



The days of Heaven on the Earth

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An International Monthly Magazine

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

Pentecost According to the Scripture

Rivers of Living Water Flowing From Within

Pastor Harry E. Long, Hornell, N. Y., in The Stone Church Convention



JUST a little word tonight on Pentecost according to the Scripture. You remember on the last great day of the Feast, John said that Jesus stood and cried with a loud voice, "If any man thirst let him come unto Me and drink. He that believeth on Me, as the Scripture hath said, Out of his innermost being shall flow rivers of living water." This spake he of the Spirit which they should receive that believe on Him. For the Holy Ghost was not yet come because Jesus was not yet glorified. You will notice it says, "He that believeth on Me *as the Scripture hath said*;" not as the preacher has said. But I do not find the emphasis *there*, although we can surely make the application, but the great truth is in the latter part of this verse, "out of his innermost being shall flow rivers of living water." Jesus says: "If you want this promise fulfilled just as the Scripture has said previous to My coming into the world, you just believe on Me, and it will be even so. But as we search the Scriptures we do not find one single passage in all the Old Testament where it definitely states that out of our innermost being shall flow rivers of living water, but like other Scriptures it is inferred.

We hear a great deal these days concerning the doctrine of the death, burial and resurrection of the Lord. Men are everywhere seeking to hold up these truths upon which we hang our eternal welfare. The Apostle Paul teaches very conclusively that Christ died for our sins according to the Scripture, but we do not know a single prophecy in the Word of God where it definitely states in so many words that Jesus Christ would die and rise again on the third day, but God has given us prophetic pictures of these truths, and since the death and burial of the Lord Jesus has taken place we can see different instances in the Word which are types of His death and resurrection. We find when Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness it signified the manner of the death of Jesus Christ, how He should be lifted up, how He should hang upon the tree. So when Paul in the face of all the unbelief of the Jews seeks proof, he declares that this Man died according to the Scriptures. We have these proofs in type and shadow and in prophecy. In the 22nd Psalm we have these

wonderful statements concerning every utterance and the agony and pain; the cries pictured by the Spirit speaking through the lips of David. Is not the accuracy of the Scriptures wonderful? Here we have His death "according to the Scriptures." We find Him lifted up on the cross. We hear the groans and the cries of Jesus as they came from the lips of the Psalmist, so we can say that Christ died for our sins "according to the Scriptures."

Then we have the sign of Jonah, and Jesus Himself declared that as Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so shall the Son of Man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth. Jonah was not only a prophet but he was also a sign, and it is not a very easy thing to be a sign for God. I found that out in Hornell, N. Y. So Jonah became a sign of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ, and we can find many other pictures in the Word of God of a similar nature. Paul gathers them all together and says that Christ rose again the third day according to the Scriptures.

So I believe as we have a foundation for our faith in the death, burial and resurrection of Jesus Christ, we have an equally clear foundation for the mighty Pentecostal baptism in the Holy Ghost, and I believe I can say to you as Paul said to the Corinthians concerning the resurrection, that we have a Pentecost according to the Scripture, and that being the case all the devils in hell cannot shake us from the foundation, any more than they can shake us from the fact that Christ died and rose again for our sins according to the Scripture.

Now let us look at these pictures for a moment. There is one element that stands for the Holy Spirit and that is, "water." I was converted in the Baptist church and accustomed to water ever since I was born, you might say, but I didn't get enough of it. I tell the people sometimes that the Baptist church was an old hen that hatched me out, but I proved to be a duck. I was riding in the north of Canada, where I was preaching to the lumber people, and one day we had a regular downpour of rain which filled the gutters on both sides. I saw a hen taking her little brood of ducks out for a morning walk. The ducks had never seen such a pool of water before, and in they went. The hen cackled and became greatly disturbed, but they didn't take

any notice of her; they were in their natural element. As I watched them the Lord gave me a lesson out of it. He said, "You were hatched out of the Baptist church and when you struck your element in Pentecost you plunged in." The old hen cackled and cackled but I found my element and stayed there. That was ten years ago and I have found it a good element to be in. While I was still going to the Baptist church I used to run around to a little Pentecostal mission just as soon as the Baptist service would close. The Pentecostal people would wait a little while and sing until I would get there because they knew I was hungry for God. The Baptist people found this out and they organized a hand-shaking committee and made me chairman, so they kept me busy shaking hands with a membership of about four hundred and fifty. The idea was to give them a smile and a welcome back, but there was no smile on my face. I shook hands with those people as fast as I could, and I resigned my position as chairman of that committee that night. I resigned all the others too, for I was hungry for God. The man who is hungry knows when he strikes water and the Word of God is full of it.

In Isaiah 55:1 we have the significant word, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters. Come and buy wine and milk without money and without price." Do you know that those are practically the words that Jesus spoke on the last great day of the feast? "If any man thirst let him come unto Me." Isaiah didn't tell us just where the Source of those words would be found; he simply uttered the prophetic statement that there were waters to be had without money and without price, but when Jesus Christ comes on the scene He tells us where to get the living water.

That is one place where we have Pentecost pre-figured. Then again in Isa. 12:4 we read, "With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." You remember when Jesus was speaking to the woman of Samaria, He spoke about the well of water. Isaiah didn't say where these wells were located, but simply made the prophetic statement in the Spirit that there would be a time when people would praise the Lord (v. 1) and as they praised the Lord for the wonderful fact that the wrath of God had been turned away through the sacrifice of the Son of God, and the comfort of God was coming to the hearts of men, that wonderful touch of reconciliation which would restore the breach between man and God, he breaks out, "With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salva-

tion." We are going to the marriage supper of the Lamb and have a right to be joyous. Let us draw out the water with a bucket of joy. Jesus gives us the location of the well. He said to the woman, "The water that I shall give you shall be in you a well of water springing up into everlasting life." Have you a well in you? I believe every Pentecostal meeting ought to be well-watered because we have so many wells together. If we believe on Him we will have the living water flowing from our innermost being, because Jesus said so. In the 44th chapter of Isaiah the prophet says, "I will pour water upon him that is thirsty and floods upon the dry ground." He speaks about our souls being a well-watered garden, whose springs fail not, and Jesus comes along and says, "I am the Source of that water. Come and drink of Me."

We have a man in Hornell who just received his baptism. He is a Scotchman, and you all know how hard it is to convince a Scotchman. Sometimes he thought he had the baptism of the Holy Ghost and sometimes he thought he hadn't. Sometimes he would come into our meetings and they would be a little dry, and he would think he had as much as the rest of us, and another time when the power of God was falling and God was baptizing in the Holy Ghost he wasn't so sure. During the last series of meetings when God swept seven or eight souls into the baptism he came to the conclusion he didn't have it. He went home from the meeting and he was talking to the Lord, and in the middle of the night after lying awake for several hours he heard a knock at the door, but there was no one there, and he went back to his room again. In a little while as he was praying, he saw a hand and that hand was pointing to him and he heard these audible words: "The promise is unto you and to your children, and to all them that are afar off, and to as many as the Lord your God shall call." He knew he didn't have it or God would not have spoken to him like that. He believed God and the Lord began to baptize him right away, and now he knows he has it. The rivers began to flow, and when you begin to believe you will have the same experience. "Oh," you say, "I have been seeking for years." I know, but you have not been believing for years or you would have enjoyed this baptism. I believe the Word of God is true, and when Jesus said, "He that believeth on me . . . out of his innermost being shall flow rivers of living water," He meant it.

There is another picture in the forty-seventh of Ezekiel. How we used to love to tell folks about getting into the water up to their ankles,

etc., but one day I was reading the forty-third chapter where Ezekiel saw the glory of the Lord coming by the East Gate, and he said, when it filled the temple a man began to speak from within the house, and I saw I had it turned around. He said, "Son of Man the place of my throne, the place of the soles of my feet where I will dwell in the midst of the children of Israel forever, and my name they shall no longer defile." The glory of the Lord filled the temple and the man began to speak from the inside of the house. Now we want Pentecost according to the Scripture, and we read that "on the day of Pentecost they were all assembled in one place, and suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing, mighty wind which filled all the house where they were sitting and there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, which sat upon each of them, and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost and began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance." In other words the man had begun to speak from within the house after the glory of the Lord filled the temple. That is Pentecost according to the Scripture. Is that what happened to you? I was surprised when I found a man speaking from within my house. I didn't know anything about the baptism in the Holy Ghost. I went to those meetings where people got the baptism, but I never sensed the thing. My heart was hungry for God and that was all I knew, and when the glory of the Lord filled this house, after Jesus had taken His throne and was glorified in this temple, the man began to speak from the inside of the house. That is Pentecost according to the Scriptures. When the glory of the Lord fills the house and there shall be no more defilement, then underneath the threshold there begins to issue forth water, but these waters never begin to flow until the glory of the Lord fills the house and He has taken up His abode there, for He is the source of these living waters, and when I used to expound that 47th chapter I got it backwards. I have since found out that it wasn't until after the baptism of the Holy Ghost that the waters began to issue forth. Then I knew what it was to get in up to my ankles, to walk in the Spirit instead of in the flesh, and let me tell you if you have received the baptism of the Holy Spirit and have not yielded yourself to Him so that you are walking in the Spirit, you are not enjoying the outflow of that indwelling personality in your being. Thousands of Pentecostal people today are walking in the flesh because they have not yielded to the man on the inside of the house. He

has come to set up His throne and to be Lord of our lives. The great remedy for all the problems in our lives is that we walk in the Spirit.

Then he said he measured another thousand and it was up to his knees. Doesn't the Apostle Paul in giving the exhortation to baptized men and women speak of praying in the Holy Ghost? One of the results of the incoming of the Holy Ghost, of this mighty river of living water that has come into your inmost being is that we pray in the Holy Ghost. The soul who does that is making tremendous progress. I will never forget the early days of Pentecost, how God used to keep us on our knees, and while there were many times when there was no special manifestation of power, no mighty outbreak, yet there was that sweet sense of the presence of God as we prayed in the Holy Ghost.

Then he measured another thousand, and it came up to his loins. The Apostle Paul writing to the Ephesians, says that they shall have their loins girt about with truth. Isn't it one of His office works that you and I might know the truth, and that the very seat of our strength might be girt about with the truth of God, for if ever there was a time when you and I must needs know the truth of God it is now. We are surrounded by every demoniacal error that the devil can invent, but it is the Holy Ghost that will girdle our loins with truth.

Then you can so yield to the Holy Ghost that the outflow of the living waters that had their beginning in your inmost being, will swallow you up—waters to swim in, waters that cannot be crossed over. You know water always reaches its own level, and I believe the Bible teaches us this water proceeds from the throne of God, and beloved, it will take us back to the throne of God. It will reach its own level, and if you and I stay yielded and broken in His hands and let the Man that has come on the inside of the house have control of our lives, He will take us back to the Source, yea, back to the throne of God where there is a possibility of sitting with Him on His throne. That is the result of Pentecost according to the Scripture, and when it came to me it came just that way. I praise God tonight for the blessed Comforter, and the unspeakable joy and blessing that He brought into my life since the day He came.

I was born in England. My parents died when I was very young, and I was thrown out into the world. I never heard the name of Jesus mentioned in my home; never knew what it was to have family prayer. I was thrown out into sin and was going down the road to destruc-

tion as fast as possible, but I had one dear old aunt who was praying for me, and I thank God for that dear old soul, although when I got salvation it was a little bit too much for her. Many were the scoldings I got for being out late at night, though I was trying to win souls. Some one has said, "Every Christian experience is like a switchback railway, up and down," and that is what mine was, and without teaching I did not make much progress. I had a little love in my history, and being a poor boy I had an ambition to go to Canada and make my fortune, for I had heard so much about these fortunes and I thought I would get rich and come back and settle down for the rest of my life. I hadn't the slightest idea that God would ever call me to His work, but as I was absolutely alone, I began to feel my need of God. I studied His Word, and got hold of all the religious books I possibly could in order to get help, and God began to launch me out into Himself. My ambitions, plans, girl, all were swept to the wind, and I became more and more hungry for God. I came across an old man who seemed to know more about the Word of God than I, and as I learned of him, my interpretation of Scripture changed and my hunger deepened. I found I was causing considerable trouble because I was foolish enough to tell people what God had revealed to me. Light on the coming of Jesus began to grip my soul and I started to preach it, although with a great deal of opposition. God also gave me light on other things and I began to get weaned away from the Baptist church, but before this the preachers in my home city were interested in my welfare and wanted me to go to the university; they would have paid my expenses, but I was being drawn away. They had an evangelist from Boston who really preached the straight Gospel and they thought he would have some influence on my life, so they arranged for me to have a personal interview with him. I went home with him and unburdened my heart to him, and although I expected to receive a rebuff, to my amazement he said, "Brother, you are on the right track. If I were a young man like you I would go to the Moody Institute." He was past fifty himself. All arrangements were made for me to go, but one day as I was passing a little empty store I noticed a card in the window saying, that a little Pentecostal mission would be opened there. I said, "That sounds good. I am for that." I went and beloved, I got more in that hour of Bible study from God than I had gotten in years before. My soul was

so filled with joy that when I got outside I ran and shouted and leaped and praised God all the way home. I slept with an Irishman, and stood outside awhile to get cooled off, and when I got up in the morning I heard the Irishman say to some one, "I don't know what is the matter with that Long. He has been talking in his sleep."

That was my first instalment. I went again Sunday afternoon, leaving my usual duties, and I will never forget that meeting. My soul had gotten into darkness, and I cried, "Oh Lord, if I have never been born again, save me now," and there was such a sense of God's presence began to move over my whole being and I wept as I never wept before. He came in such tenderness, I was broken up before Him. I knew it was God, and in spite of persecution which I had to pass through in order to break away from the church with which I was connected and identify myself with the despised people, it was worth it all. When you come into the blessed experience of Pentecost you will find the preachers and church members joining the "tongue" crowd. They will say things about you that you would not think possible. A woman came to me for some information, and said she could not understand some things she had heard and came to ask me if they were true. I turned to II. Timothy, the third chapter, and read to her a description of those who had a form of godliness, and several of their characteristics were, "false accusers, despisers of those that are good." I said to her, "Sister, I will guarantee that everything you heard about me was told you by church members," and she had to acknowledge it. In spite of all I endured I thank God from the depths of my soul tonight that He has led me, and after ten years the baptism in the Holy Spirit is more precious to me than ever it was before. While I may be somewhat despised, I will stay with the crowd. It may be possible we may be pushed a little further yet. We may have to join with those who wandered in sheep skins and goat skins and hid in caves but I will throw my lot with theirs.

The Seventh Annual Pentecostal Camp Meeting of the Assemblies of God in Northwestern Kansas will be held at Alton in the French grove, one mile south of town, August 1st to 10th, D. V.

H. W. Mitchell, pastor of the Stone Church, is expected for the camp meeting. A great encampment and revival is predicted.

Tents, sizes and rentals, as follows: 10x12, \$3.50; 12x14, \$4.00. Cots, 75 cents. Bring bedding and toilet articles. Meals on the free-will offering plan.

Send order for tents to, and for further information write Willie T. Millsaps, General Delivery, Topeka, Kansas.

Barabbas!

A Picture of the Human Race

Mrs. Aimee Semple McPherson, Bethel Temple, June 20, 1919



AND they all cried out at once, saying, "Away with this man and release unto us Barabbas:

Now Barabbas was a robber, who for certain sedition made in the city, and for murder, was cast into prison. Luke 23:18, 19. John 18:40.

Just these few vivid, gripping incidents—nothing more is told us of this man, Barabbas. The thick shroud of mystery that envelops both the beginning and the ending of his life is undisputed by the light of the scriptures, but these few bright crimson drops, wrung from the very heart of his story as it were, seem to cry aloud the story of

Innocence pursued by Temptation.

Temptation overtaken by Sin.

Sin pounced upon, condemned to die by *The Law.*

Stern Law conquered and its grip loosened by *Jesus, the Substitute and Redeemer* who died in the sinner's place.

Such a striking type is Barabbas of the whole human race and of ourselves individually, that, as we stand looking down upon the incomplete story of his life, it seems like some wondrous, fascinating, unfinished texture stretched upon the loom of life, its riotous colors bespeaking sunshine and shadow, joy and sorrow—tragedy and triumph—threads frayed and hanging from the ending, threads loose and dangling at the beginning, as though inviting the onlooker to pick them up and weave again the history of the whole human race, as embodied in the story of Barabbas.

About the spring time of every child we love to weave the white threads of innocence, a godly, praying mother, and the picture of a little white-robed form learning to pray at mother's knee. The home that has robbed its children of a praying mother has deprived them of one of the richest treasures that it is within its power to bestow, a memory which money could never buy, nor time destroy.

Whether Barabbas had a praying mother or not we do not know, but we long to think of her as instructing him in the old laws of the prophets, weeping and praying for him as he wandered into bad company and the paths of temptation. As he grew older we do not know whether or

not he was married, but there may have been woven into the loom of his life with golden threads of love a wife and a beautiful baby boy; but one thing we are certain of, and that is that he was led into sin, ever deeper and deeper, while God was speaking to him and the angels were warning him, saying,

"BARABBAS, BE SURE YOUR SIN WILL FIND YOU OUT."

Doubtless Barabbas meant to call a halt some time in the near future. He never meant to go so far into sin as to be caught, cast into prison and condemned to die. Every dark cloud of warning that the Lord put in his way was doubtless tinted rosy, promising colors of golden wealth and remuneration by the devil, as he was led on and on from one sin to another, until at last we read that

BARABBAS WAS A ROBBER.

In all probability his robbing started in some seemingly simple and trivial way, some tiny, childhood theft of which his conscience troubled and accused him. At the second theft, a little larger than the first, his conscience did not seem to trouble quite so much and unbelievably soon, his soul was hardened, until he became the leader of a band of robbers and started up insurrection in the city. He may have chuckled to himself and told his colleagues that they were clever enough to evade the law and that they never would be caught, as many another sinner assures himself. But once more came the last and final warning, "Repent; be sure your sin will find you out." "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." "The soul that sinneth it shall surely die."

("Oh Barabbas! What a striking type you are of our foreparents who, in the Garden of Eden, when first tempted by this same sin, stole and ate the fruit from the forbidden tree. No doubt Satan, in the form of a serpent, whispered in your ear, as he did in the ear of Eve, saying:

"Eat thereof." "Ye shall not surely die." And then, guilty and sinful, you sought to hide yourself behind the trees of deception, and to assure yourself that neither God nor the Law would see nor punish you there. But just as Adam and Eve, shrinking guiltily back behind their covering, heard the sure, firm footfalls of Almighty God walking to meet them through the garden in the cool of the day, just as sure as God called

out, saying, "Adam, where art thou?" discovered condemned and punished their sin, just as sure as the verdict of death was pronounced upon them by the law, so sure did the footsteps of the law seek and overtake you, Oh Barabbas!")

Cunningly the devil led him on and on until one day he found himself the ringleader of an insurrection made in the city streets. Then, blinded with demoniac rage, his blood surging in tumultuous riot through his veins, his reason overstepped her bounds, and quick as a flash a heavy blow was struck, the limp body of his victim fell with a sickening thud to the ground, a deep-dyed thread of crimson was shot through the texture upon the loom of life, and

BARABBAS WAS A MURDERER.

Swiftly the heavy, relentless hand of the law fell upon the shoulder of the guilty wretch, starting with horror upon the work of his hands. *Escape* was impossible. *Mercy* was out of the question. *The Law* must take its course. Doubtless the trial that followed was fair and square in every respect. Barabbas was GUILTY. And there were many witnesses to prove his guilt, both as a robber and as a murderer. No power could avert the penalty of the law, nor hinder it from descending upon him.

To and fro, back and forth flew the shuttle of time across the loom of life, now weaving threads that were dark—sombre—mournful. Was it with bated breath and blanching cheeks, or was it with a thin veneer of bravado that he heard the awful sentence pronounced upon him: "Barabbas, you, with your two thieves, who conspired to work under your leadership, are condemned to die, and shall be hanged upon three crosses of wood on Calvary's hill till you are dead."

And when, plunged into the blackness of the dark dungeons beneath Pilot's judgment hall, chains clanking upon the damp flagstones as he writhed in the anguished throes of remorse, did he cry aloud: "Oh, bitter thongs of the law! Oh, bands and chains of justice! Is there no escape from thee, e'en though I see my awful error and now repent?" And did the voice of firm, relentless law, with face like flint, echo from the haunting memory of mother's teaching.

*"An Eye for an Eye,
A Tooth for a Tooth?"*

The Murderer Shall Surely Be Put to Death. Sitting there in the darkness of sin, unable to

help himself, beyond the help of mortal man, the chains of approaching retribution already biting into the flesh of his body, condemned to die without hope, nothing to look forward to but death, what a picture is Barabbas of the whole human race.

By Adam sin entered. The first recorded was that of theft; Gen. 3:6. The second sin to be recorded was murder. Gen. 4:8. God, in His infinite holiness, could not look upon sin with the least degree of allowance; the soul that sinneth, it must die. Death and eternal despair followed in the wake of sin. A great gulf had been fixed between man and God, the strong arm of the law fell heavily upon the human race, and after a fair trial the verdict, GUILTY was brought in. The sentence of "death" was passed, and man was plunged into the dark prison of captivity, beneath the judgment hall waiting the hour when judgment would be executed upon him.

Oh! that some one would come to open the prison doors of those who were bound! Oh, for an arm to save, one who would bear the griefs and carry the sorrows of a sin-stricken race! one who would be wounded for the sinner's transgression and pay the sinner's debt!

Who knows the thoughts that throbbed through the aching brain of Barabbas during the days that followed, the stabbings of remorse, memories of other days, and thoughts of what might have been, the sleepless nights, the hopeless days, not one ray of light to pierce the gloom! Did that awful voice that had pronounced the sentence in the judgment hall keep ringing in his ears, "Thou shalt be hanged upon a cross of wood on Calvary's hill, thou and thy two thieves, till you are dead"? Did he lose all track of time, till his ears were ever straining to hear his name called and the great door to be swung wide, the hour when the dark silence would be broken, and midst the roaring of the voices of the rabble, and the piercing light of day, he would be led forth to die that shameful and ignominious death? In the silent darkness of his cell, with no other sound than the drip-drip of the sweat drops which came from the ceiling and fell like tears upon the flagstones at his feet, did the vision of the cross, his cross, rise before him, ever drawing nearer and nearer as the hour of his crucifixion approached?

Steadily on and on the shuttle flies across the loom in sombre and desolate colorings.

Oh! what is this! The threads of wild terror and panic are being shot across the loom! Barabbas, sitting stock upright, rigid as though turned to stone, listens with every nerve tense.

Hear it? There it is again, it is his name they are crying "Barabbas! Barabbas! Release unto us Barabbas! Bring forth Barabbas! Barabbas! BARABBAS!"

'Tis the voice of a multitudinous rabble, ever growing and swelling in volume. But how could he hear it away in this dungeon? The doors must open. Yes, footsteps are echoing along the stone corridors that lead to his cell, nearer and nearer, swords ringing against their armour as they walk, keys jangling on their rings, and ever, as a background, the imperative roar of the mob, above in the judgment hall, that had now settled into a steady chant brooking no denial.

"Barabbas! Barabbas! Release unto us BARABBAS!!!!"

Louder and plainer comes the tread of the soldiers, until, at the sharp word of command, they halt before the call. The rattle of the ponderous key in the door, the grating of the lock, the creaking of the heavy door, and then the expected words.

"Come forth, Barabbas, another is to die in your place today. *You*, are a free man."

Tell me, O weaver at the loom, did a faint ray of hope dawn in his heart, or did he shrink back and cry, from the anguish of his soul? "Oh!! Do not laugh at my calamity, and mock when my fear cometh. I know that I have had a fair and square trial. I know that I have been proved guilty and am worthy of death. I will go to my death upon the cross, but Oh! don't, don't mock at my calamity and jeer in my hour of sorrow." And did the keeper reply?

"'Tis neither jest nor mocking, Barabbas, 'Tis true, thou art a free man. For one named Jesus is to be stretched upon your cross on Calvary's Hill, 'twixt the two thieves today. With mine own eyes have I seen Him tied to the whipping-post in the court without, His back bared to the smiters, the blows of the cruel lash raining upon His shoulders. They are now leading Him up the hill to be crucified. Come forth! Barabbas! Come forth! You are free! He shall be bruised for your iniquity, and the chastisement of your peace is to be upon Him. He will die in your stead."

Free? Free?? FREE??? Surely his ears could not hear aright! Surely this must be some horrible dream rising up to torment him.

Make haste, Barabbas, come forth!"

Ah! the chains were loose at his feet. His hands were free. The biting irons that had long lacerated his flesh were gone. One trembling step—two—three, and he was almost to the door, but no restraining hand had fallen upon him, no

voice had jeered, "Ah, Barabbas, come forth and pay the price. Thy sin hath found thee out." Four—five—six he had gained and passed the door. Seven—eight—nine steps. He was groping his way along the corridor, stumbling blindly toward yon distant ray of light. True, the soldiers were marching behind him, but they were making no effort to sieze him. What did it all mean? Surely they would sieze upon him at the last moment. But, no, they are turning off in another direction and he is left alone, walking into the ever-growing light that pierced his unaccustomed eyes.

When at last, reaching the yawning doorway, swinging to its portals, with one trembling hand, and shading his eyes with the other, what were his thoughts as he gazed once more upon the sunlight, and once more heard the singing of the birds, and the voice of the children round about him? Were the golden threads of hope and new resolution already being woven into the texture, even amidst his bewilderment?

Oh these dangling threads that hang loose from the end of the texture, tell me, just how was the story finished? Did Barabbas catch sight of the throng wending their way to Calvary's hill? Did he hear the hissings and the jeerings of the multitude, and see yon lovely Man, in robes of white, fall beneath the burden of the cross? Did he run, perhaps, to the old cottage home, and clasping his amazed wife and little boy by the hand, cry, "Oh, come with me, and let us go and see the Man that is dying in my place. Today was the day set for my execution. Today I was to be hanged upon the cross and die a felon's death, but another Man, an innocent Man, is dying, dying for me. Oh come and let us go and look upon His face that we may fathom the mystery of such love."

And did they push their way together through the throng and up the hill, ne'er stopping till they reached the foot of the cross, where sobbing women mourned the grief of Him who bore our sorrows? And as Barabbas gazed into that face most fair, and saw the nails, and the blood drops streaming down from brow and hands and feet, as he looked into those eyes of deep, unutterable love, and heard the words, "Father, forgive," falling from those anguished lips, did he cry, "Oh, Jesus, thy love has won my heart! Yonder are the two thieves, one on the right, one on the left, but there is the middle cross, the cross upon which I should have died."

As Barabbas gazed steadfastly into the eyes of Jesus, did the face of the Lord turn toward him? Did their eyes meet, and was there a look

of understanding exchanged between the two that broke Barabbas' heart and held him captive by the chains of love forever? Did he fall upon his knees crying

"Oh, dear Jesus, how can I ever thank you?"

Drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself to thee,
'Tis all that I can do."

Was he there when the mangled body of Jesus was lowered from the cross and laid within the tomb? Was he there upon the morning when Jesus appeared to His people and ascended up in the clouds unto His Father's throne? Was he among the hundred and twenty on the Day of Pentecost who received the gift of the Holy Ghost and went forth proclaiming the message of Jesus and His power to save?

We know not of a certainty, but one thing we do know, and that is, that when the whole world of ours was wrapped in darkness and imprisoned by sin and death, that the Spirit of the Lord was upon Jesus, anointing Him to preach the gospel to the poor, to heal the broken hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, and to preach the acceptable year of the Lord. We do know that Barabbas was no greater sinner, nor more devoid of hope than this whole world of lost sinners, and that Jesus came and was wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and by His stripes we were healed; that when we like sheep had gone astray, and had turned every one to our own ways, that the Lord laid upon Him the iniquity of us all. He was oppressed and He was afflicted, yet He opened not His mouth. He was taken from prison and from judgment. He was cut off from the land of the living. For the transgression of the people was He stricken. He made His grave with the wicked and with the rich in His death, yet He had done no violence, neither was there any deceit in His mouth. He was numbered with the transgressors and He bare the sin of many and made intercession for the transgressors.

MANKIND, IN THE DUNGEON OF DESPAIR, AWAITS
DEATH.

By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for all have sinned. Rom. 5:12.

What a hopeless, miserable dungeon man had placed himself in by his sin and disobedience to God. No matter how he might search, there

was no way out. The great, massive DOOR OF MERCY was the only hope. The Law, stern jailer that he was, refused to open that. Because of one man's sin Death reigned supreme upon his throne from Adam to Moses. Rom. 5:14.

Then sitting there within the prison cell of despair, there came the day when the *people which sat in darkness saw a great light, and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light sprung up.* Mat. 4:16.

The footfalls of *Deliverance* were heard coming along the corridors of time. Grace (heaven-sent turnkey) bore the key of divine, sacrificial love that turned the lock of condemnation and swung wide the ponderous door of mercy.

Mercy and Love (inseparable pair), stepped within the prison cell, and loosening the bands of Despair, and breaking the power of Sin's strong chains, called to all mankind:

COME FORTH.

"You are a free man, another has died in your place, one named Jesus has borne your cross and paid the price of your redemption. Come forth, come forth, Oh! trembling soul, why sit longer in the valley and the shadow of death? Can you not understand? The door is open, the chains are broken. Barabbas, Barabbas, come forth!" What would you have thought of Barabbas, had he refused to leave the dungeon, had he chosen chains and darkness rather than liberty and light? What opinion would you have had of Barabbas had he been such an ingrate, so void of appreciation and gratitude that he did not even take the trouble to climb blest Calvary's Hill to see and thank this Jesus who died for him? Yet, sinner, Jesus died for you.

Your prison door stands wide, the Spirit calls, "Come forth, the sunlight of God's love and mercy awaits you, pardon and peace are yours for the taking. Will you turn just now to Calvary, wend your way to the cross and gaze into the face of your Savior, that face which was more marred than the face of any other man?"

There are your two old companions, Sin and Death hanging upon the two crosses beside your Lord. For the first thief, sin, there can be no allowance, no excuse, sin must die to you and you to sin.

As for the second thief, at the eleventh hour his pardon came when death was swallowed up in victory. For the sting of death is sin, and when our old companion, sin, is dead, then it is that the sting is taken out of death, and the ransomed soul can cry, "Oh! death, where is thy sting?" whether the body sleeps or wakes mat-

ters not. To be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord. "Verily I say unto you this day, shalt thou be in Paradise with me."

Yes, dear sinner, Jesus paid it all, all to Him you owe. Turn to Him just now. Thank Him for His great love and for the shedding of His

precious blood, and as you gaze upon Him your heart will be melted, the tears will fall from your eyes, and you will break forth into singing:

"My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine;
For Thee all the follies of sin I resign;
My gracious Redeemer, my Savior art Thou;
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus 'tis now."

The Gospel to the Poor

Luke 4:18

Leila M. Conway, Hurlock, Md.



HE Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor," spake Jesus as He arose that Sabbath morning in the Galilean synagogue to proclaim His public ministry.

It was a nondescript company that greeted my sight as the keeper of the almshouse sounded forth the call for the inmates to assemble for the service which we had come to hold. They came from all directions—old, decrepit, some of them hobbling on crutches, forcibly reminding one of that class described in the Word, "the poor, the maimed, the halt, the blind," and which, too, are to be included in the invitation to the great marriage supper of the Lamb. "Preposterous," says the world, "that such should be there." Ah, but Grace can change them, and, blest trophies of His redeeming love, they are to fill vacant places at the table of some of the invited guests who failed to come. "Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled." Luke 14:23. We read of Jesus the great Teacher, "Who taught as never man taught;" that "the common people heard Him gladly." So did these "low down" folks eagerly listen to our simple message. The "good news" was to them as a life-giving stream in a dry, thirsty land. Worn, sad faces brightened, and the touch of the Spirit upon hearts was seen. Another day we went to a jail at the State Capitol. "Are meetings ever held here for the prisoners?" I inquired of the matron. "No," was her reply. A town of churches, yet none of the many with Christ's name that cared enough to go and seek the lost. She unbolted the iron doors and we stepped over the threshold. We sung and prayed, and told those poor "down and outs" of the One "who is strong to save and mighty to deliver." And on leaving they called to us with one voice—coarse, gruff sounds, but we could detect the note that rung true—"Come again!"

And again on visiting a Sanatorium at a point

east of Hurlock, we were told the same old story that never any one came for Gospel meetings. It was close to the noon hour but people seemed to forget about their dinner and quickly gathered together to hear of Jesus. One of the invalids evidently in the last stage of tuberculosis, faintly requested me to sing, that old, familiar hymn, "What can wash away my sins?" and there on the spot the dying man trusted in the atoning blood and received the Savior. Glory and praise to Him, who came "to seek and to save that which is lost." The Superintendent followed me to the door. "Won't you come back several times more?" pleaded she. If only I could be multiplied to a thousand, and then the demands would not be met. Oh, where are the laborers? Those of you that time hangs heavily on your hands, some who may be living in silken ease, do you not hear the Master calling, "Go work today in My vineyard"? Soon it will be too late. The trump will sound, and the souls that you might have saved, will slip your grasp forever. We are in the Age-end. Hasten, while yet it is day, for "the night cometh in which no man can work."

A few days ago we carried the Gospel and the tidings of Jesus' coming to another of the poorhouses—one, generally to every county. There too, we found the same sad conditions; no religious worship, not even a burial service over their dead, but just to shovel the poor lifeless form into the grave, much as men would bury an animal. Nothing more could be expected in heathen countries, but this in Christian (?) America? The Lord had a few little ones even at this lowly, humble place. Fervent "amens" were given to our prayers. An aged man lifting his sightless eyes to my face, testified of his bright, sure hope of heaven, and was happy in the thought that he would receive his sight there. Another brother bent with the weight of years, told between his sobs, of how his relatives would not come to visit him. We: recom-

mended Jesus to him, the Friend that would never leave nor forsake. And while we were on bended knees, a poor sinner burst out in great sobs, crying like a little child, repentant for his sins and wanting forgiveness. Many other instances there are, but for the want of time we cannot relate more. True it is, that these poor humans have hearts and can feel the same as you and I. Some of them are outside the pale of society—the filth and offscouring of the earth, but if Jesus died for them, can we not take a bit of interest in them for His sake? These unfortunates are not so low but that you can strike heaven's bed rock beneath them, for Jesus says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the *least* of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Matt. 25:40. Oh, for more of the love that will *seek* for the lost, until they be *found*. May the Holy Spirit impart it within!

The people press me to return from time to time for other services. Also, I feel the tug of souls in the regions beyond. I hear the Macedonian cry of perishing men and women at places to which I have not yet been. Scores upon scores of byways and hedges are waiting. Will you, beloved, aid us by prayer and give of your means an offering unto Jesus, thereby opening the way that we can go? A gospel automobile would be the solution for speedy work ("Go out quickly"), and the Father has shown that abundant would be the fruitage harvested through it for Him. Hallelujah!

And the spot which we occupy, is but a tiny corner of the great, ripened harvest, for before you, O child of God, stretches the whole, wide world. "Lift up your eyes and look." The field is the world. Europe, Asia, Africa, and the isles of the sea too, reach forth their arms in mute appeal to you. Christian (?) nations, your money has gone into God's coffers, but where is the country among you, whose giving is commensurate with "Liberty Loans" which the patriotic have given to war? The Holy Spirit one day spoke sorrowfully to my heart that believers at large—the vast run of them—were not meeting their financial obligations unto the Lord, and sent me to my knees in prayer that God might arouse them to a sense of their duty, as well as unspeakable privilege. "Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings." Mal. 3:8. In the recent great Centenary drive, the account went into a weekly paper that its success and the big amount raised was largely due to the tithes by the members of

the various church congregations throughout the country. Though it appeared most liberal in the eyes of the people for the rich man to put into the church treasury \$1,000 out from his \$10,000, it did not look so in the sight of heaven. A tithe is the least that one can give, and it is only paying to God what is His by right, for the tenth *belongs* unto the Lord. It is an obligation enjoined upon every believer, none of which are too poor to fulfil, for should our sole possession be only a dime, one cent of it is our debt unto the Lord. Then, we can make Him an offering, and hand Him another cent or more. Hallelujah! ! The savings bank of heaven is now open to your deposits, but soon the priceless opportunity will be withdrawn, for Jesus is coming. Now while you may, "Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thy increase." Do not be afraid to place your money at His disposal. "What I *kept*, that I have not." remorsefully lamented a negligent one, but what I *gave* (to God), that I have." And the blessing and reward is not alone for the future life, but rich returns, God the Heavenly Father will give you here on earth. "Give, and it shall be given you." Hear, dear ones, the voice of the Lord your God calling unto you, "Bring ye *all* the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and *prove* me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven and *pour* you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." Mal. 3:10. Praise, oh, praise ye the Lord! "For the Lord is great, and greatly to be praised." Praise ye the Lord!

A camp meeting will be held at 34th St. and Midvale Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., July 20th to September 2nd under the auspices of Glad Tidings Hall Pentecostal Assembly, 1035 Girard Ave., Frankford Pentecostal Assembly, 1702 Foulkrod St. Pastors D. Hunniford, and H. Dingee, in charge, assisted by Sister Sarah Cox, a returned Missionary from India. Also many spiritual evangelists, pastors, Bible teachers, and missionaries. Meetings morning, afternoon and evening. For Salvation of sinners, Healing of the sick, Baptism in the Holy Spirit for believers. Tents, \$3.50 per week, \$18.00 for season, including two cots and mattresses. Meals can be secured on the grounds at reasonable rates. For information write H. Dingee, Secretary, 1811 E. Ontario St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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

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

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Notes

General Council Meeting

THE General Council of the Assemblies of God (Headquarters at Springfield, Mo.) will hold their Annual Council Meeting at The Stone Church, 70th and Stewart Ave., Chicago, beginning September 25, 1919. The Missionary Conference will also be held at the same time. In fact it is the purpose of the brethren to hold the Missionary Conference first and have the Council Meeting follow. The evening services will be given to evangelistic effort and missionary addresses; the day sessions to business conferences. If you are interested in the extension of the Kingdom of God make your arrangements to be present. Come praying.

* * *

How God Captured the Press

MRS. McPHERSON tells interestingly of her experience with the secular press in the West. She felt there were many people hungry for God who would be glad to attend the meetings if they knew about them, but for newspaper reporters to interest themselves in Pentecostal meetings favorably enough to write them up, seemed too improbable to consider, and advertising was out of the question, financially. However, in answer to prayer the Lord took this means of publishing them.

One reporter nick-named her "the female Billy Sunday," much to her regret, but this was used to bring the crowds. When she arrived in San Francisco she found the papers had heralded her coming by a two-column write up, and in

that city the reporters told her their editors had commissioned them to get at least five Easter-week sermons to be run in the daily papers throughout the United States.

When she called on them at their request to give them the material, she told them of her desire to see souls saved. They took her out to a great map which covered the wall, and pointing to hundreds of thumb-tacks dotting a territory reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and through Canada and Mexico, said, "Here is your audience, four million, six hundred and seventy-five thousand people." She was overwhelmed at the sight as she realized God was enabling her to fulfill the commission he had given her to preach the Gospel in every state in the Union. With her eyes still on the map, she said, "Let us ask God to bless the messages as they go forth," and though the reporters stood with dazed air, at a loss for words for the first time during the interview, she dropped on her knees there in the large office and lifted her heart to God in prayer.

Hundreds of people who had never heard her name and were unfamiliar with the name of Pentecost, knew the name of "Billy Sunday" and were attracted to the meeting thereby, to hear how God was today pouring out His Spirit, and numbers were convicted of the truth of Pentecost and received the baptism of the Spirit as at the beginning.

Of the meetings in San Jose, she writes as follows in the June number of *The Bridal Call*:

"During our stay in this city God captured the press for Pentecost. The gist of the sermons were printed daily, telling of salvation from all sin, the baptism of the Holy Spirit with the Bible evidence, the soon coming of Jesus and the many signs attendant upon His appearing.

"At first the city editor reported the meeting, remarking that he would not have come only his chief sent him. After a few meetings, however, his face brightened and filled with interest, and when special and additional meetings were held we noticed that he attended these also. When asked why he came when he did not have to, he replied, 'Well, I guess I have a right to go where I like and to do as I please.'

"Soon his reports of the meeting were written in such glowing terms that the balance of the office staff made fun of him about it. He told them that if they did not believe the meetings were so good they themselves should come and see. They came the following Sunday night. That night the power of the Lord was there in a wonderful way, and several men and

women were at the altar seeking salvation. All being strangers to us we did not place any particular significance upon it. However, the editor called at our house and joyfully told us that all five of the staff who had attended the meeting were at the altar the night before."

At the meeting in Tulsa, Okla., Brother Jamieson writes that the largest hall in the city was secured, and as many as 3,000 were in attendance at one time. Over two hundred were saved, and about one hundred received the baptism in the Spirit.

* * *

Gone Home

A letter from Mrs. Matthew Goldie tells of the death of her dear husband who passed away February 11, 1919, in South Rhodesia, South Africa. He became ill with fever while traveling through a wilderness, and after seven days of suffering went to be with the Lord. Pray for Sister Goldie, broken in body from the strain and broken in heart from her deep loss, her sorrow seems more than she can bear but for the grace of God.

Another loss we regret to record is the home-going of Miss Florence Bush, Pekin, China, who went to be with the Lord May 2nd, after an illness of only five days. We deeply sympathize with her mother, Mrs. Anna Bush, in her heavy bereavement. Pray for Sister Bush and the work in Pekin.

* * *

A Reminder

Are you praying as much as before for The United Prayer and Worker's League (Raymond Richey, Houston, Texas)? Perhaps you think that the soldiers have not as much pull on your heart now as when the war was on. "The need," you say, "is not the same." Do you realize that your great opportunity and *your last* to serve the men who so nobly responded to the country's call in the hour of Germany's menace to all the world, *is fast slipping by?* Now thousands of them are still in Camp and still more or less under the solemn impressions of War's face-to-face-with-death's sermon. They have not yet brushed off the solemn impressions. This is reaping time for the U. P. & W. L. workers if you will whet their sickles with your prayers and your money. They can go from camp to camp only as we sustain them with aid and prayers. Soon, disbanded the boys scatter over the country merged in other activities and in care-less worldly atmospheres. Conserve the convic-

tion God hath wrought by speeding the workers from one center to another with your money and your prayers. More especially do the thousands of wounded men in camp and hospital demand our united effort now. I was talking with one beautiful bright young soldier, en-train, whose right leg was off from the trunk of his body. He said he was one of twenty-five thousand in a New Jersey Camp Hospital, every one of the number missing one limb or more. We talked of Jesus. He was so ready. Oh these multiplied thousands that are now willing to hear, if by our help you and I care for these souls. You have only to send your prayers daily to heaven and your gifts to Brother Raymond T. Richey.

As one with you in your deep desires for these precious men,

Elizabeth Sisson.

* * *

Chicago Meetings

CHICAGO Pentecostal friends have been greatly blessed through the ministry of one of the Lord's handmaidens, Sister McPherson, who has just closed a series of meetings at Bethel Temple on the West Side.

A blessed spirit of unity and fellowship has been felt in the meetings, which has enabled the Lord to work in the hearts of all. In the early days of the outpouring, some twelve years ago, we were impressed with the simplicity, the child-like faith, the intense zeal and warm love for His coming. It seems that all these early fruits of the Spirit's incoming are being renewed in the present manifestation of His power. Many were saved, healed and baptized and the Lord added daily to the fellowship of the saints those who are being saved.

The clear, solid, scriptural presentation of the deeper truths through our sister has been very convincing. We believe that God has given her an insight which is rare even in Pentecostal circles. Many who have mocked Pentecostal manifestations have been convinced through hearing the old-time Gospel with the old-time simplicity. Because of a few errors which have found their way into the work, some have been inclined to draw back and become rather conservative, and it is refreshing to find a new spirit of abandonment to the Lord and a simplicity of life growing in the hearts of the people, as they catch afresh the vision of our mighty Savior, the Baptizer of His people and realize a new hunger for all His power in their lives.

We believe the Lord will give increasing showers of the latter rain as we approach the

day of His coming, and our hearts are more than ever reaching out for all He may have for us in these closing days. The war has demanded many of our young men and it seems as if

the Lord is now making use of the ministry of His handmaidens who are given to Him for His work. May the Lord give us many more like our dear sister. Zella E. Reynolds.

How God Backed Up His Word

Providential Leading thro' nearly Twenty Thousand Miles

Mrs. Marion Wittich, East Africa, Stone Church Convention, May 25, 1919



IS anything too hard for God?" No. Our God is able for every circumstance and every condition, and you will agree with me when I tell you of what He has been to me in the midst of Africa's heathen darkness. Do you know, dear ones, that unless we have a vision of the Savior, unless we keep that vision clear, there is nothing very attractive about that land that is sunk in sin and shame. There is nothing that would cause me to go back to that land if I didn't have the vision of my Lord and Savior and lost souls before me. The value of souls is what keeps us spurred on in spite of the hard and trying places we are called to go through, and as we see souls coming to God, few though they be in number, our hearts are encouraged to endure hardness and sacrifice for the sake of the lost.

I told you how the Lord stripped me of everything, even my physical strength; set me down in that dark colony where no Pentecostal missionary had ever entered, and taught me to lean on Him, that He alone might be glorified. We were surely cut off from the outside world, not getting even a cent of money for almost three years, nor a letter of any kind, and yet He Himself sustained the work and blessed it too. He saved souls, although it meant hard labor and much patience. We labored for about two years before we saw any results, and the Lord showed me I was too zealous. He said to me, "As soon as you stop working, I will begin to work," and so I stopped working and began to pray, and it was precious to see how He brought the natives in from among the different tribes that surrounded the little mission, to that little school. I like to emphasize the fact that the work was all of Him.

I remember one young man, eighteen years of age, who came to school and enlisted as a student. He told me that he had been watching me and my husband and the other young man when we came into the colony; he saw we didn't have any home, and wondered what it was that

brought us to that land. He heard that the two young men were called home to be with the Lord, and thought I would come back to this country, but when he saw the work going on he began to investigate and got hungry for God. He had been brought up in the Catholic Church and was quite an intelligent young man, but he saw there was something above the natural that kept me there, and that is what drew him. The natives watch our lives as well as the people here at home. Our lives speak louder than our words. After being in school for about two weeks he came and handed me his rosary and said, "Now I do not have to come to an earthly priest. I can go direct to Jesus Christ and ask Him to forgive my sins." He truly found Him as his Savior.

Another young man came who was brought up in the Church of England. He also was well educated, and I knew exactly what kind of training he had received because I myself was brought up in the Church of England. He not only received Jesus as his personal Savior, but also the endowment from on high. He was wonderfully baptized in the Holy Ghost. This was a wonderful encouragement to our hearts in the midst of trials and hardships. No one has any idea of what it means to labor in heathen darkness and amid awful demon power such as we find in those lands.

We had been in the habit of going to a Mohammedan village to give out the Word of God. We had our usual services at the mission in the morning, and in the afternoon we would go to this Mohammedan village. You know the Mohammedans are very much opposed to the Christians, and they try to hinder us, but we felt we must be faithful in giving out the Word of God. We gathered under a tree as was our custom, but we found on this Sunday they had planned to hinder our services. Some of the leaders of the Mohammedan tribes got together, and they made some concoction which almost intoxicated them, and they, of course, thought we would not go there to preach, but I went forth with my little band of students. The boys said to me, "You are not going to preach today, are you?"

They won't listen," but somehow the Lord permitted me to go among the crowd and stand there and sing. The Lord strengthened our voices ten times more than other times and they rang out clear and strong. I remember thinking, "I wish the people at home would listen; perhaps they could hear us." I said to the students, "Keep your eyes on the Lord and victory is ours." The powers of the enemy were raging hard and strong where the crowd was but we were unmoved. The witch doctors came prancing along and they thought they could bewitch us and came clanging their cymbals up to my face, but I looked to the Lord and kept singing His praises. Most of you know that we win our victories through the gates of praise. Some British soldiers were standing by looking on. They thought they would come to our rescue, but a higher power was working for us, and the witch doctors hung their heads and walked away, amid the silence of the crowd. The Lord had gotten us the victory, and in the silence that followed He gave us a message for them, and they have feared us ever since.

The Mohammedans are a great hindrance to us in many ways. Sometimes we heard through the government employees that some of them have threatened to do us great harm, but God kept a wall of fire about us and they never harmed us. If we had recognized their power we no doubt would have fallen into their hands, as they are very treacherous, but our trust was in the arm of the living God.

Our converts were tested at the time of the war. The Germans had already taken all the able-bodied men, and when the British came they were short of men, and got their eyes on our boys on the mission compound. Generally when a native gets converted he wants to come out from the heathen and so they build on the mission compound. When I left we had eight or ten families on our mission compound. So the British called for our boys on Friday; they said they would only require them for a few days, and we told them they could have them for just a few days. Sunday came and the boys came to us, "Our master wants us to work tomorrow. what shall we do?" I said, "That is for you to decide." Just before they went to work I got up earlier than usual and had services with them, and while they were in the meeting God spoke to their hearts. After the meeting was dismissed instead of going to work they all went to their huts, but they said, "If we don't go to work we will have fifteen lashes." It was a real test to them, but they said they were willing to take

the fifteen lashes rather than break the Sabbath. I am afraid many of our Christians here at home would not stand that test, but this attitude they took proved to me that the Lord did a real work in the hearts of those natives. Don't you think it was worth while to sacrifice that these souls might be brought out of darkness?

When the war came we could not buy any European food; neither could we buy any clothing. All the stores were closed and nothing was imported or exported, but the Lord didn't let our clothing wear out and we could always help those who came in their need. The poor natives got short of clothing and we were kept busy patching them up. We never lacked anything, although there were things we could have enjoyed, but when you sacrifice for the Lord it becomes sweet. I became used to the native food; corn bread, beans, sweet-potatoes and wild honey, were our main foods. We have the rains about five months in the year and then we have vegetables. At first I yearned for different food but when the Lord gave me victory over not getting it I didn't even seem to want it. He even weaned me from my loved ones, and I didn't expect to come home or even see them again, I was so happy in His service, but God's ways are not our ways and He began to speak to me about coming home. Just before I came He began to speak to me about having a chapel put up, but not having any funds coming in I began to excuse myself, but I had no peace or rest until I promised the Lord I would. I called Brother Adiska and said, "Don't you think we should build a chapel?" He said, "Where will you get the money?" I could only answer him, "The Lord will meet the bill." He superintended the work and the little chapel was put up. We got the material in the woods and built it in a very common way, with a thatch roof, and it answered the purpose. It took about a month to build it and we had the workmen to pay, but at the end of the month I got the first American mail, and in one of the letters there was a check to cover the cost of this chapel. It came from a little village where I had been teaching school, and was sent through *The Latter Rain Evangel*.

About this time the Lord began to speak to me about coming home. I didn't have any money but I sold some sweet potatoes to the British soldiers, and got a little money and started off. I had some German money but it was of no use whatever. When I first spoke of coming home Mr. Adiska opposed it very strongly on account of the obstacles which I would meet, but God had spoken to me and the promises He gave me

were truly wonderful. I got my permit to leave the country and God straightened out other matters for me. I was ready in five days, and I left everything but my steamer trunk and a few valises. When I made my application they said there was only one way to get out of the colony and that was through the jungles. The British soldiers were coming up from the Coast and there was a military rush on there and I could not go that way. They said the distance was 240 miles through the jungles and it took sixteen days for a white man to take it. There were rivers to ford and the rains were on, and they thought I would not be able to get through, but when God says "go," you do not consider the difficulties. There was a distance of about eight hours I could go on the train, and when I went to buy my ticket the station master said he could not sell to private passengers; everything was for the military. I knew the Lord had spoken; I stepped on the train and then got off, but just before the train started the station master came up to me and handed me a ticket free of charge. Is anything too hard for God? I was quite contented on the train, feeling I was in the will of God, notwithstanding that I knew the Belgians had been destroying the city of Tabora, and the hotels were closed. I recognized that He had the responsibility. While I was traveling God spoke to the same station master and he telegraphed ahead, "There is a lady coming; make ready for her comfort." When I got to the station the agent was waiting for me and said, "I have everything ready for you." I inquired about porters. I had a tent and some food and wanted a few extra men to carry me once in awhile, but when I approached the political officer he said, "No, we cannot give you any porters; every one is after the Germans, and we have to have them to carry food for the soldiers and keep them supplied." I was restful, and had a little visit with some of my friends. Mr. Adiska became worried and came after me, so I went to the political officer again, and he said, "How many men do you want?" I said "Sixteen or nineteen," but he gave me three more. It was just like the Lord. He gives you more than you ask for. The officer not only gave me porters but an English armed soldier, to look after my caravan so the natives won't act up, for the natives all respect an armed soldier. Otherwise you never know when the natives will drop your load. The first day went very hard because Mr. Adiska was so concerned, and felt I could not make this long journey, but when he went back everything went all right. I think God wanted to prove that He

could undertake for me when I leaned wholly on Him. It was marvelous as I marched through those jungles how I hadn't a fear of anything. Before I started I had a dread of the lions and wild animals, but when I started God took all that fear away. I felt like a brave officer with my soldiers coming after me. I started up a native song or hymn, and they all followed. That was the secret of our success, and I made the trip in eleven days instead of sixteen, traveling mostly by moonlight. The political officer told the soldier not only to give me food, but also the food of the porters. When we came to a native village he would go in and ask the chief to bring me chickens and eggs and anything I wanted; kill a goat or a bullock for the porters, and I never paid a cent for porters or anything. They told me I would probably get to Lake Victoria Nyanza just after the boat had gone and I would have to wait a month for another, but I reached there just two days before the boat sailed. I was three days on the water and reaching Kisumu in British East Africa it was my intention to go straight to India to my sister, but that was not God's plan, and if I had insisted in carrying it out I would have had trouble. Until I submitted to His plan there was an awful unrest in my heart and real suffering. I was laid sick on my back, and as soon as I told the Lord I would submit to His will He raised me up. I believe many times our healings are withheld because we are not perfectly yielded to God, and when I was willing to sacrifice my desire to see my sister, He raised me up.

I had to have a passport, my old one having expired two or three years before. They said it would take eight months to send it home to Washington, but I felt I could not wait eight months. They told me I could put my name on the passenger list and when it came my turn I could go, but they preferred those who were real sick or delicate. I saw there was no chance for me so I didn't put my name on the list. I was willing to go back, but I had to have a permit to get back. It wasn't a very happy outlook to be among strangers and penniless, yet it was just the place I proved God, and I can see so clearly now why God permitted me to be in that place; how He wanted me to testify and witness among these other missionaries. He thrust me in among the Quakers, the Church Missionary Society and the African missionaries, some of whom were real hungry for God and seeking the baptism of the Spirit. When I got the work done that He had for me, He did the supernatural. I thought I would go back to my station,

where I was willing to continue my work, but when I got down to the Coast, received my permit to return and was waiting for a transport to take me back the other way for I didn't want to go through the jungles again, God undertook. I didn't have my name listed, nor did I have my passport or the money for my passage. I dropped into the American Consul's office and he said, "I have just received a cable from Washington giving me authority to issue passports," and mine was the first issued. It seemed more miraculous than ever since I came home and learned of conditions later. I wrote to other missionaries that the American Consul had authority to issue passports, and they immediately sent in their application, but they wrote me the American Consul received another cable prohibiting him from issuing any more. So God opened the way just for His child. In the Passenger Agent's office he told me he could make room for me and in a few days I was setting sail for South Africa.

There was a brother there who offered to loan me \$500, and when I got home I could send it back. I didn't want to borrow but the Lord assured me the money was on the way. I felt, however, I would go home on \$400, and thought I would go *via* New York. There I was, in a strange city with a limited amount of money and board very high. I realized that if I was delayed in a short time all my money would be gone and I would not have enough for my ticket. I was told a boat would sail in five weeks and that would go by way of China and Japan. So I began to look around in the city for a job. I thought I'd get a position as a stenographer. There was an opening the next day, but I did not have any rest about getting it. I was staying at a Missionary Rest Home and a number of missionaries were there awaiting boats, and the next morning after I got through eating breakfast a lady came to me and said, "I feel impressed to ask you to come to my home where you will not have to pay any board." I hesitated to put myself in the hands of strangers too quickly, so I inquired and was told she was a Christian lady living in Durban. I found out she was very hungry for God and He led me out there in order that I might give her the light. That woman and her husband, who had been under the American Board, stepped out by faith and entered into a deeper experience.

My stay there was very precious, not only to them but other missionaries also. I asked the Steamship Agent if I could take the next boat and he told me he didn't think I could, that there

were so many wanting to sail. Then when the boat reached Cape Town he sent me a telegram saying, "no accommodations whatever." That night I was supposed to speak to a Zulu congregation through an interpreter, and the Lord gave me the message, "Be of good cheer." I could hardly give it because it was so contrary to my telegram, but the Lord helped me, and I told the lady with whom I was staying that I had to go in to the city the next day. She said, "You have that telegram, you cannot sail," but I felt I must go. I took my trunk that night and went off to the Coast. The next day the agent said, "I am so glad you came in. Just fifteen minutes ago I got word from the captain there was one berth. Oh, it pays to obey God in spite of what people may say and how they may try to discourage you! I am glad I believed God. Somehow He allowed things to be just as perverse in the natural as could be in order that He might be glorified. I was bound for Singapore, which took eighteen days, and I felt like a king's daughter. I then went to Hong Kong and Shanghai and there the enemy tried to unsettle me. I didn't quite know how I would manage. My money was almost gone and I had to lean hard on the Lord. I had to see the Japanese, the American and the British Consuls, and then I went down to the agent's office to see what accommodations I could get. He said, "Are you alone?" "Yes." "Oh, I didn't know ladies traveled alone these days! Well, there is just one berth in reserve. I can accommodate you." When I reached Kobe, Japan, I was accosted by an official, "You have been on board ship a long time and since you have been on board you have an additional sum of \$75 to pay on your ticket. When you get to Yokohama you pay an additional \$75. I went to my cabin and told Father about it, and when I got back I asked him what authority he had to charge me \$75 extra? He said, "We are allowed to do it in war time." I said, "I am sorry, but I haven't got it." "Well, you will see the purser about that." I never saw the purser and I was never molested again. When I saw God do these wonderful things all the way home, I felt I would like to hide my face in dust and ashes, I was so unworthy of His wonderful faithfulness. It truly inspired my heart to trust Him more. When I got to Seattle I had only \$50 to get to Detroit, and they told me it would cost \$75. I felt like telegraphing home for money, then thought that would not glorify the Lord, so I missed the first train and went to the home of the Pentecostal minister there and he said, "Have you got your

ticket?" I told him, "Not yet." "Well, there is an agent near by and we will go down and buy your ticket at missionary rates." The agent gave the special rate and it cost me only \$50.

The reason the Lord so wonderfully undertook for me was because I had no one to lean on but Him, not only in matters of suffering and hunger and privation, but even in imprisonment. There was one German farmer in the colony who came to the mission and became interested. He got the Gospel and was wonderfully saved, and when we were cut off from the outside world he gave us some cows so we could have our own milk, which was a great help to us. When the British came they investigated the

place and seeing we had some German property, thought we were pro-German, and imprisoned us. I just took my suit-case for God spoke to me. He said, that in a few days I would be back to work again, and so after being in prison five days they sent us back.

My heart cries out as never before to go back, but the Lord spoke to me, "Just as soon as you are willing to stay at home until I send you, I will send you." I can say from the depths of my heart, "Let me now go to the field and glean." He is the Lord of the harvest, and when He sends forth His laborers He undertakes and directs in all their affairs. I know this for I have proved Him faithful in every test.

Is Your Hand Withered?

Blessings in the Path of Humility

Mrs. H. J. Johns, Honolulu, in Stone Church Convention, May 14, 1919



HE Lord brought before me today the thirteenth chapter of I Kings, and as I look into it there seems to be so much in it for myself; perhaps if you will open up your hearts you too will find something helpful.

We have here the story of a man of God who came to Bethel where King Jeroboam had turned the people to idolatry and set up priests to sacrifice to calves instead of the living God, and as Jeroboam stood to burn incense, the man of God prophesied of the coming of Josiah who should worship the Lord and take away the high places and burn the bones of the priests upon the altar. He gave as a sign that the Lord had spoken, that the altar should be rent and the ashes should be poured forth. When Jeroboam heard these things he put forth his hand and ordered him taken, and immediately his hand was withered so that he could not raise it up. The altar also was rent even as the prophet had said.

As I read this the Lord seemed to talk to my heart and show me how often our hand has been withered. We have gone forth in the power of the Holy Ghost and the Lord anointed us, but there have come times when we seemed shorn of power and our hand was withered. The wonderful story of the suffering Christ did not go forth with power that sinners might be convicted, but when we went down before God and cried to Him to restore our hand, He has done it. He does not hold us afar off. He is ever near to restore to us what we have lost because of some hardness; perhaps because of some

pride, jealousy, envy. These things creep in and before we know it our hand is withered.

"And the king said unto the man of God, Intreat now the face of the Lord thy God, and pray for me, that my hand may be restored me again. And the man of God besought the Lord, and the king's hand was restored him again, and became as it was before. And the king said, unto the man of God, Come home with me, and refresh thyself, and I will give thee a reward." When God is using us and people see that we have His power on our lives, how many times have we had a chance to sell out for a reward! We were not very long on the Island until we had an offer which would have caused us to compromise. "You come and take this mission—\$150 a month." It comes at a time when we are most tested; God permits it to come to see if we will go on with Him, or if we will go back. "And the man of God said unto the king, If thou wilt give me half thine house, I will not go in with thee, neither will I eat bread nor drink water in this place: for so was it charged me by the word of the Lord, saying, Eat no bread nor drink water, nor turn again by the same way that thou camest." Now there was an old prophet who dwelt in Bethel and his sons came and told him all that the man of God had said, and he planned to intercept him. So he saddled his ass and went and found him under an oak tree. You and I can always find a tree to get under and be at our ease, and there the enemy comes along to whisper to us, and to get us to turn back and not go through with God. Sometime he sows the seeds of pride and hatred and jealousy while we are under the tree.

The man of God who had been so mightily used to prophesy against the altar and restore the king's hand, and said to the king that he wouldn't stop even for his reward, stopped under a tree and there the enemy overtook him. He wasn't tripped up through a sinner or a worldly church member, but by one who said, "I am a prophet too, and an angel came and told me to tell you to come back to my house." Oh how slyly the devil works when we are on a stretch after God, and how we need to be careful that we know the voice of God. And when we know God has spoken how we need to be staunch and true. I do not mean by that that we do not need to be admonished by our leaders and pastors; surely God speaks to us in that way, but we can also know a "thus saith the Lord," and in these days that are coming upon us, it may not be long that you will be able to gather in a church like this, but you may be driven this way and that, and you need to know the voice of God for yourselves. You may not be able to go to your pastor and tell him how you feel about it. That is all well and good but you may be stripped of everything but God.

This old prophet said, "I am a prophet also as thou art; and an angel spoke to me and told me to bring you to my house that you might eat and drink," but the Word of God says he lied to him. Then the Scripture goes on to say what happened to the man of God who took time to sit down under a tree, when he turned back from what the Lord had showed him, went back and ate and drank with the prophet who had lied to him. While they sat at the table the Lord spoke through that very prophet who brought him back, that his carcass should fall by the way, and the record says that a lion slew him.

Is there not a deep lesson in this for us? How many times have we stopped and turned back to the things we left behind? Are we not doing things today that we didn't do when we were first baptized? To keep the anointing of the Spirit means just as close a walk with Him as when we first received the blessing. I remember when I began to feel a little turning back because some one came to me and said, "You are too narrow, Sister Johns. God doesn't want you to be so narrow," and so I thought I would let down a little, and the Lord spoke to me, "Don't you remember those blessed days, the close walk, the consciousness of My approval on you at all times, in all places?" And I had to say, "Yes, Lord, I will not turn back. I will go through with You," and with this lesson comes this thought to my mind how it means a con-

tinual going down. "In His humiliation His judgment was taken away." We sometimes find ourselves in that place where we get down in real humility before God that our judgment of what we thought we would do, and what some one else ought to do, is swept away from us. This is one thing God has been teaching me more and more since I have been on this trip home, more than ever before in my life, the necessity of hearing His voice and walking humbly before Him. If we do not draw close to Him now what are we to do when we are scattered here and there and driven to the mountains and the caves? We are always praying for Pentecostal power, and there is never a time when I pray for Pentecostal power that I do not ask God for grace for Pentecostal persecution. We cannot have one without the other. We would get puffed up and run off right away if God would use us like this prophet, and yet how we need power.

When an agent goes out to sell something he demonstrates that his article is able to do just exactly what he says it will. He may have a solution that will take a stain out of cloth. When he proves it is what he says it is, he can sell it without any trouble. We are crying Pentecost, telling the people it is the best thing that we have found—and it is; but do we not need to live in the place where Jesus can demonstrate through us? It will mean a humble, perhaps a hidden way, a consecrated life, a life willing to go down, whether right or wrong. Very seldom am I willing to go that solitary way until God begins to talk to me. Sometimes I come in contact with people who I think are hard and unyielding and I step aside, but when I get down before God He shows me the hardness in the depths of my own heart, and I cry to God to restore the hand that is withered. When does He do it? When we are willing to go to the one against whom we had a hard feeling and ask forgiveness. When the oil of the Holy Ghost seems to be leaking out I know there must be a weak place somewhere in the vessel, and as I look to God. He is sure to show me a little break some place. But He mends the break and fills me up with oil again and starts me on my way.

Not only for the home land do we need this quickening, but oh how the missionaries need it! We can do nothing of ourselves. We can get up in the meeting and talk and talk, but unless God comes forth in the power of the Holy Ghost the heathen are not moved. We can go into a home and pray and pray, and unless God comes forth there is not a soul moved in that

home. But when God breaks forth the heathen can feel the compassion of Jesus welling up in our soul. If our vessels are broken and the oil has leaked out there is coldness and indifference in our lives which brings no results. Perhaps we have sat down under a tree and refused to go on with God, or perhaps we have sold out for a reward. It does not pay. The King is almost at the door, and what we have to do must be done quickly.

The pastor can live where he hears the voice of God but if the people are not in the same place there will not be that flowing together, the oneness of the Spirit. If we got to the place where we all speak the same thing, all hear the same thing, and all do the same thing, how blessedly God would come forth in our meetings! I was in a little meeting the other night in the East which seemed to be tied up. After awhile a sister got up and said, "I want you to forgive me for the way I acted." Then the power of God struck her and there was a break. Samuel said to Saul, "When thou wast little in thine own eyes, thou wast made king over Israel," and when we are little in our own eyes God can trust us, but when we get big He sets us aside. He is more concerned about the worker than the work he is doing, and I thank Him today for His chastening rod upon me. Many a time I would have sat down under a tree or turned back but the love of God that passeth understanding stopped me and held me fast, and when He was through with the chastening He lifted me up.

I was at a meeting recently in which there was some little disagreement between myself and some others, but God overruled because I obeyed Him and did not follow my own inclination. One of the brethren said afterwards, that when people keep moving apart it is an opening wedge for the devil, and if one doesn't break they will never come together again, but if one breaks the whole chasm is bridged. There were some things that I did not like in this meeting and I thought I would go. So I went to my room and packed my suit-case, but then I thought I had better ask God to go with me, and as I went to prayer I couldn't feel He was telling me to go. Three times that afternoon I made an attempt to go and three times He said, "Stay." I stayed but I kept arguing to myself, "There is no use in staying when that other place is open to me," and all the time the Lord was trying to talk to me and telling me to go to a certain brother. Friends, we do not need to say we do not know the mind of the Lord. He will direct us if we will be

submissive, but often we are driven here and there by our own spirit instead of the Spirit of God. I got on the street-car, and said, "Lord, shall I stop?" I knew well enough I was to stop, and I kept asking that question until I got to the station. Then I felt I was running away from God, and I went to the telephone and called up the brother. He asked me what I was doing there, and I told him where I was going. The enemy had said to me that morning, "They didn't ask you to stay over Saturday." There are times when the enemy can open a door if he thinks he can thwart God's purposes. I knew all the time I was trying to run away from God, and yet in another way I didn't altogether realize it, but I want to say to the glory of God I retraced my steps and went back and stayed over Sunday. All the way on this trip I have been learning what I never knew before. Oh that the Spirit of God might have the pre-eminence at all times!

Just now there comes to my mind a dear sister on the West Coast. One time her daughter was sick and at death's door. She prayed and had every one whom she knew to pray. One day she cried to the Lord, "Oh God, why is it that my daughter is not healed?" He said to her, "You be careful how you treat the members of My body." "What do you mean, Lord?" "I mean My baptized children." "Lord, do you mean such-and-such a place?" and He said, "Yes." She hadn't felt very good at that mission, she told me, and immediately she went to the telephone and said, "Will you stand with me for my daughter's healing?" and soon her daughter was improving. We wonder why our sick are not healed. I believe if we were willing to get down before God and live in the spirit of love toward people even though they oppose us and may be wrong, it will pay. There is nothing that chokes up the channel like the least bit of feeling.

When I got on the street-car that day and went back into that meeting, God put such a desire in my heart to ask two of the brethren to put their hands on me and pray for me, but yet there was that self that didn't want to ask. At the close of the evening meeting God said, "Lift up your head and open your eyes," and as I did they fell on a brother towards whom I had some feeling, and God said, "Ask him to forgive you," and I did and by that time I felt I could fly off to heaven. I am determined to have a conscience void of offense toward God and man. After I had done my part I felt so clean, and all at once I felt hands laid on my head, and

there was the desire of my heart granted. Oh the faithfulness of God! The tears were streaming down their faces as they put their hands on me and prayed, and to me it was a real setting apart for His work, that I might go back strong, not only in body but to stand against sin and Satan. God put the desire in my heart, and without my asking He sent them along to fulfill the desire. That convinced me as never before that God was with them and talking to them. But if I had run off and not listened to the voice of God I would never have known the sweetness of that hour, and the estrangement might never have been healed.

I praise God for the many times on the Island that I listened to His voice, and one thing that I have been particularly grateful for was, that He always spoke to my husband at the same time. One Fourth of July we had an experience in which we were definitely led by Him. We always paid our rent on the first, but this month we had only part of the rent, and this was the morning of the Fourth. We had a little lunch fixed up for the children and were going to take them out for the day. As we were ready to go an old man came along with a little boy six years old, leading him by the hand. I could not describe how he looked, so repelling. He said, "Missus, I bring you my boy. Long time ago I hear you good lady." I said, "I cannot take your boy; haven't much money this morning, haven't much food." But for all I could say, he kept saying, "Yes, I hear you a good lady, long time I walk to bring my boy." He told me it was fifty miles he had walked. He took out an old dirty cloth containing rice, which they had cooked before they started out, and insisted on leaving the boy with us. We felt we could not take in another child when we didn't have money to pay our rent, so I went to the kitchen to pray, and husband came and got on his knees, and as we both prayed, God said, "Take him in." So we went and told the man, and he pulled out of his pocket a handful of change, and said, "I have saved this and will give it to you as an offering for taking my boy." We counted it and found it was just \$5, just what we lacked to pay our rent. The old man left him in our care and didn't come back again for several months, and he was so pleased when he saw how well his boy was doing, and said, "Now I am going to give you my other boy, but I said, 'No, we don't want your other boy. We cannot take him,' but when we went to prayer the Lord would not let us refuse. When he came the 'other boy' was a girl twelve years old, and she was very, very

thin. As she sat down around the table with the other children and they sang praises unto God her little eyes were so big. When she finished eating what was on her plate and was asked, if she would have some more, she said, "Shoo! Shoo!" "What is the matter?" was asked. "Oh, the lady will whip me if I ask for more." I found out afterward that at the place she had been she was punished when she asked for more. She was with us only a little while when God saved her and filled her with His Spirit. Then we could see why God said, "Take in the boy." There was that girl's soul at stake. She was with us a year or more and went on with God beautifully, and one day the Catholic priest came for her as their parents were members of the Catholic Church. We had quite a struggle over it, the humane officer took it into court, but the priest got the boy and the girl too. I want you to pray her out of that convent. For three days she didn't eat nor sleep, and I ate and slept very little, for these things pull on our hearts very deeply. After three days of fasting and sleepless nights, she said, "I want to be baptized before I go." We took her up to a stream a little distance off, and when we got down to pray on the edge of the stream, God began to say in the depths of my heart, "Whatsoever ye bind on earth shall be bound in heaven." I said, "Yes, Lord. It must mean You are going to hold her," and all at once, husband began to pray out loud, "Whatsoever ye bind on earth shall be bound in heaven." When that came it seemed to lift the cross and she went into the stream, was buried with Christ in baptism and came up with the power of the Spirit upon her and went home. The next morning the priest come to her and she said to me, "It is all right, Mamma Johns. Jesus says it is all right," and off she went. They have a high wall around the convent and no one can get in except on business, but the humane officer was a friend of mine, and took me in. When the little girl saw me she got hold of my skirt and began to whisper, "Mamma Johns, will Jesus be angry at me if I pray on the beads when they tell me? I just pray from my lips, but when I get in bed and cover up, then I pray with my heart just like we did at home." I believe that He will make good that verse He gave me on my knees beside that little stream of water. I ask your continued prayers for those God has given us on the Island, and for the other Islands round about Hawaii, so that at the great ingathering there will be some sheaves to your account as well as ours in that great day.

Called to Be a Fisher of Men

The Testimony of an English Business Man In Japan

L. W. Coote, 1033 Honmoku, Yokohama, Japan



HEREWITHAL shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word."

Phalm 119:9.

I have been requested by a number of friends to write of God's leadings in my own life, which I do, only that the grace of God, and His faithfulness, may be magnified, with the prayer that others may be led to trust and obey Him on every point.

It was in September, 1913, when 22 years of age, that I signed a five years' contract with a British firm of soap manufacturers, to serve them in the office of their Japan factory.

I was at this time a professing Christian, a Sunday School teacher, and enthusiastic in all the departments of church work, but was without that *change of heart; that renewal of mind; that being born again,*" so definitely spoken of in God's Word as essential to enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

And so it was that I commenced my life in Kobe with high worldly ambitions, coupled with selfish pleasures and fleshly indulgences, and these would all in a very short time have sent my body to a drunkard's grave and my soul to an endless lake of fire, were it not for the faithfulness of a missionary who believed the Bible to be God's Word, and under whose ministry the Holy Spirit gave to me a broken heart and contrite spirit.

It was not very long after this that I was face to face with the fact that the *whole of the Bible was God's revelation* to man, and that it was my duty as a follower of Christ to read the *whole* of the Bible, and to make the *whole* Bible my pattern and standard of life. This I did and very soon I saw what an awful sinner I had been in the eyes of an holy God. Plunging into the crimson fountain of Jesus' blood, which washed every stain away, I vowed to God an absolute obedience to His Word in life and conduct, and an absolute surrender of body, soul and spirit for time and eternity. Separation from the world and its pleasures became natural; prayer meetings a living pleasure; tithing a delight; assisting in Japanese mission halls and in open airs my recreation, and on Feb. 20th, 1914, I was immersed into the death of Jesus Christ in a Japanese Mission Church.

The British firm, in addition to a large staff

of Japanese, employed 25 Englishmen, and although like myself many of these may have had a profession of religion before leaving England they followed by their actions and lives the saying "There are no morals east of Port Said."

To be true to God I had on more than one occasion to take a stand for righteousness in my business, and one illustration of my action reflecting upon the actions of the others is, to say the least, interesting. The Income Tax Collector had called at the office and had demanded that each member of the foreign staff fill up the necessary forms, giving details regarding amount of salary received, etc. These forms had all been filled up and returned by the respective members of the staff, but the Income Tax Collector was in a bewilderment to understand how it was that the Managing Director of such a large concern, as this firm was, should receive a lesser salary than a member of his staff who did not enjoy such a responsible position as himself. Enquiries were made, which resulted in an interview with the Managing Director, who insisted that I made a false return to the Income Tax Authorities in order that he, along with the other members of the staff, might be shadowed. *But this matter had been fought out previously on my knees* and righteousness won the battle that day.

But to have such a member on one's staff was a source of danger to the business, especially in the East where honesty, truth and righteousness are not first of all considered when deciding on new methods of increasing the financial surplus on the year's working, and as I had also very much lowered the dignity and standing of the foreigners—so they claimed—by associating myself with mission hall efforts, it did not seem, sometimes, as if my whole contract of five years would be completed. But Hallelujah, God is still the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and, although the firm had occasion to send home five men whose contracts were incomplete, the very one whom naturally they desired to get rid of stayed right on.

The Spirit of God had been striving with me for some time in regard to a point in God's Word which I clearly saw was not being lived up to in my life. The verses were these:

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and

where thieves break through and steal: But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal." (Matthew 6: 19-22.)

I had received great blessing through tithing, and had in fact been giving one-fifth instead of one-tenth to the Lord's work, but when God's Spirit brought this further truth forcibly to me, argument after argument would present itself to my mind, and I did not obey until God spoke in more definite terms. Within three weeks I was robbed twice—the first time my loss was \$100 gold, and the second time goods valued \$25 gold, and through these two incidents I yielded to God's Spirit, and kept my vow which had been made some time previously that by the grace of God I would make my life an exact copy of His Word. What joy it was now to take the whole of the \$900 gold and lay it at His feet, daily listening to His voice as the Holy Spirit guided to the dispersing of it, and oh the abundant and overflowing joy one's heart has received as the mail came from India, China, Africa and the Belgian Congo, telling in many cases how the offering has met an immediate need.

My heart was further to have the joy of starting my own mission hall; of supporting it; of assisting in all ways possible, and by carrying the burden of prayer, and the joy of seeing sinners washed in the Blood of the Lamb is a greater one than this world has to offer. Amongst the many who found the Lord were drunkards, a harlot, an ex-prisoner and a would-be-suicide.

God had also to lead me in His own peculiar but faithful way in regard to Divine Healing. I had clearly seen this truth in the Word of God, but had a natural aversion to faith healing, and although not entirely opposed to it I had not embraced this doctrine when I saw it in God's Word. But God was to prove Himself in my own life in a practical way. I was taken suddenly sick with an attack of severe biliousness and dysentery which caused a great weakness in my body, and to satisfy myself as to my physical condition I sought a medical examination. Twice the same day the doctor gave a thorough examination and declared I had appendicitis, and must visit Tokyo for an operation immediately. For many reasons it was impossible to visit Tokyo until the following day, and it was only on the express promise that I would go straight to bed and keep myself perfectly quiet until the doctor called with his motor that he allowed me to postpone visiting Tokyo one day.

In the meantime I telegraphed my missionary

friend who had been a spiritual help to me. He came and we had prayer together, and the Lord right there and then touched my body. I was able to tell the doctor frankly when he came to take me to the station. "I am all right—I have been healed." In silence he made another examination; declared this to be the truth and acknowledged that it was unnecessary for me to have the operation. He telegraphed cancelling the appointment in Tokyo, and to the glory and praise of Jesus' name I can testify that after this incident I yielded to God and for almost three years this trouble has not returned, and *the Lord has been my only medicine and physician.* Hallelujah!

"And the end is not yet praise the Lord!" Oh how good God is! how faithful are His dealings with the human soul. Many times when meditating on God's Word, or under the ministry of my missionary friend, the baptism of the Holy Ghost had been a subject of thought. But it was not until February, 1917, that I realized I must at any cost receive the Holy Spirit into my life exactly as on the day of Pentecost. Every publication, book or article, dealing with the subject was devoured—wherever I was, on the street car, in shops, in business or at home, my heart was continually going out to God for the fulfillment of His promise. Restitutions were made—many whole nights spent in prayer—much misunderstanding by some who had previously been a help to me, but blessed be God, He again proved Himself faithful, and on the 19th of November, 1917, at 11:30 p. m., the blessed Holy Spirit came to dwell in His temple, and made His presence known by speaking in three distinct tongues unknown to myself. Now my soul had found that for which it had been longing for so many years. Oh that every convert in these days could be taught to receive Acts 2:38 *Repentance—Water Baptism (Identification with the death of Jesus Christ)—and the gift of the Holy Ghost as on the day of Pentecost*, what different Christians this world would see!

It was not long after the Holy Spirit had come that the conviction grew in my soul that the Lord's will for me was to give my whole time to His service, and His will was sought much in prayer, especially as my business contract was now rapidly drawing to an end. I was approached by the head of the firm for whom I had labored the previous five years, who spoke of how I had proven myself of use to them and one whom they could trust. He offered to me a much higher and responsible position, and de-

sired me to state my terms to him, but he added a condition to his offer which was poison to my soul. He wished me to promise to use my leisure time in studying the business engaged in and not to be so much taken up with what he termed "my hobby," *i. e.*, the extension of the Lord's Kingdom. Acceptance of his offer would probably have meant a financial increase of 50 to 75 per cent; greater freedom and more authority, and a refusal meant a severance from the firm.

I chose the latter, and arrangements were made whereby I could visit South Africa, my intention being to seek refreshment of body and soul by a change of climate, and by the fellowship of a Pentecostal Assembly, (which I had never yet had), earning my living by doing a little work or trusting the Lord wholly, praying and reading the Word in all my spare time until God's will for my life was definitely made clear. Bags were packed; all arrangements made; the date of the steamer's sailing drew nearer; some farewells were said, but all the time by the grace of God I was willing *not* to go if God made His will clear to me. One or two spiritual friends felt definitely that Japan was my field of labor and that I ought to step out wholly for the Lord here, whilst others desired me to return after a visit to Africa.

It was three days before the actual sailing day of the boat when I walked into the steamship company's office and requested labels for my bag, when they informed me that on account of submarine dangers the boat had been transferred to another line and that they could give no information regarding future sailings. I immediately visited every other steamship office, but without success. America and England were closed because of the War, and now the only place to which I could go was shut up. Perfect peace reigned in my soul but I had a fear of being a second Jonah did I take another boat without God showing it to me.

I could not get away from the fact that in answer to prayer and in order to show His will God had caused the directors of one of the leading steamship companies in the world to transfer one of their liners from the European service to the American service, and it was not very

long before I heard God's voice and knew beyond all doubts that His will was "*Japan and Pentecost until Jesus comes*" and so it is that for the past four months I have been assisting Brother and Sister Gray in Yokohama, and God has been pleased to give Pentecostal blessing; twenty-five in all in Yokohama and the villages receiving the baptism with the Holy Ghost as on the day of Pentecost.

"*Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you*" (Matthew 6:33) is God's promise, and blessed be His holy name how wonderfully faithful He is to His own word. He has supplied the needs of myself, besides those of my interpreter and his wife during this time.

Just one illustration of God's faithfulness. On the first day of October, 1918—the very first day after my business contract ceased, the mail brought a letter with an offering from a Christian business man in Canada. Two or three days previous to this the Lord had also laid it on the heart of a missionary in Japan to give me an offering. As I meditate on these things my soul cannot but cry out praises to Jesus because He has proved Himself to be my Savior, Sacrificer, Healer, Baptizer with the Holy Ghost, and Provider; yea my All in All.

Beloved friend, may I invite you to read and to re-read the Word of God, and to make a vow to obey the Word, making your life an exact copy of it at any cost, remembering that life is short and eternity is long and that Jesus is coming soon. Should you, dear reader, be one who has done this, may I earnestly covet your prayers for the fifty-five millions in Japan, and for my ministry, that it may be according to the Word of God, also, *i. e.*, in *demonstration of the Spirit and power.* . (1 Cor. 2:4.)

The Full Gospel Assembly of Three Rivers, Mich., will hold a camp meeting (DV.) beginning Aug. 3, in the city park. A limited number of tents can be secured. For particulars write the pastor, Alvin L. Branch.

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