



The days of Heaven on the Earth

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

A Great Crisis!

The Mohammedan's Slogan, a Call to the Church to Awake

E. O. Jago, Returned Missionary to Palestine, in the Stone Church, Aug. 31, 1913.

Note.—The following missionary address sketches the spiritual crisis in missions that now confronts us. Is it not analogous to the historical crisis that confronted Europe at the time of the Saracen invasion in the Dark Ages? The Moslems were ambitious to honor the name of their Prophet by adding Western Europe to his heritage. They swarmed over the Pyrenees and carried all before them, even to the very heart of France, while all Europe held its breath as to what the outcome of a pitched battle might mean for Christendom. It was the Crescent against the Cross; Mohammed against Christ, as never before or since. God raised up a deliverer in Charles Martel, who here won his hero-

name of the Hammer, and the followers of the Prophet were beaten to the earth. Surely the stars that fought in their courses against Sisera were again in the ascendancy; for the defeat of the Saracens was made complete when, in the confusion and darkness of the night following the battle, they turned and fought against each other. It was a shattered remnant of an army that escaped across the Pyrenees, never to invade Europe again.

May we not hope that the God of battles who has so often "put to flight armies of aliens" will succor us in our spiritual battle of today? The weapons of our warfare are "mighty before God" as "with all prayer and supplication" we wait upon Him.



WOULD like to call your attention to a word of God found in the seventeenth chapter of Genesis from verses fifteenth to nineteenth. Here we see that God had a thought for Abraham that his faith did not at that time measure up to and that he made a prayer that was of the flesh. "Oh that Ishmael might live before Thee." That fleshly prayer of Abraham's has cursed the earth with millions of souls who have been the bitterest foes both to the Jews and to Christianity. I trust that God will burn into our hearts that there is a praying in the flesh that is not of God.

Now in Acts 1:8 we read, "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses to Me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and into the uttermost part of the earth." Do you notice that the Holy Ghost was given that we might be witnesses? We may sing, "I'll go where You want me to go dear Lord" and have all the prayer-meetings in the world, but if we are not led out to pray for lost souls in the slums of Chicago and in far away lands and to witness to Jesus, there is something the matter with our religion.

God sent me to Palestine eight years ago. I went out under the Christian and Missionary Alliance, expecting to work among the Jews. My heart burned for Israel and it burns tonight. God said if we would love Israel He would love us; if we would bless Israel He would bless us, and it is marvelous the blessing God gives to the man who loves His chosen people. But I had not been two weeks in Jerusalem before they asked me, "Brother Jago, would you like to visit our

Hebron station?" I thought of the grapes of Eschol that grew in that favored southland. I thought of Caleb who had chosen that mountain of giants to conquer, and the very name means "fellowship with God." I went down to Hebron; but in that ancient city of King David I found the dark-skinned, dark-souled sons of Ishmael. I saw that the prayer Abraham offered away back there on the plains of Mamre when he made his fleshly request for the perpetuation of Ishmael had been answered. In that one town there were twenty-five thousand of his descendants and they were as fanatical a people as you will find on the face of God's earth. In my heart I said, "Lord, I hope you will give me a good hard station, of course as a missionary I want that, but I do hope You will not send me here." When I went back to Jerusalem and they asked me how I liked Hebron I said I did not like it at all. It made me shrink to see the Mohammedans holding the place of God's chosen people and I was astonished to find almost every little village in the land inhabited by the sons of Ishmael instead of the sons of Isaac. How could it be that the Holy Land should be so full of the sons of Ishmael? Surely there was something wrong somewhere.

Well, the first station I was appointed to was this very same city of Hebron. I went there in fear and trembling. If you were to go with me to Palestine you would find ringing out, five times a day from ninety per cent of the villages these words, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is His prophet." Think of it! Nineteen hundred years ago Christ went up to glory from the Mount of Olives leaving you and me the command to evangelize Jerusalem, Judea and Samaria, yet today in ninety per cent of the villages of Palestine the cry of the False Prophet rings

out and there is not a single Christian in all those villages! It is time we got down in real humiliation before God and quit our meaningless squabbles and let the Holy Ghost get hold of us so we will wrestle in prayer with God. It is time the Holy Ghost got hold of some of our young men and put a missionary spirit into them. We are playing at missions. I wonder what is the matter with us that we have so little missionary spirit in the face of Christ's direct commands.

In the two great schools of Mohammedanism, El Azhar and Bohara, you will find twenty thousand Mohammedan young men studying the Koran in one hand and our Scripture in the other. These young men spend anywhere from seven to eleven years studying Scripture and the writings of Mohammed side by side. Why? Because every young Mohammedan has a supreme belief in his religion and he studies our religious guide, the Bible, that he may turn it as a weapon against Christianity. He voluntarily renounces all that the world holds dear to forward his religion because he believes in Mahomet and that the time will come when Christians will bow before his feet. As I look around at our institutions of learning and find unbelief showing itself in higher criticism and worldliness and then turn and see the splendid devotion of these young Mohammedans to their false religion, I ask myself, "What is the matter with Christianity?" My evangelist helper in the work at Hebron, a young man from Ur of the Chaldees, felt our need of a stirring up here and he put his hand on my shoulder just before I left him and said, "Brother Jago, I pray that when you come before American audiences God will put the spirit of a prophet upon you so that men will think and men will fear," and I am trusting Him to do it. I want to see men tonight under conviction of the needs of the work. I want to see men broken up at this altar. May God help Christendom which has reared her beautiful churches everywhere in her own land, and left the Holy Land after nineteen hundred years, with ninety per cent of the villages without a single Christian in them. Where is our devotion to the cause of our Christ? Where is our missionary spirit? You may say, "We have not known. We haven't understood." Well, I am asking God to interpret the situation to you.

Nor is it in Palestine alone that the followers of Mahomet are showing an aggressive missionary spirit that puts us to shame. Let us look at the Philippine Islands. There, with the rising of the sun you will find millions of the Philipinos

reciting the formula, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is His prophet." You will find the same call repeated by thirty millions of souls in China and echoed by Sixty-nine millions of souls in India. You will find the entire land of Persia resounding with this call of the False Prophet, while Turkey and the Balkan States, Mesopotamia and Egypt, North Africa and the Barbary States and from away down in the heart of the Soudan rings the muezzin's call to prayer. We hug ourselves in contentment thinking that Christian missions are making wonderful strides but, in comparison with Mohammedan progress, they are not. If I can stir up one soul to praying in the Holy Ghost for these Mohammedan lands I shall feel my coming here has not been in vain. Friends, it is a sad thing that two hundred million of these enemies of the cross are challenging the Church of Christ and it is even sadder that Christians have practically acknowledged defeat by their feeble support of missions in Mohammedan countries.

I went out as a missionary to the Jews but in the face of the tremendous need of workers among the Mohammedan villages of Palestine I was able to say, "Lord, You may put me here among these people and by Your grace I will stay among them." I would have chosen some other field, but I simply had to throw myself into the breach. As I traveled among the hills of Palestine and saw the people of the Holy Land bowing down to the False Prophet my heart was made very sad. I went to Jerusalem and what did I find? The English church has done something there, the German church also, and the Scotch mission has two or three places in the country, but aside from the Friend's Society and the Alliance and perhaps four or five individuals—including Brother Forder, whom you know—there are no American witnesses for Christ in the entire land of Palestine. God cannot bless the American church until she rises up and prays for the peace of Jerusalem. How can God bless us when we disobey His word and neglect His land? Suppose you had a dying friend who had given you a last tender and loving request to do something for him as soon as he had passed away? I have stood on the Mount of Olives and said, "My adorable Lord ascended from this spot nineteen hundred years ago and left us a commission to preach the Gospel to every creature, beginning at this place. Does His church believe in Him at all when here in His own land lie these many villages without a single witness in them?" As I

looked around at the villages I remembered how the heart of my Lord was moved with compassion as He beheld the people as sheep not having a shepherd. He said, "Feed My sheep." The church has so far forgotten the charge of her Lord that never in the four and a half years of my journeyings in Palestine did I overtake a missionary when out in the country—so very few are the workers in the villages. People have said to me here, "How delightful it would be to live in the land of our Lord. My heart is with you there." Get your heart and your body together then, for it is surely a dangerous thing to keep your body in one country while your heart is in another. We want consecrated, bright, Holy-Ghost young men, but we haven't been able to get them, and I am the only representative of our own training school that has gone directly to Palestine in the last eight years (my brother-in-law went eleven years ago). What do you think of that when the Mohammedan young men, twenty thousand strong, are volunteering for the dark Soudan, Egypt, Palestine, Mesopotamia, Turkey, etc.? and more than that, they are volunteering for our own land and may God have mercy on some of these backslidden churches that are opening their doors to these Eastern religions. Forty thousand American women are said to be followers of Abdul Baha today, and in one city in England six hundred people—of the same nationality and bringing up that you and I have—are Mohammedans under the leadership of a man named Quentin. They are about to build a great mosque and the eyes of some of these Mohammedans are already turned toward our own fair land. You will ask, "Why are the Mohammedans looking this way?" Because they are intensely missionary. There are two hundred million of them and they have won more souls to the False Prophet in the past century than all the Christian missions together have won for Christ. They have captured in Africa alone forty million souls and the cry of their missionaries is, "For Mahommed, first Africa, then the world!" They are looking toward the Soudan as their present field for conquest. As I sat on the platform of our missionary meeting today with a young man from Africa he told me that the Mohammedans are sweeping down into the Soudan at a tremendous rate and unless the church awakens and gets under mighty conviction by the Holy Ghost, our chance of Christian missions in Africa is done with, because the Mohammedans will have swallowed everything up.

I am here to say we are facing the greatest crisis the Christian church has ever seen. The Mohammedans believe there is to be a great struggle between Christianity and Mohammedanism and are doing everything they can to prepare themselves for it. They are bending every effort to get possession of Africa with its four hundred million souls and already whole tribes are going over to Mohammedanism. Unless we awaken and call mightily upon God, and unless some of our young men lay themselves upon the altar for Africa our missionary opportunity will be gone. I care not what society a man belongs to. I simply want to know if he is filled with the Holy Ghost and has sufficient ability to master a foreign language—if so, he has the making of a missionary in him, and if not he had better stay at home. In these days the supernatural must take place in the foreign field, especially among the Mohammedans, and we need men filled with the Holy Ghost. I pray God if you are sustaining missions in Africa by your prayers and gifts that you will be stirred up to pray and to give as never before; and if you are thinking of entering on new missionary activities will you not consider at this crisis time the work in Africa?

The outlook would indeed be dark were there not some bright linings to the clouds. While the Mohammedan is tremendously aggressive and determined to capture the world there are many disintegrating forces at work in Mohammedanism itself that are nothing short of marvelous. We believe the Lord is already working in answer to prayer. Four years ago a man—now in Egypt—went to the Edinboro Conference with a burning message in reference to Mohammedanism. He came up from Arabia and brought before that conference the great crime of the church's lethargy in the face of Mohammedanism's awful aggressiveness. Now, I want it understood that I do not approve of all that went on in that Edinboro Conference in reference to giving higher critics such a prominent place as they received, and shutting out missionary effort from Roman Catholic countries, yet this I will say for them, that they took this message of the church's unbelief and weakness, in the face of peril, to heart and said, "These things are truly awful and we must meet this crisis. Let us pray." So they commenced to pray; and when God's people pray He works. There is a force in prayer we cannot comprehend or measure. God began to work as His people began to pray and now the Mohammedans have been defeated

in Tripoli and Morocco, and Turkey's power also has passed away as far as the Balkans is concerned, so that several millions of Mohammedan people have passed from Turkish rule to the rule of the allied powers. And God is working on religious lines. Sixteen thousand Mohammedan people in Java are reported as now becoming Christians and the Mohammedans of Egypt, Palestine and Syria are everywhere asking that their children may be admitted to Christian schools. The change in a few years is noticeable. Brother Forder relates that several years ago he went out to Dawamey, a village six miles east of our Hebron station. The shiek in charge said to him, "You are a Christian?" "Yes." "What are you doing in this village?" "I come to make a visit," said Brother Forder. They replied, "We killed a Jew yesterday because he was a Jew; now we are going to kill you because you are a Christian." But the Lord had His hand on him and enabled him to pass out of the village unharmed.

Three years ago as I was sitting in my house in Hebron a Mohammedan sheik came and said, "I would like forty books to take back to teach my boys." I recognized him as one of the religious Mohammedan teachers from the place where they had wanted to kill Forder. What a change! I sent them forty copies of St. John. The Commissioner of Education has since removed the books, however.

Near my station is the village of D—. One day, several years ago I sat down in the village by the mosque and began to read to myself from the Gospel of St. John. Soon the curiosity of the people made them venture near and they came and looked over my shoulder so I commenced to read aloud, "In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God and the Word was God." But when I touched upon Jesus and the Word they seized the books and tore them up, throwing the pieces in the air and shouting, "Out of the village you idolator!" Three years ago, when I was at that same village, the sheik said, "Have you any copies of St. John?" I said, "What do you want?" He replied, "I want fifty copies of St. John to teach my boys reading." The very place where they tore up the Word of God three years before they now took it and used it to teach the boys! I do not say that either of these men are Christians or wanted the Scriptures for other than secular use, but that they should ask for them at all shows a change among Mohammedans that can be attributed only to the power of prayer. These people have had taught them this

actual quotation from the Koran: "When you meet the Christians strike off their heads until you have made a very great slaughter." Those are the identical words and in pursuance of this doctrine the soil of Turkey has run red with Christian blood for the past hundred years—notably in Armenia, which has been drenched with the blood of the martyrs. Their cries went up to God but the church was asleep. They pleaded with Christian England and Protestant Germany and America, the land of the free, but the nations turned a deaf ear to their cries. But God, who had from times past determined to dry up the Euphrates of Turkish power, took the little allies around there and made them His instruments, just as He used Nebuchadnezzar; just as He used Cyrus and Pharaoh.

In Turkey the problem of Mohammedanism has been the problem of government and everything the government could do has been done against Christian missions; but God's Spirit has moved upon the waters and we have never had so many encouragements in Mohammedan work as in the last two or three years. Fathers have come with their children saying, "Take our sons and daughters and put them in your schools." That is a marvelous thing and only to be explained as an answer to prayer. The people of the Stone Church, I understand, pray, and since I have been here on my knees and have heard their groans I believe there is power enough in organizations like this to bring something forth in those dark lands. There is power enough in consecrated hearts in this audience to change conditions in the land of the Lord if only it finds an outlet through prayer. I believe God will answer your prayers if you will let Him put upon your hearts the needs of these foreign lands. We must bring back the King who alone can rule in justice and righteousness. As we see these Mohammedans passing into Christless graves, as we see millions of pagans turning toward a false religion, we know that nothing will meet the need except the cry, "Bring back the King." Oh, that it may ring in our hearts and that the Holy Spirit may truly burden us in prayer!

Our first Mohammedan convert was a bright faced little boy who came into our mission to attend the school. He with his father and family were followers of the false Abdul Baha. We took him into our school and I believe that boy will yet be a native pastor. God has called him out of his false religion into the true.

There came to us one day a young girl who was

well clad. She said, "I'd like to talk with you missionaries." She was behind a veil and we said, "What is your name?" When she told us we knew she was a descendant of Mohammed. She said, "You know I believe in Jesus Christ. I first heard of Him in another Mission School." Oh what an admission that she, a Mohammedan, believed in Christ! That young girl went under the waters of baptism, then fled to Egypt for fear of her brothers. She was brought back and they chained her to the wall and beat her. She said, "You may beat me but I love the Lord Jesus Christ." That young woman is a member of our church in Jerusalem, for all I know the first lineal descendant of Mohammed to become a member of a Christian church.

Two weeks before I came, there were two blind girls attending our church service who were members of a school for the blind in Jerusalem. Their matron said, "There are two precious young Moslem girls I should like to have baptized. You had better meet these girls." They came to talk with my brother-in-law, our superintendent and pastor of the Jerusalem church. Would to God that more Christian candidates would present themselves with the consecration these two blind girls showed. They were reared as Mohammedans and were going to step out publicly and boldly, the first converts as the result of the prayers of that Christian matron. One of the girls said, "I love Jesus and want to be baptized." My brother-in-law said, "Tell us about your conversion." She said, "I was lying in bed one night and there was a little Christian girl there. All at once this girl turned to me and said, 'I see a vision of angels.' I said, 'I'd like to see a vision of angels,' but the little girl said, 'You cannot because you are a Mohammedan girl and I am a follower of Jesus.' Then I said, 'Oh, Lord Jesus, I'd rather see Your face than all the angels in heaven,' and as I said that I saw the face of the blessed Christ and oh, such joy came into my heart. I am filled with joy and am going through with Jesus." One of our elders was sitting in the vestry listening; our pastor turned around and said, "Brother, would you accept this as a confession of her faith?" and this brother said, "Would to God every Christian that comes knocking, at the door of the church might have such an experience," and the tears flowed down his cheeks. The other girl said, "*I am a descendant of the Druses.*" This is a very fanatical order of Mohammedans, secret worshippers of the devil, some think. She had been brought

up in that religion but she came to the mission school for the blind where she had the seed of the Word of God sown in her heart and the Lord spoke peace to her soul. We brought her before the elders and she said, "I do not care what the result of my baptism will be. I am going through with God." This is the kind of Christianity I love. This is what I call consecration, not the twaddle that sings hymns about going anywhere with God and then will go nowhere. This school is doing good work and the results show that Mohammedans can be saved. I was glad to have the privilege of baptizing those girls. I went down into the water and as those two little blind maids came down the place shone with the glory of God. After one thousand three hundred years the Lord is giving the first fruits from Mohammedanism in many lands. The Christian church has neglected them in prayer, but if you will only let the Lord lay these lands upon your hearts for prayers and gifts, souls will be brought forth.

You are going to meet your own difficulties over here in America in the latter days. I believe from the looks of things in Jerusalem and in the world that we are in the very closing days before the coming of Christ; but the message must get around first. I believe that is why God is putting on so many hearts the "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel." First He has been putting a groan in you for missions and I am glad of it. I will tell you how you can keep Mohammedanism from spreading to America. By praying for Jerusalem and the lands of the Mohammedans and supporting missions there liberally. If we had men and means we could keep these fellows so busy at home they would have no time to come over here. They are intensely jealous of losing their spiritual grip in the lands where they have been entrenched for centuries and they will hold their men to save those countries if they can. But if the church does not do her duty toward Mohammedan lands we will lose the little foothold we have won there and they will send their men down to the dark continent and send the overflow here. They are already coming to Boston and other cities of this land offering their inducements. I came here from a home this morning where a lady told me she was visiting an acquaintance and, coming unexpectedly upon her, saw she had a string of beads around her neck, and she owned she had become a secret Mohammedan and was saying their prayers.

When I first went to Palestine they used to come to my station one at a time and would rap on the door quietly. When I opened it there would be a Mohammedan with a cloak over his head to disguise him, and he would say, "Are you alone Mr?" and when I would say "Yes," he would come in. Then perhaps there would come a second knock and another would say, "Are you all alone?" and we would take him to a second room. Then if there came a third rap, with another hooded figure and perhaps a fourth, all seeking to know something about Jesus, the evangelist would go to the first, then to the second and third and fourth, all in different rooms: thus we did our work. But four years ago there was a fight in Constantinople and a new governor came in and liberty was declared. Wife and I were at Haifi, and when we went back I opened the door and said, "Come in, boys," and for four years we have preached Sunday after Sunday to Mohammedans and the government has not raised its hand. This is the first Christian liberty in Mohammedan lands in one thousand three hundred years.

I wish I could say there are scores of baptisms, but I cannot. I just want to tell you that God is moving, and God is waiting for His people to pour out their prayers at home. He is waiting for you to cry out for Jerusalem, and if Jesus carries I believe I will yet come to you with tales that will stir your hearts so that the

very walls will ring with your praise. If there is a young man here who feels the call of God I should like to talk with him. I cannot promise you ease, young man. We are going to make an attempt to open Arabia. It is a tremendously serious thing to go to a foreign land and Arabia has its special difficulties. There is disease there and death, and the devil seems always following at your heels, making his power felt in ways that you do not know in the homeland. It may be hard to endure the hardships of the foreign field; it may be hard to ride over the hills of Palestine and be cursed, your message not received, and to see no fruit from your labors. You will not have the blessed fellowship and encouragements you have here, and you may become weary in well doing and fall by the way; you may even die on the field, but there is a day coming when the King of kings and Lord of lords will call us into His presence, where we will receive "every man according to his works." You can sing your praises in Chicago if you want to, but give me the battlefield. I thank God for the privilege of being a missionary in a foreign land. I know there is going to be a day for receiving crowns. Will you be in the company? Jesus will crown us and we will hear His words, "Well done thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," and we and the souls we have won will then "shine as the stars forever and ever."

After Seven Years—A Retrospect

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I have many interesting facts in Holy Scripture concerning the number seven. There seems to be a divine significance in the use of this number, as though it expresses the idea of completeness in what concerns man in his relation to God. When the Israelites had compassed Jericho seven times the walls fell. In Psalms 12:6 we read, "The words of the Lord are pure words, as silver tried in a furnace, purified seven times." When Elijah was praying for rain his servant was told to look toward the sea seven times and the seventh time he saw a cloud as big as a man's hand—a little cloud rising out of the sea. Later we read that there was a GREAT RAIN.

Seven years ago this coming December my be-

loved husband and I felt the call of God to open an Independent work at what is now known as the Stone Church. God blessed us in taking this step in an untried path and we taught the precious truths of His Word as we saw them. Shortly after we began this ministry our hearts were made hungry for the baptism in the Holy Spirit, and at the risk of losing all the people whom God had drawn to us we set our faces to seek for the outpouring of the Spirit, on ourselves and on our people, as it is manifested in these days. God blessedly met us and poured out the Latter Rain upon the thirsty people. I was among the first to receive the baptism and Jesus was made real to me as never before. A little later my oldest child came into the same blessing. Some of the people could not walk with us in this new light and withdrew from the fellowship of

the Stone Church, but my husband set his face steadfastly toward heaven and, as the servant of Elijah looked for the token of the coming rain, he looked with the eye of faith for a Pentecostal fulness of blessing. While we were sorely tested at times, yet we were happy in the Lord because in His will. We had to be willing to be tested as silver is tried, and how the blessed Holy Spirit showed us the dross in our lives! Surely He searched the very depths of our hearts. Then, one by one, the people who had withdrawn from us came back and God met them one after another with the baptism. My husband was now used of the Lord as never before. Unclean spirits were cast out of those for whom he prayed, the sick were healed, and many sinners were brought under conviction by his preaching of the old-time Gospel in the power of the Spirit.

Two years ago my loved one was called home, but not until he had seen scores baptized in the Spirit and had, himself, received the same blessing. He rejoiced in the many marvelous manifestations of the Spirit that were granted but was still looking for the cloud of blessing to increase and he had an assurance of greater things to come.

There has not always been rain. For several years we, with many other Pentecostal centers, have suffered seasons of drought. There would come showers of blessing now and then but our praying band were burdened night and day with the longing for a real downpour. "Lord, send us a revival," was the cry of many hearts and the constant petition of many lips. "Ask ye of the Lord rain in the time of the latter rain; so the Lord shall make bright clouds, and give them showers of rain, to everyone grass in his field." How wondrously it came! Last March the Lord began to visit the Stone Church in a marvelous way. He poured water upon the thirsty and floods upon the dry ground. It was not man's revival but God's, and it surpassed our expectations. People have kept coming from far and near to seek God until hundreds have been filled with the Holy Spirit. The Lord has given us a continuous revival since March, revealing Himself with signs and wonders. Trembling has seized the ungodly and many have found salvation, while there has been a constant stream of healings and baptisms, fifty being baptized in one week when the power was at its flood, so that now at the end of seven years we can say, There has been a GREAT RAIN, praise His Holy name!

Though my husband never lived to see this

greater outpouring that came in answer to the cry of his heart and the earnest supplications of many, in prophetic vision he beheld the scenes that have taken place this summer—both floors of the Stone Church crowded to their utmost capacity while the glory of God filled the place in power to save, heal and baptize. In this later outpouring of the Spirit every one of my children received the baptism in the Spirit, so that we now stand as a family united in one faith and one baptism. The seventh year of the Pentecostal outpouring, which is also the seventh year in the history of the Stone Church, has been a year of plenty. "The Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad."

After my husband's home-going God wonderfully sustained this frail body of mine and gave me supernatural strength to carry the heavy burdens to which I fell heir. Again and again He lifted me out of my deep sorrow and enabled me to minister to the grief-stricken flock at the church. The Lord had been training and preparing our friend and helper, Miss Anna Reiff, for the burden of the Publishing House and Evangel so that she could bear the entire responsibility of this part of the work and the Lord is graciously blessing her in it. May the friends of the church and paper continue to hold her up in prayer.

Now at the close of the seven years, when we are rejoicing because of the GREAT RAIN with its gracious inflow of God's power, my labors at the Stone Church seem to be drawing to a close. The supernatural strength which God has given me is being withdrawn and I believe He is leading me to lay down the work of the church and turn aside and rest awhile. I do not feel I am going out of active service for the Lord but I do feel that He sees my great need of a change and is releasing me from this special burden. I know not what the Lord has for me, only that He is leading. I have prayed over this step for months before saying anything to anyone, but after suffering much from nerve exhaustion, sleepless nights and inability to take solid food, sometimes for days at a time, I feel I must lay down my duties. God has always met my every need and I feel He would continue to strengthen me for this work if it were His will that I should carry it on, but I believe He is showing me by withholding blessing from my body that He has other plans for me. He has not revealed them all to me, but with my hand in His I can go step by step as He leads and I know He will not fail me or forsake me.

"So long His power has kept me, sure it still
Will lead me on."

My responsibilities will not be over as I have the rearing of my six children, but I feel the Husband of the widow and the Father of the fatherless who is leading on will supply our need: just as He has in the two years we have leaned upon Him.

In my hours of utmost loneliness when I have felt that even the closest friends could not share my grief the following precious words have spoken comfort to my heart:

"And when beneath some heavy cross you faint,
And say, 'I cannot bear this load alone'
You say the truth, Christ made it purposely
So heavy that you must return to Him.
The bitter grief, which 'no one understands,'
Conveys a secret message from the King,
Entreating you to come to him **again**.
The Man of Sorrows understands it well,

In all points tempted He can feel with you.
You cannot come too often, or too near,
The Son of God is infinite in grace.
His presence satisfies the longing soul,
And those who walk with Him from day to day
Can never have a 'solitary way.'"

I covet the prayers of the Evangel Family that God may strengthen my body and keep me faithful to His calling. I know He still has a work for me to do for Him and I want to be in the very center of His divine will. I praise God for the faithful friends who have stood by me in my deepest need and all who have so faithfully borne me up at the throne of grace. May God bless them every one, and bless those who have had a part in this gracious outpouring of the Spirit at the Stone Church through the ministry of prayer. Continue, dear friends, to pray for the work and for those who under God will carry on this ministry.

Christ's Body=Its Unity

Miss Elizabeth Sisson



THESE is no other one thing that Satan so contends, in or out of the Pentecostal Movement, up and down the whole plan of God's salvation, as the unity of the Body. He *hates* it. It is his deadly menace. When accomplished it will seal his doom.

Romans 8:19-23 tells us all creation is now, and through the ages has been, *in a groan*, and the whole Church of Christ similarly has been and now is *in a groan*, which waits "the redemption of our body"; mark, not *our bodies* as superficial readers make it, though that also is true, as greater includes the less. In the Redemption of our Body, our individual bodies will come forth in full resurrection, or translation glory, but this is incidental to God's grand plan. The profound, ultimate purpose of God is

CHRIST'S MYSTICAL BODY.

Marvelous things are brought out concerning this body. As the Head is called Christ, so also, in 1 Cor. 12:12, the Body is called Christ, and allowing the figure, it takes the body as well as the head to make a man. So, from the viewpoint of this figure, Christ is not, till He gets His body. We may readily say creation waits for the full manifestation of Christ—the mysti-

cal Christ—when the Head and the mystical body are joined. While Creation waits she groans in the bondage of corruption, but when she gets the display (the "manifestation" of Rom. 8:19) of the fully unified, the glorious Body, joined to the now glorified Head, she will wait no longer, groan no longer, but with unbounded joy she will be released "from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty (Gr. liberty of the glory) of the sons of God." So, as shown all through the New Testament (1 Cor. 12; 1 Cor. 10:17; Eph. 1:23; 2:15; 4:12; 5:23, 30; Col. 1:18, 24; 2:19, 20, etc.) God, with steady aim, pursues the work of this dispensation, that of bringing forth the NEW MAN by making of the redeemed ones a Body for Christ the Head.

To the help of building up the Body of Christ are summoned all the shaping of its orders, and its ordinances; all the supply of its apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors and teachers. Listen to Weymouth's close translation of Eph. 4:11, 12: "And He Himself appointed some to be apostles, some to be prophets, some to be evangelists, some to be pastors and teachers, *in order* fully to equip His people for the *work of serving*, FOR the building up of Christ's Body." How profound the teaching here, that the build-

ing up of this body of Christ, which alone makes possible the full union of Head and body, and thus the revelations of the mystical Christ, is dependent in its last issue, not upon apostles, prophets, pastors and teachers in their official capacity, but upon us all in our individual relationship to each other in the body. They in their office have a work to equip His people in their personal capacity, the solemn, the glorious, the most vital ministry of building up the body of Christ. And however imminent we may feel the coming of our Lord to be, we must emphasize the fact He will never come till we (in this our individual capacity) have done this work. For as the Bridegroom will never come for an unready wife, so the Head will never be joined to an undeveloped body. He has waited two thousand years and will wait still longer before he will take up with any second rate thing.

Few among us yet appreciate the call of the hour; the call to which apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors and teachers must arouse us; the call to build up "by that which every joint supplieth" the body of Christ. The building material is only LOVE: "Maketh the increase of the body into the building up of itself in love." Tongues, when those who have them stay low at Jesus' feet, seem to open the way into more love; for those who possess them have, in a new and more full manner, yielded their being to the Holy Spirit by whom alone is "the love of God shed abroad in our hearts," and thus they are more fully a fountain of the rich mysteries of His love. Each gift of the Spirit, if held in deepest humility—and all operations of the Spirit are readily and rapidly corrupted if not so held—make more free play for the Holy Spirit in the believer's being and so makes possible more action of love by the Holy Ghost. But let us emphasize it again, *Love alone builds up the Body*. Any amount of tongues or of gifts will not do it, though so valuable in opening our beings to the further and deeper operations of the spirit of love. The God-appointed gifts of the Church cannot do it, though both are given to "equip" us toward this end; but we must go further than the offices and the gifts or the body will not be built up. How solemn the showing! We do need to get low before God that the mystery may come forth.

Let us look at the figure Jesus uses: a body. In conversation with a clever physician one day, I asked him to talk to me of that organism, the human body. He was an enthusiast and very

scientific. He said, "How can I describe the body's exquisite unity! Its marvelous interdependency! Multiplied functions, yet ever *one* organism!" With my mind full of its holy parable I asked, "Which part is most important, the failure of which brings quickest disaster?" He replied, "Well, if the heart fails the whole body goes under. But if the stomach gives out that is soon equally disastrous. If the lungs fail we feel the most important organ is affected, yet if the kidneys disease it is just as bad, and a bladder trouble will soon demoralize the whole system. If the arteries harden, other functions and organs are involved, and if the blood corrupts the man is gone. If the nerves break down every part suffers in the ruin—in fact," he laughed, "the action and reaction is so intimate that whatever part of the organism is touched, it immediately proves itself the most important of all! 'Tis a wonderful mechanism! Then think of the power the nerves have to distribute pain and relieve the local pressure." "For instance?" I queried. "Well, there may be serious trouble in the hip from the sciatic nerve and my patient complains of acute suffering in the heel. The pain would be too maddening if it were all locked up in that point of the nerve in the hip, so there is this gracious provision that other functions of the body shall come to the aid of the affected part and distribute the pain to other centers, that they may aid in carrying it. Let the walls of an artery in the brain become weakened in structure by poisoned blood from unsuspected chronic kidney disease, and they may some time give way and the rush of blood may tear up the surrounding delicate brain tissue; thus the connection is so close from one part to another of the marvelous organism, the human body."

This human body is the figure God has given to illustrate our mutual interdependence and correlation to each other as Christians. The well-being of each is wrapped up in the well-being of all, and the soundness and well-being of all is drawn from the measure of life in each, "that which every joint supplieth." Now, as the Bible says, and science reaffirms in the human organism, "the life is in the blood," so the Bible teaches in Christ's mystical body, the life is in the love. By the "exceeding great and precious promises" we "become partakers of the divine nature"—LOVE. "Faith worketh by love," so do all the graces. As much love as we have, so much divine life, no more. "Knowledge puffeth

up, love buildeth up." We repeat, the only building material known in heaven for erecting the body of Christ is Love. Let us return to God's body symbol and its unity. If but the little toe aches, the attention of the whole body is arrested to it, and the body's loving oneness croons over it, "*My toe aches,*" the body suffers. It never says, as we Christians have sometimes said of another wayward, sad, sinful or diseased Christian, "*that toe aches.*" In the human body the eye cannot say to the hand, "I have no need of thee," or again the head to the feet, "I have no need of thee." Alas, how long has Jesus, our great Head, said to the feet, to hands, to heart and every secret joint, "I have need of thee!" and when the mystic body of Christ is fully co-operative with Him, we will each cry to every other member, every other joint and band in his precious body, "*I have need of thee,*" and we shall restore such an one if overtaken in a fault, as identified with their weakness and liable to be the next one that Satan shall seek to ensnare. "But that takes great humility on our part and brokenness before God!" you exclaim. Yes, and until we obtain from God that "contriteness" (ground fine, pulverized condition,) as a permanency, we cannot receive the full reviving of Isaiah, 57:15. If we *dwell* in contrition God *dwells* in that contrition continually to revive; a reviving that alone will "equip" us for the upbuilding of the body by that which "every joint supplieth." The parable of the human body continues when a bone is out of joint: the whole body comes to fever, strain and agony—so acute is the sympathy—and not only so, but all the resources of the human body are called to the aid of the suffering part. The blood says, "I will run up there with my nourishment and see how I can help." The nerves say, "We will take away part of the pain and redistribute it to other parts and thus lessen the pressure at the seat of the trouble. All the nerve centers yield themselves to aid, all the veins co-operate in speeding on the blood. The heart says, "I will double my energies to push on the work"; the lungs say, "Here we are to breathe as hard and fast and long as we can and thus quicken all the other powers." Oh, there is no cry, "*That bone is out of joint!*" with more or less disgust, such as you and I often let creep into our heart over a fellow member in the body of Christ, but with love's richest resourcefulness the cry is,

"*Our bone is out of joint, come one, come all, on to the rescue!*" Physicians repeat to us again and again of medical science, "Nature does the work, we only humbly, as we may, assist." God takes up the parable of Nature's resourcefulness in the human body when He says to redeemed ones, "Ye are the body of Christ and members in particular," and declares that it is to the end that the mutual protection, nourishment and building up of each one may be secured that "He Himself has appointed" apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors and teachers, "*in order* fully to equip His people for the ministry of upbuilding of the body of Christ"—a ministry which can only be accomplished by each member in particular maintaining its deep love relationship to every other member and its sense of responsibility to build up the body. To state it is to show how far, how very, very far we are as yet from Christ's conception of the work of the body. And most of us have to get a dozen more baptisms added on to our Pentecost to touch the fringe of Christ's precious thought. Some of our leaders are impatient even of such teaching, deem it chimerical. And when we look at you and me—especially me—we might indeed think so, but we are taking the crown off Christ's brows, the crown of His finished work, when our unbelief says, "He cannot bring it to pass." We need to come again to Jesus that He may bring us lower at His feet and cast out *all* that unbelief with which the devil can always work, with which Christ can never work, and "holding the *Head* from which all the body by joints and bands having nourishment ministered and knit together, increaseth with the increase of God." Oh, let us hasten to our ministry, and with all the patience and meekness, humility, love and faith God can give us—"our sufficiency is of God"—let us address ourselves to the healing of the sores on Christ's precious body. True, some of those sores are still so sensitive we cannot touch them with hand or word or pen, but we can turn ourselves over to God on the behalf of His Beloved and accomplish great things by the God-given weapon "all prayer" and the Christ-perfected faith, poured through the love-channel which "every joint" is grace-provisioned to supply. Love's bombardment through Holy Ghost prayer will, perhaps, do the largest part of the work. Eureka! It can be done! Hallelujah! God will yet have a body through whom He will do it!

There is a continuous Revival in progress at The Stone Church, 37th and Indiana Avenue, Chicago. Meetings every evening, excepting Saturday. Sunday meetings at 10 A. M., 3 and 7:15 P. M. Wednesday evening Young People's meeting.

The Latter Rain Evangel

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Notes

THE Evangel is just five years old and is starting out on its sixth year with this number. The past five years have been crowned with blessing and our readers are so kind as to say the paper is becoming more and more helpful and precious to them. We can only say it is because God has visited His people with blessing and enables His children to tell of His wonders. We look up into his face and acknowledge Him in all His Works:

"Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness;
And Thy paths drop fatness."

It is God who is working in the earth today as never before and the record of His doings is truly marvelous in our eyes. From far and near people are writing us of new faith springing up in their hearts because of the Evangel reports of how God has been working in our summer meetings. All over the world God has used the Chicago revival as an impetus to faith and souls that had become discouraged and disheartened have experienced a fresh grip of faith, saying, "Lord, do the same for us." And He will! The great arm of God is outstretched in power and faith is rising to expect heavenly visitations and revelations of glory. A brother who has been in campmeetings all summer says he never witnessed such a season of blessing and power as has been granted to these gatherings in the past six months. Let us spread the glorious tidings everywhere, that it may be known our Pentecos-

tal God is riding on in majesty and power. His command, "Call upon Me," is linked with the promise, "and I will answer thee and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not of."

* * *

The blessed revival at the Stone Church continues with unabated interest. During the month of September, Brother L. C. Hall and wife have been with us and the Lord has given them a precious ministry to large numbers. There has been scarcely a night during the entire month that we have not seen souls born into the kingdom, others baptized in the Spirit, and sick bodies healed. On the Lord's Days, when the crowds were greatest, the presence and power of God have been so sweetly in our midst that our hearts were deeply stirred and we felt a sense of awe at the gracious visitation God has continued to shower upon us. We praise God for meetings that produce results. Every song and prayer, as well as every sermon should have for its object decisive results, and a service that fails in this fails most vitally. Churches as well as people backslide when they stand still, and definite results from the meetings in the winning of souls, in baptisms and healings, and a quickening of the spiritual life of the saints, is the only way not to stand still. People continue to come from all over the city and even from distant places to receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit and it is a great joy to us to see God meet them. A woman came from Kansas City who had been seeking the baptism for six years and we were glad and thankful she did not have to go home disappointed. A German sister, on her way to Benton Harbor, Michigan, missed the boat, so came to the Stone Church for the evening service. It was the first time she had ever been there. When the altar call was given she went forward and sought the baptism. Receiving it, she went on her way, filled with the joy of the Lord. When under the power she spoke fluently in English. One of the hospital workers while visiting the sick came across a young man, an Indian, who was confined to his bed. The visitor asked if he were an Indian and on his replying that he was, the Spirit fell on her and she began speaking in tongues. He told her with surprise that she was speaking his language and asked where she had learned it. On hearing it was from God he expressed a desire that she should go to Oklahoma and preach to the Indians.

One evening, during the service, several of the

saints saw what appeared to be a red cloud hovering overhead, and sparks like those from an electric wire fell from the cloud. This seemed typical of what took place spiritually—the fire of God falling upon the people.

That Drawing Power

THE time has long gone by when the preacher has the whole burden of soul-saving on his shoulders. There was a time when people got saved only in a revival meeting but not so today. Here and there God's Spirit-filled children are busy at work for Him and whether on a business trip or one of recreation they are finding opportunities to speak of their Savior.

A young man from Dallas, Texas, went to Rochester, N. Y. on business. One evening while walking through the corridor of his hotel he noticed an old man, bent with age, who stepped up to a group of men but turned away without accosting them and came to him. The old man said, "I'd like to speak with you." The young man hesitated, judging from the old fellow's appearance he would be begging for help, but said, "What can I do for you?" The old man, laying his hand on his breast, said, "There is something drawing me. I have a feeling here I do not understand." This appealed to the young man and he said, "Perhaps the Lord wants to save you. You are an unsaved man." "How do you know that?" was the response. "I just presume so," he replied, and right then and there he prayed with the old man who also prayed for himself and got so happy he almost shouted. Then the Christian worker said, "Now I suppose you want something to eat?" "No," said the old man, "I am not hungry now. This is what I wanted—salvation. But must you leave me? Where are you going?" When the young man said he was going for a walk the old man begged to accompany him and they walked the streets together, one radiant in his new found joy, the other happy that the Lord had used him. As they walked they talked and the old man chanced to mention that his eyesight was poor. He was told that the Lord's salvation was for the body as well as the soul and He could heal eyes. "Oh," he exclaimed, "can the Lord do such things these days?" Being assured that He both could and did do such things these days the old man bubbled over with, "Say, boy, this is wonderful! I am going to write and tell my daughter all about it. I am an old railroad man and had to quit the road because of liquor. I

see the hand of the Lord in my meeting you. I want to talk with you every chance I get."

As they parted for the night it was agreed that they should meet the next evening and when the time came the old man was promptly on hand and accompanied his young friend to a mission service. He both prayed and testified. He started right in to work for the Lord among his old associates whom he brought to the mission, saying to them, "I want you boys to meet a man I know. He can tell you just what you need as I cannot."

The Christian worker set him up in business by giving him a few dollars to buy pencils, which he peddled and thus earned his board, and when this young man afterward left the city "Old Charlie" was still going on with the Lord.

A Vision of "Latter Rain"

A WOMAN whom we know was wonderfully converted. She had been a woman of violent temper and with a nature that had not much love in it, but after her conversion she was filled with love for a time; however, on giving way to her temper she lost this divine love that had come with her change of heart. She then began to lapse into her old ways, and being burdened with a husband who was a drunkard, everything seemed to go wrong. She finally lost out in her spiritual life completely and went into New Thought, taking their magazine and also dabbling in Christian Science and spiritualism. Once in awhile she would try to get back to the Lord, shedding many tears over her sad lapse in love; but not being willing to obey God she could not get back the victory she had at her conversion. Finally her mind gave way under the strain, but when in this condition she did not lose her sense of need and in her rational moments the Lord drew near and communed with her. Lifting up her heart to Him she said one day as she lay upon her bed, "Oh, Lord, why cannot I get back Your love?" To which the Lord replied sadly, "You were weary of well-doing." "Oh, Lord, what do you mean by that?" He said, "You have left Me and My Word and taken the devil's literature." He showed her plainly that what she had been feeding on was not of Him, and that it was because she had turned from Him to the devil's works that she had lost her reason. She was looking out of the window and all at once she saw a beautiful shower falling from the skies, the rain drops glistened like diamonds and pearls they were so

beautiful, and it seemed as if the very glory of heaven was about her. She raised up and looked out at the beautiful rain; then she noticed that the ground was dry. She said, "Lord, what is this?" He replied, "This is the latter rain." She had never heard of the "latter rain" before. The Lord showed her He was visiting the earth as in the days of the apostles. They had the "former rain" and we were to have the "latter rain." (Joel 2:23.) He said, "My glory is to be poured out upon the people to get them ready for My coming."

Her mind became so unbalanced she was taken to an asylum, but while there the Lord continued to commune with her in her rational hours and showed her again and again that it was because she had turned away from Him that she was in this sad condition. She said to Him one day, "Lord, will I ever get out of here?" He said, "Yes, if you will turn to Me and let these other things go I will take you back and bless you." He showed her she had taken the devil's path and this was where it had led her. "Look at these insane people around you. They took the devil's path and he has brought them to this." She promised the Lord to turn to Him and not give way to temper if He would take her out of the asylum and He *restored* her reason. When the doctor was testing her, asking questions to see if she was rational, he asked, "What time is it?" She looked at him and said with great earnestness, "It is the time of the end." In speaking of it afterwards she said she felt the words just poured out without any thought of her own.

* * *

Mrs. M. B. Woodworth-Etter spent two days at the State Pentecostal Campmeeting at Malvern, Arkansas. Brother Earl Clark writes there were about fifty ministers present at the camp, and as many as seventy-five people at the altar at one time seeking God. The most prominent healing was that of a fourteen-year-old girl born deaf and dumb. She "both heard and spoke, and it made no small stir among the people of the town." The attendance was large, from three to four thousand being present at the evening service.

On September 22nd, Mrs. Etter began meetings in Whittingen Park, Hot Springs, Ark., with a good attendance. Brother Clark writes the sick are being healed, and invites the friends of the work to come and help in the meetings.

Mrs. Etter was acquitted from the charge for

which she was arrested in New England, that of obtaining money under false pretenses. There were scores of witnesses to God's blessing through her ministry but none to the effect that she claimed to heal or obtained money fraudulently. The Courts of Justice no doubt learned of the working of the Spirit of God for the first time. We trust good will come out of what was a real trial to those who had to turn aside from the work of the Lord to satisfy the demands of the law.

Fire, Famine and Flood

Last month we reported that Brother Barker's Home in Turkey had been destroyed by fire. We now have the facts from Brother Barker himself.

Just as we closed the work of this fiscal year, we have been forced to pass through a trial such as we had not before known.

I had arrived at our Missionary Home in the vineyard in Hadjin just three days before the event, and found our large family of orphans comfortably situated in booths in front of the building.

Mr. Eby and I were at prayermeeting in the city when volumes of smoke were seen rising over the hill in the direction of our vineyard. We hurried to the spot, together with hundreds of others, and found our ladies and children had been battling with the flames for some time, but because of the strong wind it was soon evident that our much treasured house would become its victim. A part of the furniture was saved, but in three and a half hours our much loved Missionary Home was a heap of ashes!

As one looks at the foundation walls, that alone remain, one cannot help but wonder why it all was, yet **He knows**; and as we think of how He supplied this great need once and gave us a Home to which our tired workers from the dirty city could resort in time of need we can but say, "God will surely give us another."

A letter from Albert Norton of Dhond calls for prayer for famine-threatened India. In July there was rain and the crops sprang up so that hopes were high for relief from famine. For over a month now the rain has practically ceased so that pastures and many of the fields of crops are withered and dried; food grains continue to be sold at nearly famine prices and unless the Lord sends a plentiful rain at once all the horrors of famine will be upon the poor long-suffering people. Oh that we might take this great need to heart as if it were ourselves and friends who were about to suffer and die! Brother Norton also writes:

"In our Orphanage we have much to thank God for. Among many things I mention the following:

One night recently a band of robbers broke into the Girls' Orphanage at Bahraich, having made a hole through the brick wall, probably intending to steal the copper cooking vessels of the Orphanage and perhaps to kidnap the girls. But at this time one of our married young preachers on the Mission Compound heard a voice saying, "Arise, arise, thieves are in the place." He got up and called others and they all got to the building just in time to frighten the robbers away, so that nothing was taken. Truly, "Except the Lord keep the city the watchman waketh but in vain." It is indeed very precious to know that the Lord is thus watching over His servants who are exposed to the perils and dangers which are incident to pioneer missionary work in the remoter parts of a country like India.

* * *

A terrible tropical storm, known as a typhoon, has been raging at Sai Nam and Macou, South China, bringing much loss to the Pentecostal work there. The Orphanage at Sai Nam had been left in charge of a Chinese brother and his wife, and Mrs. Addell Harrison was at Macou at the time of the storm. She writes as follows in a personal letter to a friend:

We certainly have had a typhoon here in Macau. The water front all caved in, beds of sand piled up against the building so it took several days to dig the way out, and trees were blown up by the roots. Such sights I never saw! but no lives were lost, thank God.

Today Brother Hunter came saying our Sai Nam house had fallen in; that is, the orphanage part. He said the house was shaking all Saturday night and the children cried for him to come and take them out of it, but he did not think they were in danger. The next morning the children saw a large crack in the wall and called Brother Hunter to come and see that the house was falling. He got them out quick then, and while they were huddled in my room praying the house went down. Oh, how wonderfully God protected them! No one would venture out in the storm to help them, the boatman said the hurricane was too violent for him to take anyone. So the children all began to pray and God caused the wind to stop and the boatman came for them. No sooner were they in the boat, however, than the storm broke with renewed fury; but they all got safely to another house, where they are still sheltered.

God only knows the future. Such trying times, not one cent in sight! But He is able to send ravens to feed the children if necessary. I have victory in my soul. God had prepared me for this blow before it came. Such victory has been given me I have been shouting!

Brother Kelly's Mission suffered a similar loss, the details of which have not been reported to us.

Fires in Turkey, famine in India and floods in China! Who will stand in the gap as intercessors and sacrifice to help?

"No, They Won't Come"

The following extracts from a letter from Miss May Law, who returned to China last year, will show the great need of missionaries in this field:

"Standing by one of our oldest workers here, now tired and sick for days, she said to me as we discussed the probability of more helpers coming to assist in her needy school work and mine, "No, they won't come." So she is praying, holding on to God for strength to yet assist and teach some of these young men in English, and to hold on to God in prayer for them by day and by night, though she is now nearly fifty years of age, and strength nearly spent.

After my return to China, God helped me to go into Fatshan, a city of 600,000, where I knew but two people, and open a Christian School for Boys, with Miss Olive E. Maw, from South Carolina, as helper. In ten days our house was full and also some day-school students. We later had to turn twenty-five or thirty boys away. The better classes of Chinese are willing now to let their sons enter Christian schools, and study the beautiful Christian language, and God is letting some of us here see what blessed and glorious privileges we have thereby, to receive them thus into orphanages and schools and give them the Gospel of Jesus Christ. But we shall fail without your earnest prayers and needed means and helpers.

For this year we have taken a very large house which will hold sixty boys. We trust God will grant us His mighty upholding! The city is so dark! It has only four hundred or five hundred Christians in a population of 600,000, and over two hundred idol temples. The streets are only from six to eight feet wide, and not a bit of lawn or park to be found anywhere. And 3,000 pirates or thieves lately congregated in one part of the city, who go all about and steal and kidnap and destroy! Many missionaries do not know when they can return to their stations on account of thieves, and we go at the risk of our lives. But Jesus has said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel . . . and Lo, I am with you alway." Many worthy boys are waiting now to enter our school, if we have thirty or forty dollars each year to maintain them. Some are saved boys, some have no parents, and others' parents are poor. Will you not help us? Sister Addell Harrison's Orphanage and Brother G. M. Kelly's Mission at Sai Nam have lately been almost destroyed by flood. God bless you in every effort to glorify Him.

* * *

An interesting letter comes from Miss Kirschner and Miss Baker, from Punch, Kashmir, in the Himalaya Mountains, telling of the great need of workers. They are the only two missionaries in an area of over one hundred square miles. It is a section of country which has only recently

been opened up, and in which Europeans are not permitted to reside without permits. They write as follows:

Our freedom is restricted in the town where the Raja lives, but while he is very antagonistic to Missions and Missionary effort, his subjects on the other hand are eager for the Gospel. We are here because God saw their need and heard their cry, and we are praying that He may cause others to hear the cry too. We cannot begin to tell of all the Lord's dealings with us; how He has supplied all our needs and given us grace to go through the difficult places, and proved again and again that He is Jehovah-Jireh. Punch, during certain seasons of the year is very unhealthy, especially from July to October; a very virulent type of malaria rages here, causing many deaths. The first two seasons we were here we had fever for six months the first year, and seven months the second; last year we had very little, but this year we have been having spells of it and ask the prayers of the saints.

There are many privations in Punch. We have lived in a mud house for three years, as there are no suitable dwellings of any kind here. There are also many privations in the way of food, but we have been able to combat them by keeping our own kitchen garden, poultry and a cow for milk. It is very difficult to get about here. For over two years we have tramped sometimes fourteen and fifteen miles a day, over very high mountains. Roads there are none to speak of, fearful paths, bridgeless rivers, with fording places that tax one's nerves to the utmost degree—high passes, sometimes with knee-deep snow during the traffic season, often closed for six months at a time each year, sometimes all communication with civilization cut off; fearful mountain storms which seem to spring up in a moment and rage with wild fury; intense cold in the winter months and often a very trying spring

and summer, and numberless hungry souls dying without any knowledge of God—this is Punch! We are not complaining; we rejoice in the privilege of being called upon to suffer for His sake and to be His ambassadors to these poor lost ones, but we want missionaries to come, knowing what to expect. Who is willing for this, and who will be glad to bear it all for Jesus' sake? Today (July 7) it is just three years since we came. Our Father has graciously given us good, quiet ponies this year, and we are enabled to go into the village much more than we could before.

On May 23rd He gave us the joy of seeing the first convert in Punch make his open confession by baptism in water. This man was a Mohammedan saint, and has lost all for Christ's sake. There are many among the women who believe, but who, alas, have not the courage to confess Christ openly as their Savior. A dear sister said, "Oh that my husband were one with me that we could both come out for Christ."

It will be very good indeed if a man and his wife feel led of God to come to Punch; then the need of the men inquirers will be met. They say so often, "Oh, you are but women and you can't understand." We are praying that ere He sends other laborers, the necessary funds may be sent to put up a suitable building, for our mud house unless much enlarged and improved will not accommodate any more. Brethren, pray for us.

* * *

A Pentecostal Convention will be held in Concord Pentecostal Church, Toronto, Ontario, from October 30-November 16. Among other workers expected are Andrew D. Urshan, Chicago, Ill., and D. W. Kerr, Cleveland, Ohio. For information address Reuben E. Sternall, 20 Montrose Ave., Toronto, Ontario.

Winning Souls to Jesus Through the Children

Side Lights on Life in India

Miss Sarah White, in the Stone Church, August 3, 1913



TONIGHT I want to tell you how the Lord is working among the people in India. I praise the Lord He does come down into the hearts of those heathen and they are saved and healed as well as sinners here. God blessed them the same as the people in the homeland. India is the best place I was ever in, in all my life. It is my home, and I am looking forward to the time when I am going to return. God has put the natives of India on my heart and I feel they belong to me. It seemed to me the hardest trial I ever had, to leave India, for fear something would happen that I could not get back, but I had to come home because I wasn't able to work any longer. There are hungry souls there, reaching out after God and calling for people to help them.

The first person I was instrumental in saving more than paid me for all the years of training I had for the field and all it cost me to get there. When I first went to India I landed in Bombay and went to work with Miss Orlebar. The Lord put a great burden on our hearts for the soul of a young student in the Veterinary College. God began to deal with him, and while it was some time before he was willing to give his heart to Jesus, as we held on in prayer, he broke down. The day came when he knelt pleading with God for salvation, and when he arose, with his hands up, shouting victory, I felt I was having the most precious experience of my life. This one young man alone is able to go out and do more for his own people than a half dozen missionaries. He is educated, understands the language and the people, and God raised him up to work among

his own race. He went to work in a college preaching to the Mohammedans and God wonderfully blessed him and gave him precious souls. Night after night he would bring them to the mission and see them saved. Oh it is worth while to work among the heathen and very encouraging when we see how eager they are for the Gospel. Afterward God led this young man out on the street to hold meetings, and today he is a minister of the Gospel, going out every day giving out the Gospel to His own people. I felt if I had never done anything else while I was in India but get that one soul saved, I was well repaid for going. No one knows how much he may be able to do for God.

I had to leave Bombay because of illness, I had a fever for five months, and went to South India where I took up work among the children. Some people say, "Why bother about the children?" but if we get hold of the boys and girls we will soon have men and women. There is no limit to the good we can do. My work among the children brought me in contact with the parents. I used to go into the villages and gather the children under a tree, and God wonderfully blessed His Word and touched the hearts of the children. By and by I opened up a Sunday School and worked in the hospitals as well as in the villages. God worked through the children. They would be under conviction and the power of God would deal with them just like grown people. God would meet them and they would get up with shining faces and glorify Him. Many homes I would not be allowed at first to enter, but the children would take home the Sunday School cards and the parents would become interested, and little by little I got into the homes until I had all the work I could do, going from house to house with a Bible woman. My interpreter could speak five languages. I praise God for the way He worked with the children. Many were saved and are today shining lights for God. They didn't backslide, and when I left India some had grown up to be almost men and women, beautiful lights taking the Gospel to their homes.

We had in one little town a family who were high caste people. I had never been able to get into their home. The mother was in *purdah*, and her seclusion was very strict, but the children would take the pictures home and show them to their mother. By and by one of these little girls got sick and sent for me. I found that child praising the Lord, and witnessing to all about her; she had a message for every one who came,

and she was only eleven years old. After she died her mother said, "I thought I was a Christian, but I got down one day to pray and I had a vision of Jesus on the Cross. God spoke to my heart and said, 'You are not ready to meet your little girl. You will never get to heaven because your heart is not right.'" She took her Bible and getting down on her knees said to the Lord, "If I am not ready to meet Jesus I want to get ready. I want Him to take away my sins." When I went to see her she told me all about it, and her face was shining with the glory of God. Today they are a precious family, standing for God.

Now we have the beginnings of an Orphanage at Dodballapur. We could have hundreds of children at our compound if we had a place to keep them, but we haven't room to accommodate them. Pray that God will undertake for us and enable us to get the children in, because they are so eager and willing to listen. There are no missionaries in that part of the country excepting my co-worker, Mrs. Chester, and me. We have no one to take care of the farming; she has to be out of doors overseeing the work there as well as in the house. You don't know anything about the trials and tests many of the missionaries have. We don't have enough help, and it is very hard, but it is precious because the Lord has put us there.



Bible woman teaching in an Indian home. The autocrat of the family is the little boy in the carriage, dressed in velvet. The despised girls on the floor are his obedient slaves. This pictures the different status of the sexes in India.

Our great need is for the children. We live in a mud house and these native houses are not very good. They have mud-roofs on them, and when the heavy rains come sometimes the house falls down; then we live out under the trees. Last year in the monsoons I didn't have a dry place to sit down and eat my meals, and sometimes one of the girls had to hold an umbrella

over me while I ate my food. But I didn't have much time in the house if I had had one, because we have native help on the farm, and they have to be watched or they will lie down under a tree and go to sleep.

I am believing God for great things for our work in South India, and that He is going to get a people in that place that will honor and glorify Him. We had some wonderful cases of salvation and healing and manifestations of the Holy Ghost. When the girls get saved we teach them and train them and many go out as teachers.

Sometimes when the work has been so pressing we hardly had time to sleep or eat, I could feel the prayers of the saints holding us up, and often thought, surely we would never have gone through that place if we hadn't been upheld. You don't know how encouraging a good letter is when one is away off in the jungles and never sees a white face for months. We have to eat native food, we are so far from the city, but we praise God for native food. God is a wonderful God. He said He would go with me and go before me, and I have never been discouraged once because I knew God ruled over all and He takes care of His own.

It meant as much for me to go to India as it does for anyone. I had to turn away from everyone and everything that was dear, but the real call of God was on me. Many people get full of zeal and go rushing off to the field, but when they get there they find themselves face to face with stern realities and become discouraged, so they are soon home again. God wants us to hold still, and when He calls us He doesn't want us to go the next day; He has a preparation for us. I had to hold still for eight years before I could go out. When He saw I was ready He sent me forth. Many times I have longed for some one to consult with, some one who would tell me what to do, and there wouldn't be a soul. So I had to look up to God and say, "Now, Lord, if you ever stood by me in my life, you must stand by me now," and He never failed.

A lady said to me one time on the field, "I never knew what it was to be called of God, and I have been here five years." I asked her how it was she came, and she said, "I was in a meeting and they asked who would give themselves as missionaries. I thought it would be nice and I stood up." She had been there four or five years and had seen, I think one soul saved. I said, "My dear child, you have made a mistake. I would not want to be in India or anywhere else

without a real call from God. We have so much to meet." One of the things that I dreaded was the wild animals, the snakes and the scorpions. I had heard so much I thought I never could go, but God took all that dread away from me, it seemed as if God had built a wall around me. We could hear the wild animals howling at night, and we could see them in the day time—one time I came in contact with bears, and another time with a tiger, but God protected me. His hand was on them and they could not get near me. My experience with bears was quite thrilling; there was not a white person there. I was alone with some servants, and thought in the evening I would go out and take a walk. I was looking down over a precipice watching some monkeys and all at once, I heard a voice saying, "Turn quick and go back to the house." I saw no danger, but I turned around and started back, and it seemed as if there were two hands pushing my back, and a voice saying, "Hurry! hurry!" When I went into the house the lamps were lighted, and as I sat down, one of the servants said, "Oh Missi, Missi, there are two bears out there." I saw them right in the path I had come. We have to live in the Ninety-first Psalm. The Lord has an angel guarding us from all these dangers. God wonderfully protected me from a tiger in just as marvelous a way, and He took that fear of wild animals out of my heart.

I want the saints to pray especially about a wall that is very much needed. It is impossible for us to keep the children without a wall; they sometimes run away or people come and steal them; but more than anything else, we need your prayers that we may train these children into men and women for God. We believe God is going to do great and mighty things because He is a mighty God.

On the Nepal Border

I HEAR it is reported in the States that I am about to return to America. This is a mistake I wish to correct, for I am right here in India, faithfully staying by the staff, and have no intention of returning at this time, as I have no marching orders from Father. In fact, He has clearly shown me that I cannot go until the new missionary home is built on Nepal border and workers are established there preaching to the Nepolese. Praise God He is working and helping to this end. The contractor has all the bricks made and will soon purchase the timber that the frame work may be made during the rainy season and be all ready to begin building as soon as the rains are over, first of October. Pray that every need may be supplied and that workers may be settled there and preaching to the Nepolese

before Christmas, for Jesus is coming so soon, all glory to His dear Name. 'Tis true I need a change and rest very badly as the work and responsibility of the past year has been very heavy and I am quite broken down; but I'd rather die on the field than go before God's time, and it can truly be said of me as of Joseph, "The arms of his hands were made strong by the Mighty One of Jacob."

Please pray for a young Mohammedan who has been a secret believer in Christ for two years. As he was not of age I advised him to go on with God and get strong in Him, not coming out publicly by being baptized until he became of age, because his father could compel him to go back to Mohammedanism. He is now of age and anxious to become a Christian before the world and I told him when he was through school in May (last) he could come to us and be baptized. Somehow his father must have gotten some inkling of it or mistrusted him, for he was summoned home as soon as school closed and then had all his money and clothes taken away from him—except such clothes as he had on—

so he could not go away from home without his parents' knowledge. He writes me of this and of the other trials and persecutions he is passing through, and says, "I am sorry for these people, and they cannot understand that only my body is in their prison, my soul is unconquered." Pray much for these Mohammedan young men whom God is enlightening. It means everything to them to come out for Christ as all relatives and friends turn against them. The Mohammedans consider it such an awful disgrace for anyone to become a Christian and would even kill such if they dared to do so. A Christian who was a convert from Mohammedanism once told me that he was a secret believer in Christ for five years, not daring to tell his people until he became of age. As soon as he told them he was driven out from his home and his own uncle said if it were not for fear of the English government he would kill him. So you see how much they need prayer that they may be given grace to come out for the truth and endurance to stand firm.

(Mrs.) Lillian Denny.

The Prayer of Faith

A Desperate Struggle and Its Outcome

Leila M. Conway, Hurlock, Maryland



AN epidemic of typhoid fever had been raging in our neighborhood for several weeks and my sister Nellie, coming home from school one day said that it hurt her head to study. A look at the flushed face sent a chill of terror through our hearts. Healthy, robust men and women were dying of the fever and Nellie was not strong at the best. To add to our distress, a few months before she had strayed away from the Savior.

How precious the dear life now became in our sight. Through our loved one's illness depths of love were revealed and brought forth of which we had not known the existence before. Nothing was too hard to do; indeed, the real sacrifice was in not being able to do more for her. How gladly would we have taken her sickness in her stead. We often told God so during the long, long days and weeks that followed.

It was a bad case from the beginning and toward noon of the seventh day I was called hastily to her room. She was having hemorrhages which the attendants were trying in vain to check. Only those who have gone through the same trial can know how I felt to see her life thus ebbing away, but God was wonderfully present to sustain and I sensed a great inflow of faith and hope toward Him within my heart. I prayed that He might keep me from showing

any signs of emotion, for the dear one's gaze was fixed on my face; turn whichever way I might there was no getting away from it. She was anxiously searching my countenance for traces of alarm. Those mute, questioning eyes were saying what the ashen lips could not say, "Am I in danger? Will I die?"

I prayed inwardly—just a word, there was not time for more—but to God it expressed volumes I know. Superhuman strength was given me. Looking into those blue eyes I answered their beseeching look with a smile, conveying the impression that there was nothing to be alarmed about, and bathed away the blood in the most cool, matter-of-fact way possible. I knew that the least sign of grief might tip the scales against the life that was hanging in the balance and grace was given me to play my part, though I can never tell what it cost me. I have always felt that God tided our loved one safely over the place of danger that day. It may not be amiss to say here that I had known the Lord but a short time at the period of which I speak. A weak trembling lamb of the fold and ignorant of the things of the kingdom was I, yet ever seeking to know more of the Lord and the wonders of His grace.

Nellie soon lapsed into unconsciousness. In her delirium she would call piteously for different members of the family but could not recognize them when they came. One day the doctor

stayed long beyond his usual time; then, returning to town he was back again in a little while. It dawned upon me that Nellie was getting beyond the aid of man, and great was my distress. I loved my fair winsome sister and could not bear the thought of her going out into eternity unsaved. I began to look unto God, though not knowing what ground I had for hope if she was past hope. The teaching of divine healing even in doctrine had not then been set forth before the people of our community. It was said that the instances of healing in the Word were to attest the divine mission of our Lord and that the day of miracles had long since passed. Being a mere stripling of a girl I had naturally fallen into line with the prevailing belief (or unbelief) about me. The theory answered very well so long as we were all exempt from incurable sicknesses but now it loomed before me as a great, insurmountable barrier, for if God did not any longer heal then Nellie must die. I grew faint at the thought and with a desperation born of necessity I prostrated myself before the Lord, pleading that the things that are impossible with men are possible with God and that He never turned any away who came to Him. Growing bolder I averred it was possible for Him to heal Nellie; He could do it. Then I held my breath, scarcely daring to move as I put the question, Would He do it? I anxiously awaited the answer, fear alternating with hope in my mind. I told Him I would not ask for Nellie's life to be spared if only she was prepared to go. Then at the thought that it was presumptuous of me to ask it of Him if His power to heal was not exercised as in the days when He walked the earth among men, my hopes fell to the ground. In my dire extremity and anguish of soul I cried out, "Lord, help me!" Quicker than I can write it came the words of Hebrews 13:8, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday and today, and forever." I at once perceived that his power and willingness to heal had not changed; He would do the same now as He did then. Hope revived and I cried, "Lord, give me some promise from Thy Word to stand upon."

In answer to my cry the Lord gave me the first clause of James 5:15, "the prayer of faith shall save the sick"—just those eight words. With this solid ground under my feet I began to take a firm stand of faith. I had an unquestioning belief in Scripture as the Word of God and "the Bible says so," had always seemed to me an all-sufficient reason for belief. At first I

was at a loss to know just how to pray this "prayer of faith," but soon concluded to make the very words of this clause my prayer, and in the weeks that followed I must have repeated thousands of times, "the prayer of faith shall save the sick." From the moment that I began to pray I never ceased. I in some way got the impression that continuity was essential to "the prayer of faith." When weary and about to slack I would ask God to strengthen me that I might keep on praying—and how He helped my infirmity! On awakening from the sleep that sometimes overcame me I would find that prayer was continuing just as effectually from the altar of my heart as when it came from my lips. God hears the cry of the feeblest and will succor His weakest lambs. Come, needy one, press your suit before Him; He will not turn you away.

One evening I heard a commotion in Nellie's room, the sound of hurrying, muffled footsteps. The doctor was giving orders in a low, quick tone. I caught the words, "What is done must be done quickly." He seemed to feel that he was making a futile attempt to save the precious life for an atmosphere of hopelessness rested on all around, causing even the children to feel that Nellie could not live. When it leaks out that the doctor has given up hope it seems a signal for every one else to do so likewise. I, too, would have shared the contagion had it not been for the promise, "the prayer of faith shall save the sick." There it stood before me, bold and big—much bigger now; it was surprising what proportions it had taken on. I gave a tense sob, fearing for a moment that I might, somehow or other, fail to pray this "prayer of faith," it seemed so much for *me* to do. Great, wise, good people like Preacher Burke and Aunt Ann should be the ones to do this, I thought. Oh, if there was only someone to pray with me! But if there was no one, then, sooner than let Nellie die I would pray alone. I closed my ears to the groans and doleful sounds about me, so disheartening to a weak child of God, and fixed my gaze upon the promise again. I had asked God to enable me to pray "the prayer of faith" and He would do it! "Lord, I believe," said I, "save Nellie." I did not know what words more to use than these, and God heard my cry, the advance of death was stayed once more and soon Nellie was resting easier.

The long, tedious sickness continued week after week. Whether upon my knees or about my work prayer was arising continually from my

heart. Neighbors dropping in for a sympathetic call and conversation thought strangely of my silence and oftentimes hasty exit from the room, but I could not participate in the talk. A life was at stake; a soul's salvation depended on whether I could pray the "prayer of faith" clear through. The greatness of the task well-nigh overwhelmed me at times. What if I should fail? I implored God to help me—and He did! Fainting faith revived; courage increased. I continued instant in prayer and took a firmer hold upon the promise each passing day till, at last, God had me at the place where all earth and hell could not wrest it from my grasp. We hear of dying men retaining their hold on some object to the very end and when cold in death it required almost superhuman strength to loosen the grasp of those tightly clenched hands. Similarly had I come to hold the promise God had given me. The eternal verities of an unseen world had been made very real to me through those long days and solemn nights of my ceaseless vigil of prayer. Often I knew that God was specially present with me, and the old home where I fought this fight of faith is a sacred hallowed place to me even now after the lapse of years.

The days had lengthened into weeks and the weeks had almost become months and still Nellie lingered on. She had become reduced to a skeleton and was a mere shadow of her former self. It was now late in November when, early one morning, in passing through the room where Nellie was lying I ventured to cast a glance in the direction of the bed; usually I could not trust myself to do this for fear of not being able to restrain my emotions. On first sight I saw that Nellie was utterly unconscious to things of earth. The beloved face was ashen with the pallor of death. I could not have told that she lived for to all appearances she was as much a corpse as any dead person I have ever seen. I did not dare to take a second look but passed on to the next room where I found mother seated by the fire-side, her bowed form the very picture of hopeless grief and despair, the tears falling thick on her faded old apron. Looking up as I came near she sobbed out, "Leila, Nellie is dying!" This abrupt announcement was a great shock to me. Mother had watched many people die and I knew that she recognized the signs of approaching death. Something within like a leaden weight seemed to drop from my throat to my feet and held me rooted to the spot. Like a taunting sneer came the words, as though whispered in my ear, "There, now, what was the good of all

your prayers?" Rapidly regaining my balance—for this all transpired in a second of time—I repulsed the foe, and, turning to mother ere yet the sound of her words had died away, I said, "Mother, Nellie will not die; she will live."

I knew—oh, I knew, with assurance strong and unmistakable—that I had prayed "the prayer of faith" and that, true to His Word, God would most surely fulfill the promise. And the hand of death was stayed—from that hour Nellie began to amend so that for the first time during the long, long illness word went out that she was better. Consciousness returned, the blue eyes of our darling once more opened to things of earth and the pallid lips feebly whispered a few faint words of recognition. The joy of our hearts knew no bounds. How good God was! Pure, deep gratitude—its very quintessence—welled up from my soul unto Him. The following days were days of heaven upon earth and at times this tabernacle of clay could scarce contain my enraptured spirit. I would not have parted with my experience of those past few weeks for worlds upon worlds, for through it I had learned of God in a way I never could have known otherwise. Enriched both in grace and in knowledge of Him and, though nearly a score of years has passed since then, some of the glory lingers with me yet.

Our Nellie is today the picture of health, the possessor of a comfortable home and the mother of two bright children. More than all, she sought God soon after her recovery and once again obtained His pardoning grace and favor.

Any of you that read this narrative who are in need, whether for yourself or another, will you not look to God to enable you to pray that "prayer of faith" that saves the sick and glorifies Him? He is no respecter of persons and what He has done for one He will do for all—yea, "all who call upon Him."

* * *

Do you wish to read a very interesting book about Persia? Are you interested in missionary work in that ancient land? Read the History of the Chaldean or Syrian Nation and the Old Eastern Apostolic Church. This interesting book contains 122 illustrations, with 449 pages, good print, cloth binding. It is written from a Christian's standpoint and fully accords with the Bible record. Here we read of the early martyrs of the church, their sufferings and death, and we get new light on the old Evangelical-Apostolic Church of the East.

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Pentecost in the Hawaiian Islands

The Working of the Spirit of God Seventy Years Ago

Note.—This thrilling rehearsal of a revival that, in numbers equalled the first Pentecost, shows us the possibilities there are on the mission field when the Word of God is proclaimed in power. Many who see the manifestations of the Spirit today are prone to discount the work that has been done in the past, but we can search the world over and find no such example of one man having a native pastorate



TITUS COAN, nearly sixty years ago, in 1835, began his memorable mission on the shore belt of Hawaii. He soon began to use the native tongue, and within the year made his first tour of the island. He was a relative of Nettleton and had been a co-laborer with Finney, and had learned what arrows are best for a preacher's quiver, and how to use his bow. His whole being was full of spiritual energy and unction, and, on his first tour, multitudes flocked to hear, and many seemed pricked in their hearts. The multitudes thronged him and followed him, and like his Master, he had no leisure, so much as to eat; and once he preached three times before he had a chance to breakfast. He was won't to make four or five tours a year, and saw tokens of interest, that impressed him with so strange a sense of the presence of God, that he said little about them and scarcely understood them himself. He could only say, "It was wonderful!" He went about like Jeremiah, with the fire of the Lord in his bones; weary with forbearing, he could not stay.

In 1837, the slumbering fires broke out. Nearly the whole population became an audience, and those who could not come to the services were brought on their beds or on the backs of others. Mr. Coan found himself ministering to fifteen thousand people, scattered along the hundred miles of coast. He longed to be able to fly, that he might get over the ground, or to be able to multiply himself twenty-fold, to reach the multitudes who fainted for spiritual food. Necessity devises new methods. He bade those to whom he could not go, come to him, and for a mile around, the people settled down—Hilo's little population of a thousand swelled ten-fold, and here was held, on a huge scale, a two years' unique "Campmeeting." There was not an hour, day or night, when an audience of from two thousand to six thousand would not rally at the signal of the bell. There was no disorder,

of fifteen thousand people. Our hearts are truly made to burn at God's gracious visitation upon the earth today, and we believe He is working over a greater area than ever before, but let us not depreciate the labors of great and good men in the past.

May God give us in these days a Titus Coan who can capture a nation for Christ and still remain humble and self-effacing.

and the camp became a sort of industrial school, where gardening, matbraiding, and bonnet making were taught as well as purely religious truth. The great "protracted meetings" crowded the old church with six thousand hearers, and a newer building with half as many more; and when the people got seated, they were so close that until the meeting broke up no one could move. The preacher does not hesitate to deal in stern truths. The law with its awful perfection; hell, with its fires, of which the crater of Kilauea and the volcanoes about them might well furnish a vivid picture—the deep and damning guilt of sin, the hopelessness and helplessness of spiritual death—prepare the way for earnest gospel invitation and appeal. The vast audience sways as cedars before a tornado. There is trembling, weeping, sobbing and loud crying for mercy, sometimes too loud for the preacher to be heard; and in hundreds of cases his hearers fall in a swoon.

Titus Coan was made for the work God had for him, and he controlled these great masses. He preached with great simplicity, illustrating and applying the grand old truths, made no effort to excite but rather to allay excitement, and asked for no external manifestation of interest. He depended on the word, borne home by the Spirit. And the Spirit wrought. Some would cry out, "The two-edged sword is cutting me to pieces." The wicked scoffer who came to make sport dropped like a log, and said, "God has struck me." Once while preaching in the open field to two thousand people, a man cried out, "What shall I do to be saved?" and prayed the publican's prayer; and the entire congregation took up the cry for mercy. For a half hour Mr. Coan could get no chance to speak, but had to stand still and see God work.

There were greater signs of the Spirit than mere words of agony or confession. Godly repentance was at work—quarrels were reconciled, drunkards abandoned drink, thieves restored stolen property, adulteries gave place to purity,

and murders were confessed. The high priest of Pele and custodian of her crater shrine, who by his glance could doom a native to strangulation, on whose shadow no Hawaiian dared tread, who ruthlessly struck men dead for their food or garments' sake and robbed and outraged human beings for a pastime—this gigantic criminal came into the meetings with his sister, the priestess—and even such as they found an irresistible power there—and with bitter tears and penitent confession, the crimes of this monster were unearthed. He acknowledged that what he had worshipped was no God at all, and publicly renounced his idolatry and bowed before Jesus. These two had spent about seventy years in sin, but till death maintained their Christian confession.

In 1838 the converts continued to multiply. Though but two missionaries, a lay preacher, and their wives, constituted the force, and the field was a hundred miles long, the word and work was with power, because God was in it all. Mr. Coan's trips were first of all for preaching; and he spoke on the average from three to four times a day; but these public appeals were interlaced with visits of a pastoral nature at the homes of the people, and with the searching inquiry into their state. This marvelous man kept track of his immense parish, and knew a church membership of five thousand as thoroughly as when it numbered one hundred. He never lost individual knowledge and contact in all this huge increase—what a model to modern pastors, who magnify preaching but have "no time to visit!" It was part of his plan that not one living person in all Puna or Hilo should not have the gospel brought repeatedly to the conscience, and he did not spare any endeavor or exposure to reach the people. He set his people to work, and above forty of them visited from house to house within five miles of the central station. The results were simply incredible were they not attested abundantly.

After great care in examining and testing candidates, during the twelve months, ending in June, 1839, 5,244 persons had been received into the Church. On one Sabbath, 1,705 were baptized, and 2,400 sat down together at the Lord's Table. It was a gathering of villages, and the head of each village came forward with his selected converts. With the exception of one such scene at Ongole, just forty years later, probably no such a sight has been witnessed since the day of Pentecost. What a scene was that when near-

ly two thousand five hundred sat down together to eat the Lord's Supper! And what a gathering! "the old, the decrepit, the lame, the blind, the maimed, the withered, the paralytic, and those afflicted with divers diseases and torments; those with eyes, noses, lips and limbs consumed with the fire of their own or their parents' former lusts, with features distorted and figures the most depraved and loathsome,—and these came hobbling upon their staves, and led or borne by their friends; and among the throng the hoary priest of idolatry, with hands but recently washed from the blood of human victims, together with the thief, the adulterer, the Sodomite, the sorcerer, the robber, the murderer; and the mother—no, the monster—whose hands had reeked with the blood of her own children. These all met before the cross of Christ with their enmity slain, and themselves "washed and sanctified and justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God."

During the five years, ending June, 1841, 7,557 persons were received to the Church at Hilo,—three-fourths of the whole population of the parish. When Titus Coan left Hilo in 1870, he had himself received and baptized 11,960 persons.

These people held fast the faith, only one in sixty becoming amenable to discipline. Not even a grogshop was to be found in that parish, and the Sabbath was better kept than in New England. In 1857, the old mother church divided into seven, and there have been built fifteen houses of worship, mainly with the money and labor of the people themselves; who have also planted and sustained their own missions, having given in the aggregate one hundred thousand dollars for holy uses, and having sent twelve of their number to the regions beyond.

Christian history presents no record of divine power more thrilling than this of the Great Revival at the Hawaiian Islands from 1836 to 1842. When in 1870 the American Board withdrew from this field, there were nearly sixty self-supporting churches, more than two-thirds having a native pastorate, with a membership of about fifteen thousand. That year their contributions reached \$30,000. Thirty per cent of their ministers became missionaries on other islands. That same year, Kanwealoha, the old native missionary, in presence of a vast throng, where the royal family and dignitaries of the islands were assembled, held up the Word of God in the Hawaiian tongue, and in these few words gave the

most comprehensive tribute to the fruits of the Gospel labor:

"Not with powder and ball, and swords and cannon, but with this living Word of God, and His Spirit, do we go forth to conquer the Islands for Christ!"

The above article has been taken from "The New Acts of the Apostles" by A. T. Pierson, through permission of Fleming H. Revell Co., Publishers. The book is filled with thrilling accounts of the working of the Spirit of God in the mission field. We can supply this book at \$1.25. Former price \$1.50. Bound in cloth, 450 pages.

Here and There in Europe

I WOULD like to write just a few lines for the Evangel readers that they might pray for us. After a stay of eight months in England we have removed to Germany. This is in line with our original thought when leaving America. I was privileged to hold several meetings in Scotland, and in Wales, and God blessed very much in the messages. In England we lived in three different sections and I visited a number of Pentecostal centers besides. Had the privilege of attending both the London and the Sunderland Conferences. In Scotland and Wales I had much liberty, but England is more difficult to work in. The people are very conservative. However, the Lord blessed us there also, and we found many kind friends. God was very thoughtful for us. We saw some trial and suffering, but the blessings outweighed the hardships. We can truly say that God was faithful.

I also took a trip to Paris, France, and had a good ministry there to the Pentecostal body. They are few in number and have great odds against them. We must pray for them. Just before leaving England for Germany I was privileged to spend a whole

month in Norway and Sweden. Here I found the ripest field of all. I wished I might have stayed for months there. The people are ripe for Pentecost. There is a great cry for workers. Of course one must speak through an interpreter, which is rather difficult. I had a very good one. God made special provision for me seemingly. I divided my time between Norway and Sweden. They were also calling for help from Finland and Russia, but I had no time to go there. I should like to go there later, if God wills. At Christiania and Stockholm I found large congregations and much interest.

This is the land of the midnight sun. I did not get far enough north for that, but it did not get dark while I was there. It was twilight all night. Toward the sun the pink never died out of the sky. The sun set at 9 P. M., and rose at 3 A. M. It is a beautiful country. Returning to England across the North Sea I took my little family and we crossed to Holland. Spent a blessed week-end with the saints at Amsterdam and then passed on to Germany, where we are at this writing. When on my way to Norway I went by way of Holland, Germany, Denmark, etc. We are here in Ostfriesland and believe God is going to bless and use us. Will you not pray earnestly that His whole will may be done in and through us. We cannot go on to Bulgaria for some time yet. The war is still raging there. I hope to attend Mulheim-Ruhr Conference this year.

The family are all well, for which I thank God. My health is good. God has wonderfully kept me. It is a miracle the way He has undertaken in my body. Yet I am not robust. I need constant prayer. God keeps me only when in the line of obedience. We would be glad to hear from any friends. God bless you. Pray for us often.

F. Bartleman.

July 12, 1913, Bunde, Ostfriesland, Germany.

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