



The days of Heaven on the Earth

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An International Monthly Magazine

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

MANITIN - CHICAGO

From Infidelity to Christianity thro' Reading the Word

A Jew's Conversion and Call to Ministry

Herman Newmark, from Japan, in The Stone Church, April 21, 1919.



AT A MEETING in Oakland, California, April 21, 1919, I was talking to a young Jewish lady about Jesus, and she said, "Oh, Jesus is dead!" I am glad for this anniversary of His resurrection, and that He is alive forevermore.

Six years ago I was an infidel Jew. In this land there are today three and a half million Jews, of whom only one hundred and forty thousand belong to the synagogue. These are what they call orthodox Jews. The remainder are infidels. They have lost their God. I had no knowledge whatever of God, and the Bible to me was a book of fairy tales. I was living at this time in London. If I saw a converted Jew preaching on the street corner I wanted to spit on him. I considered that he was dirt, and would say to any friend with whom I was walking, "Don't listen to that traitor. He is a turn-coat." I had no interest in eternal things whatever, but I believed, by virtue of my Jewish descent, that if there was a heaven I would surely go there, because my life was upright. I wouldn't even smoke a cigarette, and felt my righteousness would take me to heaven. Japan is a place to test a man's righteousness, because unless a man is saved there, he goes right down to the lowest depths. I lived in Japan for two years with my brother, and when the war broke out, the firm we were working for sent him home on business. That was in August, 1914. I was left alone in Japan; eleven thousand miles away from home and alone!

I was transferred in my business from Yokohama to Kobe, and I can see now that God's hand was arranging matters for me. I arrived in Kobe in October, 1914, and as my brother had gone back to England, there was a gap in my life. We had always been together, and the tie between us was very strong, but now I was left alone, and in my spare hours I took to reading. In my reading I was brought into touch with New Thought and Christian Science literature. The enemy apparently knew that I was after the best in life and would eventually find Christ, so he endeavored to put some substitute in my way; not quite as good and certainly not satisfying. This reading led me to start thinking about eternal things, but they didn't point out that Jesus was the Christ. In

fact He was likened to Confucius and others. Neither was the Bible considered God's Book, according to these articles which I read. The Veda and the Koran were all considered inspired books, but they didn't satisfy. I began to wonder as I read, "Is there a God?" I had never taken the trouble to consider that question, but as I read I came to the conclusion myself that there must be a Creator of the universe; that He wasn't an influence, and must be an Intelligent Being. I had an honest mind and wanted to know the truth, so I said, "If there is a God I want to know about Him. I will not read books by men. They are written from their own standpoint. If there is a God then His Book is the Bible." My previous training had led me to believe that the Old Testament was the Book.

I would just like to say, however, that before the war broke out I had high ideals about forming a World Brotherhood. My father once tried to form a league between Jew and Gentile, in London, and it broke up by the Gentile getting drunk and swearing at the Jew. And so I had some pet theories, but the breaking out of the war shattered my hopes along this line. I never would have believed the nations would go to war among each other. That seemed to me an impossibility. While in Kobe, Japan, I was drawn into the Masonic Lodge to seek brotherhood. When I went in the master said, "You are a Jew. We have religious exercises in the lodge, but the Name of Jesus is never mentioned." That satisfied me as a Jew, but later on when I became a Christian it didn't satisfy me, and was the reason I had to come out. Praise God He delivered me from all the secret business, which is anti-Christian. They worship a god there and his name is Baal. There is no place for a Christian in a lodge. While I was in the lodge I started to read the Old Testament, but I never could find in the Bible the stories they tell in the lodge, of its origin, etc. They call the Lord the Great Architect, and tamper with the Word.

I did not have an Old Testament. Very few Jews have a copy of the Bible. You will rarely see an unconverted Jew carrying an Old Testament. We had only one Old Testament in our family and my brother took it back with him to England. I was living with nominal Christians, and I borrowed a Bible from my landlady, going through both the Old and New Tes-

tament, with the exception of the Psalms, and I could not enter into the spirit of them. It seemed such a repetition of "praise the Lord," and it was dry to me. Needless to say that when I finished the New Testament I went back to the Psalms.

There were some parts of the Bible that were very uninteresting to me then, and yet I waded through them to find out everything I could about God, and incidentally about Israel. Before I came to the decision that there was a God I met a missionary, Brother Thornton. When he announced that he was a missionary I was much surprised. I thought missionaries would be miserable-looking and solemn, and he didn't answer to my opinion of them. When he told me he was a missionary I told him I was a Jew. In business a Jew doesn't announce the fact that he is a Jew, but when it comes to discussing religion, he does. He said to me, "You are a Jew? I love your race. I love your people and their history. Come and have a talk with me." That was like a knife to me, and I thought I would like to have a talk with him, but not wanting to appear ignorant regarding the history of my own people I read the Old Testament partially in order to post myself along these lines.

As I read the Bible I found out what grounds the orthodox Jew had for the Messiah. I also knew that God was righteous and man was a sinner, always rebellious. The greatest impression I had from reading the Old Testament was of the wrath of God, but I seemed to see it almost too much. The closing of the Old Testament was, "Lest I smite the earth with a curse," but the New Testament ends with "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all." You will realize I was seeking that expression of brotherhood which I did not find. I finished reading the New Testament, and to a Jew the New Testament is absolute sacrilege. When at home I would never use the name of Jesus unless accompanied with an epithet. I do not know any Jew who uses it by itself. There is one verse especially in the twenty-second Psalm, where it says of Jesus, "I am a worm," and the Jews look upon Christians as worms. The Jews will be convicted right out of the Old Testament as to the way they have spoken of the Lord Jesus and Christians.

I had absolutely no liking toward Christians, because in England I lived beside a Christian church for fourteen years, and I never knew a single one who showed a love for the Jew; in fact it was the opposite. They always showed

animosity. The unsaved Jews look upon all Gentiles as Christians, and they judge all Christians by what they see in those who belong to churches; so judging by experience I never would have become a Christian by the Gentile Christians. But I was open-minded, and thought, "Here is the New Testament. Why should I say it is sacrilege until I have read it? Why should I denounce the Christian religion and say it is all wrong when I haven't read what it really is. The Old Testament had told me of a Messiah to come; the New Testament says Jesus is the Messiah. Why should I not read it?" And so I started, believing if it didn't do me any good, it would not do me any harm. Brother Thornton was bearing me up in prayer, and another missionary whom I had met, but with whom I had not talked, was also praying. There was God's Word in my heart, these two people were praying, and behind that was the power of the risen Christ. As I read the New Testament I drank in every word. It was just what I needed. The Old Testament pictured God's wrath, and here was God's amazing love in giving Jesus to die for a lost world. I realized that my hunger was for Christ, and found that He perfectly satisfied me. My great struggle, however, was to confess Him, and it was hard to pray in the Name of Jesus. Just imagine if you had blasphemed Jesus and then had to pray in His Name, and you can understand my feelings. I had to ask Him to forgive me that sin, and there He has given double grace to the Jew.

My brother at this time was back in England, and soon after came to Japan, and I didn't know how to break the news to my family. I had quietly accepted Christ, had told my Christian friends, but had not made it public. When I started to read the Old Testament I began to feel I was getting quite religious, and if there had been a synagogue in Kobe, I would have gone, so I thought I would go to church and see what they had there. I went three successive Sundays to the Union Church, a place where people agree to disagree, and I heard three sermons. I didn't express my opinion to anybody, but I said to myself, "If I want to hear a lecture, I can go elsewhere, but here I want to hear about the Christian religion." So I didn't go there any more. I believe I would have been saved before, and the preacher been instrumental in leading me to Christ if he had been preaching the Gospel, but while they were very friendly, I didn't get the Gospel there. Then I felt I could not identify myself with a

church until I had told my family. I wanted to be the first to break the news, and until I did so I didn't want anyone else to write home and tell them. At home they all shared the same view, that if a Jew became a Christian he was a traitor. They didn't understand that the Christian church started with a Jew, and Jesus was a Jew. They accuse you of taking a man away from his faith, and that he is finished as a Jew. I was supposed to go back to England in 1916, and I felt the best thing I could do was to write to my people week by week and gradually lead them on, and when I reached home I would be able to talk to them face to face. That was my idea, but when the time came I decided I would remain in Japan for two more years. I knew I was saved and I was comparatively happy in the Lord, but I hadn't yet opened my mouth for Jesus. On August 2, 1916, I wrote to my home that I was a Christian and pleaded with them to yield to Christ, and from that moment I had real joy in my heart. A professing Christian is a propagating Christian, and from the time I opened my mouth I couldn't keep it closed, attended Christian gatherings and testified for Jesus. The first public testimony I gave was in a Chinese evening school, and was also able to preach some to the Japanese and hand out tracts.

My brother came back and when he heard me singing Christian hymns and fellowshiping Christian people he objected and spoke against them. I defended them, but neither he nor his wife (for he shortly afterwards married) would believe that I was a Christian. I finally had a talk with him in which I told him plainly that I was a Christian, and he looked at me as though I was the vilest criminal, and a leper; refused to listen to my testimony and walked away. One of the things that hurt him most was the fact that I had written home to my family and hadn't given him a chance to write first.

He wrote me an awful letter, but he didn't know that persecution is the finest thing for a Christian; that his very action was causing me to prove what I said about Christ satisfying, and that even if my father and mother forsook me, the Lord would take me up. He wrote to my people in stronger terms than he wrote to me. At first they were greatly distressed when they received my letter. My mother was in tears for three days and nights; they felt as badly as if I had been a murderer, but later as I kept writing to them, she said, "Well, Herman isn't so bad after all."

My brother let it be known all around that I was a Christian and when I commenced to do mission work that lowered me. While many ridiculed the out-and-out Christians, yet they didn't respect the lukewarm ones. They will fellowship them in a social way, yet in their hearts they do not respect them, and they go to those whom they call fanatics when in need. God very graciously brought me in touch with the most spiritual people in Japan, with the Taylors and the Thorntons, and under God they have been used to help me on in the Christian life.

There were two things that kept me steadfast, and they were, the Word of God and prayer. I carried my Bible around with me and read it continually. In fact I lost all taste for anything but the Bible and matters pertaining thereto. The Word of God was my food, and this kept me from much error. I had no sooner accepted Christ when a lady brought Russell's books into the very house in which I lived. I was so eager to have an explanation of the scriptures that I bought the books, but I compared them with the Word of God and threw away the poison. I praise God that He delivered me entirely from that and brought me in touch with good people. I thought at first God would have me work in Japan, as I knew the people and their customs, but the Lord showed me I was to go to the Jews, and I committed myself to God, but assure you I would not have chosen it. It is comparatively easy to work among the Japanese who will take what you say, but it is not easy to talk to the Jews. I am now on my way back to my own people. There are four brothers of us and four sisters, and I want to see them saved.

Three years ago I had brought to me by one of the missionaries the scripture, "The prayer of faith shall save the sick," and although the business firm for whom I was working had provided medicine, and hospital service was provided should it be needed, I felt I would not limit the Holy One of Israel, and the firm were not put to any expense along this line for me. I was in perfect torture at that time with my eyes, having neuritis. I had been under the doctor's care for six months, but the second day after I took Him for my Healer, my eyes were better. I have seen some wonderful cases of healing in Japan. A young man brought a lad who was demon-possessed and asked us to cast the demon out. Someone said to me, "It cannot be done. We have tried but we have never succeeded." I felt he was a Job's com-

forter. The young man was fifteen years old; he would run away from home and get into trouble; was wild and had an ungovernable temper, but God delivered him and today that young man is rational and saved. He is now praying for others. His mother overheard him praying in another room and that led her to Christ. I do not understand much about sickness and I do not need to, because Jesus is acquainted with disease. I witnessed a wonderful case of healing; an American who had chronic constipation, epilepsy; could not exist without the use of whiskey and brandy. He was saved in Billy Sunday meetings, and was the only one I was ever led to visit socially. I found he was a Free Mason, and talked to him about the lodge, and he said he knew he was playing with fire. In my room he knelt down and told God he was wrong in joining the lodge, and promised he would come out. That young man was healed on the spot. This was in August, 1917. He went home and told his wife about it. She was a young woman of twenty-one who could not see a word without her glasses. For eleven years she had worn them and could not read a word of print without them. She took her glasses off and threw them in the fire, saying she would trust the Lord for her eyes. She was instantly healed and can read the very finest print today. When people are dying, it has been my experience that if they are God's children sometimes He takes them away, but if they are not saved and you plead that God will give them another chance to be saved, He will hear your prayer. I have seen it in three different cases.

Now God is able to save other Jews beside me. A man was just saved in this city because of the prayer of his nine-year-old girl. This Jew was a Bolshevik, He had gangrene in his foot, and they told him in the hospital he would probably have to have his foot amputated. This little girl said to her sister, "Let's get down and pray for daddy." They got down and prayed in the name of Jesus. The man some years before had received a New Testament in London, and he was touched when he heard his children praying in the name of Jesus. He said, "I never taught them to pray. My wife never taught them to pray. They do not teach them to pray in the public schools. The Jews always stand up to pray; they are kneeling down," and he couldn't understand it, but this simple prayer brought him to God. He said, "I am going to accept Jesus as my Saviour," and he also trusted Him to heal his body. He just had a little bone

taken out of his foot. While under the anesthetic he was saying, "Lord Jesus, stand by me," "Lord Jesus, stand by me." They had never heard a Jew call on the name of the Lord before. In the hospital he led one sinner to Christ and gave his testimony to others. His foot is not yet perfectly well, but he is out in the highways and byways preaching. Many have that Bolshevistic spirit in them; having turned from the Bible they have become lawless. Outside the mission the other night boys and girls ten and twelve years old were denouncing all religion. They said, "Who is God? Is He man or woman?" They say they will put religion out of the earth, and in that spirit they will massacre the Christians. I feel that now is the time to pray for the remnant according to the election of grace. This man who became a Christian was known from one end of this land to the other as an ardent Bolshevik. If he puts that same energy into Christian work, God will use him.

I visited Korea while in Japan. They are a consecrated people. Once they become Christians they are finished with this world forever. They say, "Now we will live for Christ." "I have been in business. Now I am in business for Christ." In one church their numbers were increasing so rapidly they went to their missionary and asked for a bigger church. The missionary said, "We have no funds for that." The Presbyterian church in Korea is entirely self-supporting, with the exception of the missionary's salary. The natives decided they would rebuild the church and this is the way they did it: They took a spoonful of rice out of every meal and put it to one side for that purpose. One missionary went there and spoke against the Second Coming of Christ, and the natives wrote up to headquarters and said, "Send us someone else. We will not have him any more."

In the mission in Kobe, Brother Coote recently spoke to the believers on tithing and they commenced to tithe. It amounted to only \$6 gold a month, but they came and said, "We are not satisfied with two meetings a week. We want meetings every night." They had money invested in that church, and the more you have invested in a church the more interest you have. You want to see that it pays dividends.

When I asked for prayer for Israel in Korea, twenty-one missionaries promised to devote one of their monthly prayer-meetings for this purpose. I was in one church that had three thousand members; another two thousand, and they

promised to pray for my people.

I ask you to pray for me as I go to my home, that God will use me in the salvation of my

loved ones. "He that spared not His own Son but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things."

The Praise Zone

Elizabeth Sisson.



HAVE you escaped the prayer-zone and gone on up into it? Are you living in the praise-zone? This is the way the Lord dealt with the writer to bring her there.

In a great hurry to inspect a cousin's house where I was stopping a day or two in Detroit, that I might bring the news of the new residence to the home relatives when I returned to New London, I left a half-finished letter, and running around the rooms in my tour of inspection, I came to a dark stairway: "Oh, they told me there was an attic. I'll see that." In my haste I sprang up as I supposed, a couple of steps at a time, and behold I had jumped out into space!—the dark, high stairway led down into the kitchen, not *up* into the attic. As I felt myself out in air, going, I knew not whither, I dropped (by faith) into the arms of Jesus. I must have turned a somersault, for I landed on my head. The whole force of my being, had like a hammer, driven my head into the floor. When I came to consciousness I was murmuring, "Blessed Jesus." My head was driven deep into my breast, my tongue swollen stiff in my mouth, my body felt a mass of bruises; but the *nerve* shock was far greater than all the rest. "Does this mean heaven or earth?" came through my mind. "It means the will of God" was the quick response. Then my whole being seemed to dissolve into worship and adoration that I was to have the most marvellous, exquisite thing in the whole universe: THE WILL OF GOD. Those four words burn in me now, a sweet flame. The letters shine as if the transparent gold of the streets of the New Jerusalem.

I will not take up time here to tell the many miraculous incidents of that healing from God—too long. It would defeat the objects of this paper. Suffice it to say—from that moment floods upon floods of worship and adoration ceaselessly filled me, sleeping or waking. That night I kept an engagement at a Bible Institute on the other side of Detroit, though one-half of my head was black from bruises—eye closed—and I went constantly from one swoon to another as we trolleyed over to the Institute, the third day I reached my home, having traveled thirty-three hours, with very little trace of even

the fall left and my body in full vigor! I had been kept so busy worshipping and adoring my Lord, my mind had not had time to go over the history of my fall, till now on the third day I reviewed it at home and then I saw that there had been *no prayer* in it all! No cry for help! Too close in His arms for *anything* but worship and adoration. And what a healing! And how rapid!

One Christian said to me, weeping, as she heard the story—"Oh I had a friend who fell in the same way (remember *mine* was not a fall—a jump). They picked her up, and two doctors and three nurses kept the breath in her for four days, but she has been an invalid in her chair unable to walk all the many years since." In my case the resisting power of Satan, retarding the healing, was not let into my thoughts or my feelings, by my being preserved in the constant stream of praise while the rapid healing went on.

It was God revealing to me the effectiveness of praise. What He had given by revelation it was now mine to have wrought out in me all the rest of my days! Glory!

Oh beloved, we are marvelously immune from the world, the flesh and the devil *while* we are in the breath of praise. We open the door for God to work *while* we are in the breath of praise. We are more than a match for the devil *while* we are in the breath of praise. Mountains are removed and cast in the midst of the sea *while* we are in the breath of praise. The devil's armies flee apace *while* we are in the breath of praise. I understand it so clearly, I can almost hear Satan saying to his cohorts, "Stop that breath of praise among them or I am defeated. I am paralyzed while they praise." Thus beloved, we see why so much of the Word is filled with command, exhortation, instruction, to praise, praise, praise.

Get your Bible and concordance and give two or three days, (it will take you that long) to looking up the words, praise, shout, victory, triumph—and see *en masse*, what God is saying to you on this subject. It will be an era in your life. From henceforth, praising you will go out of one grace into another grace, out of one glory into another glory, Hallelujah! We are all like a millionaire possessed of a *vast* capital, yet liv-

ing on a very niggardly income. We resemble the woman I met years ago in an out of the way village. Her bank deposit was sixty thousand dollars, in those days and in that locality, a fabulous wealth. They took me to see her if perchance I could do anything for her soul. The most beggarly place in the village. She was old and withered, her husband was in his dotage—everything was ragged and unkempt in the house. She was blind, her husband nearly so, and deaf. She had gotten a half witted young man from the almshouse, because he was cheapest help, to wait upon them. She was sick and now hungry and was about to send the boy to buy a pound of crackers to eat with her tea. "Bring me my strong box" she said, "hand me the key." With fumbling fingers she made to open it. Out from its heaped up gold and silver, she said, "hand me a quarter." The boy did so—"now lock the box." Done. "Now take this quarter and get me a pound of crackers and be sure you bring back the change." As he left the room she called to him, "Let me feel that quarter." She rubbed it and rubbed it between her fingers and the purse strings around her mouth grew tighter—"It feels good," she murmured. "Here John, unlock the strong box and let me put this in—the crackers I can do without." Oh how often instead of shouting for the physical healing, or the mighty revival or the saving of that notorious sinner, unbelief says down in our hearts, "I can do without." *And we do.* The old woman defeated her own wealth through her miserliness and we do it through our unbelief.

But why do you call praising and shouting, faith? Because the full fruition of faith *is* praise. We never really *take* anything from a friend—even butter that is passed us at the table, without ceasing to ask and returning thanks. A friend in England, after her wedding, was taken by her young husband, on a trip to Switzerland. Among its mountains, she received a line from her mother describing a most valuable delayed wedding gift; "Daughter acknowledge it." Of course she sat right down and thanked the giver, praising the beauty of his gift. What? sight unseen? Yes, certainly. Would not you? To man you do it constantly, but to God . . . ?

Years ago I was in the act of death from a carbuncle on the lower lobe of the brain. Knowing dissolution at hand I summoned up remaining strength to give my last messages across the seas to my missionary sister in India and my mother in America. A friend by my bedside

whipped from her pocket a notebook and caught each faltering syllable. This duty done I lapsed into unconsciousness. God then approached me and said, "In all this there has been no faith." I was made to review the hour when I was anointed for healing and stood on the *Word of God*, "I am the Lord that healeth thee." But agonies and billows of distress afterwards set in and I went under the waves, disjoined from the Word ("The Word preached did not profit them *not being mixed with faith* in them that heard it." Heb. 4:2. See also margin), and was in death, the death was not pleasing to the Lord. The words were thundered upon me, "They turned back and tempted God and *limited* the Holy One of Israel." Along with it came a little mind picture of the Omnipotent One—oh so grandly majestic! The Holy one with His hands tied; and I lying upon that bed of death, so feeble, not able to move a finger and they could not find my breath. I, limiting Him! I had tied His hands, and was keeping them tied! Impotency binding the hands of Omnipotence!! In one second I got square on the Word of God and was healed. Oh how our unbelief binds God! How the puny human interrupts the mighty God! Again and again He has to say, "You see they could not enter in because of unbelief," "Jesus could not . . . because of their unbelief." But until asking turns to praising and shouting, there is unbelief still. In an atmosphere of praise, faith is perfected, faith comes to fruition, God is let loose to work His grace and His astonishing power. "*When they began to sing and to praise (mark the hour! then) God set ambushments against the enemy.*" "It came even to pass as the trumpeters and singers were *as one*, to make *one* sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord; and *when they lifted up their voice . . .* and praised the Lord that then (mark the hour!) the house was filled with a cloud . . . so that the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud; for the glory of the Lord that filled the house of God." Such swift and marvellous descents of God in glory will be frequent with us, personally and in assemblies when we habituate passing through the prayer-zone and dwelling in the praise-zone.

God "appointed praisers" unto the Lord (2 Chron. 20:21 margin) before victory perched on Israel's banners. Such government appointments from the high court of heaven are still being made. Don't you want to have one? You can be made foreign minister from Land Celestia to benighted Earth. Under the Blood you

may apply and receive such dignity—with a palatial residence fitted up in Praise-zone for a dwelling. There the inhabitants never say, "I am sick" but they "fire a volley" at the enemy, come he in at the back door or the front. With colors streaming and "twenty thousand chariots" of their King of kings attendants—these ambassadors and high plenipotentiaries of heavenly

state, drive forth shouting, "Now thanks be unto God which *always* causeth us to triumph in Christ and maketh manifest the savour of His knowledge by us in *every place*." And the air weights with fragrance as they troop by—"looking forth as the morning," "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, terrible as an army with banners."

Signs and Wonders

The Credentials that God Gives

H. W. Mitchell, in The Stone Church, April 6, 1919.



IAVE you escaped the prayer-zone along the line of the Signs which should follow the preaching of the Gospel. You will notice I said, "should follow" because I have to confess that they do not follow in the measure that God intends they should. I do not mean to say that God is not confirming His Word, for He is; some of the signs are following, but not in the measure I am sure, that He intends. I believe we are all of the same conviction along this line. I know that there are many who oppose this teaching, and reason that God does not intend that miraculous signs should follow in this day, but the Scripture is clear and it will bear us out when we contend that it is God's will and in His order that signs and wonders shall follow the preaching of the Gospel in this day as in the Apostolic days.

In Heb. 2:4, you will find these words, "God also bearing them witness both with signs and wonders, and with divers miracles, and gifts of the Holy Ghost, according to His own will." We all understand the Apostle refers to those who heard Jesus, for He says in the previous verse the word "was confirmed unto us by those who heard Him, God also bearing them witness with signs and wonders, and divers miracles, etc.," according to His own divine will. If it was God's will to confirm His Gospel with signs and wonders to those people and to that generation, why should it not be the will of God to do so today. Some might say that it was a time when the people were so skeptical and unbelieving that God had to manifest His power in a miraculous way, by signs and wonders; by divers miracles and gifts of the Holy Ghost. If this were true then isn't it reasonable to believe that in this day it is God's will to do the same thing? Isn't it true that people are unbelieving today? Isn't it true that people are skeptical and hardened in sin? People are blinded by the things of the world, and asleep

to the things of God, and isn't it time that God comes forth in mighty power and reveals Himself?

The reason it is hard for me to preach this, is because we see so little of it. It is true, God is healing some; He is baptizing and manifesting the gifts of the Spirit, but it is so little compared to what He wants to do; little compared to what He has done, and when we read Paul's words that He is "the same, yesterday, today and forever," that means He is the same mighty Christ who healed the sick, and raised the dead, and cast out demons. He who manifested His power in His earthly ministry is the same today, and He will be the same forever. He never changes.

I believe the signs which are to follow the preaching of the Gospel are nothing more than God's credentials. When an organization sends out a preacher, it gives him credentials. He has papers revealing the fact that he is an ordained minister and has authority to preach the Gospel, to baptize and perform the functions of a minister. But friends, there is a difference between man's credentials and God's, and I believe that the signs and wonders that God promises will follow the preaching of the Gospel are nothing more than His credentials, proving to this world that these men and women are sent of God, and the miracles are evidence of His calling. We need that God shall give us some clear evidence to the fact that He is behind us. You remember when Jesus started out in His ministry there came a voice from heaven saying, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." God verified the fact that Jesus was His Son; the people heard His voice, and today God wants to speak to this sleeping world through signs and wonders and miracles of the Holy Ghost. He wants to prove that these men and women are divinely ordained to preach the everlasting Gospel to this dying world, by working through them.

If you will turn to the third chapter of Ex-

odus you will find an account of God calling Moses. You will notice how God dealt with him. In verse 2 we read, "And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush: and he looked, and behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed." God appeared in the fire; and we notice all through the Word that when God revealed Himself it was by fire. At Mt. Sinai the whole mountain was enveloped in fire and smoke, and as the voice of the trumpet sounded louder and louder, God came down in the midst of the fire. In Hebrews we read, "Our God is a consuming fire; and in Kings, "And God answered by fire." On the day of Pentecost the Holy Ghost came and God revealed Himself by tongues of fire. When Jesus returns, the Word says He will be revealed in flaming fire. I believe God wants to appear to the church today as He did in the days of the prophets and apostles, in fire, and the people will be attracted. You know there is something very attractive about a fire. You will see the women run out of their houses clad in their cooking aprons. They would not be seen on the street that way if they were not excited. The men will quit their business and the boys their play, to go to a fire.

When God appeared in the burning bush and the bush was not consumed, Moses said, "I will now turn aside and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt." He was curious, and if God comes, as He did at Pentecost, in flaming fire, the people will be attracted. They will wonder and come out of curiosity. As Moses drew near through curiosity, God spoke to him out of the bush and out of the fire, and I find when the real fire of God falls, and people come to see, they are attracted, and God out of that will speak to them. It may sometimes seem confusing to people of the world, and peculiar, but our God will speak to them as He did to Moses. Beloved, it is time for us as a church to awaken and come before the throne of God with all the earnestness of our souls and plead for the Lord to come forth and confirm the Word with signs and wonders, and divers miracles and gifts of the Holy Ghost.

When Moses drew near the Lord spoke to him, "Moses, I want to send you to Pharaoh. Go down into Egypt to deliver My people. I hear their cry, I have seen their distress." And Moses began to excuse himself, and say, "Who am I that I should go unto Pharaoh, and that I should bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt?" And the Lord said, "Tell them the

great I AM hath sent you." You will notice this is the same "I am" with which Jesus sent them forth, when He said, "Lo, I am with you alway." Moses said, "Lord, they will not believe that Thou hast sent me." And the Lord said unto him, "What is that in thine hand? And he said, A rod. And He said, Cast it on the ground. And he cast it on the ground and it became a serpent; and Moses fled from before it." Then the Lord told him to take it up and it again became a rod. God also performed other signs to prove that He would be with Moses, and said that those signs would be given to convince the people that God had sent him. These signs were identical with the signs Jesus said should follow His disciples in Mark 16:16, 18.

Moses had been away from Egypt for forty years, and he told the Lord he could not speak fluently. That is easily understood. You go away from your native country where you haven't heard the language for forty years and you will find it hard to speak it after that time, but the Lord told him that He who had made the dumb to speak would teach him what to say. These were to be signs not only to Moses but to the people that God would be with him and work through him. So we see today that it is God's order that these mighty signs and wonders follow the preaching of the Word to convince the ungodly and the skeptical that God is today just the same as in the days of the apostles. Now we find in Mark 16:16-18 that Jesus said these signs should follow them that believe. Some wise men (?) of our day try to assert that these last four or five verses in Mark are not in the original, but supposed to have been added by the translators. Whether or not they were in the original, we know they came to pass in the Acts of the apostles, just as was stated in the last verse,—they went everywhere preaching the Gospel, the Lord working with them, confirming the word with signs following. Jesus not only sent His disciples out, but gave them credentials to convince the people that He sent them.

Let us notice especially here the sign of laying hands on the sick. We find in the third chapter of Acts an account of Peter and John going up to the temple at the hour of prayer, and as they were about to enter the gate of the temple they found a poor man, lame from his birth, who put forth his hand and asked for alms. Peter said, "Silver and gold have I none. But such as I have give I unto thee. In the name of Jesus of Nazareth rise up and walk."

The lame man rose to his feet, leaping and praising God before all the multitude gathered in the temple. They recognized him as the lame man who had been there probably for years, now leaping and praising God, and they cried out, "What meaneth this?"

Oh beloved, what we need in this church; what we need all over this city of Chicago, and all over the world, is God's mighty sign of healing; that He might stretch forth His hand and that the people might be delivered before the eyes of all.

Now we find it brought great persecution, and it will today. - It will put you in a false light before the world; the enemies of God will not only hate you but they will oppose you in the work God calls you to do. The high priest in the first century sent down a band of officials and arrested Peter and John, and brought them up into the court, and the lame man instead of getting afraid and running off, followed them. We want God to do a work in people's hearts that when they are benefitted through the Gospel, instead of shirking and running away from the persecution, they will stand for God and those whom God can use to be a blessing to the world. This man could have run off and gotten away from them all, but it is evident that he followed Peter and John up into the court-room, for the record states, "And they, beholding the man who was healed standing with them, could say nothing against it. But when they had commanded them to go aside out of the council, they conferred among themselves, saying, What shall we do to these men? for that indeed a notable miracle hath been done by them is manifest to all them that dwell in Jerusalem; and we cannot deny it." It was before their very eyes, the miracle that God wrought, giving evidence to the fact that these disciples were called and sent by Him. But in order that it spread no further, they decided to threaten them. Beloved, if the people are attracted and brought to Jesus Christ it must be through the mighty, supernatural working and moving upon the people in the way of healing and filling with the Holy Ghost. You can stir up a religious excitement and a great hurrah but in a few months it dies out, and you see no result of it, but we want the mighty movings of God's Spirit; that He Himself shall do a work that will live on and on. Then if Jesus tarries and we live for some years hence, it will abide. May God come forth and give us credentials.

We read in Acts 5 there were many signs and wonders wrought among the people. How were

these multitudes brought to Jesus? It was through God's agency the Holy Ghost. How are the multitudes to be brought to Jesus today? It will be through the mighty workings of God's Holy Spirit. Oh that you could feel it as I feel it in my heart this afternoon, to pray that God might come forth and show His power, no matter whether I have anything to do with it or not.

You will notice in Acts 8 an account of a revival at Samaria. In the fifth verse Philip went down and preached Christ unto them, and the people gave heed unto the things which Philip spake, hearing and seeing the miracles which he did. The people were brought to Christ not only by hearing the Word, but by seeing the miracles which he did. What were they? Seventh verse: "For unclean spirits, crying with loud voice, came out of many which were possessed with them; and many taken with palsies, and that were lame were healed. And there was great joy in that city." I was impressed as I read this Scripture, where unclean spirits cried with a loud voice. I cannot think of one Scripture where the Holy Ghost cried out but every instance where it says that the spirit cried out has reference to an evil spirit. I would not care to be positive about this but as much as I can remember of the Word of God, I believe this is the case. I know of some who came to the altar who seemed to be torn in their bodies and screamed, and it was repelling to look upon, but they were delivered. The unclean spirit came out, crying with a loud voice. There is a difference between God's emblem of the Holy Ghost, the Dove, and the unclean spirit that cries with a loud voice. We all know, of course, that there is a shouting and praising God in the Holy Ghost, as well as supplication and agonizing prayer, but the Holy Ghost does not tear and rend people. There were times when Jesus silenced the devil and there are times when I feel like praying, "Lord, give me that power to silence the devil."

Sometimes when we talk on the power of Christ we feel so powerless, but I believe God is going to lead us up, as He reveals to us our own failure and what He can do, to the place where He can put His mighty power upon us and use us for His glory. I love to talk about Jesus, but I feel there is something more than preaching. We need the mighty movings of God's Holy Spirit to convict an ungodly world of its sin and unbelief. I do not find any scripture that would in any way teach that it was ever God's will to withdraw this power that was given to the dis-

ciples. I know there are some who will quote from I. Cor. 13, "tongues shall cease," and "prophecies shall fail" but we understand that to be when that which is perfect is come.

Then the question arises: Why have we not that power today? No doubt it is because the church has relied on its own resources instead of depending on God. When we lay ourselves wholly on the altar for God to work and have His way, I believe He will come forth, and that His power will be manifested. Then what are we to do? I believe we should follow the example of the Early Church right after the lame man was healed. It is very easy after we see people healed, and victories are gained, to rest in the past blessings and settle down, but the Early Church did not do that. When Peter and John were set free from the council, they came back to their own company and told them of the threatening of the priests. Then the whole church came together and lifted up their voice to God in prayer with one accord, and at

the close of it they prayed, "And now Lord, behold their threatenings; and grant unto Thy servants that with all boldness they may speak Thy word, by stretching forth Thine hand to heal; and that signs and wonders may be done by the name of Thy holy child Jesus." This church recognized their need of God showing forth signs and wonders, and I believe that we as a church who come under the name of Pentecost should feel the need of going down before God today with this prayer: "Lord, stretch forth Thy hand to heal." You remember this prayer was uttered before the real outburst of God's glory came. And as they prayed the place was shaken and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost and spoke the Word of God with boldness. May we as a church continue to pray until God answers, and mighty signs and wonders are manifested; until God's credentials are given to convince the world that we are ordained and sent of God. The Lord help us to pray until the signs follow in Jesus' Name.

A Forward Step of Faith

Canton, China, Miss Bertha Milligan writes, is undergoing a complete change. Large new buildings, three and four stories high, are now being built regardless of the wind and water devils. One building being erected is nine stories high, and the streets are being widened for street cars.

The widening of the streets will necessitate the moving of the Pentecostal Mission in that city, as the building that has been rented for that purpose, which is on a street that is called Straight, will have to be torn down. Miss Milligan writes: "One thing is sure; we are being pushed out of our present home, but I believe God wants the people of Canton to have the saving power of Jesus Christ preached to them, and that one should have a place to sing and shout the praises of God in a Pentecostal fashion. I believe I dare, with the help of our Chinese church, step out on one of God's promises and make the first payment on a piece of property, for the need is great, and it seems that the time has come for something to be done. Others have trusted God and have obtained results, so why can not we?"

"The Lord is blessing in the work; poured out His Spirit in the prayer meeting last night, and we had a large crowd who had climbed up and were looking in at the windows. They quietly behaved themselves so we let them look and listen, for there was not room for them all inside. The Lord wonderfully blessed the jail work."

Canton is a very important center, and there is a strong work there under Miss Milligan and Miss Lettie Ward. Let us uphold it with our prayers and encourage the hearts of these faithful ones. Miss Milligan is one of the pioneer Pentecostal Missionaries to South China. Her name isn't often seen in Pentecostal papers, but a "filled room with a large crowd listening at the windows" is sufficient proof that God owns her ministry.

* * *

It is said that there are a million and a half of Russian and Polish Jews on their way to Palestine. No longer able to endure the persecution and the massacres, they are traveling in great caravans miles long, "old men and women staggering along under heavy bundles, plod patiently on by the side of children, young husbands and mothers with tiny babes in their arms."

* * *

A railroad is being planned to extend from London to Jerusalem, proposed line to pass through Calais, France to Turkey. The "Oriental Express" from Ostend, Belgium, to Constantinople before the war, will shortly resume operations again.

* * *

"The sainted missionary, Henry Martin, won the grandest title given to mortal man, 'The man that never wasted an hour of his life.'"

The Latter Rain Evangel

3635 Michigan Avenue - - - - - Chicago, Ill., U. S. A

Published Monthly on the Fifteenth by
The Evangel Publishing House

Subscription Price

TO ANY PART \$1.00 (4s-2d) per year in advance
OF THE WORLD .50 (2s-1d) six months in advance

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Notes

Earnest of Coming Days

BY the time this issue reaches the majority of our readers, the Eleventh Annual Pentecostal Convention of the Stone Church (May 11-25) will be well under way. Arrangements are made for two meetings daily, 2:30 and 7:45, but if thought desirable as the meetings progress, more can be arranged for later.

We are believing for blessed victory for souls who come needing help, and there is a spirit of expectancy upon the people. Already God has given us an earnest of coming blessings. Sunday, April 27th, was a day signally marked by the presence of the Holy Spirit. From the first meeting to the last we were conscious that God was there, in an unusual way, and in the evening Pentecost came down in a shower. The secret was prayer. Four young men met to pray five minutes. The Spirit came upon them and they praised for an hour, the joy running over into the evening meeting. Oh what refreshing! When God comes down and takes control what a weight is lifted from those who have the burden of the work! It is easy to give the message in such an atmosphere. How spontaneous the praise that overflows! No urging the people to witness, but the well of water within bubbles over, and quickens the famished one by your side. Praise God with us for the overflow that is coming at our Convention gathering. Then come with your umbrella down and your gaze upward, and God will meet you.

For the Worker "Over there"

From the regions beyond the call comes continually for men and means; men and means. Both are available if the spirit of sacrifice governs the church. Yielded lives, yielded purse-strings, yielded intercessors to pray out workers and means! This is the need in this crisis hour. When we mark the enthusiasm of the world over a Liberty Loan campaign or a "Tag Day," and see the zeal and enterprise with which these are launched, we wonder why the Children of Light are so indifferent to the Great Commission given them. Many have even lost the meaning of the word "sacrifice" and forget so easily that some of our brothers and sisters in the field are straining every nerve to meet their obligations. They have failed to realize that the prices which have doubled in this country have *more than trebled* over there. They have forgotten that many of our missionaries are still living in mud houses, under leaky roofs, enduring privations which nothing could reconcile them to but a God-given call and a burning love to be like Him who left a throne for a cross.

There has been a very material dropping off of our missionary offerings, which causes us real solicitude. We ask our readers to pray that there may be no loss to the missionaries on the field. Our only concern is for them. There are a number of God's own whose needs are supplied through this channel, who we fear would otherwise be neglected, and for these we are solicitous.

We are in full sympathy with every orthodox, evangelical work, and especially that which is along full Gospel lines, but our care and solicitude is for our dear Pentecostal missionaries who have gone out expecting that the rope-holders at home will not forget we are co-workers together.

The whole world is touched by the cry of hunger and famine that comes to us especially from Armenia and India, but if a large portion of the missionary offerings are designated for this purpose, our missionaries themselves will go hungry. So we trust that those sending in to the missionary distributing centers will not withhold from their regular gifts to the missionaries in order to give to these other sources, but if their hearts go out to the starving that they will make an *additional* offering for this purpose. We will be glad to accept Liberty Bonds or War Savings Stamps for the mission field. Offerings will be sent to whomsoever designated, or if left to us we will place in a very needy field.

Dedication of Nawabganj Church

WRITING regarding the new station at Haranja, and the way the Lord proved that the opening of this station was of Him, Brother Harvey says the two native workers he has placed there are well accepted by the people who are open to listen to the Gospel. Also, the high officials say they are glad for a mission to be opened in Haranja. The Indian brethren are building two cottages of three rooms each, with veranda and courtyard. We quote from his letter this stimulating paragraph which will encourage the hearts who are praying God to work in the heathen lands:

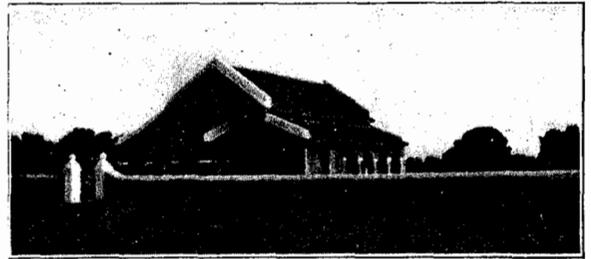
"Whether the world at large is changing or not I do not know, but there certainly is a great change in the people around Nawabganj. It is not quite a year since we arrived back here, and during this time the attitude of the people has changed marvelously. There is no longer fear in their hearts, and we have no doubt but what the Lord wanted us to take over the work here. We have been able to branch out from here, and I am certain that we have as yet only just begun. It is blessed to be in His will."

The new church at Nawabganj was dedicated March 2nd. Miss Parker writes of this impressive service:

"Brother Dean and Brother Boyce, Mrs. Denney, Miss Helmbrecht and Miss McLeod came for over Sunday. In the morning I went to the village, where I have my Sunday School, and invited them to come; Mrs. Harvey invited her's also. The preachers and school children, with some others, went on a march through four villages, singing God's praises as they went; then they came back to the church and filled the front of it. Others flocked in and in a short time it was filled, even to the verandas and windows, about three hundred people. Best of all the power of God was there! Brother Harvey preached on the dedication of the temple, and then told how Samuel was given to the Lord, and asked if any wanted to dedicate their children to the Lord. The native preachers brought up their little ones, nine in number; then the Harvey baby was dedicated to God's service. In a few minutes a heathen woman from Mrs. Harvey's village came with a baby and bowed her head for prayer. Then others brought their dirty, filthy, ragged little ones, to have God's blessing upon them. Some were very serious; others didn't know what it meant to bring those little ones to Him, but God knew and we believe that His Spirit moved on

the mothers' hearts to bring them to Him. He is working in the villages about us. A year ago the people would not have come like this.

"After about half the children were prayed for, a very sick man from my Sunday School village, came to the altar. He knelt down and kissed the floor and asked for prayer. They prayed for him and he seemed happier. I have been here nearly a year now and I love these people better every day. It pays for workers to stay in one place. Nawabganj is only a new station, just seven years old; these villages have been gone over and over and over, and it has seemed so dark, but now the light is coming. There has been a difference since Christmas, and they seem to know that we love them. Brother Harvey is much loved by all.



NEW CHURCH AT NAWABGANJ

"The Lord could work this way in many a village, but there are no *missionaries*. Millions are passing into eternity without Him, all because there is no one to tell them. My burden has been for staunch, true men and women of God who will go through with Him. Those who are not afraid to lift a hand to bathe a putrid sore, or take a sick, oily, dirty baby on their knee. God can use such people in India.

While I was having my afternoon lesson with the pundit I heard Mrs. Harvey say that one of the women had been stung by a scorpion, and when I had finished I went out where they were. They had prayed but it was like a stone wall before them. A devil-worshipper (a heathen woman) sat at the feet of the woman holding one foot, and looking oh so demoniacal! The woman stung was shaking all over, just convulsed with pain. Shortly the devil-worshipper got up and went away, and we gathered around and prayed, pleading the blood of Jesus and the power of His Name. Soon the afflicted one said, "In Jesus' Name there is victory." For two hours she suffered untold agony and then Jesus came and touched her. At her request we had her carried to her home, and she went praising Jesus. It was a black scorpion, and she was stung in two places. God prom-

ised to exalt Jesus among the heathen, and He does.

"I have a Dorcas class of twenty-one women (not all Christians) who meet every Tuesday to sew for the poor.

"The hot winds have started to come and the sand just pours into the house. Next week the roof will be taken off and a new one put on. We need it badly; in fact, need a whole new bungalow. The Lord is able to give it to us."

Showers Falling in So. China

THE missionaries in South China have been availing themselves of Brother Casley's visit there by having a special series of meetings at Sainam. A number of the mission stations in the vicinity closed their meetings and took their workers to Sainam for a refreshing, and were not disappointed. Miss Phoebe Holmes writes of blessing received at their station through these meetings:

"Waang Kong is always reaching out when it comes to taking all they can in the way of God's blessing, for our native preacher was about the first one to receive the baptism of the Spirit. He lay under the power from about three in the afternoon until eleven at night, praising God and speaking in tongues. Then a day or so later, his son, a lad of thirteen, received. Then on Sunday morning during the communion service, his wife just opened her mouth wide and God filled it. She received a blessed baptism, speaking in tongues and singing in the Spirit. In the afternoon several of our school girls were slain by the power of God; also a young man who was saved in our mission but living in Sainam, who sought the Holy Spirit for several years, was baptized in a wonderful way.

"We all returned home on Monday, and on Monday night after Bible study, we were all praising God, and the preacher's boy arose and under the power of the Spirit said, 'Let every one please stand and sing.' As we did so the power fell especially on two Christian soldiers, one of whom received a mighty baptism. The meeting lasted until four in the morning. Last night at our prayer meeting we stood up to sing, 'Whiter Than Snow,' and God again came in our midst in mighty power. There was no need of preaching. The Holy Ghost took charge. There were eleven slain at one time. Oh such dancing, singing, shouting, weeping, repenting and speaking in tongues! The power of God was strongly on the two soldiers. The one who

had received the baptism the night before had been a member of the Holiness Mission, and as one of the lads stood praying I knew there was something hindering him. Soon he reached in his pocket and drew out a package of cigarettes, throwing them clear across the room. Another cried out confessing his sins and saying, 'I know You are the only true God. You don't wish any to perish but want all to come to You and live.' He danced and sang and danced alternately, but had to go on duty before he got through. Four others received their baptism that night. Oh I cannot describe it! God bent very low and opened heaven's windows to our souls. Eight of our precious girls were slain by the power at one time, our preacher's daughter, our language teacher's two eldest daughters, and another of the school girls all received the baptism. I wish you could have seen them with their hands raised to heaven, blessing and praising God, weeping or laughing as moved by the Spirit. One little lad of eight years danced with his hand raised to heaven and the tears streaming down his cheeks.

"We came home from the Sainam meetings to rest, having had services there four times daily, but the Spirit is controlling things; we cannot stop it and don't want to. My own soul is drawn out after God as it seems it hasn't been for a very long time. As some one says, 'Little faith will take us to heaven, but big faith will bring heaven down to us,' and as faith is the gift of God, we can have it for the asking."

* * *

Miss Christina B. Heron, Saharanpur, writing under date of March 12th, says:

Greetings in the Name of Jesus! In these days of unrest and strife how comforting the words "Under His shadow we dwell among the heathen." We are proving the truth of those words and realize that although the heathen may rage yet God is over all and we are in safety. We have much to praise God for these days for the precious way He is working in hearts of men and women and causing them to see the truth of His Word and the necessity of being ready for the Coming of the Lord.

The work among the dear Railway people is going on and we are encouraged at the precious way some are progressing in their experience. They are learning to look to the Lord for healing instead of to the doctor. Only this morning we were called out to pray for a sister and her little girl who were attacked with fever

and as we prayed God gave deliverance. What a change God has wrought in that home. The husband and father was for eight years an infidel and defied God in such a way that the men he worked with used to be afraid to remain in the room with him. But God has saved him and now where it used to be curses he can praise God and is now giving his testimony. His changed life is a testimony to those he is working with, and he is seeking the Baptism of the Spirit.

Last Sunday morning we had a very sweet little service in the home of an Indian Christian who is now working for us as a preacher. He had gathered about twenty-five Indian Christians together and our hearts were filled with praise as we united in worship with them for we felt that God was beginning a deeper work in many of their hearts, for sad to say, many of them were Christian only in name. We have rented a little room where we can gather them together and are going to hold regular meetings among them. Pray that God may bless and establish this part of the work, for that has been the prayer of my heart for years that there might be a real Indian Church established along Pentecostal lines.

He Fought a good Fight



THE Pentecostal Movement has suffered a severe loss in the home-going of one of its strongest missionaries, Brother C. H. Schoonmaker, who had a large field of usefulness before him in the work that God had committed to him, the great district of Navapur with a population of over 30,000 in densest, heathen darkness. He was taken suddenly in the midst of a most busy life, poured out for the Master, and while to his family and the work the loss seems irreparable, God, whose eye is over all His work, can fill the vacancy.

When the founder of The Stone Church laid down his earthly labors in the very prime of life, it seemed a loss which, humanly speaking, could not be reconciled, and when one in deepest agony of spirit said, "Lord, why did you permit it?" He answered her, "That I might use a weaker vessel." And it was even so. How often does He permit the strong to be taken and prove Himself a tower of strength to the frail, the weak and the helpless.

We believe He will put a double portion of His Spirit upon our dear Sister Schoonmaker, who was called to India and graciously used

Another part of the work that is very encouraging is the Sunday School we have for the children of the members of the Assembly. How important it is to get the little children these days and to teach them the precious Word. It is so sweet to see the little tots coming in and to hear them sing their little songs. One man testifies to the joy there is in his home and how the little ones are always singing hymns and praises to God instead of worldly songs, and when they are sick want to be prayed for.

Along with the blessings there are always the testings. The landlord of the house in which the work has been for the past five years has given us notice to leave as he himself wants to come here to live. He is a Hindu and we feel that he will never come here to live. Just at present there are no other houses vacant so we are at a loss to know what to do. But we are sure that God will undertake in some way for us and for the dear hungry hearts of Saharanpur and will either hold this place for us or open another very soon.

We covet your prayers for the work that God may be glorified and many more souls find salvation and perfect cleansing in the precious blood.

there years before her marriage, and on their return a year ago, her call was quite distinct from that of her husband's. She feels the burden of the work her husband laid down, and we ask our readers to pray for her and her six fatherless children.

We are glad to publish the following from one who was in touch with our deceased brother's life and ministry through a number of years:

In Memoriam

Once again our ranks have been broken; once again the call has come from God for prayer and humiliation; once again God has spoken to the whole Pentecostal Church at home concerning the great need of prayer and sacrifice on the part of the saints for the mission field; for the death of Brother Schoonmaker has come like a great shock to the Pentecostal saints, and especially to the Indian missionaries at home who knew him so well.

We know that India needed him; his beloved wife needed him; his six small children needed him; the missionaries needed him; the Pentecostal work in India needed him, and yet we

can wholly trust God, knowing that He doeth all things well.

But brethren, who will step into the breach? Where is the man whom God can send forth into India's white, white harvest to take his place, who will say, "Lord, here am I. Send me"? And where are the men and women who will earnestly pray for India at this time, and for Mrs. Schoonmaker and the six wee ones, that God will keep them and supply their every need?

It is with a very full heart that I write, for I knew Mr. Schoonmaker before he went to India the first time, as a student at Nyack, N. Y., when in preparation for the field. We both sailed for India the first time in the Fall of 1907. Mr. Schoonmaker left America just four weeks before I did, and when I landed in Bombay a month after he landed, almost the first words that greeted my ears were that he was very ill with an attack of malarial fever. Those were the early days of Pentecost and God was pouring out His Spirit upon India at that time. Mr. Schoonmaker was one of the most ardent seekers after God. Indeed, I believe he sought God more earnestly than any other missionary at first, and after some weeks of waiting upon God, he was mightily baptized with the Holy Ghost, being one of the first Indian missionaries to receive. He could say with Paul, "I have fought a good fight. I have kept the faith," for from the day he was baptized with the Holy Ghost he never once turned aside from the precious truth of Pentecost.

Brother Schoonmaker took a year, apart from the Alliance work and the native work, to present Pentecost to the various missionaries and mission stations throughout India. He was very earnest in this work, believing that God had a special anointing for each missionary for these last days. Surely his work during that year was owned and honored of God, for a great number of missionaries received the baptism of the Spirit and also much blessing through his ministry.

Mr. Schoonmaker with his party, came to our station at Kaira, Gujarat, where we were seeking God with all our hearts. At that time, Mrs. Schoonmaker (then Miss Dunham) and I were rooming together, and it was during his meetings at our mission house that we both sought and received the baptism. No words could ever tell the blessing of those days! A little more than a year later, having completed his tour among the missionaries, Mr. Schoonmaker returned to Gujarat, and a few weeks later

he and Miss Dunham were married. For some months they lived in the Pentecostal Home in the city of Bombay. Later, Mrs. Schoonmaker came to America on furlough, and he returned to Dholka, Gujarat, where he had charge of the Boys' School in the Alliance Mission. After Mrs. Schoonmaker returned to India from her furlough, they had charge of the work among the native boys in the Boys' School at Dholka, and while they were there I attended a Conference for native Christians at their station. At



MRS. SCHOONMAKER AND FIVE OF HER CHILDREN

this time God poured out His Spirit, and many of the Christians were drawn nearer to Him. I was deeply impressed with the touch of God upon Mr. Schoonmaker's life at this time. For several years he had charge of the Boys' School, taking all the responsibility of the boys of all ages that had been rescued in the great famine of 1900. In this he was nobly assisted by Mrs. Schoonmaker, who was always ready to help in the schools, preaching services, correspondence, etc.

After a few years of work in Dholka among the boys, Mr. Schoonmaker's furlough being due, and because of weariness and suffering from malarial fever, they decided to return to America. Before they left they visited our station at Kaira, where I was working in the Girls' School. The inspiration of that visit is still with me. What times of fellowship and prayer!

For three years God kept them in the work in America, and then came the call, clear and definite to each to return to the land of their adoption. For a year they worked in India's whitened harvest fields, when Mr. Schoonmaker

was stricken with small-pox, and although much prayer was offered, God took him to Himself. During the two weeks of intense suffering, Mrs. Schoonmaker writes that he never murmured, but constantly prayed, "Just to know Thee better, Lord." Even in this awful sickness the longing of his heart was that God might be glorified.

Beloved, is not this a call to prayer for India? Did you ever face death in that awful climate alone, away from wife and children? Have any of us really sacrificed very much for Jesus? In these last days is not God calling us to greater sacrifice, to greater prayer for the missionaries? Should we not lay aside this life of ease for one of strenuous toil?

Do let us pray for Mrs. Schoonmaker and the six little ones in this dark hour. I know full well that she will take up the work just where he laid it down, for she not only has the language and the ability to give forth the Gospel, but is a real missionary, with heart and soul on fire for India.

Sara Coxé.

* * *

Intercessors Needed for Russia



IN a heart to heart talk with his readers, the editor of *The Friend of Russia* in the November issue tells of the terrible conditions existing in Russia, which, according to recent statements in the papers have not abated:

GOD IS LOVE—RUSSIA SHOULD KNOW IT.

With a bleeding heart we come to pen these lines. Thus far, we have said but very little in *The Friend of Russia* about the awful conditions prevailing in Russia just now. We wanted to spare our readers the heartrending pictures which are being painted, not on canvas, but with human blood on the very lives of the Russian people.

Ever since the Revolution, we have been following the developments yonder with a growing anxiety. We have been made once more to feel the tremendous truth of the words of Jesus, "Whosoever committeth sin is a slave of sin. . . If the Son, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." (John 8:34-36.)

How deceived have millions of people become, hoping and trusting for real freedom, but when brought face to face with the real facts, they find they have been beating the wind.

We are led to conclude, from all we hear and know, that Russia has never in all her history experienced anything like the present tragedy. We almost believe that the writer's ink would not record all the crimes and outrageous things that have taken place. Indeed, it seems the time has

come when father has risen up against son and son against father, and when the enemies of a man are those of his own household.

Mention these things we must, and we do it so that our readers may realize the need of their prayers. If the American Christians and others ever prayed for Russia and the perishing Russian people, they should pray now. We would urge ministers to communicate this statement to their churches and call for special Prayer Meetings throughout the land. We ask individual Christians to gather in their homes and agonize before God on behalf of the 182,000,000 suffering Russians.

A Russian paper just received tells only a little bit of the story of Russia's trouble. A correspondent, who has been in Russia and has just returned, informs us that the present terror supersedes all the terrible things of the French Revolution. The number of slain officers in Moscow during one month has been greater than the total number of aristocrats who perished during the terror of the Jacobinites.

Capital punishment by shooting in Moscow has taken place openly in the street. The dead bodies were thrown en masse into the River Moscow. In parts of the city, for instance, in the region of the Kuznetsky Bridge, and at a place called the Pure Lakes, the whole atmosphere has been contaminated from these murders. Many sailors are openly boasting that the killing of people has become, as it were, a habit, just the same as one accustomed to the use of Morphine.

At the same time, theaters, cafe-shantanes and underground rooms are filled with the merry-making public for whom this merry-making has become a kind of sickness. The use of cocaine has spread exceedingly among the younger classes also.

The above is just a very small citation from one copy of a Russian paper. It, naturally, fills us with trembling awe, but what must it be to be there in the very reality? We are led to conclude that human life in Russia has become very cheap. The very life, imaginations and aspirations of the people are becoming poisoned more and more, and this in spite of the tremendous, almost immeasurable, capacity of the Russian people for religion and for God.

The Russian people have almost forgotten, it seems to us, that God is Love, or that such a thing as pure, unselfish love still exists in the world. Their hearts have become harrowed by the awful things happening, until now there is probably not a whole spot left; but Oh! what must be the result if a number of men and women, filled with the love of God, should go out to these dying and unhappy people and tell them that there is still hope, tell them that there is still One in Heaven who sympathizes with them and who sacrificed His own Son to bring men back to Life and His Father's House?

Pray, Friends! Pray, Brothers and Sisters!

Pray! Churches, Pray! Young People's Societies, Pray! Student Volunteers, Pray! You who are ready to go out, should the way open, Pray!

In spite of her being rent by internal strife, civil war raging everywhere; in spite of pestilence and famine—cholera every day carrying away hundreds of its victims, and thousands perishing from hunger; everywhere doors are open to the Gospel; everywhere people buy literature. "The nation is very thirsty for God," and those who have returned from military service and from Siberian exile are working unceasingly, distributing Gospels and tracts, and even preaching on the streets and in parks, something prohibited under the old régime.

As an example of the zeal of one of Pastor Fetler's personal workers, while in military service, "the moment he was put on guard duty on the battle-ship, he would begin testifying about Jesus to some of his comrades, who, one after another quickly turned to the Lord. That so enraged the priests and incited the commanders, that he was put in prison, and as his fellow-prisoners there were getting saved, he was transferred to a military hospital, on the ground that he was beside himself. He had been there but a few days when other patients heard his passionate, loving testimony of saving grace and found peace and healing for their souls." Would to God that more would be beside themselves with such a heavenly zeal for souls.

When Pastor Fetler was banished from his country, he left a number of spiritual children to take up the work he had been compelled to lay down. Among them was Sergei Hochlof, who afterwards became the acting pastor of the church of Dom Evangelia. The story of this man's life, before and after his conversion, is one of marked contrast. He was practically a revolutionary, living with a woman to whom he was not married, and recognizing neither the laws of God nor his country. When they were saved they were both married, and he at once became a diligent student of the Bible. "He showed a gift for testimony and the spirit of

wisdom in church matters, and was elected lay preacher. He was a workingman in a factory in Petrograd. As he had to be at work very early in the morning, he would get up at five or half-past four to spend an hour with the Bible, so as to be strong for the duties of the day, before he would proceed to his factory. After the pastors were banished from Russia, the church of the Dom Evangelia was compelled to elect another leader, and this brother had so grown in grace and in the knowledge of the Word that he was unanimously elected acting pastor, which post he has zealously and faithfully occupied during the entire period of the war as well as during the present internal troubles of that nation." He writes to Pastor Fetler of how the whole church is longing for his return, and that he might bring with him other missionaries, and says, "Do not procrastinate, for Russia more than ever before, and perhaps more than at any time in the future, is open for the Gospel. The great opportunity may be lost."

Paul Rader says he believes the next revival will be in Russia; that Russia has been waiting all these years, and the minute the match is touched it will go off like a prairie fire.

Our readers have expressed their deep interest in this giant nation, and its spiritual needs, and we trust that God will raise up intercessors in our ranks to pray a mighty, Holy Ghost revival upon that stricken land from center to circumference. Pastor Fetler tells us that thirty students of the Russian Bible Institute at Philadelphia have finished the course and are ready to go forth this summer if the way opens for their transportation and equipment. This last great open door must have the Gospel in its fulness ere the dark night of tribulation wraps its mantle around this sleeping world. There are precious jewels hidden in the mire of Greek Catholicism, anarchy, Bolshevism, and crime, which when cleansed by the blood of Jesus and polished by the sanctifying fires of the Holy Spirit will equal in brilliancy the noble men and women who planted the Gospel there amid stripes, imprisonment and banishment.

The Baptismal Formula

W. W. Simpson.

I AM deeply interested in the question of water baptism. The Lord has blessed me very much in breaking away from the traditions of men the trammels of so-called "orthodox theology."

I am convinced that water baptism does not mean as much to us of the present time as it did

to believers in the days of the early church. In fact it has come to be a mere "form of godliness" without the power that accompanied it in the beginning. Anything that will restore it to its place as a real preparation which led up to the actual receiving of the Spirit is deserving of a warm welcome by the saints who desire to over-

come the lukewarm or apostate conditions of the present time. Moreover, I believe it is the Spirit who has focussed the attention of multitudes of Spirit filled people on the subject of baptism. With Spirit baptism restored to its pristine place and power what more natural and logical than to turn next to water baptism?

But when saints turn away from considering the essential *meaning* of baptism to discussing the *formula* the logical result is that instead of escaping the toils of formalism we get deeper into them. When we teach that baptism, in order to be Scriptural and meet the Lord's approval, *must* be done while repeating the words "I baptize you in the name of Jesus Christ," or, "I baptize you in the Name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost," we are simply formalists of a most pronounced type. And in emphasizing the formula we draw attention away from the essential thing, i. e. the attitude of the heart toward God.

In order to prove that the Name of Jesus is not intended to be used as a formula, or at least has no efficacy as a formula we have but to turn to Matt. 1:22, 23 and Acts 19:13.

To do a thing in the Name of Jesus is simply to do it in His authority, as the seventy did in Luke 10:17. Compare Luke 9:1, remembering the seventy were sent "also," that is with similar powers as the twelve.

The literal translation of Matt. 28:19 is, "baptizing them *into* the Name," etc., which means those baptized are to pass out of the dominion of self into the authority of the Father, Son, and Spirit. Acts 2:38 says, "Be baptized in the Name of Jesus Christ," which means that they were to be in His authority and no longer under the dominion of self. The reason why the Father and the Spirit are mentioned in the former but not in the latter is that Jesus had now ascended, taken His seat on the Throne of God, with "all authority in heaven and earth," in His hands, "both Lord and Christ," therefore His authority was now commensurate with the authority formerly vested in Father, Son, and Spirit. There was no change in personality but a real and radical change in authority. With "all authority given into His actual possession the "Name of Jesus Christ" must include exactly as much authority as was formerly included in the "Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," not because He is all there is of God, but because all the authority of God is now possessed by the glorified Son.

It is not the form of words repeated over a

man at baptism that makes that act valid and effectual; it is his passing out of the dominion of sin and the flesh and self into that of the Lord Jesus. "Into the Name" is used three times, Matt. 28:19; Acts 8:16; 19:5; "In the Name" twice, Acts 2:38 and 10:48. "Into" refers more to the act of passing into a new authority while "In" looks more at the result of the act, no longer in the dominion of self and sin but resting safe in the authority of the Lord.

I believe there is nothing more grieving to the Lord than this present division of His people over the baptismal formula. What difference does the formula make anyway? The important thing is to get the one baptized out of self into Christ, and the formula has nothing to do with that. It is the attitude of heart represented as "Repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ," that is the important thing. Where there is genuine Bible repentance and faith, baptism will be a real passing out of the dominion of sin through a real death of self into the authority of the Lord Jesus where He exercises His lordship over us by the Spirit. All agitating the question of formula simply takes the mind away from the important thing.

To regard the "Name of the Lord Jesus" as a formula would necessitate our constant repetition of those words at every turn of our daily tasks, saying, "I do this in the Name of the Lord Jesus" for every act and every word of our lives, for Col. 3:17 says, "whatsoever ye do in word or deed do all in the Name of the Lord Jesus." This would be ridiculous. It was never intended as a formula. It simply means to do nothing in the authority of self, for self has been crucified with Christ, but do all things in the authority of Christ with Him ruling over us and bringing every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ.

* * *

A Campmeeting will be held on the Erie County Fair Grounds, Hamburg, N. Y., June 27-July 13, 1919. These grounds are located 10 miles from Buffalo on the B. & S. Street Railway, two miles from Hamburg on the Erie R. R. Dormitories on the ground where rooms and cots can be furnished at lowest possible rates, but no bedding. A number of ministers and missionaries are expected to be present. Those wishing further information, kindly write to R. E. Erdman, in charge, 90 Broadway, Buffalo, N. Y.

Doctors and Medicine

A Startling Array of Testimony Compiled by W. A. Redding.



PROF. M. CHAMPMAN, late of the University of Pennsylvania, formerly president of the Philadelphia Medical Society, and declared a few years ago to be at the head of the medical profession in America, says, in "*Materia Medica*" Vol. 1, page 3: "Medical conclusions differ very widely from every other species of evidence. We cheat ourselves with a thousand illusions. It is not necessary that I shall enforce this remark by the enumeration of any examples. No one who is conversant with the practice need be told how often his own deductions have proved erroneous and *how little confidence* is to be reposed in those pompous recommendations with which medicines are promulgated." On page 33 he says, "To trace the multiplied relations of medicine to disease, we at once introduce the spirit of speculation."

Again he says, "As it is, we are plunged into a labyrinth almost without a clue. Dark and perplexed, our devious career resembles the blind gropings of Homer's Cyclops round his cave." And again he says, page 32: "This indeed, is emphatically true, that we can hardly ever pronounce with certainty what will be the exact results from the dose administered. It might gratify our vanity, were it not more than counterbalanced by the humiliating view of so much absurdity, contradiction and falsehood." Here then he admits that medical practice is an "illusion" and that is, "speculation."

Sir Astley Cooper, physician to Queen Victoria, declared: "The science of medicine is founded upon *conjecture* and *improved by murder*." What a shocking statement from a man so eminent as to have the royal family in his professional care!

Prof. Armour of the Long Island College Hospital declares in the New York Medical Journal for January, 1883, that, "drugs are administered, patients sometimes recover and we suppose we have cured them, whereas our remedies have had little or nothing to do with their recovery. Very likely it took place in spite of our drugs." Sir Jas. Johnson, formerly editor of the Medical Chirurgical Review, London, says, "I declare, as my conscientious conviction, founded upon *long* observation and experiment, that if there were not a single *physician, surgeon, chemist, druggist* or *drug* on the face of the

earth, there would be less sickness and less mortality than now prevail."

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has declared before the Mass. Medical Society: "I fairly believe that if the whole *materia medica* could be sunk to the bottom of the sea, it would be all the better for mankind and all the worse for the fishes." Prof. Magendie, the great French physician, whose experiments and teachings are recorded and scattered over the whole globe, addressed the students at the Paris Medical College in the following language: "Gentlemen, medicine is a great humbug. It is nothing like science. Doctors are mere empirics when they are not charlatans. We are ignorant as men can be. I must tell you frankly that I know nothing about medicines. I must repeat to you that there is no such thing as *medical science*. I grant you, people are cured, but how? Nature does a great deal, but *doctors do devilish little*." Think of it; a man so high in the medical profession as Dr. Magendie is acknowledged to be, lecturing in such a style to a class!

Dr. Jas. Mason Good, the noted author says, "The science of medicine is a barbarous jargon, and the effects of our medicine in the highest degree unsatisfactory, except indeed that *they have destroyed more lives than war, pestilence and famine combined*." How does this sound to the people who have a mania for swallowing medicine? Dr. Martin Paine, in his great work, "Institutes of Medicine," says, page 541: "The most violent poisons are among our best remedies. We do but substitute one morbid action for another." Dr. Paine is authority if there ever was any. He was professor of Institutes of medicine and *materia medica* in the University of the City of New York, and member of any number of societies in Europe and America.

Dr. Hall of Hall's Journal of Health says, "Medicine, even the mildest, is a poison, and effects a result in proportion to its poisonous qualities. It cures by setting up a disease greater than the original which it seeks to cure." Hence the reader can easily see how it is that medicine seems to "cure" the simpler forms of disease by establishing the consumption, kidney disease, female disorders, and the host of other chronic ailments which are acknowledged incurable by any drugs. It is the duty of a doctor to ease a man's pains, and quietly slip him out of this life into the Great Beyond.

"Men who are really sick, die, and we cannot

save them." Prof. Fred R. Marvin, M.D.

"I have no faith whatever in our medicine." Dr. Bailey.

"Medicine is so far from being a science that it is only conjecture." Dr. Evans.

"Of the essence of disease very little is known." Prof. S. H. Gross, M.D.

"Mercury has made more cripples than all wars combined." Dr. McClintock, M. D.

"The administration of our powerful medicines is the most fruitful source of deranged digestion." Prof. E. R. Peaslee, M.D.

"So gross is our ignorance of the physiological character of disease that it would be better to do nothing." "The physician mixes, combines and jumbles together vegetables, mineral and animal substances, and administers them right or wrong, without considering for a moment the cause of disease, and without a single clear idea as to his conduct." Magendie, France.

"If the arts of medicine and surgery had never been invented, by far the greater number of those who suffer from bodily illness would have recovered nevertheless." Sir Benj. Brody, M.D.

Dr. Abernathy of London, declares, "There has been a great increase of medical men, and upon my word, diseases have increased accordingly." It is true and can be easily understood if the people will only stop swallowing drugs long enough to examine into the matter.

Dr. Martin Paine, the noted professor and medical author, says in his "Institutes of Medicine": "Remedial agents can never transmute morbid into healthful conditions." Dr. Franklin says that "nature cures while the doctor asks the fee." Another noted physician says that "medicine draws the patient's attention while nature cuts in and makes the cure." Dr. Wood in his "Practice of Medicine" declares in the very first chapter that, "we have not yet learned the essential nature of the healthy actions, and cannot, therefore, understand their derangements." I ask then, How can a man treat successfully that which he does not understand?

Dr. F. L. Oswald says, "Many sicknesses are caused by poisons foisted upon the system under the name of tonic, beverages and remedial drugs; the only cure is to shun the poisons." Sir Henry Baker in describing the sufferings of his party while exploring the river Nile, states that he threw away his medicines and substituted nothing but a vapor bath, and after that his men went on their way rejoicing. Dr. Livingstone gives an account of a similar experience.

Dr. J. H. Kellogg, physician-in-chief and manager of one of the great institutions of America

says, "If a cure is effected, it must be through the wonder-working of nature, and not through the agency of any drug." The same author says, "Medical quackery is by far the most dangerous of any form, yet the most common."

Dr. B. W. Richardson, one of the most noted physicians of Europe says, "The world, I must confess, would be happier if drugs were unknown."

Dr. Thos. N. Reynolds, Prof. of *materia medica* in the Detroit Medical College, in a lecture delivered before the State Medical Society, said, "There is a most extraordinary misconception with regard to the true functions of medicines and medical men. It pervades the educated medical fraternity itself. It is a common thing to see the younger members of our profession attributing to medicines, cures that they never produced. Even the older ones prescribe remedies that serve nothing more than to satisfy the mind of the patient that he is taking medicine and also to satisfy the doctor that he is "doing something," for the case. This undue credit to the effect of drugs arises from habit. With medical men the hope to hit upon the lucky remedy has, in all ages, led to the adoption of many absurd things and to excessive dosing. Nothing but hard-earned experience and frequent disappointments will ever convince the young doctor of the worthlessness of drugs. Doctors should be educators rather than physic-mongers." Such is the testimony of a man at the head of a great medical college!

"All medicines are poisonous." Prof. S. St. John, M.D.

"What we call medical science is a jumble of inconsistent opinions." Dublin Medical Journal.

"Nine times out of ten our miscalled remedies are injurious to our patients." Prof. Jamieson, Scotland.

"Physicians have hurried thousands to their graves who would have recovered if left to nature." Prof. Clark, New York.

"Every dose of medicine is a blind experiment on the vitality of the patient." Bostwick's History of Medicine.

"I fearlessly assert that in most cases our patients would be safer without a physician than with one." Dr. Ramage, F.R.C.

"All our curative agents are poisons and as a consequence, every dose diminishes the patient's vitality." Prof. Clark.

"The vital effects of medicines are very little understood. It is a term employed to cover an ignorance." Prof. Davis.

"The popular medical system has neither phil-

osophy nor common sense to commend it to confidence." Dr. Evans, F.R.C., London.

"The drugs which are administered for the cure of scarlet fever, kill far more patients than those diseases do." Prof. Baker, N. Y. Medical College.

"Ninety-nine out of every hundred medical facts are medical lies, and medical doctrines are, for the most part, stark, staring nonsense." Prof. Gregory, Edinburg.

"All medicines which enter the circulation, poison the blood in the same manner as do the poisons that produce diseases." Prof. Jos. M. Smith, M.D., New York College of Phys., and Surg.

"It is my firm belief that the prevailing mode of practice is productive of vastly more evil than good, and were it absolutely abolished, mankind would be infinitely the gainer." Dr. Gogswell, Boston.

"What do persons who call themselves reasonable do in the midst of a hundred doctors, with a hundred different medicines, each affirming that his own is good, and that all the rest are bad? Do they reject them all? *No, they swallow them all.*" Dr. Trall.

"Thousands are annually slaughtered in the quiet sick rooms." Prof. Frank, M.D., London.

"It is the universal testimony of all experienced physicians that the people are fanatical and want to be swallowing drugs. At a medical association in Northern Indiana, one of the oldest and most successful doctors arose, and in a public speech to the other doctors, declared that the older he grew and the more experience he had, the less medicine he gave; and at the close of his speech he strongly intimated that if he continued much longer in the practice he would abandon drugs altogether.

Dr. Kellogg, at the head of the great Medical Sanitarium, says, "The public have been kept in the dark for ages, until they have come to believe that they must, without asking any questions, swallow whatever the doctor prescribes."

Dr. A. H. Stephenson says, "The older physicians grow the more skeptical they become in the virtues of their own medicines."

I have introduced only a fractional part of the testimony which I have from only the most eminent physicians and medical authors in the world.

"In vain shalt thou use many medicines." Jer. 46:11.

"Ye are all physicians of no value." Job 13:4.

"The diseases have ye not strengthened, neither have ye healed that which was sick." Ezek. 34:4.

"And Asa . . . was diseased in his feet until his disease was exceeding great; yet in his disease he sought not to the Lord but to the physicians. And Asa slept with his fathers." 2 Chron. 16:12, 13.

"Cursed is he that trusteth in man." Jer. 17:5.

"Is there any sick among you let him call for the elders of the church and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith shall save the sick and the Lord shall raise him up." Jas. 5:14, 15.

"These signs shall follow them that believe; in my name they shall cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover." Mark 16:17, 18.

"I am the Lord that healeth thee." Exod. 15:26.

Miraculously Healed of Asthma and Baptized in the Holy Spirit

Gertrude Owen, Youngstown, Ohio.



FOR twenty years I have suffered almost continually from asthma and its accompanying ills. During that time I have been under the constant care of at least twenty physicians, all of whom pronounced my case hopelessly incurable, and often when at the point of death had given up all hope. Others said I would not live five years. During this time I was kept alive by strong narcotics, and got no rest except that obtained through them. I had become so used to the stimulants that the physicians were afraid to give the big doses that were required. About four years ago my parents sent me West to

Denver and Colorado Springs to see what that would do. I got some relief from asthma but after a few months had to return on account of heart failure.

I was a member of the M. E. church and lived in a town where there was no teaching whatever along full Gospel lines, and when I inquired of my Pastor about Divine Healing, he seemed to think I was bordering on the edge of insanity, and told me he would advise me to read up on Christian Science. I left him feeling quite disgusted with his advice. He himself, died shortly after of tuberculosis.

After two more years a brother came to my

home to estimate on some plumbing; I believe God sent him for my sake, as I was having a terrible attack when he came. The doctor was present, but soon left giving no hope of my recovery. This brother then told me about the Lord healing his mother in answer to prayer, and I was much encouraged. I began to correspond with his mother and received much help. I was directed to a Pentecostal meeting in Youngstown, where Pastor G. E. Smith was preaching the full Gospel, and I immediately went forward for prayer and was anointed according to the scripture, at which time God wonderfully delivered me. But on returning home I suffered repeated attacks, and would again and again have to send for the elders to come and pray for me. I would get relief at once, but in a few weeks at most I was down in bed again. I went to Elim Home, Rochester, N. Y., and was quite well while away, and returned home in Nov., 1917, determined to trust God and not take anymore drugs. After a few weeks I was ill again, but not so bad or so often.

Last February while the Convention was in progress at the Full Gospel Church in Youngstown, I persuaded my folks to let me attend. I began to seek definitely for the baptism in the Holy Spirit, and was gloriously rewarded the following Sunday evening. After all had left the altar I was about to rise from my seat to go home when the power of God struck me and I fell to the floor. My tongue was folded back in my mouth and I was speechless. I was prostrated until after midnight, and was then obliged to go home with the pastor and his wife as they lived nearer the church than the people who were entertaining me, and were not dependent on street cars. This was Sunday evening, March 2nd, and for three days I was unable to eat, drink or speak, as my tongue was folded back in my mouth, and the power of God was working mightily in my body night and day. But I was not the least bit hungry, even though I had been reduced to seventy-four lbs. My people called up to inquire why I was not home, and I was unable to talk to them over the 'phone. They were very much concerned and wanted me to go home at once, but I felt I was to remain in Youngstown until God had finished His work. They waited a week and then arranged a plot and came and took me by force and drove me home. Oh how the enemy raged that week! They were determined they would bring me out of that "spell," *but God*. I endured this for just one week, part of which I was in bed as a

result of the shock and cruel treatment I suffered when they brought me home. The following Sunday, very early in the morning, I felt the Lord showed me what to do, and led me out. I came to Youngstown, walking a mile to the trolley, rode seven miles, then walked a long block to the parsonage before they were up, for I had been gloriously and perfectly healed. Praise the Lord!

Words fail to express the gratitude I feel to God and to the faithful saints who stood back of me in prayer, and for the parental love and care that were lavished upon me during the first two weeks of bitter conflict when the parsonage was my only fort and the Lord of Hosts stood with me while our pastor was the central target and bore the brunt of the terrific rage of the enemy, night and day. The Word of God, "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper," was our shield. It will be seven weeks Easter since the Lord baptized and healed me, and I have gained seven lbs. and feel fine. Two prominent physicians have examined me, and find no trace of the asthma. Hallelujah!

There is a *price* connected with all these good things of the Lord (Psa. 45:10) but it is nothing compared with the glory and blessing we get in return. "Leaving all to follow Jesus," is easy to sing and do after we have been brought into His presence in holy adoration and worship before Him. Yes, it means leaving home, loved ones, perhaps with only the clothes you wear, with persecutions and be labeled insane, if you want the Lord's best, and desire to go all the way with Him. This experience has not only brought added life in my body, but fulness of joy in my soul; the Bible is a new Book to me, and Jesus is more real than ever before.

The very life and power of God manipulated on my body for several days, especially on my throat and chest in a way that cannot be described. God's power is truly wonderful. He showed me a vision of Jesus, but His hands hung idly down. Then He showed me that He wanted His works performed in the earth, in Jesus' Name. "My Father worked continuously, so do I;" "Greater works than these shall ye do because I go to my Father;" "As the Father hath sent Me, even so send I you;" These and many other Scriptures were given me for the church, some of which all do not understand, but I believe He will give the power if we give Him the glory.

* * *

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