



The days of Heaven on the Earth

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

God's Purpose in Pentecost "He Still Abides"

John Coxe, Wilmington, Del., at The Stone Church Convention, March 11, 1917.



DO not appear to be able to find any other message this afternoon than Pentecost. I have personal reasons for that, as I am celebrating my tenth anniversary. Ten years ago God marvelously and wonderfully baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire sent down from heaven, with signs following, and He still abides. I am celebrating today and there cannot be any other message than that.

You will find my texts in Luke 24:49, Acts 1:5, 1:8 and 2:1-4. Many people believe that modern Pentecost at least, consists only in a jump, a shout and a babble, but I am going to prove to you that it consists in much more than that. Some tell us it means only "fifty." Well, we know all about the fifty days, but I am going to prove to you that it means much more than fifty before I get through. In the first Pentecost there were 3,120 and in this modern, latter day Pentecost, there are thousands and tens of thousands the world over. Upon the native African in the jungles and the native Indian and Chinese in the interior of those vast empires God has poured out His Spirit, and hundreds and thousands have received this blessed, holy baptism with signs following. I am so glad I am in it and never expect to get out of it. I learned long, long ago that when God told Moses to make the tabernacle He said, "See that thou make everything according to the pattern showed thee in the mount," and beloved, I fully believe that when Jesus Christ comes in the rapture, in the morning when the day breaks over the scenes in the church, God will find a church on this earth according to the pattern of Pentecost. God has not left His pattern; He has not gone away from His design, He has not fore-sworn His purposes. God designed and made a pattern, and purposed in the early days of the church that every minister of the Gospel should be anointed with the Holy Ghost. He purposed that every father and every mother of a Christian family should be anointed with the Holy Ghost and fire, according to His purpose and pattern. A man said to me last week, "It appears to me that all some people have in Pentecost is a hallelujah shout." Well, beloved, if that is all they have, it is a thousand times more than other people have. But that is not all. There are multiplied blessings and multiplied

graces and multiplied glories that descend upon the heads of men and women who hear God's Word and obey it. In answer to all men say I want to give in passing two evidences of the blessings of Pentecost. In forty years of ministry, in places where holiness had been preached and where God's grace and the power of the mighty Spirit had been manifested, I have never heard such intercession. When Pentecostal people get hold of the horns of the altar something gives way. Is it then not worth while?

When I was pastor in the neighborhood of Pittsburgh some years ago there was in the vicinity a dear evangelist who had worked years before on a drilling apparatus. They were drilling for the abutments of a bridge across the Allegheny River, and wanted to get down to rock. He had charge of the drilling and he got down to where he got a sample of something very hard and he took it into the office of the chief engineer and displayed it, and said, "Isn't that rock?" He said, "No sir, that is only shell and gravel." He went out and drilled again for awhile and presently got another hard substance, and taking it in said, "Isn't that rock?" "No, that is only fire-clay." He went out again and as He got to the door he turned and said, "How shall I know when I strike rock?" The chief engineer replied, "When you strike bed-rock you will strike fire." Every man who really strikes Pentecost, strikes fire, and it is the fire that burns to the consuming of everything that belongs to the "old man" and the bringing to light and glory of everything that belongs to the new man which is Christ Jesus enthroned in the life.

Now it says that in the first Pentecost there was a sound from heaven, a rushing, mighty wind that filled all the house, and there came cloven tongues like as of fire and sat on each one of them. A little girl of mine some years ago was at the altar one day under the power, a sweet young girl of eighteen or nineteen, and God was wonderfully dealing with her. I passed around the altar to encourage the child and she said, "Fire! Fire! Fire! Lord, is this fire? Please burn me some more." Did you ever feel the fire of God shoot through you like an electric charge from your head to your feet, within and without? The Apostle Paul said on one occasion, "I bear the brands of the Lord Jesus in my body." You cannot brand a person very well with a mark without

the fire. You have to burn it in, and beloved, this Holy Spirit has come down from heaven and He will burn and burn until everything is consumed. The fire sat upon each of them. Why not? You remember the story ran through our country, the noted writer and lecturer Wm. T. Ellis, brought it back from India and said there was no doubt about it that in Rāmabai's work fire was actually seen on the heads of the children. I say, Why not? Why should not the fire of God come upon the heads of men and women who are closeted with God and seeking nothing but God? They all spake with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance. Now, beloved, be careful here. Never speak with other tongues unless the Spirit gives utterance, and you will be safe. Then it will be in perfect harmony with God's purpose and design. Doesn't it charm your very heart to think that the Holy Spirit would come down in answer to the blood of Jesus and the promise of God the Father and take your lips of clay, and so move your lips and touch your vocal cords that out of your mouth would flow a language you never learned?

I was in the midst of one of the sweetest and most glorious revivals God has ever given me in my ministry. I had never been in a Pentecostal meeting in my life, to my knowledge. I had been seeking God for years and crying out in my soul's depths for a special outpouring of God's Holy Spirit in mighty, manifest supernatural form and manner, and those with me had been praying the same prayer. Standing up before the audience with my Bible in my hand, all at once I saw four men who were sitting close to the door, leave their seats and come to the altar and seek Christ. I hadn't yet announced my text, when they staggered out under the burden of conviction, and moved forward. God, the Almighty, came down in the power of the Holy Ghost, and spread over me two great hands like human hands. You can always tell whether it is a hand that touches you, or a stick or a foot. Two great hands pressed me back and back until I could go no further, and then I felt the two great hands underneath me; just picked me up like a baby as it were, and laid me down. This tall, dignified minister had never lain down in his life under any power that could be brought by man. God prostrated me. The hand that was under my shoulder slipped out and gripped my jaw and wrenched it until it seemed it would break, and I would have screamed in agony had it not been for the fact that it was so pleasing. God was doing it, and everything God does is all

right. Then that same hand went over my vocal organs. How long I was prostrated I do not know, but for the first time in my life, although I had been preaching holiness and sanctification for years, I heard in my inner consciousness an audible voice. Not an impression 'mind you, but an audible voice saying, "You had better get up now." Up I got as far as my knees, and out from my mouth for three hours poured songs of deliverance, glorious psalms, messages in other tongues as the Spirit gave utterance, and friends, He still abides. That is Pentecost renewed and restored with all of the glory and the power of the risen Christ.

This scene of Pentecost in the upper room was noised abroad. As sure as you have something doing in your assembly it will get out and it will go faster than the printed page. Let God show forth a spiritual manifestation in any place and the news will fly. We could not find a place big enough to hold the people, just as it was on the day of Pentecost. It was noised abroad and the people were confounded. That is just like it is today. The people are confounded and say, "What meaneth this?" and draw back. I could never compare some of my ministerial brethren to anything but an old house snail I used to touch. He would be out creeping along and I'd get near enough to touch him and he would draw into his shell and the shell would close down, and that is what hundreds of men have done when God has come into the assembly and just touched. Is it not so with my precious brethren? They have cried to God for years and years and when God would do something they draw in their shell.

This Pentecost is God's preparation for the bride, for the coming of Jesus, as the first outpouring of Pentecost was God's preparation for the beginning of the church of Jesus Christ. They were confounded; they all heard them speak and they understood what they said, and they said, "Everyone of them speaketh forth the wonderful works of God." I will guarantee, and I am a stranger here, that if I were to sit down, a hundred people would rise up in this audience at my call and declare the wonderful works of God. Out of the mouth of two witnesses every word shall be established, and out of the mouth of hundreds and thousands of witnesses this wonderful out-pouring of Pentecost is being made known.

There were mockery and amazement in the first Pentecost. Others mocking said, "No, no, that is not God. These men are drunk." I passed through a church that was built something

like this, two sides and a center row of seats. It was in a Sunday afternoon meeting while we were waiting upon God, that the Holy Spirit got hold of a man who was of a meek and quiet spirit, and I suppose had never gotten out of order in his life. It is good for some men to get out of order sometimes. He got up on his feet when the Spirit of God struck him and ran up one aisle and down the other, and I said, "I never knew what this church was built for. I never thought it was built for a stadium." When he got to me the fourth or fifth time, he said, "I am drunk with new wine." The mockers said, "These men are drunk." Isn't that what they say now? They point the finger and mock. Let me say the reproach of Pentecost has not been taken away, and any minister of the Gospel who steps out boldly and faces the issue for Pentecost, has to face the reproach. Don't think, my brother, that you are going to have an easy time, but when you reach the hard places if you are true to God, you will find underneath the Everlasting Arms which will bear you up and carry you forth, support and sustain and revive you for the conflict.

Beloved, on this day that I am speaking of there was a great sermon preached. This sermon contains history, prophecy and promise. I do not know of any better outline for a sermon; the history of what God has done and is doing, the prophecy of what God will do. In the New Testament, prophecy takes two heads: It means not only to foretell but to forth tell; prophecy in the Old Testament had one main head, to foretell. In Pentecost, thank God, prophecy is often both ways, telling forth and telling before. I suppose some of you have read my precious Brother Simpson's version of the war he had away back on the Tibetan border, years and years ago, before he came back on his vacation to this country, published just recently. One day he told me the substance of it, how everything that has transpired in this year, passed before his face; he saw every country that is in the war, years before it began. But every true prophecy I have ever heard always ends up with the shout of the coming of the King. History and prophecy and promise! What is the promise? "The promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call." He says again that the Holy Spirit shall be given to those who obey Him.

With the sermon of Peter there was terrible conviction upon that great mass of people that

has been estimated by some writers as being approximately 50,000 people or more. Sweeping over that great mass of people was awful conviction. There was a wonderful revival and three thousand souls were added to the church. There were permanent results. I would not give a snap of my finger for anything that does not produce permanent results. We are looking for permanency in Pentecost, and God is going to have it. I believe it with all my heart and I announce it with every fiber of my being that we have only touched the very fringe of Pentecost as yet. The great tidal wave of God's glory and power is waiting to settle down upon us, and the mighty, mighty manifest power of His presence is waiting to take possession of men and women all over the land before Jesus comes. We must have such a revival. Why is it we do not see such displays of God's power as we did in 1907-08? I will tell you, beloved. People have been too willing to run after every man who rattled his own tin can. It is said that the time shall come when things shall not be left to people, but God Himself shall manipulate His own instrument with His own power, with His own man, with His own woman, and they shall stand in the power and the grace of God. There were permanent results and there are permanent results today. I want to digress a moment, and say that I am fully persuaded that in no fifty years of the Christian era has the Gospel been preached in power and truth, and in its fullness as in this last outpouring, since 1907. I said in that first awakening there was a mighty revival, and permanent results and a large addition to the church. They were not made up of a lot of people who came to eat and deserted the army tomorrow. When they put on the uniform they stood true. Listen to me! When the Salvation Army in this land was deluged with mud and stones, and were the religious outcasts of our land, it was then they were sweeping people into the kingdom of God by the thousands, but when they began to know nothing but the collection-basket, the power of God ceased. By the grace of God while this Pentecostal Movement stands straight and firm, and square to the winds of persecution, square to the winds of trial, square to the winds of the world it shall go forth "fair as the moon, clear as the sun and terrible as an army with banners."

And what next? Mighty addition to the Church, Christ Jesus the center and substance and glory of all. Is He this to you in this

Pentecost, the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, the center and substance and glory? I was passing Evans City, Pennsylvania, last summer in the trolley cars, where there was a great craze over oil. Hundreds of derricks were put up in a few months, and as we were passing along some one said, "They have just shot a well," and I looked out and saw a derrick, and presently I saw a motion that began down some three thousand feet in the sand. It is what they call the pay-sand. It started down there and presently it shot up one hundred feet above the derrick, and I watched it as it began to spray out, a rainbow of spray for hundreds of feet; the elements were oil and water and sand and gas. It was a wonderful picture against the sky of the setting sun. Beloved, you will have some sand in you if you strike pay-sand. You will have some of the oil of the Holy Spirit, you will have some of the water of life, and can give it to anybody who is around, but you will have very little gas. And you will find as you go on in the power and presence of God that the little you have will disappear. Any gaseous substance in you will have to go away. If God the Holy Ghost could get the gas out of many men and women that have been seeking their Pentecost for the last ten years, they would be filled today.

They said when the great revival started, "What meaneth this?" We are only 1900 years later down, but isn't that what you have been saying? "What is this?" "If I could only find out what the thing is I would go in for it with all my heart." What was there in that first Pentecost? There was commotion, there was devotion, and promotion. Those are the elements of the first Pentecost. The commotion spread out upon the whole crowd and they began to move, and then there was devotion; they began to come to the altar. I suppose they knelt down inside the courts of the temple; there was devotion and then three thousand were promoted. They were suddenly promoted to be sons of the Most High, with the stamp of the Son of God upon them. Do you have the stamp of the Lord upon you this afternoon? Is it indelibly impressed on your being so that all the floods of persecution, all the mockery, all the floods of trial, and all the possible spurious powers that hell and earth can bring in upon you, shall never erase it? That which God has indelibly impressed upon you and all around, is flowing today, a stream of living water which Jesus said would flow from those who had the Holy Ghost.

There was confusion, diffusion and effusion in the midst of the people. Peter appeared to be the leader, but I guess he was as ignorant as I was when it came to me. He knew somehow that God in heaven in answer to the plea of the Son of God who had just gone up ten days before, was pouring forth that which He promised, but he didn't know that with that pouring forth would come to the church that first state of new life, and there would be born into the church of Jesus Christ then formed a perfect organism; not an organization but a perfect, living organism that would go through the scenes with the same blood covering and the same spirit filling when Jesus Christ returned to take up His throne and go forward with His reign. And so I say to you there was confusion and I have seen lots of confusion in Pentecost. God baptized me with the signs following without asking my permission, for He knew and I knew that if I had been allowed to go until I had seen some things, I should have drawn back. But I believe the things we have seen that have been confusing, are passing away, and God the Holy Spirit is taking absolute control. He will by His grace, carry the work forward, not by the strength of human arm, not by human persistence, but by the strength of strong manhood and womanhood anointed with the Holy Ghost.

Pentecost is moving on and presently we are going to move up. It is the final preparation for the Bride of the Lamb. Without controversy great is the mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh, and when I say that, I mean not only in the flesh, born of a virgin, but in the virgin birth, born in me and in you, God manifest in the flesh. Oh that the mighty manifest presence and power of God may settle down upon this Convention, and that men and women everywhere may yield to God, give up their own way and find God's way, and enter into the blessedness of the work of the Pentecostal power and Pentecostal fullness with the signs following.

A Pentecostal Convention and Revival campaign will be held in Toronto, Ontario, April 29-May 20, meetings to be conducted by A. H. Argue and Andrew D. Urshan. Two meetings daily and three on Sunday will be held in Association Hall, corner of McGill and Yonge Streets. Rooms and meals can be obtained in the neighborhood. For further information write Mr. Noel Perkins, 83 Bellefair Avenue, Toronto, Ontario

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A Campmeeting will be held at Petoskey, Mich., in Mrs. Knecht's woods, July 1-Aug. 15. All workers and evangelists will be entertained free of charge. Plan to take your vacation at this time. For information write E. W. Jewell, 440 Michigan Ave., Petoskey, Mich.

Exchanging Earthly Honor for an Incorruptible Crown How God Called a Soldier Into His Ranks.

James Harvey, India, in The Stone Church Convention, March 13, 1917.



TRUST we will forget ourselves this afternoon and think of the broad harvest field. I often think of Job, how after he got to the end of himself and prayed for his friends, the Lord turned his captivity. So the Lord will do for us, as we get our minds off ourselves.

I wish I could transport you to India this afternoon and let you see what God is doing in that land. I believe if we would get a view of what God is doing in the world we would not have so much discouragement, but when we get our eyes on ourselves and our own little work, trouble and division come, and we get discouraged.

There is a very beautiful verse in Isa. 9:7 I want to read: "Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon His kingdom, to order it and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even forever. The zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform it." I feel that whereas the church people go to one extreme and believe that all people will be saved before Jesus comes, the Pentecostal people go to the other extreme and are apt to sit down and fold their hands and say, "Well the Lord is almost here and when the millennium sets in He will do it all Himself." We have come across people who dressed themselves up in white robes and shut themselves up in a room, saying that the Lord was coming and it was too late to do anything more, too late to save souls, but in spite of that God is working throughout the whole world today and encouraging our hearts by continuing to give people the joys of salvation. In Isa. 59 we read, "Behold the Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save, nor ear heavy that it cannot hear," and I praise God today that as I look upon China and India; upon Japan and South America, Mexico and Korea, and see what God is doing, it fills my heart with joy to know that His hand is not shortened that it cannot save, nor His ear heavy that it cannot hear. Not only in the foreign fields but in Europe, in spite of the terrible war where the devil is reaping a harvest, the Lord is also reaping a harvest of precious souls among the soldiers, many of them coming to Him in the eleventh hour.

I do not know how bright their experiences are, but whole regiments of soldiers kneel and pray before going into the trenches.

But there are tremendous needs as we think of one billion souls still without Christ. Think of the 419,000,000 in China! Every second we live a soul goes down into a Christless grave. They are passing out at the rate of 66 people a minute, and we know they have no life apart from Jesus Christ. There is no salvation in any other name but the name of Jesus. Then think of the 317,000,000 in India, 155,000,000 in Africa without Jesus, 92,000,000 in Persia and the surrounding countries, 37,000,000 in South America at our very door, 46,000,000 in Japan, and 45,000,000 in the Malayan Peninsula, and I believe there are about 700,000 in the Islands of the Sea. As we think of these things it makes our hearts sad, but yet we know that the Lord is working and doing wonderful things in the world today.

I am not able to speak of the needs of the world because India is so large it takes in all my vision, and especially the northern part where we can find a whole district of a million people who have not heard the Gospel. Since 1906 God has sent Pentecostal missionaries into districts which up to that time were without a missionary. They have gone into isolated sections and other places where other missionaries would not go. There were seventeen districts in the northern part of India without a missionary, but God has been sending Pentecostal missionaries into these neglected districts until there are now only about four districts without a missionary, and we believe it will not be long until each of these districts will have at least one mission station. I understand there were never such facilities for getting the Gospel into Japan as there are today, especially in Korea where the native Christians are evangelizing and getting large numbers of souls for Christ.

We have a high calling, and need the Spirit of God upon our lives that we may give forth the Word of truth. The Lord took me to India rather against my will eight years ago. I was a soldier in the British Army and went out from England an unsaved man, but going across the Bay of Biscay the Lord began to speak to my heart. One night about twelve o'clock I was down in the lower part of the boat doing "sentry

go" and I knew if the boat went to the bottom I would go to hell, and I called on the Lord, "Lord, if You save my soul I will give You my life for whatever service You call upon me to do." There were about two thousand soldiers on board and I do not suppose one of them was saved. Before the war you could find whole regiments of a thousand soldiers each without one having the experience of salvation, but God gave me that verse, "I am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." I did not know how to get saved, there was no one to help me pray but I believed God's Word, and the very first meeting I was in God saved my soul. I hadn't been in India very long when I heard about the wonderful outpouring of the "latter rain". I will never forget the first sermon I heard along this line, about "fruit, much fruit, and more fruit." It just suited me, and the Lord made my heart very hungry. I began to straighten out my life; I wrote letters and consecrated myself on the altar of God, and He began to deal with me and later gave me the baptism in the Holy Ghost. Then I began to see that I didn't have any real calling for life. I had been a farmer and later on I became a baker, then a confectioner and afterwards I got into the army. I had tried village life, town life, life in London, and was now in India, but awoke to the realization that I had no real calling in life, and so I began to pray that God would give me a real calling that I might be established, and as I prayed the Lord began to show me that He wanted me to stay right there in India and be a missionary for Him. So I really got the call on the field and the British government paid my way out there. I was able to see what the work was like before I went into it. I knew the difficulties and trials; I knew of the testings and discouragements in the life of the missionary, because I was right there on the field. It seems wonderful to me now how the Lord got me there to work for Him, and I am glad He called me to this blessed work. I do not think there is anything like it on earth. My heart today is filled with love for India and her millions; I do not think I would be of any account here in the homeland, my burden is over yonder, and I am willing to suffer and lay down my life there for Jesus' sake and for India's lost. Every letter I write, every thought is for India. Everything is beautiful in this country, there are many attractions, beautiful homes, every inducement to make one wish to settle down, no country like

it in the world, but my heart is over yonder. I cannot understand why missionaries who have the call of God upon them can stay in this country when the need is so great in the field. We came home the end of last July after I had been in India seven and a half years, and the Lord willing we expect to go back in the Fall. We have been singing about starry crowns and white robes, but the crown I want is the crown Paul said was his when he wrote to the Thessalonians. "Ye are our crown of rejoicing." I want to say this of my brethren in India.

I praise God that He can give us a world vision and our prayers can extend all around the globe. I believe as ministers of the Gospel we can look away from our tests and trials and get a vision of a lost world, and a burden for those who are out in the harvest field. The missionary needs to be upheld by prayer in order to stand. When we consider that the temperature is many times 120 degrees in the shade, and one is exposed to fever and cholera and plague, and not only that but reptiles and all kinds of creeping things, we need prayer to keep victory in our souls. I have proved God's Word true. We have stood against cholera and fever, and other diseases and God has given us victory in the Name of Jesus. God has taught me how to trust Him for my needs. I said the very day I got sufficient money to buy my discharge from the army, "Lord, I am going to work for You. I will go and live in the jungles; I will be willing to live off the bark of trees," and I stepped out and trusted Him, and He never failed me, although I was on the mission field nine months before I received a penny from the homeland.

I am expecting if Jesus carries that God will pour out His Spirit in a new measure in North India, and I believe other missionaries are standing with me crying unto God day and night for this. The Word has been sown so faithfully and my heart is encouraged to believe that God will work. Praise God for the missionaries He sent into North India, for the ones and twos who have been brought in. We are believing for more, and if I am not the reaper, somebody else will be. But we need the prayers of the people of God in the homeland. It is sometimes pretty hard for us to pray as we ought when it is so hot, 100 degrees in our room, and the body is worn, and almost a nervous wreck, and if it were not for the prayers of the people at home we would collapse entirely. We praise God for the prayers of the people in the homeland. It is the privilege of everyone of you to

be a laborer; we can all be laborers in prayer, we can all have a part in the evangelization of the heathen. When one becomes run down and perhaps has to stand alone in those hard fields, it means something to have some one get hold of God for your strength and your life. We often have to stand alone as we have no one to stand with us, and we have some hard things to go through with. It was pretty hard for me when I had to pull the top off an old table (a table made from a packing case), make a coffin for our little babe and nail it down with my own hands. It was the hardest day's work I ever did, but thank God, He enabled us to go through. When we go back we do not know how soon

we will be cut off from the homeland. We do not know what is before us, but with His help we are going through with Jesus. We say sometimes, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me;" we forget what Paul was talking about when He said that. He was hungry and thirsty, but he said, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me. I can suffer hunger, shipwreck, I can fast and do anything through Jesus Christ who strengtheneth me," and praise His holy Name, we can do the same. I am glad that I am a missionary. I am glad that Jesus ever took me out of the British Army and made me a soldier in His Army, and by His grace I mean to go through with Him.

Fruitless Efforts of India's Millions to Seek Salvation

Mrs. Esther Bragg Harvey, March 14, 1917.



IF ANYONE ought to thank God for the Gospel it is we women of America. We do not half realize what the Gospel means to us until we go to a foreign land and see the way the women in those lands live. Oh how my heart has gone out in thanksgiving for this wonderful Gospel, because if it were not for the Gospel of Jesus Christ you and I might be in the same place as those people in India, sitting in heathen darkness and bowing down to gods of wood and stone, with no ear to hear their cry. As I have gone about to different parts of India and have seen the people bowing down to their gods, how my heart has gone out to them. I remember visiting a little *mela*, a religious festival, where the people go for miles and miles to wash and bathe in the sacred rivers. In Bahraich there is a tomb of a certain prince who died years ago; they have a temple built over this tomb, and every year the people go there on a religious pilgrimage to bathe, and their main object is to get healing. As I looked upon that great mass of people, thousands, perhaps half a million of them gathered about praying to their gods, I thought of the pool we read about in the Bible where the sick, the lame and the halt were gathered. Do you remember the one who stood by the pool so long and had no one to put him in? and how the Master stooped down and spoke the word? As I looked upon that great throng of people, I thought if they could just meet Jesus they would be made whole. But they do not know Him. You can see hundreds of lepers sitting by the roadside, exhausted, and as you go on into a great enclosure, leading out from the tomb is a little gutter, a sort of a ditch that is dug there

to carry off the water that is poured over the tomb, and the people believe if they bathe in this water that comes from this tomb, they will be healed. There you will find the lame and the blind, and people of every description. In the compound where the lepers are kept you will see hundreds of them in various stages, some with fingers gone, some without hands and others without arms and limbs, perfectly helpless. They had been brought there to get deliverance, to call on their gods. And these lepers which cannot get into the water you will see gathered around the side of this building beating those stubs of arms against that stone wall and crying unto their god for deliverance, but no deliverance comes. Their gods have no ears to hear their cries, and they go away in the same condition in which they came. Hundreds of them die on the wayside. Just near to our place at a town called Adjodhya, they have a large religious festival three times a year where half a million people come to bathe in the sacred river, hoping to wash away their sins. All the dead bodies from the country-side around are thrown into this same river, and the water is filthy; on a certain day they call the big day all go in together, early in the morning. I said to my language teacher one day, "You are an educated man, I should think you would know you could not wash your sins away by simply washing your body in water." "But," he said, "we drink some of the water." Those poor, ignorant people drink that filthy water. But their sins are not washed away. If you see them going to their homes they will tell you they are not, and hundreds of them die on the way home. Sometimes cholera or plague will break out and hundreds die on the roadside with-

out hope in Christ. They are a religious people, they have gods of every description which they make with hands and eyes and ears, but they neither see nor hear. They have no life in them, and as it says in the Psalms, "They that bow down to them and worship them are like unto them." At this same festival you will see men lying on beds of nails, torturing their bodies. Perhaps you will see another man roasting over a fire, a scaffold is erected from which he is suspended with his head hanging downward over the fire, and a man pulls him through. We have seen these things with our own eyes. It is one thing to read about them and another thing to see them for yourself. Others travel by measuring their length for miles and miles; they stand upright and fall forward, mark the place, and stand on that spot and fall forward again. I read of one man going a thousand miles in that way. Why do people do these awful things? They are seeking salvation and they know not the true and the living God. They know they are sinners and they seek some way to get deliverance, and after doing all these things there is still that longing in their hearts, and until they come into living touch with God they are never satisfied. Just about a year ago, while we were out touring we pitched our tents in a field, and near the field was one of their sacred trees, and underneath that tree was a whole pile of little clay gods of different sizes. On a certain day the people came in great wagon loads or ox-carts to worship. I watched them as they worshiped those little clay elephants; they each brought a little jar of water and those who had food to give presented their food; then they would march around the tree and fall down on their faces and pray and cry for deliverance, but they went away as they came; their gods have no ears to hear their cry. On another occasion as we were going out to the villages we came across another *mela* in the country, of perhaps three or four hundred people, and under a tree was another god which represented one of the vilest gods in all India. Some of their gods are too vile to speak about, but the people came there with their offerings, and sitting beside the god was an old priest all painted up. As the people would bring their gifts he would grab them, and if they had money he would grab that before they had a chance to give it to the idol. That is the way the priests make their money off the poor. The people in their ignorance come and sacrifice and bring their gifts, and they pray and weep but they receive no answer to their prayers until they

come in contact with the true and living God.

I praise God that I have had the privilege of seeing some who have had real answers to prayer. I remember a man who was working for us was stung by a scorpion. We found him lying on the ground writhing in agony, and he said, "Pray." We asked the Lord to deliver him and he was instantly healed, so when they come to the true and living God He does hear, and answer prayer. I remember an old wicked woman who lived in a village near us, she was very quarrelsome; the women in India are noted for quarreling. When two or three get started in a quarrel all the women in a village will join in. You can hear them for a mile or more. Sometimes we could not sleep for the noise and would go over and try to quiet them. This woman was so quarrelsome that her people turned her out and she asked us to take her in. We could not refuse, and gave her a little place in which to live, and fed her. She was very hard and harsh, always cross and grouchy, but we had her come to the meetings and hear the Gospel; she watched the lives of the Christians and her life became changed. One day when we had a baptismal service, she brought her clothing down to the little pond and she wanted to be baptized. We didn't know what to do, but we could not refuse her, and she was baptized, and from that day her life was changed. Instead of being cross and ugly she was smiling and happy. And so when the Gospel really gets into the hearts of the people and they come in contact with the living God they are changed.

I want to tell you of another instance of a heathen couple who heard the Christians had a God who answered prayer. I wish we could have the simple faith some of the heathen have when they give themselves to God. These people had never heard any preaching, but they heard that in Calcutta was a place where the Christians worship a God who answered prayer. They had prayed for a son, and had gone from place to place, and from one god to another, but their prayer wasn't answered. The people of India believe they are cursed if they do not have children. They wanted a son and their gods didn't hear their cry, so they walked from their village in to Calcutta and came to a church and knelt down in that church. There was no one to tell them how to pray, but they knelt down and called on the Christian's God, and asked Him to give them a son. I do not need to tell you our God heard their cry, and they did not forget Him. When their child was old

enough they came back and brought an offering to that very spot where they had prayed. So, I say, some of the heathen have more faith than we have. Some people tell us in this land that the

Lord has changed, and doesn't do things as in days of old, but thank God He is just the same prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God. I am glad He is my God.

Lessons in Commitment

F. W. Jewell, Petoskey, Michigan, at the Convention, March 17, 1917.



I HAVE come quite a distance to these meetings, and it is the first time I have ever been in a Pentecostal Convention. I had nothing to do with my coming; it was all arranged for me. When our chorister saw that there was to be a Convention here, she felt that I was to go, and she put God to the test, as Pentecostal people usually do. She said "Now, Lord, when my husband comes home don't you let him oppose my giving so much towards Brother Jewell's carfare," and when she asked him he said, "Yes, we will give that amount and that much more." Then she said, "I am going to put out the fleece once more. I want to have his carfare there and back before the meeting commences," and long before the evening meeting she had my carfare. I am glad I am here, and thank God there is more to follow. It is wonderful what God will do for us when we are ready to give up to Him. I want to give you one little instance. I have but one daughter, who is sixteen years old, and you know if you have only one daughter you think a great deal of her. She seemingly got tired of helping in the services and playing on the street, and she wanted to get away. I felt very badly about it and wondered how I would get along without her, but I saw she was restless and I committed the matter to the Lord. As she studied where to go, she thought of her grandma, and asked me if she might go if her grandmother sent her the money. After considering it I told her she might, and she got her carfare and went away from so much religion. I am sorry for a young man or young woman who has to live in a home where there is too much religion, if they do not go on with God. My little daughter went up to her grandmother's and stayed a whole year. Then she said, "Papa, I will come back to you if you will not ask me to play or sing or take any part in your meeting. I sent her her ticket and she came back, and she was just there one night and Sunday morning the Holy Spirit got hold of her, She threw up her hands and fell prostrate, sobbing and crying, all resistance gone. Then she jumped up and said, "Friends, it is a reality! It is a reality!" It means something for a man to

surrender his Isaacs and put the last one on the altar, but thank God, when you can do this, you will be able to see God work. It just means giving up ourselves and taking hold of God.

Twenty-eight years ago I was in the harvest field binding oats, at Sheboygan, Wis., and my father was on the other side of the field with an old-fashioned cradle, cradling oats. God spoke to me as clearly as you can hear my voice. "My son, I want you to go and work in My harvest field." I looked up to see who spoke, but couldn't see anyone. I raked up another sheaf and was just putting a band around it when the voice spoke again. I dropped the sheaf and went across to my father and said, "Father, God calls me to preach." Father said, "Why Frank, how could you preach when you have had no education. You cannot give a good testimony. Besides, you don't want to go away and leave me with this big farm when you have just gotten converted." No, I didn't want to, and he tried to convince me that it was only an idea of mine, but friends, that would not do. God spoke to me again, and the next time I said, "Lord, I don't know anything. I haven't had any education, but I will go." I went to my father and said, "Father I have got to preach or lose my soul," and I thank God I obeyed. I have made some awful work of it; I suffered financial loss since then, and haven't always kept in divine order, but there never was a time in all those twenty-eight years that I couldn't look into the face of God when I lay down at night, and pray. I went to Detroit, got a few thousand dollars and went into the grocery business, but was whipped back into line. I went into a Pentecostal meeting and was afraid to testify for fear I was getting in among a lot of fanatics. It was the only time I was afraid to speak for Jesus, and the third night I was there a sister said, "Is there anyone here who is ashamed to speak for Jesus?" Then I sprung to my feet and said, "I love Jesus, but there have been things demonstrated here tonight I do not understand. You folks have something I cannot explain or understand. If I see it in the Word I want it," and by that time I was at the altar. God prostrated me under His power and I was there for four hours, so you cannot blame me

for being in Pentecost. We stayed long after two, but it was six long months after that before I received my baptism. But bless God, I have it, and He still abides.

I think one of the saddest pictures in the New Testament is in Mark 10:17-22 of the young man who had great possessions and came to Jesus inquiring the way of salvation, and when Jesus told him what was necessary, he turned away sorrowfully. "One thing thou lackest." What, do you suppose, is most lacking in your life and mine? The All-seeing eye of God can see a great deal deeper than the outward man. He could look down into the heart of that rich young man and see that it wasn't the amount he possessed that kept him from enjoying the wonderful goodness of God. His heart was set on it. It was the thing that stood between him and God. The brother spoke of the fire consuming what you put on the altar, but it will not consume anything you do not put on the altar. God knows the thing that is lacking in us today, and we know what it is. It is the Holy Ghost and fire. When I was in South Bend three years ago they had built a beautiful Methodist Church. My friend who was a trustee of the church took me into the building one day that cost almost a half million dollars. As he looked through the church he told me this story: "I said to the pastor, 'Here is the church, pastor. We have a pipe-organ, a beautiful choir; we have the people coming, and we have the money to pay for it. Now all that is necessary is to have the glory of God come in and fill the temple.' The preacher said, 'That is up to the trustees and up to the members of the church.'" I thank God that it is up to us as individuals to receive the Holy Ghost. It is an individual matter. He doesn't come to us as denominations. He comes to us as individuals as we surrender our all upon the altar. God is calling His people in this day and age to be perfect. He said, "If thou wouldst be perfect go and sell what thou hast and give to the poor." If you expect to be caught up to meet Jesus you must have all the shore-lines cut. He wants to sit upon the throne of your heart and control all your affairs.

Twenty years ago I was in the American Soo preaching, and there were some men who worked hard all the week and on Saturday they took their boat and went across to the Canadian side where they could buy whiskey for five cents a glass. They tied up their boat and at midnight when the saloons closed they got into their boat again in a half drunken stupor and started to row

back. One fellow took the oars and rowed a long while, then the other fellow rowed until morning broke, and then they found out they hadn't untied the boat. They were still tied to the shore. There are a lot of people in this world that pray and say prayers, but they never get anywhere because they are not cut lose. If you would make a goal you will have to cut the shore lines. The things of this old world look very small compared to the things that are real in the Spirit. I thank God I belong to a people who have cut all the shore lines and are launching out into the deep things of God. An experience that is not up to date is not worth its value to God. It is not "what I was twenty-eight years ago" but what I am today. It is not what you put on the altar twenty-eight years ago. It is what you have there today. When we present our all to God and never take ourselves off the altar, then as a church we will go forward with leaps and bounds and Satan cannot hold us down. God forbid that we should get into a rut of doing things and shut God out. I am afraid sometimes for my people when I see them going back into a form of grinding out things; losing the fresh touch of the Spirit. I feel we have only just touched the fringe of what God has for us. If we go on into the deep things of God He will show us greater things. I remember when I was a little boy we lived along the lake on a farm. My father said to me, "Frank, you are old enough now. You ought to know how to swim, and if you will come down to the lake I will teach you how." Father was a magnificent swimmer, and he said to me, "Come out where the water is deep. You will never swim while you are too close to the shore," and he forced me out to where it was over my head. "Now," he said, "I am going to let you drop and if you do not swim I will let you drown." He let go, and I made a desperate effort and the first thing I knew I was swimming. If you will keep your eyes off the world and launch out where you can swim, it is beautiful.

I am not afraid of the coming of Jesus. I am all packed up and have my ticket, and it is stamped with the blood of Jesus. Beloved, let us keep in touch with God. I thank Him for the old time religion.

Beulah Heights Convention (4741 Hudson Boul., North Bergen, N. J.), May 19-30, inclusive. Services daily 10:30, 2:30 and 7:30. Pentecostal workers and missionaries from the West expected. May 30th, graduation services for the Missionary Bible Training School, and missionary offering. For further information write to above address.

The Latter Rain Evangel

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Notes

Stone Church Convention

GOD visited His children in Convention assembled in The Stone Church March 11-25. He brought to us a number of His anointed servants and handmaidens and used them in giving forth the Word in the power and unction of the Holy Ghost. Some who had been invited were not led to come, but the Lord sent others in their stead. Those who came from a distance were: E. W. Jewell, Petoskey, Mich.; John Cox, Wilmington, Del.; A. T. Rape, St. Louis, Mo.; W. T. Gaston, Tulsa, Okla.; J. R. Kline, Detroit, Mich.; H. A. Baines, Allegan, Mich.; Mrs. Nellie Lincoln, Muskegon Heights, Mich.; Miss Mattie Perry, Marion, N. C.; F. A. Graves, Zion City, Ill.

The brethren in charge of the city assemblies were also with us a number of times, and a blessed spirit of unity marked the entire convention. The Pastor said he had never been in a Convention where he saw such unity among the workers. We had gone down in our poverty and in humiliation, and the Lord brought us up into a wealthy place. He wiped the shame off our faces and put a song into our mouths, even praises unto our God. The walls of the old Stone Church echoed and re-echoed the shouts of the redeemed, and God gave us such a revival as we had not known since 1913.

The pastor and others who worked at the

altar said there were from thirty-five to forty who received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. One sister said that she herself had prayed for two a day who came into the Pentecostal experience. It was a special cause for rejoicing that those who came from the out-lying towns and neighboring states for the baptism were not disappointed. They went away with their cups full to overflowing.

A gratifying feature of the Convention was the number of sinners who sought the Lord. A remark made by one of the workers was that it was a real soul-saving Convention, and that which made glad the heart of every minister of the Gospel was the conviction on sinners at the altar. Some for whom prayer had been offered for years were seen weeping their way through to Calvary. One said, "The souls I prayed for at the altar had the deepest conviction on them I have ever seen." His mighty, convicting presence made it easy to work at the altar. Not only *there*, was the stream of salvation flowing, but in different parts of the building, here and there one would find people on their knees, between the benches, praying some soul through to salvation or to victory. One woman who had prayed for her husband for six years, from the time she was saved, had the joy of seeing him brought to Jesus.

There were practical results of the meetings. One afternoon the Lord led one of the speakers to preach on restitution, and at the altar service which followed, the Spirit of God began dealing with a minister who had been seeking the baptism for some time. He brought up two instances which would not stand the light of the Word of God, one being a crooked deal consummated some years ago, involving quite a sum of money. The Searcher of hearts was busy flashing light on transactions that were questionable and doubtful and raised the standard high for those who espoused the holy calling.

At one of the services a young Jew was blessedly saved. One of the Lord's handmaidens thought she had been almost a failure in her message, but was told afterwards that it was the Lord's message through her that brought him to the feet of his Savior.

There were some healings although no record of them was kept. One woman claimed to have been healed of consumption; another who had been in bed since Christmas sent to the church for prayer, and the next day she arose and did a large washing, besides other housework.

A sister testified to a rather remarkable heal-

ing of something like a tumor on her head. She said she was tempted to have an X-ray examination to find out the trouble and then ask for prayer, but resisted the temptation. Then she thought she would have a brother who appeared to have special power, pray for her, but when the altar call was given the Lord led her to look beyond the brother and see Jesus. As she knelt before the Lord, He rang in her soul the words, "By His stripes you are healed;" and when the pastor put his hands on her head the Lord had already healed her, and she felt a lump like the yolk of an egg pass down through her throat.

A sister testified exultingly, "This has been the most blessed week in my life." Another said, "I came with the express purpose of seeking God, and I found Him. He baptized me in the Holy Ghost." Indeed most people got what they came for, and were not disappointed.

Without any urging people came and asked for water baptism. Two services of this kind were held, in which there were nearly thirty who obeyed their Lord in this command, and came up out of the water shouting the praises of God. It was interesting to see the many different nationalities represented in the service, at least six. Among the number was a little boy of three who had a real experience of salvation last summer and so begged his mother that he might be baptized that she felt she dare not refuse him. His mother would frequently find him off in a little corner praying by himself, and he came to her repeatedly of his own accord and asked for baptism. In strong contrast was an elderly woman of at least seventy, who had sat in our midst a number of years and never before saw the necessity of obeying God in this command. In view of the fact that but little was said along the line of water baptism, it was evident to the observer that the Holy Spirit was impelling the people to obedience.

* * *

From the standpoint of missions, it seemed that the Convention for the most part was distinctly Indian. With the exception of Brother N. Yest, recently returned from China, there were five missionaries from India: Bartholomew Dean, who remained but a few days, as he expected to sail on April 7th; also W. K. Norton, James Harvey and Mrs. Harvey, and Miss Eva Groat. Each brought messages of the land they divinely love. Missionary fire burned in our midst as they told of experiences and hardships; of the joys of taking the Gospel where Christ

was not named, and of the responsiveness of the Indian heart and mind to the good news. It was an inspiring sight when, at the close of a stirring missionary address that spoke of suffering and sacrifice, Brother Coxe asked all who would obey the Lord in a call to the field, to see hundreds of young people stand and in the solemn hush of the Spirit's presence, promise to follow the Lamb wherever He went, even to lands that lie in the darkness and shadow of death.

Somehow we learned of India's needs as never before. Miss Groat in a meeting for women gave us some startling information of the awful condition of the women of India, much of which had come under her own observation. She gave us a vivid description of what they call the "beauties of Hinduism," which religion is making such inroads into this country under the guise of Theosophy. Our hearts were filled with compassion and sorrow as we heard of the wrongs of India womanhood, and of the revolting and heart-rending scenes that face our sister missionaries as they come into close contact with these saddest of sad lives. It is to be regretted that the women of this land who have embraced Hinduism could not have heard the truth as it came to us from an eye-witness in all its unvarnished verity.

Towards the close of the Convention Brother and Sister Hindle of Mongolia came for a refreshing and to bring a little message from that land of which so little is known. It struck home to many hearts when Brother Hindle asked us if we had ever prayed for Mongolia with its three million people and only eleven missionaries. If there had been a show of hands we fear the number would have been small indeed. But a number resolved that with the help of the Lord they would not again be neglectful of any people for whom Christ died. Sister Hindle's burden that missionaries might be sent to the Mongols was so great that she could scarcely speak. When one thinks of that vast country of one million, three hundred and sixty thousand square miles with but eleven missionaries, it is not to be wondered at that seven years in such a land, comparatively alone so far as Christian fellowship is concerned, would burden the heart too deep for words.

The last Sunday of the Convention was devoted to missionary interest, and the offering, including an amount sent in by a brother who was absent, amounted to \$262.00.

Some of the workers went out to other missions and were made a blessing. Brother Jewell

went to the German mission, and during the service a man was prostrated under the power of God. Three were saved and three baptized in the Spirit the same evening.

Missionary Report

WITH gratitude to God for His goodness we present to our readers our missionary report for the first three months of 1917 (Jan. Feb. March). Much of this amount was designated, and the remainder was sent out prayerfully. It includes monies received through The Evangel and The Stone Church. In reply to questions as to why some receive so much more than others, will state that some are in charge of stations and have native workers and Bible women to support; there are rent and light for the mission hall as well as the missionary's home and family needs. Then there are others who have the financial responsibility of out-stations which are in charge of native workers. Some have recently had to close stations because of shortage of funds, which causes great sorrow to the heart of the faithful missionary. While we praise God for multiplying the loaves and fishes, the need for more is very great. As Satan is doubling and tripling his forces in these last days, let us put forth every effort possible to evangelize ere the night overtakes us. The shortness of the time for seed-sowing was never so apparent as it is today, in view of recent national and world events. A serious question for God's children to consider, especially those who have means, is whether it would not be better to use their money in missionary and evangelistic efforts than to hold it in stocks and have it lost. Many will be the regrets ere this awful war is over, that money which should have been used in bringing Gospel light into darkened hearts, has been swept away in a single night.

We stand ready to serve our readers by forwarding to the field, free of charge, any amounts they may entrust to us, and assure them that should they leave the disposition to us, it will be used in needy fields by those who have been tested and tried, and are worthy. To those who are sending out funds to the missionaries we would advise that in every case possible, they will send their mail "Via Hong Kong & the Pacific." The danger is too great on the Atlantic and we are not sending any mail via the Atlantic that can be sent any other way. We would further say that the best way of sending money is by New York draft. In case of loss it is much more quickly duplicated than through other means of transportation.

Our three-monthly report is as follows:

George M. Kelley, China	\$ 251.72
Pandita Ramabai, India	249.50
Timothy Urshan, Persian work	238.50
L. S. Neeley, West Africa	125.00
Miss May Mayo, China	120.00
Miss Bertha Meyer, China	100.00
Miss Carrie Anderson, China	100.00
A. Kok, China (native worker)	100.00
Miss Elin Eckwall, China	90.64
James Harvey, for India	89.00
H. L. Lawler, China	84.00
Robert F. Cook, India	79.00
B. A. Schoeneich, Central America	75.00
Miss Margaret Piper, Japan	65.00
Wm. H. Johnson, West Africa	60.00
Miss Margaret Clark, India	55.00
Mrs. A. Harrison, China	55.00
W. K. Norton, India	54.00
Paul Van Valen, India	50.00
Miss C. B. Herron, India	50.00
Miss Bernice Lee, India	50.00
Miss Edith Baugh, India	50.00
Miss Alma Doering, Switzerland	45.00
B. S. Moore, Japan	45.00
C. W. Longstreth, West Africa	40.00
Frank Gray, Japan	40.00
A. Blakeney, India	40.00
Miss Eva Groat, for India	40.00
Miss Alice Wood, South America	35.00
Albert Norton, India	31.00
E. Juergenson, Japan	30.00
Scripture Gift Mission, for Soldiers' Bibles	30.00
Miss Marion Wittich, East Africa	30.00
Miss Elmira Aston, India	30.00
Mrs. P. R. Rushin, China	27.00
W. S. Norwood, India	25.00
Mrs. Julia Richardson, Congo	25.00
H. M. Turney, South Africa	22.00
H. J. Johns, Honolulu	20.00
Miss Rhodema Mendenhall, West Africa	20.00
Harry Bowley, West Africa	20.00
Harry T. Waggoner, India	20.00
R. S. McBride, South America	20.00
Thomas Hindle, Mongolia	20.00
Miss Edith Kirschner, India	17.00
Mrs. Brelsford, for Egypt	15.45
Mrs. E. Bernauer, Japan	15.43
L. M. Anglin, China	15.00
J. O. Lehman, South Africa	15.00
Miss Alma Starckenberg, for Fiji Islands	15.00
Miss Ethel King, India	15.00
Mrs. Mary Chapman, India	15.00
Mrs. Emma Elliott Norton, India	15.00
John Norton, India	15.00
Miss Mae Aikenhead, China	15.00
Miss Lillian Trasher, Egypt	15.00
Miss Myrtle Bailey, for China	14.00
Miss Hazel Parker, for India	13.00
Miss Sarah Kugler, China	13.00
Miss Sarah Kugler, for native worker	12.00
Bartholomew Dean, India	10.26
Adolph Wieneke, China	10.00
Mrs. Lillian Denney, India	10.00
Miss Marie Gerber, for Armenians	10.00
Ghali Hanna, Egypt	10.00
Lloyd Cramer, China	10.00
Miss Grace Fordham, Mongolia	10.00
Miss Lydia Hofer, China	10.00
Miss Marie Steplany, China	10.00
Miss Macie Boddy, Africa	10.00
E. C. Ball, Mexico	10.00
Miss Martha Jewell, China	10.00
Miss Josephine Cobb, China	10.00
J. M. L. Harrow, West Africa	9.00
Clinton Finch, China	5.43
Total	\$3225.93

The Rewards of a Life of Faith

Among the Pilgrims at Benares

W. K. Norton, India, in The Stone Church Convention, March 19, 1917.



I WAS thinking while our two brethren were testifying that some one told them about what was going on in The Stone Church, and that if they would come, God would bless them and perhaps heal them. I like people who testify and witness to others of blessing. Jesus said, "Ye are my witnesses," and I believe God would have us go out and witness and in that way become channels of living water. God has done wonders here for many of us and if we go out the fire will continue to burn after the Convention is over.

In Matt. 9:36-38 we read that Jesus had compassion on the multitude and He exhorts us to pray that the Lord of the harvest will send forth workers. I am glad that Jesus was a foreign missionary; that He left His home and came down to this sinful world of ours in order that we might be saved. I am glad, too, that the early apostles were foreign missionaries. Tradition tells us that the Apostle Thomas went over to India and preached the Gospel; that he was there martyred by a spear-thrust. I am glad that my father was a missionary. William Taylor gave a call for young men in America to come to India without a salary, trusting God alone for support, and my father was one of those who as a young man, obeyed that call. When he went to India he went among the hardest people whom he could find. As a young man he had great hopes and great confidence in himself, and I have heard him tell how he expected he would soon get India converted, and then he thought he would start on China. Unfortunately there are problems there which he didn't at that time realize, but he went into the Central part of India among an aboriginal hill tribe called the Kurkus, and after a year or two sent word to my mother asking her to come out to India and marry him. They were married in Bombay, and father took her up to Central India into the jungles where there were no white people. There those two labored in the Gospel, seventy miles from the nearest railway station, forty miles from the nearest post office, and there I was born. I have to take my stand as a native of India. When we use the word "native" it is a word of contempt, but I am willing to call myself a native of India and take my stand with those people over there as my brethren.

In those early days my father had no salary, but lived by faith. I was cradled in faith, and my parents depended alone on God's promises that He would supply every need. At one time all money gave out, and we had none to buy with, but God blessed the garden in a supernatural way. I have heard father tell of the sweet potatoes, that grew as large as a man's head.

While in those Central Provinces, father had five sons. The natives think when a man has a son it is a great blessing, but to have five sons and no daughters, is a tremendous blessing. There were five of us and in course of time we grew up, and the burden grew on father that his boys needed education. Just about that time my grandfather died and left an estate of \$5,000, and father came home, turning the work over to Mrs. Baxter of London. It is still being carried on under that management.

Father came back and became a Methodist preacher. He had \$5,000 in bank and probably a thousand dollars a year, and mother told us that at that time she was afraid to peel potatoes; with all the money they had she was afraid she would end in the poorhouse or die of starvation; they had more money than ever in their lives and yet were afraid they would come to want. One day while in the ministry, our home, the parsonage, caught fire. My father saw the building burning and most of our household goods going up in smoke, and as he watched the flames he said, "I will resign." Right after the fire he sent in his resignation to the ministry. The old presiding elder came down and looked at mother and at the five sons, and said, "Brother Norton how are you going to support these? Are you crazy?" Father knew God had called him to something higher and he stepped out alone again on faith. We moved to Rochester and lived there until all the money was gone. In those days when the salary was gone and all the money in the bank gone, my mother had no fear that she would die in the poor-house, because she knew the promises of God were back of her. When mother came to America a few years ago she was asked to speak in a Baptist church. The pastor got up and introduced her and said, "This is a woman of great faith, because she has gone out to India with no organization, no church back of her, just God alone." Then mother arose and said, "I have to disagree with

your pastor. I am not a woman of great faith, my faith is very small. It is those who go out to India who have a human organization back of them who require great faith. I do not require great faith because God is back of me." She lived out that life until she went to glory.

Pandita Ramabai came to America in those early days and met my father and asked him to go back to India. The Lord sent in the money for traveling expenses and father obeyed. I was the youngest of five sons, and they took me with them, but left the other four. That to my mother was a great wrench; she loved her sons as every true mother does. I'd go into her room many times and find her on her knees claiming the promises of God that He would make up to her what she had given up. When we went to India, Ramabai gave us the house to live in, but father had to get the food for us three and many times it was scant. The famine came and Ramabai had the girls, and she said to father, "Won't you take the boys?" Father remembered the four boys he had given up in America, and said, "I will take four hundred of them." Four hundred came, and still there were more, and father said, "I will take a double portion from the Lord," and I have thought since then if they had left me home in America, he would have taken ten hundred. God supplied, and when there came a need, He sent it in through different channels. Father would never ask for money but would get alone and tell God about it.

The great temptation in foreign lands is to get your eyes on the foreign mail. The missionaries read the papers when the boat is coming in, and it takes so many days to come from Bombay, and we get our eyes on the mail. I remember one time we had a great crowd of boys, all the money gone, all the food gone, and mail day came and there wasn't a thing there. Father said, "I cannot understand it. I was sure God would send in the money and nothing has come." Just then there was a knock on the door, and a lady from Ramabai's came in and said that a native girl in Mukti had just died and she had about fifty dollars, and had made the request that the money would be given to Father Norton for the boys. You see God can send in money from different channels. If we get our eyes on something it never does materialize. A lady in America died and willed father a half interest in her house. The lawyer wrote to father and said, "The property is worth considerable, and I'd like to sell it and get it off my hands as quickly as possible. I will rush the money right to you."

Father sent directions just how to do it, and that money hasn't come yet, and it has been many years ago. I believe every one of us are tempted to get our eyes on this brother or that sister, but God wants us to get our eyes on Him alone. When we put our trust on a human arm, it fails us every time.

God has often worked supernaturally in heathen lands. One night one of our native Christian boys was awakened by a dream. A voice said, "Awake! Awake! There are thieves on the place." He went out and looked around but didn't find anybody. Then he woke up another boy, and they went around, and back in the women's quarters they found a gang of eighteen or twenty robbers. They called us and we went back and saw the robbers had taken a sharp instrument and dug a hole in the wall. But as the boys came upon them they left without taking anything. God awoke this native Christian just in time.

I'd like to tell you about a man who worked for us who was stung by a scorpion. His face was drawn in agony and as he came to us he said, "A scorpion stung me; won't you do something?" Wife and I knelt down and offered a little prayer that God would heal, and when I opened my eyes and looked into his face, he said, "The pain is all gone." After that he brought in men and women to be prayed for, and God worked.

Then the plague came in the city of Bahraich and around about in the villages. The plague is very terrible and deadly; the rats get it first, and when the rats die it is a warning the people will get it next. It was on all four sides of us and the rats died in our own building. The matron of the school would come up and say, "We found three rats dead on the floor;" we also found dead mice in our own house. I'd look at my wife in the morning often fearing that before night-fall she might be in the grave, and I expect she looked at me in the same way. I remember how the devil would tempt me in the morning many times to look for swelling, and I thought sure I had the plague, but it was the devil trying to scare me. We stood on the 91st Psalm as best we could, and while they were dying on every side, yet God protected us, unworthy as we were. In the city of Bahraich was a goldsmith, very proud and haughty. He said, "My gods will protect me. I do not have to run out of the village." He had a private temple where he worshiped his gods, but he took the plague. There was also a poor woman who took the plague. We prayed for her, perhaps without much faith,

but, bless God, the woman was healed, though the goldsmith died. I don't wish to take any pleasure in the death of the heathen, especially when unsaved,—but I believe God allowed that case to testify to the heathen that our God is a living God and answers prayer.

While I was living at Bahraich I went to the city of Benares on business and as a sight-seer. I went up and down the streets and saw the pilgrims coming back, and I saw no Christian work among them. As I went home God gave me a vision. I saw the pilgrims there in Benares coming down the dusty streets by the thousands, and I saw a great precipice, and as the pilgrims would go along, I saw them go over the precipice, down and down to eternal doom. God impressed that on my heart and I started to pray for those pilgrims, and it seemed that he was laying that work on my heart. He put it upon others to take charge of the work at Bahraich and we moved to Benares, a city of of 250,000. It is the religious head of India for the Hindus. Stoddard in his lectures says that over seven hundred million people look to Benares as their spiritual head. When Gautama started his new religion, Bhuddism, he came to Benares and made that his headquarters, and in these days when Mrs. Annie Besant wishes to spread her new cult, she makes her headquarters at Benares. When a missionary heard that I went to Benares she said, "Brother Norton, I always consider Benares Satan's throne." I do believe it. If there is any place where Satan has his throne, I can believe it is there. It contains over fifteen hundred temples, and there are more gods than people. You go down into the city and there are little gods all lined up, and people coming by the thousands every day. It is said that for the past thirty centuries there has been an endless stream of pilgrims coming to Benares; they come for the sake of getting salvation, and remind me of a man going to the North Pole to get warm, or going into the bottomless pit where there is intense darkness to get light. They are heathen and come there to get salvation, and we know they will be disappointed. I have seen pilgrims come there, measuring their distance by their own body in the dust of the street; they have told me that they came hundreds of miles. I saw one man who came walking in sandals, and in the sandals he had driven spikes with the points sticking upward, torturing himself all he knew how in order to gain merit, the Hindu idea of heaven. They torture themselves to gain salvation, and what is that? To become non-existent. The

Hindu believes that after several million rebirths, in the course of time his soul will be joined to the soul of a supreme spirit; he will lose his personality, it will become nothing, and for that purpose he goes through all those tortures and self-afflictions. We have tried to work there among those pilgrims by giving them the Gospel, and by preaching and distributing scripture portions. During the past year God has enabled us to distribute ten thousand Gospels and one hundred thousand tracts, and I know there will be results from that work. I met a man once when touring in a village, and he seemed to know all about what I was preaching, and I said to him, "How did you know of this?" He said, "I attended a mela, and there a man gave me a Gospel. I took it home to my village and read it and tried to be what it said." In that village there were no Christians and yet in many ways they were obeying the light as they knew how. It is a great pleasure to us to teach them more, and I hope some time to go back to that village and give them more of this blessed truth.

I want to ask you to pray for India. The natural man in me does not like to live in India; I do not like the floors of my house covered with cow manure. I do not like to minister to people covered with dirt and disease and filth. The natural man in me would prefer that I make my home under a lamp post rather than go back to India, but the love of Christ fills my heart, and I believe He shed His precious blood for those people as much as for you and me, and because of that I expect to go back and do what I can to give them the Gospel.

Last night a large company of people stood up and said if God called them, they would go, and oh how I prayed that God would speak to many of them about India. A sister over in Scotland had two sons. The Lord called her to go to India as a missionary, but she said, "Lord, I cannot leave my sons, and India is such a bad country for white children to live in I cannot take mine there, and so she made herself comfortable in Scotland, and it was only a few days afterwards that there was a knock at the door and a man said, "Your two children were bathing in the river and they are both drowned." Strange hands carried them to their home. If God has called any of you to China or India, or any other country you dare not hold back. He will send leanness into your souls in some way. He may not take away your children, He doesn't always work in the same way, but if you have put your all on the altar do not rummage among the ashes

to get it back. Do not try to get back what you have given to Him. God's promises are back of you. He will never fail you if you put your trust in Him.

How God Healed the Women of India

The Result of Obeying God Despite Opposition

Miss Eva Groat, Returned Missionary from India.



ONE evening, a number of years ago, a Hindu gentleman and his wife, who had accepted Christianity, lectured in the city of Denver, in a little Baptist church. I attended this lecture. The room was crowded and so warm I nearly fainted away, but that night the Lord spoke to my heart very definitely and gave me my call to India. Although I didn't remember a word these people said, I never forgot what the Lord said to me that night. I was then a girl of seventeen, and like any other young woman, I resisted, but the Lord permitted one disappointment after another to come into my life until I fully yielded myself to Him, and then it became the passion of my life to go. There were obstacles to my going, one of which was my not hearing very well, but the way was opened for me to attend the C. & M. A. Bible School at Nyack. I took the course and came out with a first-class diploma from them, but they also discouraged me in going, and said that my not being able to hear well would stand in my way, but although the Board refused me, the Lord had not. A little later I was led to work among the mountain whites of the South, and in a few months the way opened suddenly for me to go, through the Industrial Evangelistic Mission of North India. I worked with them four years, and during these four years I realized that I didn't have very much of God. We soon realize when we get to a foreign field how much we have that we can stand upon, and whether our religion is what we have gotten from someone else or our own experience. We do not have churches to attend and fellowship meetings, and unless you have the "go through" in you, you are apt to be a failure. Oh how many missionaries leak out and fail right here, and come home! I began to pray and asked the Lord to let me go somewhere where I could get a deeper experience with Him. I saw I could not go on. I was doing more harm than good and growing very hard towards the natives. If you have not a deep experience in God, you get where you almost hate them, they are so hard to deal with and take advantage of you. There is nothing to commend

an unregenerated heathen, and all the remnants of sentimentalism are very soon gone on the foreign field, and nothing but the love of God will carry you through.

I began praying for the Lord to deepen my life, and had in mind the Christian Alliance Convention, thinking there I would find spiritual food, but that had already passed for the year, and providentially the Lord led me down to Pandita Ramabai's on business, and there for the first time I came in contact with the Pentecostal people. After a few days I realized that it was in answer to prayer that God had sent me there, and that these people had the "more of God" I was looking for. I began seeking immediately but could not remain there very long. I felt I must go back to my work, but realized afterward that it was the enemy that was hurrying me back. I went back not having received the blessing I coveted and the next few months and in fact for a year and a half after that I was in a most terrific struggle. So much so that my health became impaired; I was suffering with fever and I was obliged to go to the hills. There again I came in contact with Pentecostal people, and again I became a definite seeker, and the Lord began to open up to me more than at first. After six months of seeking I received my Pentecostal baptism, while in the home of Miss Chuckerbutty, an Indian Christian of Allahabad.

About the time I began to seek the baptism I was led out of the mission in which I was working, and was for a short time with Mrs. Denny in Nanpara, and later on I was helping in Evangelistic work at Brother Norton's where I stayed for about two years. In company with other missionaries we went to the villages and had wonderful times. God spoke through us in power and sometimes there were definite healings.

After about two years with the Nortons I received a definite call to work in a German Lutheran Mission. I was very much surprised as the Lutherans are very formal, and my Pentecostal friends were much opposed to my going as they thought I would surely be compelled to compromise in such a place. I myself could not understand it, but I got to the place where I had to pray through and get the mind

of the Lord definitely, as it had to be settled. I went to the Lord and told Him I was not capable of taking up the work and He gave me the Scripture in Jeremiah, "Say not, I am a child; for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I shall command thee thou shalt speak." I said, "Lord, those formal Lutherans will turn me out." Then He gave me 11 Chron. 32:7, 8, "Be strong and courageous, be not afraid or dismayed * * * with us is the Lord our God to help us and to fight our battles." And every excuse I brought up He answered with Scripture, and I had to decide that it was His will to go and made preparations to do so. As I said, all the Pentecostal people were opposed to this step, and about this time my money gave out. I hadn't any money to go and the parties who asked me to come, didn't send me any. I was a faith missionary and wouldn't ask for money. I had received a money order notice but the money failed to come. The lady whose place I was to take became very impatient. She had arranged with a Steamship Company for her transportation home and wanted to go, and I had to write her a very strange letter, telling her I could not say when I would be there. She wrote back very indignantly that these Pentecostal people didn't keep their word and were very impractical. There were two ladies in the house where I was staying who took this opportunity to express themselves that I was wrong in going. When this dreadful letter came I asked them to pray with me, and one said, "If the Lord is leading you there you must go, and if you like I will lend you the money." I said, "Never. If the Lord doesn't give me the money I will not go." We went to prayer and by the time we were through that prayer-meeting, my assurance was just as strong that I was to go to Chupra. I knew it would come out all right. The next morning I said to Miss W., "I believe I will get off by Thursday." This was Tuesday. She said, "Do you believe the money will come tomorrow?" I said, "I believe it will come today." In about an hour after that along came a money order. I thought it was the money I had been looking for, but it was another amount. That money I was looking for did not come for six months. Just then a telegram came from this lady whose place I was going to take, saying, "Money waiting for you here. Trust God." She didn't realize I didn't have money to get there.

However, the money came and I was off, as I said, by Thursday. The missionary whose

place I was taking, said to me as she was leaving, "Get this place in a spiritual condition. I have failed. Let the outside work be secondary. These women (meaning her Bible women) are not saved. Get them saved." I realized that it was a hard task. The women were educated and consequently very proud. Education without Christianity puffs up and they certainly were puffed up, but I began to give them the Word and exhort and teach them, and very soon the Lord began to work. I could see that He was dealing with one individual who was very proud. Her deep sighs during the daily prayer-meeting showed me that God was working in her heart, and I saw a change in her life. Shortly after, another came to me and begged me to pray for her that she might receive the Holy Spirit. We continued praying for a revival. The German missionary's wife received her baptism, and together we prayed that God would revive Chupra. He began to work by healing the children in the orphanage. The teachers accepted healing for themselves and for the orphan children, and we had many, many cases of healing. Among them was that of a young man in what I believe was the second stage of consumption. Today he is a large, strapping fellow. We had cases healed of Bubonic plague, eye troubles, fevers, and most everything one could imagine among the children, but I wanted to see more fruit. I wanted to see my women, who were going out daily preaching the Gospel and entering heathen homes, filled with the Spirit and capable of doing better work. Not working merely for salaries but because of a real burden for souls. After awhile He began to work among the heathen outside, in healing power, and we had many, many calls both from Hindu and Mohammedan homes to go and pray the prayer of faith. There were many, many cases of healing as we went among them witnessing and it became a matter of course that they would send for us to pray for them if there was any illness in their midst. The burden for a revival grew upon us until at the end of about three years it seemed as if we must have a revival or we would die. I felt I must see these women changed. About this time Miss Lee and Miss Baugh had some special meetings on their station, and they wanted me to come with some of my workers, the very opportunity for which I had been looking. I wanted to show those teachers what a real Pentecostal meeting was like. I took three of them and went, and then God began to work more definitely than before. One of them made a

confession of having stolen the sum of ten rupees from a lady who had charge of the orphanage, as much as fourteen years before, when she was just a young girl in the orphanage. She said it had been the ruination of her life, for up to that time she had been a spiritual girl; this, however, had resulted in her being very unhappy, indeed being left when a little girl by her husband. I had never been able to fathom this girl, and felt there was something the matter. She had always been so quiet and reserved and I often questioned whether she was going on with God or not. I asked the teachers how they enjoyed the meeting, and they said, "Oh Missahib, I never attended such a meeting in my life," but this quiet one simply said nothing. I saw her lips moving, and with difficulty she restrained the tears. I took her aside into a tent, and said, "What is the matter?" "Oh, Missahib," she answered, "I am so hungry for God." You may be sure we had a good time in the tent. Just after this the Lord spoke to her about those ten rupees. She went on beautifully, and later on received her baptism.

After these meetings we went back to Chupra and had special meetings there. One by one the orphan children began to receive the baptism and get back to the Lord. He continued to work among the teachers, but the one who at the very first had asked me to pray for her that she might receive the Holy Spirit, seemed to be skeptical. She was in a place we could not understand. We could feel the spirit of scepticism as she entered the meetings, but finally one day she was unable to come in. I went to see her and found her ill, and to my surprise she made a confession of having told me what some people would call a "white lie" a long time before. I had forgotten the occurrence completely and never knew that she had told a lie, but it had been on her heart, and she could not go forward until this thing was confessed. As a result of the confession, the very next meeting she attended she received the baptism, being the first of the teachers to receive the blessing. A second followed shortly after and God continued to work. I was then obliged to leave, but all of the teachers with one exception and one of the men servants, received the baptism.

During this time as God was dealing with the teachers, they were going to a place where He could use them in healing power among the heathen. They themselves were learning to pray for the sick and God heard and answered the prayer of faith for those Indian teachers. There

was one case of an old gentleman, a bigoted Hindu, who had been badly burned. The Bible woman went to make a call at that home and she found him in a most serious condition, but she prayed the prayer of faith for him and the burns were healed. He realized he was healed through Jesus. I went to see him myself the next day and found him rejoicing in healing and in salvation. There was a case of fever that had lasted so long it seemed as if the woman must die. Nothing helped her. My Bible woman and I prayed for her and left. After we had gone the perspiration came out so profusely they became frightened and sent for the doctor to stop the perspiration. We went back a day or two later and they explained what they did, but we told them that that was God's way of stopping the fever. In a few days that woman was up and delivered. There was another case that was very serious; a lady had a new-born babe, and was burning up with fever. We prayed for her and explained if she perspired they should not be frightened. We went back in a day or two and they told us she had perspired very profusely. They begged us to pray again, saying that twice was better, and in a very few days she was entirely delivered. Both of these cases were very serious ones, and would have undoubtedly proved fatal if God had not intervened. As God worked they learned in many of the heathen homes to send for us when they were ill, and I found that the heathen got healing more quickly than the Christians.

There was a case of a Mohammedan whose daughter was going into a decline; in what appeared to be consumption. One day when we went to see her, her mother wrote on the slate, "Please pray for my daughter." She didn't want her own mother to hear her say it because they were Mohammedans. We prayed for her, and while she wasn't entirely healed, the progress of the disease was stayed, and every time we prayed for her after that she got better, and is probably alive today.

At another time we called at a home, and the lady of the house told us that her sister was suffering from Bubonic plague, that she would not recover, and begged us to pray that her life might be spared. We could not enter the sick one's home, but we there prayed that her life might be spared in the Name of Jesus, and in a few days we heard that she was better and on the way to recovery.

One of our Bible women took her little girl away for a vacation, and while away she was

taken ill with measles. She was very fretful and wanted to go home to Chupra. She said, "Mama, there is no one to pray for me; take me back home where the missionaries are so I will be healed." The child had been healed before of a number of complaints. It is marvelous how the heathen get healed, and in many of these homes where God has worked the people are secret believers. One of the objections raised to my going to Chupra was danger in sickness. They said, "What would you do if you became sick, alone with those who did not believe?" but I found it a very natural thing to launch out on God for healing, and it was that very thing that convinced our Indian teachers

that we had something more than they had in the Lutheran Mission.

After the Holy Spirit came into my life, my love for the people and for the work was so different, and it was very hard for me to leave, even though I was coming home to my loved ones. Indeed, it was almost impossible for me to tear myself away. When my Bible woman heard it, she said, with the tears running down her face, "Missahib, whatever I have, you have been the means of giving it to me, and when you come back to India, no matter where you are, I am going straight there." Of course we do not want them to be attached to us, so they cannot work with anybody else, but it shows what God can do.

By His Stripes We Are Healed

Miss Mattie Perry, Marion, N. C., at the Convention, March 23, 1917.



IT HAS been on my heart for a few days that the Lord would have us look into the scriptures a little bit with reference to the subject of healing. We do praise God for all that He has done for us. We praise Him for the Spirit who brought us to the cross, and who brought us again for the cleansing of our hearts, and for the healing of our bodies; for the Pentecostal baptism, and turned our eyes upward to look for the King, and for the gifts of the Spirit, but I am sure we do not appreciate our privileges on any of these lines as we might. As I look back, I think it was three years after my healing before I saw that it was purchased for me in the blood, and if we look in Exodus 12 and 13 we find where they were commanded to put the blood on the door-posts that the lives of the first-born of Israel might be spared that night. Then we find in Ex. 15:26 He said, "I am the Lord that healeth thee," and in Psalm 105 we read that there was not one feeble person in all their tribes. The Lord was their Physician, but when they sinned and the serpent was sent among them to sting them so that they died, we find Moses commanded to put up a brazen serpent, and they looked and lived. This serpent was a type of Christ and Christ was raised for our healing, the healing of the soul and of the body. He made provision for the whole being, spirit, soul and body; for this life and that which is to come. Then again we find in Isaiah 53:4-5, "With His stripes we are healed." They had healing in the dispensation of the Father before Jesus came, so that in all their

tribes there was not one feeble person. Can we say *that* even of the Pentecostal Movement today? When Asa applied to the physicians instead of to the Lord, he slept with his fathers as a result, but when the heathen captain, Naaman came to Elisha he was healed. They had healing through the atonement, looking forward to the cross of Calvary, and when Jesus came we find the fulfilling of Isa. 53:4 in Matt. 8:16, 17. They brought to Him many that were sick and it says He healed them all. What for Matthew? Why did Jesus heal them all? The seventeenth verse says, "That it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Isaiah the prophet saying, Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses." Have we an instance on record in the life and ministry of our blessed Lord where He turned anyone away who came to Him for healing of the body? Not one. The ten came and were all healed, although nine returned not to give God the glory. In the dispensation of the Father we had healing; in the dispensation of the Son there was healing to the extent that none were turned away. Then the commission was given to the church in the tenth chapter of Matthew. The command was, "Preach the Gospel, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils; freely ye have received, freely give." That is the commission. Is it in your Bible? Some would tell us the days of miracles are past. I was told that when I was a little girl, but the commission has been given to the ministers of the Gospel from the lips of Jesus, and has never been withdrawn. In our meetings years ago under the tent in the piny woods of North Carolina, I have seen almost an entire congregation

seeking the Lord under a Bible reading on the line of healing, as we presented a perfect Savior who could save spirit, soul and body. That is the kind of Savior people want. Two or three years ago in an Atlanta Convention where God was marvelously healing the sick, the Jews came in. They said, "We have had healings for four thousand years," and when they saw the mighty works of God in the healing of the sick it attracted them to accepting Christ as their Messiah.

I praise God that this Gospel has lost none of its power, and I do believe that in this ripening end of the Holy Ghost dispensation we have a reasonable and a scriptural right to expect greater things than they had in the bud and blossoming of the dispensation. In Acts 2:16, Peter speaking of the healing of the lame man said, "And His Name through faith in His Name, hath made this man strong, whom ye see and know." Faith in the name of Jesus! Oh that the Lord would help us to get back to Pentecostal power and blessing, even if it means the persecution and suffering they had to endure in those days.

The conditions for healing are in Mark 16:16-18. I have seen these verses demonstrated to some extent.

Once through mistake I had taken carbolic acid. I didn't realize until the effects began to show in my own body what had happened to me. I was alone in my room, and called one of the children, just an unsaved child of thirteen, to my bedside. I was suffering intensely, and all of a sudden it flashed over me that it was the effects of carbolic acid. I looked up and repeated that verse in Mark, "If they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them," and instantly the suffering was gone and within a few minutes I was fast asleep. I praise God that as far as I have tested the blessed Book I have found it true. If one scripture is true, every scripture is true. I remember once I was stopping with a sister at Goldboro, N. C., who had the dropsy for ten years. I was sitting writing in my room, and she said, "Sister Mattie, I want you to pray for me that the Lord will help me." I looked up and said, "Sister do you believe that God is able to heal you?" She said, "I do." "If He is able and willing, do you believe He wants to help you?" "Yes," I said, "When?" and she said, "Now," and she was healed before we prayed. Her faith reached up and touched the hem of His garment.

Then in James 5:14-16 there are other con-

ditions for healing. Some times in our study of certain scriptures we think healing is just for the children of God, but once when I was giving a Bible reading on this subject the Lord showed me otherwise. I was at Bishopville, S. C., in a tent, and a physician there wanted to defy the message. He sent a colored boy who was a cripple, over for healing. The boy came and said to me, "Is this Miss Perry?" "Yes." "Dr. D. has sent me over here. I came to see if you could heal me." I said, "Young man, are you a Christian?" "No." "Well, healing is for God's children, and you want to give up your sins and give God your heart." I instructed him and had prayer with him, and the Word says, "If he hath committed sins it shall be forgiven him," and when we ceased to pray the boy leaped to his feet and began to praise God for salvation. His foot that had been crooked had been made straight, but he forgot all about the healing in the joy of a new-found Savior. He took his crutch in his hand and went marching down through the streets of the town, giving God the glory. I was back some months afterward, and they said, "The colored boy is still praising God for his healing." The Lord is not slack concerning His promises.

I remember another instance in Macon, Ga. A lady brought her colored cook to a sister and me for healing. Neither of them were Christians, and we pointed them first of all to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world. Both women were converted, and the colored cook healed as a result of our holding up Christ as our Healer as well as our Savior. Oh I am so glad that our God is able. Some will say that healing is for the Apostles' days only but Paul lived in the same dispensation as we do and the Lord gave him this ministry of healing to the extent that every one who came was healed. Handkerchiefs and aprons taken from his body were used in healing. I recall an instance of a case of healing of this kind in Florida. Some years ago an infidel apparently on his dying bed, had a Christian wife who wrote to a friend of mine in Washington, D. C., and sent his collar, that they might anoint it and pray over it, and send it back. That collar was brought to the infidel invalid, and the minute he touched it the Spirit of God fell on him and he was converted and healed. Let us become as little children, none of self and all of Christ. While others are trying to cut my blessed old Book to pieces, I do not find that the Holy Ghost has marked out or cut out

a single promise, but that every precious promise that was given to Peter and Paul is mine. We read that the very shadow of Peter passing over some of them brought healing, and in Romans 8:11 we read that "if the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies." Let us seek Him with full purpose of heart, and allow Him so to fill our lives that the joy of the Lord will be our strength, and you know we are told that in His presence there is fulness of joy. Then we will live moment by moment in the presence of our God. I wonder how many of us are endeavoring to practice the presence of God, moment by moment recognizing Him, walking and talking with Him so that when He comes we shall be Christians that the angels will recognize and invite to the marriage supper of the Lamb. Oh beloved, I think even yet we are just perhaps doing like I do when I go to the beach. They cannot get me out into the deep. I just play around the shore. Sometimes I will go out where it is knee-deep and sit down where the sand washes over me, and then when a great breaker comes it dashes over my head, and I tell them I am just as wet as any of them when I come out. So

in spiritual things too many of us Christians hang around the edge, in the shallow water, afraid to launch out into the deep. Let the fire of the Holy Ghost burn out every fear and every doubt, and everything that hinders, so that God Himself can take us into the arms of His love divine, bear us on His heart and fold us so closely to Himself that we may feel His very loving heart-throbs, and that He can put some of His burdens on our hearts, can trust us with the ministry of prayer, and make intercession through us. We have been so mangled by the fall, but I do thank God that in Jesus Christ we have restored unto us not only what was lost in the fall, but infinitely more. Oh beloved, as you search your heart and your own life, and as we search our Bibles and see what there is for us, let us continue to go down with Him until He can get the greatest glory out of our lives, and that we come behind in no gift. Oh that He might be able to look down into your life and mine and see His own image perfectly reflected there! until He can impart to us more and more of the divine life and power and love and faith; that He may see us as broken, transparent channels of blessing to others, until the bride shall have made herself ready, and invited Him back to earth again to claim His rightful throne as Lord of lords, and King of kings.

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