by a very wicked wife. Ahab, the king of Israel was on very intimate terms with Jehoshaphat, King of Judah, one of the most spiritual descendants of David. In fact Jehoshaphat had married the daughter of Ahab and this marriage brought about a kind of an alliance between the two kings. In one of Jehoshaphat's visits to the palace of Ahab they spoke about Ramoth-gilead, one of the strongholds in the days of Omri, Ahab's father. The king of Syria had come over into the land, taken Ramoth-gilead, but later the armies of Israel had been strengthened; Ahab had gone out and led his armies against Syria, and had taken captive Ben-Hadad the king of Syria and had only released him and spared his life on condition that the property taken in conquest be returned to Israel. They had a signed treaty that among other places Ramoth-gilead was to be returned, but up until this time it was still in the hands of the Syrians.

Now when Jehoshaphat was visiting in the palace, Ahab the king of Israel mentioned this fact to him, and said, "Ramoth-gilead is ours. It is ours by rightful inheritance, and it is ours because thru that last battle we had it was ceded back to us thru a treaty, but it has never been returned." Then Ahab further said, "I want to know if you will go with me up against Ramoth-gilead to take the land?" And Jehosaphat said, "I am as thou art, my people as thy people, my horses as thy horses, but I pray thee, inquire of the Lord." Jehoshaphat lived a better life than Ahab. Ahab would have liked to have lived a better life, but his wife being an idolater kept him from it. Jehoshaphat wanted to know what the Lord had to say about it.

So Ahab called together his four hundred

prophets. That ought to be enough to find out something, but it would depend on just what kind of prophets they were. If I heard from four hundred thousand of them I'd be afraid to move. These four hundred prophets were connected with the worship of Jehovah under the symbol of the golden calf at Bethel and at Dan. They were not linked with the true worship of Jehovah at Jerusalem. They believed they were worshipping the Lord, but they had these golden calves set up at Dan and Bethel. So Ahab said to these four hundred prophets, "Jehoshaphat and myself are planning to go up against Ramoth-gilead, and we want to know what God has to say about it." And they said, "Go up; for the Lord shall deliver it into the hand of the king." I do not believe that the Lord talks to everybody. It is surprising, especially in full gospel circles, how people go around saying, "The Lord told me this and that," and they blame a lot of things on the Lord that He has nothing to do with. So these false prophets said, "The Lord told us to tell you, Go up, and the Lord will prosper you." And one went out and made him horns of iron and said, "Do you see these horns? This is the way you will push the Syrians until you have consumed them." Four hundred had all gotten the mind of the Lord, so they said. And Ahab said, "Praise the Lord! That is the kind of preachers I like; that is the kind of a message I like, one that encourages you"—"You are all going to heaven; there is nothing the matter with any of you, etc." Prophesying smooth things.

But Jehoshaphat said, "That sounds too good. I do not feel sure about this thing. Do you not have any other prophet around here? I'd like to hear from one of the old-fashioned kind that is not afraid to speak the truth. "Well," Ahab said, "there is one here but I hate him." "Why do you hate him?" asked Jehoshaphat. "Because," said Ahab, "he never prophesies good for me, but evil. If he'd prophesy nice things for me I

would like him, but he speaks straight from the shoulder and I hate him. But if you want him I will call him." So they hastened to get Micaiah, the son of Imlah, and the servant said, "Now all the prophets have prophesied good, have all said the same thing, and you don't want to stick out like a sore thumb and preach something different. Fix up your message to suit the people." Folks have come to me and said, "Brother, don't say anything about tithing. We have had trouble about it." Others said, "I wouldn't say too much about water baptism. Some of our people have only been sprinkled," or, "when you say anything about the baptism of the Holy Ghost do not mention tongues, that is a sore spot." When I was down in North Carolina the people said, "We got a message from a party that if we would not preach against tobacco the large Tobacco Company would see that we had all the funds that we needed." I let loose on tobacco and cigarettes every night. They put it on my mind and I felt that that was what was needed. The owner of the Company, a woman, was in New York City at one of the big hotels, and they wired her to come home, that we were in town and many of their cigarette workers had quit on them and would not work in the factory anymore; that we were getting their cheap labor all stirred up, etc. She wired that they should run us out of town, and she had the influence to do it. The City Council of the town met and drew up a resolution that we would not be allowed to take up collections in the meetings. They thought that if we were not allowed to take offerings we would have to leave town, but the Lord took care of us and we stayed. She wired again, "If you cannot get them out I will come home and move them." She came home but in a baggage car, a corpse; lived about three days after she wired, "I'll come home and run them out." They buried her while we were there. We went on and preached against tobacco. We didn't get a nickel from the Tobacco Company but we got souls that will stand in eternity.

Ahab said, "I hate Micaiah, but bring him out," and they did. The king said, "Micaiah, shall we go up against Ramoth-Gilead?" And Micaiah said, "Go, and prosper: for the Lord shall deliver it into the hand of the king." But Ahab said, "In the name of the Lord do not tell us anything but the truth." Why did Micaiah answer him in that way? He knew human nature. He knew that often folks that ask ad-

vice have already made up their minds to what they will do, and do not want the truth. Micaiah knew that Ahab wanted him to say, Go ahead. And while the king hated him, he would rather have him on his side than all the four hundred. He knew if the prophet would tell him to go he would feel sure. He wasn't sure about the four hundred prophets that prophesied to please him, but what had Micaiah to say? Micaiah said, "Do you really want the truth?" Then he said, "I saw all Israel scattered upon the hills, as sheep that have not a shepherd: and the Lord said, 'These have no master: let them return every man to his house in peace.'" And Ahab said to Jehoshaphat, "Did I not tell thee that he would prophesy no good concerning me, but evil?"

Ahab went to battle and disguised himself, while Jehoshaphat was robed as a king. And tho Ahab tried to hide his identity, a young man drew a bow at a venture and mortally wounded him. If he had listened to Micaiah he would never have gone up to battle. He was like many people today; they love to hear the truth but do not love to obey it.

We do not read much about Micaiah in the Word of God. He was contemporary with Elijah. The wonderful works of Elijah and his brilliancy overshadowed Micaiah, but he was a fearless preacher and said to Ahab, "You are going down in defeat. This is your last battle."

Another fearless prophet of whom we read little was Nathan. When Nathan stood before King David and told him the parable of the man taking the one ewe lamb, and David said that the man who did that should surely die, Nathan said, "Thou art the man." What did Daniel say to Belshazzar before that great company of a thousand lords? "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." What did John the Baptist say to old Herod? He looked that old king in the face and said, "It is not lawful for you to have your brother's wife." "But the court gave us a divorce." Did it cost John anything to tell the king he was a sinner? They cut off his head. "John, would you change your preaching if they spared your head?" "Not a bit of it," says John. "I would not modify my preaching if I could save my life." God could have spared John the Baptist if He had wanted to, but that untimely end was God's thought for him. He went out to meet God, heralding the truth.

Ahab disguised himself. You can disguise yourself from man but not from God, and I do

not believe it was a chance that caused that young man to draw his bow and shoot. They carried Ahab bleeding to his chariot; the servant took the chariot down to the water and washed it, and the dogs came and licked up the bloody water, according to the word of the Lord.

The four hundred prophets never mentioned the name of Jehovah. They were religious, it is true, but they didn't hear from God. We hear of folks who see fire, and hear voices, but neither the fire nor the voices are from God. There are legions of demons that speak to people, and God enjoins us to try the spirits and not run around after every voice that speaks. Balance it up with God's Word. If I do something that looks peculiar to you I do not need to worry about it if I can back it up with God's Word. The fact that you may not quite understand it would not make any difference, but if it has not a counterpart in God's Word then I should feel there was something the matter. Ahab wanted someone to preach smooth things. If you want something smooth you are riding to your death, but if you want the truth and will heed it, the truth will make you free. I know that the Word of God is sharp. It is too sharp to give to a novice, too sharp for a novice to be

brandishing carelessly and promiscuously. A sword is sharp and needs to be in the hands of a skilled warrior or it can do a lot of damage. Even so I can take this Sword of the Spirit, this Word of God, and mortally wound you. Am I not chargeable to God? I tell you you need to handle God's Word carefully because it is quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword. If I had a two-edged sword this afternoon and started brandishing it thru this congregation, everyone of you would be crawling down under the seat. I wish that you might be just as sensitive to this Word, just as much afraid to disobey the Word of God, just as careful about walking in the light of God. I love that little poem,

"I stood one day beside the blacksmith's door,
And heard the anvil beat and the bellows chime.
Looking in, I saw upon the floor
Old hammers worn out with beating, years of time.

'How many anvils have you had,' said I,
'To wear and batter all these hammers so?'
'Just one,' said he, then said with twinkling eye,
'The anvil wears the hammers out, you know.'

So, methought, the anvils of God's Word,
Of Jesus' sacrifice have been beat upon,
The noise of falling blows was heard,
The anvil is unharmed, the hammers are all gone."

Some Glimpses of the European Pentecostal Fields

IT IS night. The throbbing purr of the powerful diesel engines driving this fifty-four thousand ton leviathan of the seas in a direct course for the United States of America, has been in our ears for four days now. We are made conscious of another throbbing of far greater importance and power, "the striving according to His working, which worketh in us mightily." The source, the motive energy that bids us conform to the will of God and constrains us to preach the Gospel, to spend and be spent, in endeavoring to reach "every creature"—this mighty force is driving us in a straight course to our appointed haven. Our whole trip now lies in distant perspective, and that which is of true spiritual value stands out clear and definite, sign posts for the future.

Bristol, Liverpool and Bournemouth were visited briefly. North Lodge, Henberry, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong is typically English. What a bountiful Christian hospitality! What an atmosphere of love, joy and peace! There was a dedication and opening of a new work in a beautiful chapel, and from the very first the blessing of God attended the ministry of the word. The hunger was so great that we turned the entire meeting into an altar call night after night and with shouts of praise and great rejoicing, many were satisfied at God's table.

It is always best to pay the price at the beginning; to count the cost before we build. That is illustrated

in the life of D. W. Armstrong when he stepped into Pentecost. Heading his own business firms with a large circle of friends and social connections, he bravely took up his cross and God has since richly rewarded him.

Before turning South again we paid a brief visit to Brother Howell's work in Liverpool and preached for ten days in Salem Tabernacle. The meetings were attended with great blessing and lasting results. Then came the Bournemouth Easter convention with that saint, Brother E. Blackman, whose radiant smile lingers with us yet. The large newly built brick tabernacle was the scene of a double-quick revival. My precious father joined me from London. From the first we anticipated showers of blessing and we were not disappointed. Nineteen were filled with the Holy Spirit the last two days and we have received the glad news that many more have come through since, and the revival continues unabated.

Kingsway Hall Easter Monday demonstration followed. A large representative ministry from the missions of the British Isles filled the platform, and God gave opportunity for two messages, one on "Who Killed Jesus?" As every human, clutching, grasping hand was torn away from the work of the Cross and it was proven to have been independent of all human circumstance and accident, as wholly supernatural as that of the resurrection of Christ from the dead, the audience

simultaneously rose to its feet and with hands uplifted in an indescribable adoration, we repeatedly sang "Praise God etc.," while souls stepped from death to life.

With Brothers Howard and John Carter there followed a series of meetings in the Hampden chapel in Hackney, London, where it was my privilege for the first time to have in the meetings both my mother and my father. From here, coming aside from all cares and responsibility attending the ministry, I packed up and alone with my dear mother, spent four days at Margate by the Sea. Here together we walked the beautiful strand or sat upon the beach comparing spiritual notes. What a revel! What a feast of good things, rare and choice! My dear mother's ministry has greatly enlarged in the last years; my brother Theodore who organizes her campaigns, tells me that she reaches every year half a million hearers. Although seventy years of age her eye is not dimmed, nor her natural force abated. Her gift, by extensive use, has been improved and developed to that extent that it is of a universal appeal. Alas! those things in life which are most precious, most sweet; these events that are most meaningful, must be cut off. And so ended those delightful hours spent in speaking of the mysteries of the kingdom.

At Liverpool we boarded the train with dear father, for Harwich and the Hook of Holland for Amsterdam. Once on the boat, we looked for the dining salon and entered into a hearty meal, when of a sudden, one face at the table seemed familiar. Hints are thrown promiscuously, a "Praise the Lord" or two and a knowing smile from the other side of the table. Who can it be? Why no! Unbelievable! Here is Maddoc Jeffries, and immediately all the days of the 1910 Mulheim conference came to mind. Think of meeting him after all these years! It seemed the end of a cycle. Mr. Jeffries got off at the Hague and we went on to Amsterdam. Twenty-seven years ago my dear father and mother were at the head of the Salvation Army in Holland. They decided to step out from the movement to which they had devoted the best years of their lives for they perceived something better coming on the spiritual horizon, and desired to preach Divine Healing, the Second Coming of Christ and other advanced truths. At that time Pastor Polman was a Salvation Army officer and he also stepped out of its ranks in search of greater light and truth. God rewarded his faith and he became the pioneer of the Pentecostal work in Holland and in many parts of Germany. What a joy it was to sit down at their frugal table not having seen them since 1911!

Speaking through interpreters is difficult but not when Mrs. Polman interprets for she enters right into the sense and feeling of the speaker. There was hardly any plowing to be done, for reaping was our reward from the first. The prayer rooms were crowded every night; there were about forty decisions for Christ in the one week and twelve were filled with the Holy Spirit. Mrs. Polman has written for the pages of *The Latter Rain Evangel*, an article that will give you a cross-section view of the Pentecostal work in the Netherlands. Do not miss, "Faith, Floods and Flowers."

Parting time was painful but Pastor Barratt awaited us in Norway. We departed for Oslo via Hamburg where we had a brief visit with Pastor Goetz. We there took the train for Elmshorn, thirty miles away where in 1910 we experienced at the beginning of our ministry in Germany a wonderful awakening—150 conversions and 80 baptisms. Here was dear Mutter Munster and her two daughters, and many friends that we had not seen but remembered in prayer all through the intervening years. And how much had happened! What wars and tumults! The re-union was too sacred to describe. We knelt in thanksgiving and wept together. They clamored for a meeting but there was no time; so we preached to them in German all night long, leaving again at 6 a. m. Hamburg-Salsburg-Sassnitz on the Baltic in the Mitropa express, which was driven right on to the ferry. After a beautiful calm crossing, the train sped all night from Malmö to Oslo, where in an unseasonable blizzard Pastor Barratt met us.

When the expectation of the people is great it drives God's messenger to his knees. Multitudes thronged the meetings. Oh who is sufficient for these things! The fallibility of the messenger too often clashes painfully with the infallibility of the Divine council he declares. But it is God who Himself has chosen to use imperfect instruments to proclaim a perfect redemption, and praise God, He is our Sufficiency, who makes us to fulfill in and thru Him the greatest expectation. There is a marked deference and reverence to be noted in Scandinavian audiences. The appreciation and esteem with which they receive the message is refreshing. The piety of these people has more background than in most peoples who, consequent to the war, have suffered a moral debacle. The building was gorged, queues forming hours before the services, the people standing packed close in aisles and overflowing to the streets. As we preached and pleaded those wonderful five days, twice each day, 205 responded to the invitations, coming thru the crush to drop to their knees on the platform.

Pastor Barratt becoming ill, the work of interpreting fell upon Karl Bergfjord of Bergen, who conveyed the message both in word and spirit. God answered prayer and we later heard that Bro. Barratt was restored. It was a moving scene to see 3,000 standing in invitation for us to soon return to Norway and help again with sickle sharp and fast to reap the fields very white to harvest.

One night in the train and we were speeded to the beautiful capital of Sweden, where we met Bro. Lewi Pethrus and many of the ministry supporting him in one of the best sections of Pentecostal work in the world. Invitations to Stavanger, Trondjem, Bergen and Malmö had to be regretfully declined. One from Judge Laurie Moomo of Helsingfors to visit Finland for meetings under civic auspices was certainly hard to forego. In Stockholm the meetings were held both in the Civic Auditorium and in the Philadelphia church. We had to address the crowds at both places the same evening on the opening of the series which were thronged to capacity. Every night the decisions for Christ augmented and a great harvest of souls resulted. Brother Pethrus gave us glimpses of the ex-

tent of the work. They will soon complete the largest church in Sweden, and the sixteen hundred brethren are firmly united. The standard of holiness is strictly adhered to and the solidity of the work attests it.

We made many friendships that will endure. In the home of Sven Lidman, the editor of *Evangelii Blad*, the scripture, "Whatsoever things were gain I counted as loss," was made specially real. Here was a man known all over Sweden as the best novelist and writer, with an excellent university education, whose library walled the whole of three rooms, whose life was one of influence, prestige and social position when in the world, yet at one stroke he turned his back upon it all and embraced the cross of Christ. As he spoke of what he had gained he wept for joy, clapping his hands and praising God in tongues. We spent precious hours visiting Aunt Lucy, Commissioner Mrs. Booth-Helberg of the Salvation Army, whom we had never met before.

In Gotheborg we spoke one day in the great circus, filled to capacity, with an audience estimated at 5,000. It was a memorable service of fervor and depth. Across

the Baltic again touching at Berlin and a glorious service at Amsterdam again on Witsuntide Sunday. We found many more had received the Pentecostalfulness. On Monday morning early we took the tri-motored Fokker passenger plane for London, taking our leave of the saints at the aerodrome where we sang and prayed. In three and a half hours we saw four countries beneath our feet. After a brief stop at Rotterdam we were over the sea. The clouds wrapped us in a wooly blanket as we passed over the English channel only to break open over Dover and Folkestone. From the Croydon aerodrome a special car rushed us to the Annual Pentecostal Convention of the Assemblies of God at Kingsway Hall, where we spoke several times.

Hurried farewells and preparation followed the London Convention, and in a few hours we were bound for the United States—bound for Eden Rest, the little nest in the far away West, the dear one and the three children we had not seen for seven long months.

William E. Booth-Clibborn.

Obeying the Heavenly Vision

W. R. Williamson in the Stone Church Convention



IN the twenty-sixth chapter of The Acts, we read the words of Paul, "I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." These are the words of a man who had his face set toward martyrdom. The end of the race was in view, he had faced persecution and death, he was in perils of land and sea, perils of the heathen, and had suffered stripes and imprisonment, but as he neared the end of life he could say, "I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision." God grant that everyone of us, as we near the end of our course will be able to say that we have not been disobedient to the vision God has given us. The world is hastening on to its doom, and the church of Jesus Christ is asleep. The sobs of millions of heathen are sounding in our ears, and we can only be true to the vision God has given us when we like Paul, are wholly sold out to Him.

Some time ago in a missionary meeting such as this, a well-to-do man arose and said: "Do you know how I got my start? It was like this: When I was saved I was very poor. I had only a shilling. One day I went into a mission and I gave my shilling, all I had. That was the beginning of my prosperity. That act brought me to where I am today." A dear old saint sitting on the front seat said, "You dare not do it now." It is one thing to have a consecration in times of adversity, but quite another thing to be fully consecrated in days of prosperity. I say to you who have given your all once upon a

time; *I dare you to do it now!*

Some one said to me at the close of one of my services recently, "Do you see that old man over there? At one time he was a mighty preacher of the Gospel. Today he is laid aside. My heart went out to him. I learned that at one time he preached to great crowds, and I asked, "How is it that Bro. So-and-So is not preaching the Gospel?" I heard that at one time when finances were low an opportunity opened and he entered into secular work. His wife said to me, "There are nights and days that my husband weeps and weeps. I try to comfort him but I am not able to." Friends, it is an awful thing to lose the sense of the smile of God upon you. I was out in the Canadian West on a missionary trip last winter on the invitation of the Canadian brethren, and one night Brother Spence was speaking on selling out for God. At the close a man came up and said "In some respects I enjoyed your message, and in other respects I think you are a little too strong." I learned afterwards that he had been called to the ministry and had failed God. No wonder the truth struck home.

If you look at the men and women who have been successful for God you will find they have been men and women of vision. Everything is ours for time and eternity if we are fully abandoned to God. I throw down the challenge that if everyone in divine presence would sell out for God, this church would go over the top for missions. I hear folks talk about retrenching. I want to say that retrenchment is the note of the

death knell. We cannot afford to go back, we cannot afford to stand still. We can only go forward. Napoleon, when he had almost conquered the world, is supposed to have said, "If it were not for that little red spot (referring to the British Isles) I would have all the world at my command." Satan is saying, "If it were not for that little red spot called Calvary, I would have the world at my feet." This afternoon when I think of Calvary, when I think of what it cost to redeem this world, not by force of arms, but by the shed blood of God's eternal Son there is no sacrifice too great that we can make to get the Gospel to the world. Friends write to me, "You have given a number of years of your life to China, why go back?" It is no sacrifice for me to go back to China. I count it a privilege to carry His cross into the interior. I am glad for the day God gave me the vision of a lost world, and by His help I never want to lose it until I end the race. I remember that day in Bible School when books were laid aside; the power of God was falling from heaven, and on every side students were waiting on God. I had my life all planned, but I had no vision. To my right I heard one say, "Lord, I will go to India for You," and on the other side one was consecrating his life for Africa. In my stiffness I crawled off into a corner and cried, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" And God said, "Be still and know that I am God." Some one asks, "How do you know that God speaks to people today?" I knew from the top of my head to the soles of my feet that God was speaking to my soul. And then He came to me with His word, "I call you to the land of Sinim, to the people of the Far East." Then six months later I was praying in a meeting in Michigan, and the power of God was moving in our midst. Then I saw the word K-W-A-N-G-S-I written in red letters before me, and I knew I was called to Kwangsi Province, South China. In God's own way He opened the door for me to enter that Province. There is only one course for the Christian and that is to obey God.

The China Inland Mission is today calling for two hundred new missionaries for this year. There never was a time when China was so open to the Gospel as now. The government is destroying the idols, and if we do not carry the Gospel to the people they will be in a sad plight. My heart is moved today as I meditate on the great need.

"A hundred thousand souls a day
Are passing one by one away,
In Christless guilt and gloom,
Without one ray of hope or light,
With future dark as endless night,
They're passing to their doom."

We in this great Pentecostal Movement need to go forth with banners witnessing to a Full Gospel. When Garibaldi, that great general of Italy addressed his soldiers on the eve of battle, he said, "I have nothing to offer you but hunger, cold, privation, suffering and death, but freedom. Who will go with me?" History tells us that that great army stood as one man to follow him and share with him suffering and death that Italy might be free.

What we need for the mission fields are men who are willing to endure hunger and suffering, and even face death, not for any earthly glory, but that those who sit in darkness might have the Gospel. I think of the time on our second term when the mobs thirsted for our blood. With a thousand heathen at our front door and a thousand at the back door the situation was perilous indeed, but I held on to the promises of God, and God held back the mob. In spite of all the privations, dangers and robbers and perils of sickness, I expect to go back to China, for I want to be able to say as Paul of old, "I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision."

"He is counting on us the story to tell,
The scheme of redemption for man,
He is counting on me, He is counting on you,
The Master has no other plan."

The Blessed Burden

GLANCING out of the window one day I saw an express wagon drive up and stop. The driver stepped down, walked to the back of his wagon looked to make sure the trunk was handy, turned, stepped toward the door to see the number, slipped in the snow and fell headlong, striking his hand hard against the stepping stone. He rose to his feet rubbing his hand, looked at the stone and the snow, and probably (man-like) blamed everything but himself. Then he stepped back and shouldered the trunk which weighed 135 pounds, and walked across the snow without slipping, looking down and minding his steps, for he must be careful with such a load on his back.

Blessed burden! it held him up by holding him down, compelling care for fear of consequences. Have you noticed that most men who slip are the men who bear light loads? who are careless because there is nothing to care for?

Crushing the grape sacrifices the skin but saves the wine. The burden of soil on the seed,

compels a struggle that comes out in a body. The weight of water on the turbine wheel is the condition of electric power.

John Spreull of Glasgow, was imprisoned by Claverhouse because he defended religious liberty. His crest was a palm tree, with two weights hanging on each side of it from its fronds, and the motto, *sub pondere cresco* — "I grow under a weight." This is true of all life. The weight of the soil on the buried seed, the weight of the air on the growing plant are conditions of growth. When the weight is lifted the life escapes. Paul says, "Let us lay aside every weight," but if we should—every weight, the weight of the body—we should leave the track, leap like the flame toward the sun and disappear.

Art stood one day by a child's grave. The hand of love had set a basket of offerings on the grave and covered it with a tile to protect from the birds. The basket stood upon the root of an acanthus plant. The plant growing under pressure wove its life into a crown of beauty. The burden of the basket laden with an offering and weighted with the tile compelled the acanthus to struggle for expression. The struggle gave the world, thru art, the capital of the Corinthian pillar, the most beautiful capital in the world. Blessed burden!

Simon the Cyrenian attained an earthly immortality by bearing the cross a few rods, lifting for a little the tree that lifted the Son of Man for the world's redemption.

Iron ore comes from the mine, but steel comes from the furnace of fire. The baptism of fire must be accepted if the soul is to be tempered to great enterprises.

For life is not as idle ore,
But iron dug from central gloom
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipped in baths of hissing tears,
And battered with the shocks of doom
To shape and use.

The Son of Man was "made perfect through suffering." He bids the world take His burden and His yoke.

Look about you; the men who come to least in the world carry least. These who sit in slippered ease get no muscles thereby. The careless soul slips and bruises itself. *The burdened soul steps carefully.* The burden is the angle that bears thee up lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone. The boat that will not bear the burden of the oarsman, drifts. The soul that shuns burdens, finds slips and bruises. Blessed be burdens.—Dr. O. P. Gifford.

Was It a Dream?

LAST night (July 16th) about a quarter of twelve, I heard a woman's voice crying aloud in prayer to God for a revival. She was being transported thru the streets of the city in a high-powered car. The car and voice approached my dwelling. Oh that cry! The blood froze in my veins with the terror and horror of an approaching catastrophe. How she prayed! As a prophetess of God crying aloud and sparing not! The words, "O God—God—send a revival!" spread out thru the night. The intensity of Holy Ghost intercession was in that voice. God was giving Himself in that cry for a mighty revival before the Heavens, as a vesture, were folded up and the skies rolled together as a scroll. Warning of doom to an unbelieving generation and alarm to the unready church were in the cry: "*Jesus is coming soon. O God send a revival before He comes.*"

Then the voice grew fainter and fainter. My mind followed after as it was swallowed up in the dark distance. She was carried on thru the streets of the city.

The voice brought a revelation to my heart. It was as if God had said, "That is the way to pray for a revival. That is the prayer that I am waiting to answer. That is the revival that will be sent before Jesus comes." How empty, weak and faithless my praying seemed now! How petty my pretty little approaches to the Throne! How unreal the praying in the churches!

Titanic force, spiritual might, the pent-up love of God,—all the repression of His long-suffering for a world ripened for repentance or judgment must energize me when I pray. "O God, teach me to pray for revival as Thy prophets of old prayed; to pray as tho I too saw the mouth of Hell opened and my unsaved relatives, friends and neighbors slipping remorselessly into it; to pray until I see the graves opening and Jesus bowing the heavens and coming down, while the throng of the redeemed in glorified garments rise on ladders of light to that meeting in the air; pray until the glow of the emerald throne appears and the thunders and lightnings of God's judgments begin to rain their fire upon a guilty, Christ-rejecting world;—pray until the sweat of Gethsemane and the pain of Golgotha become mine."

I was on my knees. As I prayed I envisaged the saints on earth engaged with me in triumph-

ant, intercessory prayer for revival. Their cry has gone forth into all the earth. My missionary brethren and their native Christians together with the Children of God everywhere are joining in Holy Ghost intercession. Above, the angel at the Golden Altar gathers the cries of the Bride to her Beloved; in every language and dialect of earth it swells in a mighty surging diapason of prayer. "O God invade earth with the flood-

tides of Gospel blessing ere the door of mercy closes."

I thought, "Is this the last call?" I must be ready when He comes. Oh, my brethren, we need to watch and pray so as to be accounted worthy to escape tribulation horrors and to stand before the Son of Man.

"O God—God—Send a Revival!"

Pastor Robt. D. Kilgour.

Here and There on the Mission Field

A Forty Days Revival

THE following stirring report of a "forty day revival" comes from Miss Laura Radford, Jerusalem, Palestine. There is a very blessed work in Trans-Jordania, and this is where the revival has broken out. Miss Radford writes under date of April 8th:

"The 'Hallelujah' deep down in my heart of which I wrote some few weeks ago has been often upon my lips during the last six weeks. On Feb. 22nd Mr. Whitman wrote me from Salt saying, 'the spiritual temperature is rising and I believe we are on the eve of great things.' On the 27th he wrote, 'You will rejoice to know that the Lord is doing wonders these days. Never in my life have I felt Him working so, and His Presence is so near. A double current of blessing is bringing our Salt people into the joy of definite experience of salvation, etc'. Before this letter reached me I had an S. O. S. telephone call from him begging me to come at once to help care for the numbers of men and women who were seeking salvation. I went to Salt as soon as possible and have been there most of the time since, and will remain. D. V. on thru April.

"The awakening has come not only to our own congregation, but the Greeks, Latins and Catholics have come into the meetings and some have been gloriously saved. Frequently men and women who have not been in any of the meetings are suddenly brought under deep conviction in their own home and begin to confess their sins and cry out to God for mercy. They beg some one to bring them to the meetings where they can be saved. Those saved during the early part of the revival are now praying faithfully for the new ones. The work amongst the women is certainly remarkable. Many have been completely overcome by the awful conviction for sin that has come upon them; but relief usually comes when they have made confession and

restoration of what they may have stolen. The fact of God's holiness seems to be burned into their very souls. Very few of them can read and to many of these God has given a vision or revelation of Jesus more accurate and complete than could have been received thru years of careful study of the written Word. Changed faces, changed hearts, changed lives, changed homes, oh it is all so wonderful and beyond description! Several marked cases of healing have caused both nominal Christians and non-Christians to confess that 'Jesus is the same yesterday, today and forever,' and many have thus been led to seek salvation.

"The Holy Spirit has indeed fallen on Salt, and many have been gloriously saved and some are now seeking the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Our Hall has often been too small to hold the people seeking to hear the preached Word; we have been forced to hold separate meetings for the men and women, but even thus the hall will not hold the crowds that come."

* * *

Miss Almyra Aston, who has charge of the Baby Nursery at Barabanki, North India, writes that they are having the very hottest weather, and she and the babies need special prayer at this time. She writes: "Last night (May 9th) at eight o'clock the thermometer was still up to 100. At nine o'clock it was somewhat cooler, for during the hour we had a good old sand storm. Such excitement as I had, for the ayahs (help) all leave at seven, and all of the children's beds, even to the tiniest, were outside in the yard. One ayah came running back, saying "a big sand storm," "a big sand storm." I looked and saw the big black cloud rolling over. The two Christian women who live in the Nursery and the one ayah and I how we did flurry around carrying twenty-seven beds into shelter. The sand storm blew and raged, and I hoped for a little shower of rain, but not a drop fell. After the storm

was over it was too hot for the children to stay inside the house in their beds, so again twenty-seven beds had to be lifted back out into the yard. Please pray especially for all my bottle babies. The hot weather is very hard on them; some who are teething have really been quite sick. I need supernatural strength for this summer's work as I am alone.

"My work is not much singing and preaching but I know God thrust it upon me and that I am doing His will. My native preachers and Bible women are faithfully preaching every day, and I take the Sunday services and oh how these baby folk do sing!"

At Rest

On Jan. 19th of this year, Mrs. Hanna Moody, beloved wife of Charles Moody in the Kivu District of the Belgian Congo, went to be with the Lord. She had black water fever which left her heart in a very weakened condition and was unable to rally. The school children, upon whom she bestowed much labor, wept bitterly when they found her gone. Some had been saved under her ministry. Pray for her husband. He writes, "I can hardly manage single-handed." May God comfort and sustain him in this trial.

Sowing Seed in Congo

From Bro. Fred. Leader, Supt. of the Gombari Mission, Congo Belge, we read of their giving the Gospel to the adjacent tribes:

"Several of the chiefs whose people regularly bring food to the town market on Saturdays have built small villages near the mission where their people can stay during the night. These people make the night hideous with the beating of drums, dancing and drinking of vast quantities of beer. One of our evangelists has the work of these villages much upon his heart, and during a dance was much encouraged by the headman halting the orgy upon request of the evangelist, and telling the people that as the man of God had come with God's words they must stop the dance and listen, 'for' said he, 'we must give time to hear the words.' We are much encouraged at the work of this evangelist who is very faithful.

"Leaving the station services on Sundays to some of the other workers, Mrs. Leader, Don and myself take the organ and tramp round the neighboring villages and camps and hold gospel services. Yesterday we visited a camp we had

not previously seen, and while the crowd was not large we had a very good time and the people listened attentively.

"Our greatest blessing, was at the village of a headman who has not been very friendly. We remember during our first term he attended quite regularly our early morning services held on the Station. One morning, however, he appeared before me and demanded a suit of clothes. He said, 'I have attended your services for a long time, and I think I am entitled to a present.' Being a missionary and not a clothier, we were forced to refuse the old chap. But I explained that the love of God was a gift, and while the clothes would decay, His love was eternal. This displeased him and from that day to this he has never entered our church.

"We arrived at his village with a half dozen of our lads, and he condescended to come forward and shake hands. I asked him to call his people for a service, and he gathered a nice little crowd. God's Spirit was remarkably present, and as we gave a Gospel message his heart was touched. Thru years of experience I am not led away by appearances, but the tears came to the eyes of the old headman and others as I portrayed the disappointment of not seeing him in heaven. I assumed that I was by the side of God and was anxiously inquiring for this man, but that with sorrow felt all over heaven, he could not be found, while his brother, who sat beside him, hair white with age, came up and extending his hand in greeting told Jesus how glad he was to be near the throne. We are sure God spoke to his heart, and we assured him we loved him and longed to see him with his feet in the path that leads to God.

"We are still trusting God to provide a cheap car for our work which calls for much visiting of villages. We feel greatly burdened to visit these villages, but it is very difficult to reach those at a distance. If we had a car it would greatly facilitate the village work."

Miracles Among the Children

Miss Jessie Wengler, who left her station at Hachioji, Japan, in charge of Miss Agnes Juer-gensen, is taking Miss Straub's Orphanage work during her absence on furlough. She writes about the children:

"I am sure you would enjoy a little peep into the Children's Home in Kawaragi Mura. Here you would see thirty-three bright, happy faces,

and hear little voices raised in song, prayer and testimony. No doubt you would be constrained to ask, "How did all of these nice boys and girls come under—not one roof but three?" Miss Straub found it necessary as the work grew and one house filled up, to rent another, and still another, and now these little boys and girls are in three Japanese houses, with every available nook and corner utilized. They have come from different parts of Japan and each child has an interesting and usually pathetic history. Some of them are outstanding miracles of His grace. Tsutaisan, a little girl fifteen years of age, is one of these miracles. When she was brought to the Home three years ago, she was incorrigible, noted for her dishonesty and theft, and was often in the hands of the police who took her back to those from whom she ran away. Mentally deficient, she has never been able to attend school, but since coming to the Home, God has sent His grace into her heart, and she is a changed little girl. She can now be relied upon in every way—is truthful, has never been known to steal, and has never attempted to run away. When she prays one feels the realness of her prayers, and her testimony is bright and inspiring. She is a reliable helper in the Home.

"Mrs. Emma Gale, my co-worker, and I have rejoiced to see His healing hand upon some of the little ones who have been very ill in the past months. Little Kazuesan was at death's door. The doctor whom we called said she would not live, and if she did, her mind would be affected, and she would be unable to walk. She finally sank into a state of imbecility. For three days her condition was terrible, but God heard and answered prayer and delivered. She was wholly restored, mentally and physically, and has ever since been attending school. The doctor, who is not a Christian, said it must have been prayer that restored her and he is since sending his little boy to the Sun. School."

Funds will bring Double Results

Bro. Frank Nicodem, Rupaidiha, India, writes that the famine is very severe in their district. The government is endeavoring to provide work for many of the distressed people; they pay them 3½ cents a day. It would make your heart ache to see their famished condition. He says:

"Just at this time when we should go on and finish the Boys Home, we are having to close down for lack of funds. It makes our hearts sick to think that we will have to dismiss all those who have been working on the building for

they depend on this work for their daily food. I have a feeling that if an appeal for famine relief was made, the people at home would respond, for after all, they have so much and to spare. Money that we get for famine relief at this time would kill two birds with one stroke. First the hungry would be fed, and then the much needed Boys Home would be built. The suffering and distress are beyond words." We trust this appeal will find a response in some hearts of those who can give to this doubly worthy cause. It is so much better to have the poor people work while they are being fed.

Raised from the Dead

Thanking us for money forwarded to the starving in North China, Miss Mattie Brann, Wei Hsien, writes:

"Could you see how far a little goes when put directly into the hands of the needy ones, you would rejoice, for they take such a small amount of grain and mix it with leaves from the trees, now fresh and green, or gather a small wild weed that grows and feed many more than we could by our opening the soup kitchens as we did in 1920-21. I have had another blessed tour to four out-stations giving the Word to hungry hearts as well as helping the suffering ones. This last trip was made in the N. E. section of our field twenty-five miles away. The meeting places were too small to hold the crowds so we had canvas stretched in the court yards from roof to roof which broke the heat as it beat down upon us. They would sit for hours on small benches about four inches wide—they do not think a meeting of three hours is very long. Beginning at 10 a. m. it was often midnight before the last ones left.

"The first four days' meeting was held in a town I had never visited before, a station that has been opened only two years and is a church "in thine house." One young man, a prominent merchant whose family is the beginning of the church there, gave a remarkable testimony, as follows:

"My cousins have been Christians for some years and been faithful in giving this Gospel to me and others. I had also attended the Christians' church and heard them explain about the Savior and was convinced in my heart that He is the Savior of the world, but how could I become a Christian while my old mother lived. I felt I must not allow her or others to know that I believed in this Jesus, for when she knew how Christians have funerals, not being allowed to worship the gods which our ancestors wor-

shipped, it would break her heart to know that I had fallen so far away. So I decided I would wait until after her death and give her a big funeral fitted to our station in life, after the customs of our ancestors. Mother finally reached 77 and was very frail. Everything that we knew to do was done to get her well but she steadily grew worse and felt her time had come. My cousins had been faithfully praying for her and trying to get her to become a Christian but it seemed of no use. On Sunday while the cousins had gone to church, my dear old mother seemed to be near death and all the relatives were called to her bedside; also the priests in the cults we had been in for years, and we all watched for the end. As she seemed almost gone we took her off her regular bed and carried her to the yard. (Chinese always want the spirit to leave the body in the open believing it must have a straight course, M. B.) We dressed her in her burial robes and the priests who had continually offered prayers and incense pronounced her dead, as she did not breathe any more. We escorted her spirit to the family temple where it was supposed to be escorted to heaven by the smoke of the burning incense.

"Just then our cousins returned from church and hearing of our mother's death rushed over and instead of weeping began praying for the Lord to bring her to life for she had not been saved. Other members of the family called them crazy, but they continued to pray. Soon mother groaned, then began to perspire, then opened her eyes and seeing she had on her burial clothing she began pulling it off and sat up. We gathered about her and I asked, "Mother, when the priests were burning and making an offering for you did you not see heaven or something?" She replied, "No, it was all dark, dark." We carried her into the house and put her on her own bed and she asked for something to eat. She has been well ever since. From that day to this I have taken my stand for Christ and He has saved me. I testify for Him wherever I go. Now mother sits here; she is 78, and all our large family but one brother has been converted, and we are praying for him. The day after mother was so wonderfully restored to us one of my sister's wept saying, "We escorted mother's spirit away and how do I know this is now my mother?" And mother said, "Daughter, I assure you my spirit did not go to the temple. It is here in my body." Now this sister is a Christian'.

"Famine conditions continue to grow worse. In some places there will be wheat to harvest; some places two-thirds of a crop, some half a crop and some none at all. One of our former girls (now married) came in the other day for spiritual help, and as she was leaving I said, 'How is your wheat crop this year?' I knew they had several acres of land. Down went her

head and tears came as she said, "You know the locusts and the worms destroyed all our grain last fall and so we had to mortgage the standing wheat crop last winter to get grain or starve.' Here is only one case in millions! Then the millions who did not have the land or wheat to mortgage!

"I am now sending funds to our out-stations to enable men, women and children to prepare their hard bread to take with them as they travel miles following the harvesters and glean a few handful of wheat each day. Capable carpenters, masons, etc., have not had work for so many months their condition is pitiable indeed, but they are tramping along with the other gleaners trying to get handful of wheat which they will rub between little stones and boil into a mush and eat. This brings a relief to their famishing stomachs but a serious bowel trouble. Officials have already sent out posters to every city warning people to keep clean and do their utmost to stay pestilence. Poor China, war, famine, pestilence and death! In the meantime the door for preaching the Gospel was never wider open than now. We praise God for the many souls who have recently turned to Christ and for the thousands who have heard the Gospel for the first time during the last few months.


"Many of the little famine girls we took in to keep their parents from selling them we promised to feed only until wheat harvest. After they were here a short time some of the relatives managed to get some of them away and they were sold as concubines or slave wives, and some alas! for sin. Yesterday (May 15) I went to see the girls in the Rescue Home asking their names, and one after another would say, 'I am not going home to starve. I want to stay with you,' as tears rolled down their cheeks. Two little tots not yet seven, who have learned to pray and love Jesus while here, said to the matron, 'I'm not going home. I want to stay on all the time.' The matron told them to pray to Jesus. They turned around and ran into the yard and as she looked out they were kneeling side by side praying, 'Lord Jesus, do provide a way for us to stay here. You feed us and we will be good girls.' I told them of your gifts which would buy food and also some new garments to take the places of patched ones. As I left I heard their little voices singing, 'Jesus loves me, this I know.' One was missing and I asked, 'Where is she?' Tears came to the

matron's eyes as she said, 'Ah! that child is from my village; her mother came and said her little brother was sick and homesick for his sister, and asked to take her home for a day.' She never returned and her mother sold her. The little brother was sick with hunger and the mother had an opportunity to get a good sum for the little sister (10 yrs. old) which would keep little brother alive for some months, and then sister was sold as a "slave wife" where she works for the mother-in-law for her keep, even tho she must eat the coarsest food. That is better than starvation. Alas she did not confer with us! My heart aches as I write. We might have saved them all had the mother been truthful and honest. Oriental eyes of heathenism do not see as we see—they see only for today. How we do covet your prayers for rain on the dry land and these hundreds of hungry hearts who listen to the Word of God and seek Him.

Forgiveness

Mrs. L. A. Walshaw

"But if you forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses."
(Matt. 6:15.)

OW little we know of what is seething and boiling in the hearts and minds of those we come in contact with! of sorrow, shame, despair, fear; of anxiety, perplexity, of hunger and longing for God—of bitterness, resentment, wounded feelings, judgment, unforgiveness, ah, stay—unforgiveness, that is it that accounts for almost all the trouble.

How very few people really forgive—how few even know what God means by forgiveness. The miserable meagre thing that is handed round amongst God's people as forgiveness is not the beautiful, wonderful thing God means.

Should we not pray with one of God's glorious saints, "Lord let the light of *the Truth in Thy words* flash into us and *sting* us into an awakening and a crying to Thee for the Spirit meaning of Thy Words."

Forgiveness is a good word, and whatever a good word means when it is used by man, it means a million times more when used by God. Think of such words as Saviour, Father, Unity, Compassion, Forgiveness, Home, Love! The word forgiveness at once suggests that a "wrong" has been done and the "wrong" has built up a barrier of some kind between human

spirits—it is written "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, for God is love." LOVE is the prime mover in forgiveness—LOVE goes before and makes a path for forgiveness to follow: I love—and because I love there must be *no* barrier, clouds, or wall between me and any other one.

Forgiveness is *never* negative; forgiveness is never indifference or a letting a thing pass for "time" to cover it over. Forgiveness is a putting away—an absolute doing away with that that has come between. Forgiveness is love, that must have the "wrong" undone, put right, obliterated. Forgiveness is the sending away of the "wrong" that lies between—saying in the Name of Jesus, "Go, thou demon."

Where there is any unforgiveness it is not possible for God to *dwell*, for God is love, and love cannot endure a cloud between. Forgiveness, in God's meaning, *must* desire fellowship, unity. That is not forgiveness that says "I forgive but we are better apart."

Scripture speaks of sin which cannot be forgiven—what is it? It is not of some certain act or word, but it is a condition or attitude of the spirit persisted in—the spirit of the man does not love his neighbor, so does not *desire* the cloud, the wrong, the misunderstanding to be removed. He prefers to cling to the wrong that is done, or thinks has been done, to him. This attitude shuts him out from both his brother and God, and if continued in will bring him to the "outer darkness where there is wailing." This attitude of soul is spiritual suicide and murder.

"God is love. If a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen."

If God *could* forgive, whilst such a spirit of unforgiveness is nursed toward another, what would it mean? It would be as if God said, "I do not care, you can be unforgiving, he has no doubt treated you badly, and you can hold a grudge against him and be separated from him. I don't mind."

As soon as we hold a grudge against another the stream of God's forgiveness must therefore necessarily cease to flow towards us (and are we not needing His forgiveness all the time?) or else God would become a partaker of our sin! God loves the sinner—and will forgive the sinner, but he never *pardons* sin, He *expels* it, He *curse*s it—He *wither*s it up—He does not cover it *over* with His blood—He covers it *out*.

Why is not the power of God manifested

amongst God's people as on the day of Pentecost? Lack of unity of spirit! On that day they were of one heart and mind. And why the lack of unity now? Because of unforgiveness of petty and greater offences, with a spirit of *willingness* for separation—in the Holy Spirit

there can be *no* willingness for even an unkind thought! this *willingness* for separation may increase, for "ill weeds grow apace" and become a *desire not* to forgive, which is blasphemy against the Holy Spirit for which there is no forgiveness in this, nor in the Millennial age!

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