



The days of Heaven on the Earth

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An International Monthly Magazine

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

HAWLEY CHICAGO

Baptism of the Spirit Transforms a Baptist Missionary

The Supernatural thro' Babes Dispels Higher Criticism

L. M. Anglin, China, at the Barry Avenue Mission, Chicago, Feb. 25, 1921

"I hear you are giving out clothes. Will you give me some?" said a little ragged, shivering, beggar-boy outside the gate of a Mission house in Tianfu, No. China. "They are given out," was the reply. He turned away weeping, without a word, but those tears and frozen feet protruding from ragged shoes, spoke to that missionary as only suffering can speak to a heart open to God. Today, nearly 200 of those outcasts are clothed and fed, and being trained for God.



THIS evening I want to give you a very plain talk. Some have gotten the idea that the Anglins have given up preaching the Gospel and gone into Orphanage Work. I believe when I have finished speaking you will realize that the work God is doing through us is preaching the Gospel.

The Word says, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor." This word "considereth" goes a little deeper than some of us have in our hearts concerning the poor. No doubt there will be some here who when I have told you some incidents of our work, will be touched with compassion, but it is not the one who says, "Poor things," but "Blessed is he that *considereth* the poor," the one who considers some plan to help them get out of the condition into which they have fallen. These are the promises concerning this man: "The Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will preserve him and keep him alive." No matter what comes on the earth, how many may die from sickness and disease, this Word says God will preserve and keep him alive, and "he shall be blessed upon the earth," and will not be delivered unto the will of his enemies. "Jehovah will support him upon a couch of languishing." It is blessed to have His strength at these times. God promises these things to the one who deep down in his heart has a burning love for the poor and is willing to sacrifice.

There are two classes of people in the church: One will stand up at every meeting, perhaps, and give a testimony; always ready to preach but has never led a soul to Christ. On the other hand, there are those who feel themselves too unworthy to open their lips but we find them ministering to the poor and the afflicted. For those in financial distress they are found making up a sum of money, or giving necessary food. I do believe that when that soul who ministers with her hands from a heart of love, stands before the judgment

seat of Christ, her reward will be great, and many who have come from here and there, rejoicing before the Lord, will tell that it was that dear soul who helped them in distress; through her they saw there was a reality in Jesus Christ. They will say, "I never believed in it before. I had seen many preaching but not practicing; when this dear soul came to me practicing the religion of Jesus, I knew it was Christ in her soul; I could not help but believe."

I'd like for us to realize that Jesus came into this world not to be ministered unto but to minister. This is just the reason we opened up the home of Onesephorus in Tianfu, but it wasn't we who opened it up for we were not able to do it. We had been turned out, you might say, of the Baptist mission because God poured out His mighty Holy Spirit upon us, and because He made Jesus real to us. We were left without friends here in this world and without financial aid. But at that time He so blessedly moved upon us to open up this Home, and I believe if I had failed God, He would have withdrawn His help from us entirely, and we would have gone down to the grave with many others. Many times we have gone beyond our strength, humanly speaking, but when strength was apparently gone, God's power would come upon me and I would be given His resurrection life. It was at a time when we had no financial backing, to speak of, that God pressed upon us the necessity of opening up the home in Tianfu, China, where we could show the love of Jesus Christ to those poor, suffering men and women, boys and girls. It was very hard at first when He pressed us into this work, but He has proven to us that we were not mistaken in the leading He gave us.

After He poured out His Holy Spirit He gave me a deeper love for all people and the Chinese in particular, than I ever had before. I never had a deep love for people before, but now I loved even my enemies. Up to this time, even while I was a Baptist missionary, I could not un-

derstand how it was possible for us to love our enemies. I knew God wanted us to be kind to them, and while my Christian principles would hinder me from doing anything to hurt them, yet down in my soul I would like to see God's judgments upon them. But after God poured out His Holy Spirit that feeling went, and there was a love for those who had mistreated me most. Even so God gave me such a love for the Chinese until I was sometimes able to go to bed at night hungry that I might be able to feed them. It was easy for me to wear old clothes that those dear little fellows might have something to keep them warm. I believed God would provide the means for us to open up an Orphanage, and I got to talking about it so strongly that one dear sister who saw I didn't have an Orphanage—I had only three or four at that time—told me she thought I was wrong talking about it, but I believed God.

I was praying for a definite sum of money to start things, five or six hundred dollars, and while I was waiting for God to open up things this way, those dear little boys and girls continued in hunger and poverty and distress, and had no one to help them. Every time I would see them, God would press me more and more to take some of those children in and help them. I was waiting until God would give me the full amount of money, but it seemed as though He wanted me to go ahead and open up the Orphanage. It was in the fall of the year, and our hearts ached at the suffering of those people. We had looked through our closets and trunks and gotten out everything we didn't need for the poor who came to our gates, ragged and shivering with the cold and hunger. One day there came to us a little boy. My wife was out in the yard, and he said, "I hear you are giving out clothes. Will you give me something?" My wife said that we did not have anything. The boy never said another word, but turned around and walked away as the big tears ran down his cheeks. His manner touched my wife very much, and when I came home she told me about it. How my heart went out to that poor little boy! The following Sunday he brought his little companion with him early to the services, and I saw the awful condition of those two children. My wife found some stockings to cover their frozen feet, sticking out of their ragged shoes; they were weak from cold and hunger, and had slept many times out in the jungles at night without any covering. One was so weak in his body he could not use his hands

to put those stockings on. They came into the service and I stood on the platform preaching the Gospel as those boys sat on some mats in front of me. As I saw those poor, suffering children filled with lice, dirt, matted hair, ragged clothes, yet human beings made in the image of God, I longed, oh how I did long that God would help us soon to open up a home for these dear children. After the service I talked to them quite a little bit, and then I let them go home, though it was hard for me to let them go, deep down in my heart, but I hadn't come to the point yet where I launched out on God's promises. On the following Sunday morning those two boys came back to the service. On the previous Friday evening the weather had turned much colder, and sleeping out in the jungles with no cover, this little one we call John, had taken pneumonia. It was only God's hand that brought him there, as he was quite ill. They were so filthy we could not put them up on the seats with the other people. As I watched the breathing of that little John it seemed to me he would die right in the service that morning. I will never forget my feelings that morning, as I stood there trying to preach the Gospel before those two little beings, suffering for some one to stretch forth the hand and minister to them. I could not resist the movings of God's Spirit upon me any longer, and after the services I said to those boys, "Boys, wouldn't you like to stay here in my home and be my boys? I will take care of you." Of course they were glad to have a home to which they could go. We took this little John, sick as he was, put him in a light room and got some rugs and covered him up. We anointed him and prayed for him and God healed him. His poor little heels were all cracked open and frozen, so that it was a few days before he was able to walk about. We got some clothes made and took off those old rags and shaved their heads. You should have seen them the night we gave them a bath and put on them clean clothes. They came into my dining-room so happy, their faces lighted up with joy.

Not very long after that we took in other boys, had a little school for them, and taught them how to work. We had to tear down some old houses already fallen in, remove the rubbish and build up new houses, so we had plenty of work for the children to do; put the boys to carrying baskets of dirt and stones, and they soon began to get strong.

We had some precious meetings among the

children and God set His seal upon the work. I remember one night God's Spirit had fallen on many in the congregation. It never ceased to be a grand and wonderful thing to see people receive the baptism of the Spirit. This night I walked down the aisle and came to this boy John. There he lay under the power of God's mighty Spirit, speaking in tongues, and every once in a while he would break out in the English language praising the Lord Jesus. Right close to me was another boy whose history is about as wonderful as John's. I could hear him under the power of the Spirit speaking in tongues, he and John speaking in English. It was precious indeed to hear them praise Jesus in the English language so distinctly. Near them was another little boy with a wonderful history. He was also under the power of the Spirit, and as I watched him he spoke out clearly in English, one sentence. "The Bible is the Word of God." Somehow I felt that God was speaking directly to me that night. In my younger days when I read and studied quite a little, I got a little tinge (though not very much) of higher criticism in my system. I had read what the higher critics had said about certain portions of the Word of God, and because of that I didn't have that childlike faith I needed. But that night when I heard God's Spirit speaking directly in my mother tongue and saying, "The Bible is the Word of God," all doubt or question about the Bible left me, and there came a sweet confidence, and today it has become most precious to me, and I wish that everyone of us could realize that these words are life. Jesus said, and it is also written in the Old Testament, that man should not live by bread alone, "but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." We can live on that Word. I believe if God ever puts us to the test, these precious words that are written in the Word of God can become bread and butter to our bodies. As I looked at little John, saw that little face so bright and happy, illuminated with the very love of God, and His precious life flowing through him, and remembered that morning when I first took him into the home, I felt that surely it was worth while to take those boys and girls into the home and teach them about Jesus.

I remember so well a little beggar girl who had lived in the temple, whom we took into the Home. Her father and mother were dead. After

God had begun to work mightily amongst the children, we had a little crowd of girls who were wonderfully saved and baptized in the Holy Spirit, and when this little beggar-girl came to us we put her right in with those girls who were saved. It was just at the time of the Spirit's outpouring upon them, and as they were praising the Lord they said to her, "This is the Holy Spirit. Jesus will give it to you, if you will ask Him for it." She got down and went to praying, and before we knew it this little girl was saved and baptized in the Holy Spirit. It was so quick my wife and I thought we had better investigate to see if she was really trying to do what the others were doing, but when we got in their midst we saw the child was filled with the power of God. One night after that in a meeting, this little girl had a vision and became lost in the Spirit. She spoke about the River of Life that was flowing down the street and on either side were the trees of life. Afterwards she told us of the vision she saw,—exactly the same as that which John saw on Patmos nearly 1900 years ago. She was not familiar with the expression, "River of Life," as she had been in the home only a short time, and she was very ignorant; but it was wonderful to us to realize that God had given her this vision. So many times I have been reminded of the words of the Lord Jesus when He said, "Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and revealed them unto babes."

If you could see those little children in the Home, rejoicing in the Lord as they go about their work, for we train them to work, and then if you could go with me through the streets of the cities and see those we have not been able to take in, you would see the marked contrast. Go with me out into the fields and see the little girls hobbling around on their bound feet, a little basket in their hand, a little hoe, digging up the grass roots, pulling up the wheat roots after the wheat harvest, gathering them together and taking them home for fuel. Get a picture of their home after their toil: the old grandmother eats the bread, the father and the son eat the bread, and then the mother and the little girl who has toiled out in the hot sun and gotten this food, sit down with their little bowl of soup or gruel, but no bread. The others have eaten all the bread. Afterwards she has to wash the bowls, clean up, and maybe for tomorrow's food she has to go out with the mother of the family with a little bit of grain—they have only a little—to

the mill, and there they grind this grain to flour, pushing a great, big stone that revolves around, trudging in her little bound feet. The next morning she is out again in the cold wind and hot sun, gathering in the fuel. Then, too, she is cursed, she is hated, she is kicked sometimes and beaten. She is not loved. Why? Because she will not bring one cent of money into the home when she is grown. She is taken out into some other home and there she works for them. She does not belong to this home any longer, and they feel it is wasting money to keep her. What she does for them is before she is ten years old.

The father and mother decide they cannot feed and clothe her any longer. They get some of the neighbors to go from place to place and see if they cannot find a family who has a boy, and want a girl in the home to work. The neighbor checks up the proposition and finds a family in about the same condition as they are, poor people who have a boy and would like to have a girl. So they engage this poor little girl in the first home to the boy in the second home, the papers are signed, and the little girl is taken over to the home of this boy and there becomes a little slave for the family. Oh the misery of many of those poor girls carried off into those homes! We have a poor woman who lives near us whom we have tried many times to bring to the Lord, but it is hard under the conditions that exist in her home. She said to my wife, "Mrs. Anglin, I have never had a peaceful day. When I was a little girl they took me away from home and brought me into this family. I was ill-treated until I grew up to be a woman. Then I was married to a man who was much older than I was." She is heart-broken from the cruel nagging in the home. Many times those people filled with the devil strike her, and she says, "I will not stand your treatment any longer?" and she runs to the well and throws herself in. If someone sees her they throw out a line, if not, she drowns. Sometimes she will get hold of a box of matches and get a little wine, soak these match-heads in the wine and drink it, thus ending her miserable life. Another will get a little rope and at night when they are asleep, she gets on a table, ties the rope to a joist which is not very high, then she ties the other end around her neck and jumps off the table, hanging there until dead. She ends her life because she cannot stand the misery any longer.

Let me tell you just one story which will cause you to realize the condition of the women

in China. We have a woman in our home who has not yet believed on the Lord to the extent that she has been saved. Her heart was so hardened when she came to us I almost gave up hope, and thought I would never be able to reach her with the love of Christ. When she was a little girl her mother died and her father engaged her in a home to a man who went away and from whom she never heard a word. She went to the home of the mother-in-law and slept out in the shed at night. They didn't care enough about her to provide a place for her. Her poor little bound feet froze so badly they decayed, and little by little they both dropped off to the ankle bone. Of course she wasn't able to work any longer. Then the mother-in-law said, "You are not able to work, I do not want you." They turned her out on the street, and there was no one to care for her. She crawled around on her knees from place to place begging. Her aunt gave her a place to sleep at night, but was not able to give her food. She could not take her husband's food and give it to her relatives, for that would have caused great trouble in the home. The girl begged from day to day and went back to her aunt's at night to sleep. One day there came along an old man, much older than she, crawling on his elbows like a dog. He had no feet; his legs showed they had been cut off about half-way between his ankle and his knees. His uncle, so the story goes, cut his feet off and turned him out into the world to beg. The old man said the uncle took from him several acres of land, and he was cast out into the world crawling like an animal. He came to this village where the aunt of this little girl lived, and she gave her to him for a wife. Now the two of them started out from place to place in this condition, begging. There were two little boys born to them. One day they came to our place with one of these boys. We saw he was a beautiful child. We found a missionary had tried to get her to give the boy to her, but the mother's hopes were set on the boy; no doubt she thought he would grow up some day and work for her. Later on while my wife and I were out on a trip we came to a little temple, and whom should we find living there but this man and his wife and another old man who was born without any feet. We realized she could not raise that child and asked her to give him to us, but she would not.

One Christmas we decided we were going to celebrate Christ's birthday in a way that would

be pleasing to Him. I told the children what the Lord said, that when we had a feast we should invite the lame, the blind and the poor; that we were going to do that on Christmas Day, and I wanted them to have a part in it. Some of them didn't have any money, but they gave in some other way; they did without food, ate one meal a day, so they all had a part in the feast. On Christmas Eve quite a heavy snow had fallen, and we sent out our boys and told them to bring in the beggars, and among them was this old man crawling through the snow. I knew him at once, and said, "Where is your wife?" "She is not able to come. She is sick." "Where is your boy?" "The boy is dead." One of the beggars went for his wife, and came back carrying her on his back. He brought her in and laid her down on the floor by the side of her husband, who was half lying, half sitting, a bundle of rags and filth. You could scarcely recognize that upturned face as he crawled about, as being that of a human being. When the beggar laid that bundle of rags and filth down in front of us we could scarcely realize that in that bundle of filth and dirt, and matted hair was a woman's soul. We fed them, and I felt, "Surely Christ would do something for these people if He were here. Telling them of the Gospel seemed to make no impression on them, so we felt we had better do something practical. We had a time with that woman, being sick and the ends of her limbs frozen again. She would cry all night long, and though we tried to comfort her, she would not be comforted. We prayed much, and finally she became calm. She had not been in the home long until another little boy was born to them, of whom we took charge. Seeing the hardness of their hearts we thought perhaps we could save the boy and that good would come out of it after all. The old man died soon after. He was the only one I have seen whose heart was not touched with this ministry of love, but from a child he had suffered mistreatment and cruelty, so that he had lost confidence in every living creature. The poor old fellow died like a beast; in fact, I never saw anyone die such a death. The woman's heart was very hard; we have prayed more for her than any person in the home, but I believe that she now shows signs of softening. Dear ones, if we could have taken her into the home a few years ago when she was a child, before her feet were frozen and before she went into the home of her mother-in-law, her heart would not have been so hardened. But

after what she has passed through it is hard to make her feel there is such a thing as love. When I see how God so marvellously saves the boys and girls who are brought into the Home, and realize what it will mean when they become grown, it makes me long to bring in everyone I meet, especially when I see God set His seal upon them and baptize them in the Holy Spirit.

Now for the other side of the Home life: I believe that if we want to see the church in China go forward, there has to be some kind of a change. There are few natives whom I have met in China today, if you will take from them their monthly allowance that comes from foreign countries, who will preach the Gospel. Something has to be done. These children whom we take into the Home are taught to work with their hands. The poor Chinese, as a rule, do not know how to do anything. You could give them a hundred dollars and start them off in business and in less than two years' time every cent of that money would be gone. They haven't it in them to manage; they have to be trained. We teach them the Word of God every day, and also to read their own language. The rest of the time they are taught to work. It is marvelous how much work is done in our Home by little girls and boys. With a home of nearly two hundred people it would take quite a sum of money to clothe those people, and think of the profit the merchant would get out of it. The Lord has helped us get hold of some weaving machines, and a boy can turn out about a hundred feet of cloth two feet wide, in a day. They know how to carry stones and dig dirt, and we also have a carpenter shop. If we were to buy our furniture and the woodwork we would have to pay the carpenter quite a little profit. Now we have a teacher for the boys and they are doing the work. The girls we teach to sew and other household duties.

Last year when I called upon them to consecrate themselves to God for whatever service He might put upon them, there were about fifteen of the largest boys came forward. I believe those who are not called to definite work for God will support one of their own when they get old enough to earn something. I tested them once to see how they were growing. It was at the time of the Chinese New Year, when they wanted money more than anything else. There came to us one afternoon two poor washerwomen, who said, "We have no way to pass the New Year. When the stores close it is impossible

to buy food." I told the children of their need and asked them how many were willing to divide what they had. I sent them to their rooms after the service was over and told them to bring to my office what they decided to give. Shortly after, the monitors and some of the larger ones came, and when I counted what they brought it was more than half of what I had given them. I thought their spirit of sacrifice was wonderful.

When we take a little boy or girl into the Home and train him for God it is the beginning of great things. You are neglecting your boy and girl God gave you. You do not think it worth while to use your efforts on the children,

but when they are grown it will take ten times the labor to bring them to God. God saved me when I was a little boy and He kept me through all these years. There was something in me that held me back from sin, and when I became grown my mother and father did not have to go down to their graves weeping over their sin of having neglected my spiritual training. We dare not neglect the little ones today. We are spending hundreds of dollars preaching the Gospel to people who, if they had been trained when they were young would now be working for others. It is easy to bring them to Jesus when their hearts are tender.

A Christian Worker's Great Temptation

The Humility of Jesus

E. N. Bell in the Indianapolis Convention



LET this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus," or another rendering is, "Have this mind in you which was also in Christ Jesus." (Phil. 2:5). This letter to the Philippians, it is said is the sweetest of all the epistles the Apostle Paul ever wrote, and that he found less fault, if any at all, with the saints at Philippi than any to whom he ever wrote any recorded epistle; that they were so nearly perfect, about all he could say to them was, "Well done, go ahead, you are doing fine." And yet, though they were like that, he found it needful to counsel them that they let this mind be in them which was also in Christ Jesus; and he immediately proceeds to give them the elements that were in the mind of Christ, that moved Him and actuated Him in service to God and man.

Now we can have in us that same mind of Jesus Christ of whom it is said, "Being in the form of God." This means, Jesus was in a form that looked like God, having the manifestations, the appearance and likeness of God Himself. He could lay aside His own attributes, Jesus was always divine; but He didn't have to look like God all the time; He didn't have to keep those manifestations so that He would attract the eyes of men, and though He was in that form He counted it of no repute. A much better version of this says, "He counted it not a thing to be grasped after." Here was this glory, this wonderful appearance, but He said it was not a thing to be grasping after, nothing to be concerned about that He should always shine like God in

glory; but He would lay that aside and take on another appearance that He might serve God and man. Beloved, we ought to examine ourselves and search our hearts in all that we undertake for God to see that it is truly for His glory. As I go around I sometimes say to myself, "Are we doing this for the Pentecostal Movement? Is it just that we may get glory to ourselves, or am I right sure that down in the bottom of my heart I have that unselfish desire to see souls saved and God glorified?"

Then we are to have that same spirit which was in Jesus. We have to keep up our own fences, but we are not to be concerned all the time about the fences but more about the inside of us and to glorify His name. I don't know how many will be saved over in Gipsy Smith's meeting, but I made up my mind long ago that I would rejoice wherever a soul was saved. I would hate to get into that spiritual condition where I couldn't rejoice in the salvation of a soul unless it was under my own ministry; I don't think we will have many if we get to that place. If we can say, "Let Christ increase and me decrease," God will be glorified. In spite of all that God has done for His people there is a great temptation to put self forward a little; just to get a little glory in some way. God has to keep after us all the time about this. So Jesus counted it not a thing to be grasped after to be counted equal with God. He was equal with God and always has been, and He Himself teaches us that we are to give the Son honor the same as the Father. But He was not running after the honor all the time; he was not running after the glory, but His purpose was always to glorify the Father.

I found when I first began to seek the Baptism, that one of the hardest things for a man to get away from is the interest of his own work. Sad to say, the great question is always, not "Is this of God?" but "Will this build up my work?" We get a scheme of our own, a work of our own and are looking after that all the time. Under such conditions we could hardly see God walking down the aisle if it looked as though He were coming to break up our little plan of work. We will have to get to the place where we can say, "Lord, if I get anything under heaven started that is not going like You want it to go, break it up." It will take some grace to keep in that spirit all the time. The very fact that we make and build anything, is a temptation to us and we get to loving it; and if we do not constantly watch ourselves we get to loving that so that it becomes bigger than God and bigger than everything else in the world to us. I have found men whom God wonderfully blessed and they had walked in the light until the glorious good news came that God was pouring out His Spirit and that nearly scared them to death. They began to say, "Well now, what will become of what I have built up?" when they should have asked, "What will God do with me?"

I am glad that Jesus set us that example; He made Himself of no reputation. The thing that troubles so many people after they are saved is their reputation. Many a man when he sees the light says, "What will my congregation think of this thing?" "What would Brother Jones or Sister Smith think about me, if I got this?" Concerned about their reputation. When I was a Baptist minister I thought I was as free as anybody in the world; nobody bothered me and I would kick up my heels and say, "Glory, I am free." But when I saw something outside of the Baptist pen and started to go out after it, I found that my rope was no longer than that pen, and when I started on the outside of that, how that rope did pull on me! I was thinking of what they might say about me. Let us get away from the desire to take care of our reputation. Jesus never bothered about His, and God will take care of that which we really are. It is much more important that we be what God wants us to be than to be what the other fellow wants us to be.

Another translation is that "He emptied Himself." He just opened the door and threw everything out, so to speak. He says, "I will go through with God, I will empty myself of everything that is grasping after or trying to be equal with God."

May the Lord help us to have that spirit in us that we will empty ourselves. You know sometimes after we have been wonderfully blessed by the Lord we begin to be stuffed up. I remember after God had blessed me mightily and had given me such wonderful liberty in the spirit, still I got into a place where I felt all tied up inside, and I used to cry, "Lord break me up." One day we had a time of waiting on God and one sister tried to help me. In the natural she wanted me to get the Baptism and she said, "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests but the Son of Man hath no place to lay his head." Then she said, "Lord, that reminds me of the mountains in Tennessee," and she kept on about the mountains and hills of Tennessee until I wondered if she would ever get back to Jesus and the Cross. She was praying all around the world. If you find yourself praying like that, stop and ask the Lord to give you a real Holy Ghost cry; something definite from God. I remember how God had given me a real cry to be emptied out and every time I cried it seemed that a piece of something broke up and came out; and when I cried again some more would come out. So after about an hour's time I was all broken up and felt like an empty barrel with both ends knocked out. I wonder if we don't need an emptying out today.

"He took upon Himself the form of a servant." That was a big step down. Here He is in all the glory of heaven and all the glory of Deity itself, and yet He laid all that aside and came to take upon Himself another form, a lowly form; not to be the King on earth or anything like that, but a servant. He came right down to where He washed the disciple's feet, the very lowest task which the lowest servant of the household did. You remember how Peter felt about it; he said, "Lord, you shall never wash my feet, you shall never humble yourself before me like that, I will never stand for it; it hurts me worse than it hurts you." But Jesus said, "Peter, if I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me." Then Peter said, "O Lord, I want to be all in all with you, and if it takes your washing of me and humbling yourself in this way, Lord, I will let you wash my head and my hands as well as my feet. I know I need it, but I just didn't want you to do it. But if it takes that, I will let you do anything." And the Lord answered, "He that is washed is clean every whit and needeth not save to wash his feet." In those days they had the public baths; they didn't have one in every home like people have now, and

they couldn't step out on to a nice carpet after they had a bath. Those people had to go to the public baths, and then walk home thru the dusty streets, so, of course, they got their feet dusty. The man who had a bath did not need to wash all over again when he got home, but just needed to wash his feet because of the defilement he got thru walking home. Brethren, we have come in contact with the world and gotten dust on our feet. Jesus said, when we did this we had to get that washed off. He didn't say we had to be born again. You know we rub up against the world so much sometimes that we get the same spirit and we have to ask the Lord to keep us washed. God help us to keep the dust washed from our spiritual feet!

"He took upon Himself the form of a servant and was made in the likeness of man." What a leap that was for the blessed Son of God! But it was necessary in order to save you and me. He was born of a woman and took upon Himself the seed of Abraham, not of the angels in glory, and became one of us. God showed me that the glorified body of the Lord Christ in heaven is, so to speak, a representative of all God's saints, already gone to glory. Our Head is glorified already. He has come down here and taken our nature upon Himself; lifted that up to the right hand of God and glorified it and the time is coming when we shall all be like Him.

"He, being found in the flesh as a man humbled Himself." The Word of God teaches us that it is necessary for us to humble ourselves. Sometimes we pray, "Lord, humble me." We had better do the humbling ourselves. Don't say, "Lord, if you want me humbled, *You* humble me." He might have to break your neck; it will be much better if you humble yourself. I remember one time when we were having a Bible School in Houston, Texas, the Lord was wonderfully dealing with us. One day there came a message which said, "Judgment is to begin at the house of God."

We said to ourselves, "What's coming now." The message continued, "I want *My* people cleaned up so that I can use them to reach others and they cannot be of much service to Me until they are clean and have all the defilement out of their midst." We got down before the Lord and then came another message, "There is a man here who beat his way down on the train to come to this meeting. I want him to confess it voluntarily." We all looked around but nobody confessed. After several other messages one came saying that the Lord knew this man's name and would call it out if he did not voluntarily get up and confess. But no one got up. Another message came, saying, "I know your name and will call it out if you don't get up and confess now." We felt we would now see very soon whether it was God speaking, but no one got up to confess and then the next message came, calling out the name several times. The guilty man arose and said, "I thought maybe there was another fellow here guilty of the same thing, and I wanted to watch and see. I am guilty. I beat my way down here on the train and I see that God wants me to straighten it up." He did clean up everything and I saw the letter which he wrote to the superintendent of the railroad, enclosing the money to pay for his ride. But the point is this: God would have blessed him much more if he had voluntarily gotten up and confessed. I wonder how many of us would be willing to do it.

"He humbled Himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." How many of us, through the wonderful grace of God, are able to humble ourselves and be obedient unto God, even unto death? We cannot do that of ourselves. But one thing I shall never cease to praise God for, and that is that His Holy Spirit helps us to do this very thing. May we yield ourselves to the Spirit of God and be willing to go down, even to the death of the cross if that is necessary.

God's Remembrancers

J. M. Butehart, Granger, Wash.

IN Ephesians 1:22-23 and in other places the church is called the Body, and Christ the Head.

This is not a careless analogy but in a real sense is a fact. In our bodies the head contains the brain, the seat of our reasoning and will power, but the different members of the body are required to carry out the orders of the brain—

to do what the head wills. The head can do nothing by itself, neither can Christ. Our first thought is that perhaps few will agree with that statement. Let us see if the Bible will sustain it.

In Amos 3:7 we find the Words of the Lord: "Surely the Lord God will do nothing but he revealeth his secret unto his servants the prophets." In this sphere God only works through human

channels of faith. He reveals His plan to His prophets; they boldly declare it, giving God the channel of faith through which to work.

Noah declared his faith by preparing the ark. At the Red Sea Moses fell on his face before God, asking deliverance from Pharaoh's army. God told him to arise and stretch his rod over the sea and divide it. Moses furnished the faith, God the power. When God smote 184,000 Assyrians, Hezekiah prayed and Isaiah declared, then God acted. God said to Jeremiah: See I have this day set thee over the nations and over the kingdoms, to root out, and to pull down, and to destroy, and to throw down, to build, and to plant." Jeremiah fully performed his mission, but how? Simply by declaring that such and such would be. He furnished the faith, giving God a chance to work. When Daniel understood by books (Daniel 9:2) that the time for the restoration from the Babylonish captivity was up, he did not sit down and fold his hands and watch to see God fulfil His promises, but gave himself to prayer with fasting until God had to send a second archangel from glory and Cyrus surrendered and issued the decree for the restoration.

These are only a few of the many instances given which show that the head needs the body through which to work. Sometimes in dreams I have wanted to run or cry out, but could not—the brain was active but the body was dormant in sleep. An instance of this kind is given in Ezekiel 22:27-31, where God could not do what His mercy desired for lack of prevailing prayer. Right here we see the secret of the failure of the church throughout the ages. Now turn to Rev. 5:8 and 8:3, 4, when the Lion of the tribe of Judah is about to cancel the mortgage which Satan has on this old world; the prayers of the saints come up before God and prevail. "Golden vials full of odors which are the prayers of the

saints." Why should these prayers be remembered at this time? The prayer you prayed for a revival which was granted, the prayer that prevailed for the salvation of a soul, the prayer that brought healing to the sick, and many others, are they coming before God again now? Why should they? They fulfilled their purpose or failed for some reason. But here is a multitude of prayers all coming before God together clamoring for the answer. They, in all reason *must* refer to what is on hand—the breaking of the seals and the setting up of the kingdom of Christ. Only those who have really prayed: "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," will have any prayers in those vials. Right here the Spirit flashed into my mind the words found in 2 Kings 19:3, "The children are come to the birth and there is no strength to bring forth."

Friends, do you see it? Do you get a glimpse of the tremendous responsibility that rests upon us? The time is at hand. The Gentile age closes the moment the Jewish government is set up in Jerusalem (Luke 21:24). Antagonistic forces are at work, but God is on the Throne of the Universe. He has kept the times and seasons in His own power and that power can only be released through the channels of faith which we furnish. Shall we fail Him or shall we obey His Word in Isaiah 62:6, 7, "Ye that are the Lord's remembrancers, keep not silence and give him no rest till he establish and till he make Jerusalem a praise in the earth." (R. V.) Right now this is God's call to you to get into the battle and help bring back the King. May the Holy Spirit help us to measure up and not come under the awful sentence, "Curse ye Meroz, said the angel of the Lord. Curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not up to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

At Home with Her Lord

THE CHRIST LIFE

- O THE Christ Life, blessed Christ life
Where the self sinks out of sight
- O the Christ life, blessed Christ life
Where 'tis all Jehovah's might.
- O the fruit life, blessed fruit life,
Where the branch is in the vine,
- O the fruit life, blessed fruit life,
Where 'tis not my strength but Thine
- I believe, Lord, I believe, Lord,
That I now in thee am dead;
And my life, Lord, all my life, Lord,
Is in Thee, my risen Head.
- Send me forth, Lord, send me forth Lord,
With the power of Moses' rod;

Send me forth, Lord, send me forth, Lord,
In the strength of Daniel's God.

Hold me fast, Lord, hold me fast, Lord,
In the conflict of the day,
Home at last, Lord, home at last, Lord,
With my Saviour there to stay.

M. T. Draper.

WHAT a comfort the above lines have been from the pen of our beloved sister and leader, Miss Minnie T. Draper, who passed on to her eternal reward Tuesday, March 8th, 11:30 a. m.

Miss Draper was born in Waquit, Mass., Jan-

uary, 1858. When she was two years old her parents moved to Ossining, N. Y. After a very happy childhood, she was sent to a boarding school in Farmington, Conn., to complete her education.

Not long after leaving school, business reverses came to the family; the beautiful estate had to be sold and a much smaller place purchased, where our sister lived until called to her eternal home. Nobly she adjusted herself to the changed circumstances, became a most successful teacher and for a time was the sole breadwinner of the family. Finally the strain of overwork caused her health to break down so that for nearly four years she was a bedridden invalid. In her own words we have heard her say, "Everything was done for me that love and money could provide. I suffered many things at the hands of many physicians, but was nothing bettered until I heard of Divine healing, went to Dr. A. B. Simpson's church, the Gospel Tabernacle in New York City, was anointed, prayed for and perfectly healed." That was nearly thirty years ago.

At that time the Lord definitely anointed and called her into His service. Dr. Simpson, President of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, recognizing the gifts and calling of God, enrolled her into active service as an Evangelist, and for a number of years she was a valued member of their Board. The spirit gave her a most blessed and unique unfolding of the Word, accompanied by forceful illustrations from practical life, which caused her messages to be fruitful in saving and building up many souls. Since Sister Draper had been so miraculously delivered, with strong faith she ministered unreservedly to other sufferers, numbers of whom were wonderfully healed.

An unusually intense hunger for the Lord gripped her soul at the time God began to pour out His spirit, according to Acts 2:4, and one night in her own room, whether in the body or out of the body, she could not tell, her thirsty soul was satisfied with a mighty baptism of the Holy Spirit. Previous to this she had never attended a Pentecostal meeting. Later as she stepped out into Pentecostal work, the Lord gave her a mightier, richer and fuller ministry than ever before.

What blessed memories are revived in the hearts of countless friends in all parts of the world, at the mention of 78 South Highland Avenue—the home where they could pour out their

deepest needs and highest longings to a sympathetic listener, one who could always be depended upon to unite with them in unwavering prayer. We know of no life more fully devoted than was hers to unceasing intercession. Often the Spirit would awaken her in the night, with the name of a worker in a distant land and cause her to mightily intercede until she prevailed. A burning love for souls in every heathen land possessed her and no personal sacrifice was too great in order to have more money to send to the foreign fields.

In 1907 Bethel Pentecostal Assembly at Newark, N. J., was opened through the prayers of Mrs. Alice Thompson. At her home three years later, Miss Draper, who had always stood in faith with her beloved friend, became president of the work. God has richly blessed Bethel under her leadership, until now it consists not only of the local work, but is also an important convention center to which people come from all directions for physical and spiritual health. Many missionaries in every heathen land look to Bethel as their church home. Five years ago God gave our sister the vision of the Bible School, and largely in answer to her prayers God brought to us capable and consecrated teachers, who are most successfully carrying on this branch of the work.

But our sister has gone to her reward. Words fail to express the deep sorrow that fills our hearts as we realize what a loss His work has sustained through her home-going. A warrior has fallen; a worker has laid down her armor; a worshiper has passed into the presence of Him whom she loved and served so well. We are believing God that the mantle of intercession, faith and power that so mightily rested upon our sister's life may now fall upon many others, that His work here and abroad may continue to go forward, as we through this bereavement more closely than ever unite our efforts to extend the Kingdom of our Christ upon earth.

Ernest Hooper.

* * *

We have an extra supply of the March Evangel, containing the remarkable account of Miracles of Healing by F. F. Bosworth, and shall be glad to fill orders for any amount of these. We will send out 12 for \$1.00 until they are all gone. If you have a sick friend or one whose faith you desire to see strengthened, send him one of these papers. It will do great things for him.

The Latter Rain Evangel

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

Published Monthly on the Fifteenth by
The Evangel Publishing House

Subscription Price

TO ANY PART \$1.25 (5s-2d) per year in advance
OF THE WORLD \$0.65 (2s-8d) six months in advance

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

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Notes

Caught Up!

Caught up! Caught up! no wing required,
Caught up to Him by love inspired,
To meet Him in the air.
Spurning the earth with upward bound,
Nor casting a single glance around,
Nor list'ning a single earth-born sound,
Caught up in radiant air.

Caught up, with rapture and surprise,
Caught up, our fond affections rise
Our coming Lord to meet;
Hearing the trumpet thrilling loud,
Soaring to join the rising crowd,
Gazing beyond the parted cloud,
Beneath His pierced feet!

O blessed, O thrice blessed word!
To be forever with the Lord,
In heavenly beauty fair!
Up, up! we long to hear the cry;
Up, up! our absent Lord draws nigh;
Caught up in radiant air!

—Anon—1870.

* * *

The Missionary Rest Home

"Can we have a prayer-meeting at the Missionary Rest Home and pray for a missionary who is under pressure physically and mentally?" came the call over the telephone. We replied that the Missionary Rest Home was always open for prayer for the missionaries. The more the spirit of prayer pervades that Home, the more will we feel it fulfills the purpose of God in its establishment.

The guests in the Home at present are Miss Bertha Meyer, Miss Carrie Anderson and Miss Eugenia Jewel from China, Bro. C. H. Hanson from the West Indies, Mrs. W. J. Taylor and her Bible woman, Treith of Japan.

Arrange to come to the monthly meeting at the Home the first Wednesday night in the month, if you live in the city. It is a time of blessed fellowship, and the coming together of those interested in missionaries and the mission fields.

We ask our friends from far and near not to forget the needs of this Home. Pray for it that all its running expenses will be met.

One of our correspondents interested in the welfare of the Home asks, "Do the missionaries get nourishing food?" Yes, we can say they do. While the food is plain, it is very good and well prepared and the missionaries tell us they always enjoy it.

* * *

In this connection we would urge our readers to more diligence in prayer for funds for the mission field. The receipts for March were just one-half those of February, and we have been wondering if those to whom we could not send, would suffer, or if it would be laid upon some one else's heart to supply the deficiency. Said an ex-missionary to us as we spoke regretfully about the falling off, "The month of March was always a hard one when we were on the field." Pray that God will help us make up the deficiency during the current month.

* * *

"How thankful I am that I didn't go home when influences were brought to bear to that end," writes Mrs. Richardson from the Congo. "The richest time of my whole service has been since."

She had come to the parting of the ways; it seemed to some that a furlough was due, but God's best for her was more pioneering in the heart of Africa, and with the intrepid spirit of a Mary Slessor she plunges single-handed into the great, unoccupied land, stretches her tent and builds a mission house to send forth its beams of light into the darkness. In her utter loneliness she threw herself upon God in a way she had never done before, and He proved what He could do in that yielded life. As the Word went forth, "line upon line, and precept upon precept," yet necessarily in great simplicity, the darkness broke and heathen hearts were won to Christ. She writes of two more conversions, and is looking forward to itinerating further inland as soon as the dry season comes. Miss Ruth Aronson is now on her way to the Congo to join Mrs. Richardson.

Our Missionaries' Needs—their Joys and Sorrows

IT is our joy to present to our readers the needs of the dear ones on the field—subjects for prayer and for gifts. One of the great needs of the South China work is, means of transportation. Funds for the motorboat are coming in, but an equally great need is some means of traveling from village to village. There are scarcely any railroads in South China, and the church missionary societies have taken all the important towns along the river, leaving the great inland towns and villages without the Gospel. Our Pentecostal missionaries are looking to these villages and towns, realizing that they contain as precious jewels as ever were digged from the mire of heathendom. They are willing to endure hardships in order to reach these villages and do not shrink from walking six or eight miles, then standing on their feet for two or three hours giving out the Word, after that sleeping on boards until the morning and starting off to another village. More than once, a missionary has told us, has she almost fainted while giving out the Word, after these long trips.

Mrs. Wilbert Williamson writing from Wait-sap, Kwangsi Province, says: "I wish the folks at home would pray about getting a couple of horses for the village work here. They are so far away that by the time one has walked to a village he is so worn out he can scarcely talk. The whole outfit and two horses could be bought, with the present rate of exchange, for about \$100."

She also writes encouragingly of the work: "The Lord is blessing the women's work here in spite of being without a Bible woman. The dear women walk many miles over rugged mountain roads each Sunday to meeting, and many come in the week to learn scripture verses and songs. They are more eager to learn every time I see them. Not a year ago these same women were worshipping idols and didn't know there was such a One as Jesus. Dear old Yan Oi expresses her gratitude almost every time I see her, to think the Heavenly Father's mercy is resting on her, and she says, "Just think if I had heard of Jesus long ago my heart wouldn't needed to have been so dark and sad these many years." Each Sunday these dear women learn the golden text in S. S. and they enjoy this more than anything else they do."

* * *

Miss Appleby also writes about the great need for horses. She has had the oversight of Miss

Meyer's station, *Lung Taam*, six miles from *Lo Pau*, while Miss Meyer has been on furlough, and the long trips have been a great tax on her strength. She says, "Mrs. Johnson, Miss Kunkle and I with native workers went to *Lung Taam*, and we certainly did some walking, as footsore and weary we trudged back to the little white chapel among the mud-brick houses, after having witnessed to some seventy people or more and sold nineteen Gospels in just a few minutes. We had only two chairs between the five of us. That night Miss Kunkle, Mrs. Johnson and I slept on boards. Somehow I hadn't realized I was so thin until that night on the boards. The next day we started about 11 A. M. for *Sun Hui*, between twelve and fourteen miles the round trip from *Lung Taam*. We engaged two chairs at \$1.10 each, for we were certainly tired, but not long after starting one chair broke, and we had only one between five of us. If I had had pencil and paper I think I could have written an appeal for horses that night, for we passed thru village after village without a single lighthouse for Jesus. As we were passing thru a village a woman came out and offered us tea. We were so thirsty. As we talked to her she said she had never heard of Jesus. We had to hurry on for the sun was setting and meeting had been announced for that night in the chapel. We walked back to *Lo Pau* yesterday, didn't get thru the meeting until 10:30 and didn't retire until the New Year had dawned. This morning Mrs. Johnson had to walk to *Cheung Kei*, about five miles, as she could not get chairs."

How many of us would be willing to walk twenty miles to give the Gospel to people who hardly know their right hand from their left? We ask our readers to pray for dear Miss Appleby for she has gone far beyond her strength. God can do wonderful things for her if we pray in faith, and she deeply needs His life just now.

* * *

Joy Amidst Sorrow

Leaving China, we give you a pen picture of some recent happenings in India. Brother Harvey writes, "I can hardly tell you of our joys and sorrows, but they are these: On Christmas Day 113 people, including missionaries, sat down together and all ate together. Surely a blow to caste in Nawabganj. The day following (Sunday) we baptized twelve people, and two days later, the Lord took our little Victor David to

Himself. These are some of our joys and sorrows. Will you share with us?"

This is the third sorrow they have had of this nature, and God must comfort their hearts. Only those who have lain their little ones under the sod can fully sympathize with them in their sorrow. In spite of this, God has given them many blessings for which they praise Him. Their band of boys have of their own accord organized themselves into a "Pentecostal Love Society," which meets every Sunday evening. At this time the older ones preach and the younger boys recite scripture verses.

Two women who have just been baptized from villages where the missionaries from Nawabganj have been working, are passing through relentless persecution. The Brahmins will not permit them to get water from the village well, and when one woman was baptized her husband tried to prevent her by force, holding her until even the Hindus themselves interfered. Miss Almyra Aston, now in Nawabganj, writes: "I shall never forget the testimony of the woman whose husband held her trying to prevent her from being baptized. She was struggling to get loose and kept saying, 'I will take the mark of Jesus. God has changed my heart and you cannot change it back.' I had never before thought of baptism as a mark or sign of a Christian, but surely that is what it means in this land. Oh my heart is so joyful over the first fruits of those two villages! We have prayed for and worked, and given out the Word in those villages since 1912, and these are the first to take their stand for Jesus.

* * *

Brother Will Norton is rejoicing over the arrival of some new missionaries, Miss Carrie Buckingham and Mr. and Mrs. Turner.

Miss Katie Builder, another new missionary in India, writing from Saharanpur, says that she is more than glad for God bringing her to India. "What," says she, "are the few sacrifices to bringing the light to these precious souls! The contrast between the heathen and those who have been transformed by the power of God is very striking."

* * *

Miss Olga Aston, back from her furlough, writes: "India looks sadder and darker to us than before. We feel that in the homeland we made complete failures trying to picture the sadness of poor India. One must see to know, and after seeing, it seems impossible to tell others of it unless they too have seen. We are seeing sights

every day that we had almost forgotten about. On the way to Uska Bazar, while the train stopped, we saw a crowd of people and dogs, also some fifty or more vultures gathered together, and upon looking closer we saw that the people were dividing the flesh of an old dead buffalo, the dogs and vultures waiting for their share. Once since our return we saw a man sitting in an old boneyard picking the bones for his dinner. That was my 'meatless' day."

* * *

Miss Brown writes that Jerusalem is so crowded that there are from thirty to forty families in one house, three and four families being crowded into one room. The house problem for next year promises to be even more serious than it was last year. The Jews are coming at the rate of 1,000 a month.

* * *

From Sierra Leone, West Africa, Mrs. Shakeley writes: "Our Kroo interpreter is a half brother to the king here in the city, who offered to make him head man in his tribe but he refused. Surely he has left all to follow Jesus, and is so humble. Scrubs the floor with as good grace as he interprets the Word to his people."

* * *

We are always glad when our readers get a leading from the Lord to send an offering to a certain worker on the field. There is a sweetness in being used by the Lord in this way that is most precious. The following paragraph from a brother to whom we have seldom written, is very encouraging to us.

"The letter was a proof of our dear Lord's wondrous care of His own, for wife had just said to me that morning, 'Daddy, my house money is all finished.' I had only sixpence in my pocket. Then the postman handed in your letter and our eyes grew moist as we saw the proof of your love, \$10.00, and realized how He had brought your letter to us at the time of need. Coming as it did in currency immediately available, it was indeed blessed."

* * *

Brother Chawner, Durban, South Africa, writes: "The Lord is honoring His Word and giving proofs of His power. A Dutch woman only lately come into the light was baptized with the Holy Spirit and was humbled, as in vision she saw the Lord crucified on the cross. Although she had previously opposed immersion, now she desires to be baptized. Three natives 'chose the Lord,' as they put it, a week ago. We

have some in the mission who have been saved from lives of awful sin, some delivered from drink, tobacco and demon power, now washed in Jesus' blood."

* * *

Brother Adolph Wieneke, writing from Germany while on a furlough, asks God's people not to forget to pray for the little church he left under a native pastor in China. God brought that little flock together through years of toil and service on the part of our brother, days and nights of prayer, and before he left them, they were prepared by a special visitation from the Lord. After a time of great trial, in which the little native church was preserved only by God's hand, they went down before the Lord in deep contrition, and the result of those days of humbling brought the blessing of God in the old-fashioned way.

Under the searching of the Holy Spirit, old sins which had seemed to be forgotten, were brought to light, also things which had not been considered as sin. As God worked there was a stripping of that which was questionable, and a nailing to the cross of the self-life. Every meeting brought definite results, and when after twelve years of service the way was opened for him for furlough, they were prepared to lean on Jesus as never before. All Brother Wieneke's efforts to secure a missionary for the work during his absence, proved unavailing, but God met the need, for he writes of the native pastor left in charge: "He is a glorious pillar of the grace of God. Before he was converted he tasted sin in its depths, but in February, 1918, he received a real conversion, proving it by genuine repentance and confession. Six months later he received the baptism in the Holy Spirit and has walked in the light of that Holy Spirit ever since. He became a blessed example to the church and has been instrumental in bringing the church into its present spiritual condition. As he received the preached Word he obeyed it, and was able to give

it out to his brethren. The Chinese are deeply influenced by the preaching of the Word when they have the example of a godly life before them, and such has been the influence of our evangelist in Tsiningchow."

Brother Wieneke is hoping to return to his work in China as soon as the way opens financially.

* * *

Brother A. V. Cook writes that after a very stormy voyage he and Mrs. Cook have arrived safely in Tientsin, North China. He has already acquired enough of the language to do their purchasing, and says that their chief desire now is that they may get it quickly.

He suggests that missionaries going to North China will find it quicker and cheaper to change at Kobe, Japan. Boats for Tientsin now leave Kobe every week.

* * *

Brother Will Norton writes that the brethren have given him the task of superintending the repairing of the Chapra bungalow and he is now beginning this work in order to have it ready for Mrs. Schoonmaker and Miss Coxe in the early fall. There is still a shortage of funds for the completion of the repairs on this property and we ask the friends to pray so that there will be no delay along this line.

* * *

Brother Scurrah writes from Capetown, South Africa, that he has now completed eleven years in Africa without a furlough. He is much broken in body and is drawing day by day on his Father's storehouse for strength and health. Yet he writes hopefully, "The World chaos is brightening my armor, giving renewed hope and inspiring to deeper watchfulness. The black clouds are lined with glory for His precious and peculiar treasure. Soon the curtain will lift and morning will dawn cloudless and sorrowless for the faithful few. But woe to the Earth—the Morning Cometh and also the Night."

Miracles of Healing at the Indianapolis Convention

THESE were marked results from the Indianapolis Convention, held in Tomlinson Hall, March 6-27, under the auspices of Oak Hill Tabernacle, L. V. Rogerts, pastor. A number were saved and healed, and twenty-six received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. The altar, forty-five feet long, was crowded every night with sinners and seekers after the Pentecostal

baptism. One of the marked features of the meeting was the reuniting of estranged families, showing that the old-fashioned Gospel was going forth with power.

One woman had prayed for her husband's salvation for six years. He came to the hall, the veil of prejudice fell from his eyes, and he saw himself a sinner in the sight of God. One of his

first acts of reparation was to ask forgiveness for the way he cursed the Pentecostal Assembly. Said a sister to his wife who knew of her many years of agonizing prayer, "Many a time has your kitchen carpet been wet with tears for John, hasn't it?"

Another remarkable case was that of a woman who had opposed her husband. He had begged her to come to the meetings to see for herself, but she had obstinately refused because of false rumors. So incensed was she that she had taken the case to court. Two days before the case was to come up she came to the meeting and was genuinely saved. At the reconciliation husband and wife hugged each other at the altar, and the people who had long prayed for her salvation wept for joy.

A daughter who had been praying for her mother, had a vision in which the Lord appeared to her and said, "Your mother will be saved and healed." This came to pass literally.

Among the many healings there were some which were very striking.

A woman said in a testimony that she had not been able to walk for nine years, but after prayer she walked several miles across the city.

A man brought a little girl who had enlarged tonsils from the time she was one year old—she was then nine. "They were as large as your thumb," he said, "and she suffered so at times she could not sleep at night." After prayer one tonsil became normal in size and the other almost normal.

A blind woman who had to be led by the hand for thirty-four years testified that God gave her a measure of healing so that for the first time she was able to walk out alone.

Several miraculous healings were as follows:

"About nine years ago I fell from a motorcycle, injuring myself very seriously; my spine became very bad, and it was projected six and one-half inches. I was unable to do any work about the house and would sit around until I got so miserable that I began to hate myself, and hated the thought of living on in this condition. Everytime I took a step I suffered from the pain and life became miserable for me as well as for those around me; had no kind words to say to anyone, but was always grouchy.

"I heard of these Pentecostal people and went to one of their meetings on a Tuesday night; the following Friday I attended again and was saved. This was the Friday before the special meetings were to begin. One of the serious effects of the

condition of my spine was deafness; I could scarcely hear anything unless the person shouted into my ear. So on Tuesday night when they asked the sick to come up and be prayed for I thought I would have them pray for my hearing. As they were praying for me I suddenly felt something pop out of my ears, it felt just like stoppers flying from the bottle and when Sister Alford said, 'Can you hear me?' I answered immediately that I could. Several people on the platform spoke to me and I could hear everyone perfectly, and that night as I was riding home on the car two sisters were sitting some distance from me and I heard everything they said.

"As Sister Alford was praying for me she began to rub her hand up and down my spine and prayed that I might be delivered from this condition. Suddenly she felt something snap and asked me if I had felt anything, and I said, 'yes.' I had plainly felt one of the vertebrae snapping right into place. Since that night my spine has moved back into place two inches and I am able to do all my work about the house and have been coming to the services every day. My husband says it is so much pleasanter to live with me now as I have a joy in living. I am believing that God will completely deliver.

Healing of Cancer

"I had cancerous growth for twenty years standing. It was about six years ago when that gathered and Dr. O'Dell of Indianapolis lanced it for me, at the same time begging me to have my breast taken off. I felt as though I couldn't have it done at that time, but from then on it became worse and worse. By winter the leaders in my right arm hurt me so that I could scarcely raise it, and I had almost continual pain in my chest. The lump on my breast was as large as a hen's egg and got very purple and it seemed that it would burst almost any time. My daughter begged me to have an operation, but I felt that if the Lord didn't heal me I would never be well.

"On the first Tuesday night of the meetings I went to the Hall, and as I was sitting here I had a most wonderful baptism of power; it came over me so suddenly and I felt that that was a witness to my healing. I was very timid and had never asked anyone to pray for my healing; had not filled out any of the cards for prayer request, but after this wonderful experience I asked one of the ushers to give me a card to fill out. Then when the call was given for the sick to come up,

I was still timid and waited till almost the last one. While I was hesitating the Lord said to me, 'Step in while the waters are troubled,' and I went.

"As the sister prayed for me and laid her hands on the sore place I had to pray for grace and strength, as it pained me so. But the third time she pressed it I felt a burning inside and suddenly I felt the lump go away under her hand. That night I suffered, and believe the Lord performed a real operation in my body. The soreness and pain are all gone now and I am perfectly healed. The other day when I was washing I called my daughter to me and asked her to feel the place where the lump had been. She did so, and said: 'Mother, it is all gone, isn't it?' and I answered: 'Yes, dear, it is all gone.' The Lord took it all away, for which I praise Him."

Healing of Tuberculosis

This remarkable testimony was given at the Convention:

"I know I can never praise the Lord enough for all He has done for me. For sixteen years I was a constant sufferer of consumption, and for eleven years I had hemorrhages and spit blood every day of my life. When I went even to a neighbor's house I thought I would never be able to get back home. There came a time when the grim monster was gripping on this life, and death had hold of me; he was determined to take my life. But today I praise God for the voice of Jesus, which told me what to do in my extremity.

"I had the Baptism of the Holy Spirit at the time, but had never had much teaching on Divine Healing, but it was the Lord Himself that spoke to me so sweetly and said, 'Call for the elders of the Oak Hill Tabernacle according to James 5:14, and I will heal thee, for the prayer of faith shall save the sick and the Lord shall raise him up.' I was so nearly gone that the physician said to my husband, 'Don't you call those crazy people to worry this woman because she cannot last longer than midnight.' But we called for them and Brother Roberts came with one of the elders and they anointed me with oil and prayed the prayer of faith. Very soon I began to sing that song:

'Death hath no terrors for the blood washed one,
Oh, Glory hallelujah to the Lamb,'

and by the time I got to the chorus I was able to sing it as clearly almost as I can sing it now. I was so thin that one could almost see my teeth through my jaws; my finger nails were blue and the death-rattle was in my throat, my eyes were

set and my voice was gone. But the Lord raised me up wonderfully after four physicians said that I had no lungs at all, which, I suppose was true, for when I had hemorrhages they had taken pieces out of my blood that were as big as my thumb.

"The physicians said, 'In about a year you will be calling us again saying, "She is dying,"' 'but, thank the Lord, I saw one of them the other day and was able to tell him that I was still well. They do not have much use for me, because I tell people what God is able to do. After I was well I became so hungry. I thank God that I am living in Him and I can recommend this Physician for spirit, soul and body. He is a wonderful Healer and keeps me going all the time; ever since these meetings began I have been going from early in the morning till late at night telling people what God is able to do. Some say to me, 'Sister Baker, don't you ever get tired?' Yes, sometimes the flesh gets tired, but the life of Jesus comes in and strengthens us again. I do praise Him for all He has done for me."

Intings

When God made man He had fellowship with him, He talked with him, and confided in Him; told him all the secrets of His heart. He walked up and down the garden. But the fellowship was broken through sin and I want to ask you a question, Who became the seeker? Did Adam run around and say, "Oh God, I have lost fellowship with You"? No, but God said, "Adam, where art thou?" It was the heart of God that felt the break of that fellowship; His heart had been torn and heavy. That same God is still the seeker. We say, "I am seeking God." You are not. You are in the bushes. Come out and God will find you.—*Geo. E. Smith.*

We judge a fire by what we do not see. When the fire of God burns in a person it burns out the great big "I" and all there is left is a handful of ashes. That person can actually get to the place where he thinks everyone else is just a little better than he.—*Mrs. H. E. Alford.*

I don't like the climate of Greenland and I do not like my place of worship to be a snow-house. I want the fire of God to burn and cause people to run together as one.—*Mrs. H. E. Alford.*

* * *

We will send one of our choice Bound Volumes containing two years of *The Evangel* (1912-1914) for three new subscribers and 30c postage. These contain splendid and helpful soul-food.

Where the Hidden Things Are Found

Harry Long in the Indianapolis Convention



I WANT to speak a little while on the text found in Isaiah 28:10, "For precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept, line upon line, line upon line; here a little and there a little." God has some facts which He doesn't intend some people to find and the only class that will find them is that one which He describes in Matt. 11:25, The Lord Jesus had been reprimanding some people because they didn't seem to understand and didn't see the plan of God. "And at that time Jesus answered and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and revealed them unto babes. Even so Father: for so it seemed good in thy sight."

We have always applied Matthew eleven to salvation but do you know that this passage refers to the Baptism of the Holy Spirit? And so does Isaiah 28:10 refer to the Baptism. I have used that Scripture many times and applied it to folks that have been weaned from the breast, but never looked into the next verse where he speaks about the stammering lips and other tongues. However, I find that it is just after a babe has been weaned from the breast when it begins to stammer and to talk. Have you begun to speak yet? I don't mean, speak in the flesh but have you learned to talk in the Spirit? Jesus says that these things are hidden from the wise and the prudent and He doesn't mean simply that they are hidden from the big men and the philosophers but He was speaking largely of the Scribes and Pharisees around Him. He was referring to His own coming and their misunderstandings of His coming to suffer and to die. They were well acquainted with some of the prophetic Scriptures concerning the coming of the Messiah but they didn't know anything about this Christ who was coming to die upon the cross; that truth was hidden all through the Old Testament Scriptures, line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little, so when Christ came and not in the way they thought He would come, they had not been able to find that in the Scriptures—they rejected Him. In spite of the fact that they were the religious leaders of the day they had been unable to find the passages in the Bible regarding Christ's suffering.

So it is with Pentecost. A few weeks ago I attended some meetings held in the Moody

Church during their "Founder's Week." There were men of world-wide fame, men who understood the Scriptures far better than I, men that were able to unravel many things, but as I sat there I never felt one atom of the power of God; it seemed as though there was not enough of the spirit present to raise a feather from the floor. I said, "Father, I wonder if these folks would let me talk a little and tell them something about this thing in the Scriptures called Pentecost." No doubt they would have said, "Have you ever been to college?" "No, sir, I never went any farther than the fourth grade, sir, but after that I graduated from the Jerusalem college." I suppose they would say, "We don't want anything to do with you." But Jesus said that His Father had hidden these things from the wise and prudent and revealed them unto babes. These great men cannot find some of these great truths in the Bible simply because they are "here a little and there a little." The wise and prudent today are stumbling, falling backward, and being broken off from the covenanted blessing. But to those who have just been weaned from the breast, who do not know very much intellectually, just feeding on heaven, born from above, and been feeding on the milk of the Word, has God opened up the Word. We are just beginning to stammer and talk but it is this that is speaking to men all over the land today. They cannot understand our language and neither are they able to find where we get it. But it is "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little." Sometimes I am really surprised to find the truth of Pentecost spoken of in so many places in the Word where I had not seen it before; some times at family worship we read a passage, perhaps a very familiar one from which we have never been able to get anything, but suddenly something there strikes our soul and moves us. You say, "I never knew there was this about Pentecost in the Old Testament," I find that the Bible is full of it from Genesis to Revelation, "here a little and there a little, precept upon precept." Thus the babes have found that which the wise men have lost; it takes the little folks to find these things.

I got a good illustration of this not long ago. I have a little boy at home and one afternoon my wife left this little fellow in my care. I was

in my room, waiting upon God, and forgot about this little one. He had just begun to crawl around and was beginning to learn to talk. I had left him for some time but suddenly came to realize that everything seemed very quiet in the house and I began to wonder where that boy was. I went out into the kitchen and there he sat right in the middle of the floor. What do you think he had found? He had been into the pantry and there was a large jar of jelly left from the night before. There he sat with that jar of jelly on his lap; the jelly was up to both elbows, all over his face and down the front of his dress. I said, "My, whatever have you been doing!" He just looked at me and laughed. Now I didn't know where that jelly was, but he found it all right; it was right on the bottom shelf. And that is just where the babes find these mighty truths of Pentecost; God has put them on the lower shelf where you and I can reach them. The other fellows are too big; they cannot find these truths because they are not looking for them in the right place; down on the lower shelf.

Some people do not object to finding the jelly but they do object to the manifestations; that boy didn't care about the manifestations at all, it was manifest all over that child that he had been into the jelly; there was no mistake about it, but it did not concern him. Some people say, "I believe that the Pentecostal people have something which we do not have but they have such manifestations." The thing that you and I should be concerned about is to get the jelly on the inside but never mind about that on the outside, that

will wash off. My little fellow surely enjoyed that jelly, but no enjoyment is so keen as that which is pictured here, "This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest; and this is the refreshing: yet they would not hear." That is the "rest" that Jesus speaks of when He said, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest," after He had thanked God for hiding these things from the wise and prudent. He was not speaking about forgiving sins but was speaking about something that He had said before He went back to heaven: "If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink. He that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his being shall flow rivers of living water. This spake He of the Spirit." People get the idea because He spake this word at this time that everybody came flocking to Jesus for salvation, but it is very clear here what is meant, for it says, "for the Holy Ghost was not yet given; because that Jesus was not yet glorified." When Jesus finished His work upon the cross He went back to His Father's right hand. He sent the Comforter, and now is the time when He is inviting those who labor, to rest. Now is the time when you and I can drink and be filled to running over, because He has been glorified. No man or woman could have entered into rest before He Himself had reached the right hand of the Father and sat down. Then His work was finished and He was at rest. He sent the Holy Ghost to invite you and me to sit down with Him. This is rest.

Preaching the Gospel to the "Reds" in Vancouver

AFTER concluding a campaign at Lethbridge, Alta., which God graciously blessed, we felt a definite call of God to go to Vancouver. On arrival, January 8th, we found the assembly in a state of expectancy, having prayed through for a revival. God wonderfully manifested His presence from the first, so that our quarters in the mission were found to be absolutely inadequate for the crowds. In answer to prayer we were given the use of the City Central Mission, which seated about nine hundred, rent free.

The first few nights in the new location we had a hard battle, owing to the presence of about 200 "Reds," but in spite of this, through the prayers of the saints the power of God broke down every resistance. At first the opposition was so strong I said, "Folks, this is like preaching in hell," but suddenly the power of God came

upon me, and throwing back my head I laughed and said, "Old devil, we have you beat," and the resistance broke like an egg-shell. That night the two prayer rooms were filled with men and women seeking God, and from that time there were never less than six or seven men and women saved every night for a month. One night fourteen were saved and fifteen baptized in the Holy Ghost.

The following instance will indicate the class of men to whom we were preaching: As I was giving forth the Word, a man in the gallery, one of the "Reds," continually interrupted me, until finally I stopped preaching, and pointing my finger at him I said, "Brother, if you do not stop your noise I will come up and make you." Although some may think that an unscriptural method, God put His seal upon it that night, and I verily believe that some cases need des-

perate remedies. I went on to state to the man and his companions that they were heartily welcome in the building; in fact, we desired their presence, but during the time we were using the hall for revival meetings it was the house of God, and as such they had to respect my position as the preacher. God drove these words home with telling effect to the man and his companions and amidst an absolute silence I finished my message. During the altar call numbers went to the prayer-room, and as I was standing talking to a brother, one of the elders came to me and said, "Brother Saunders, you know that young man who interrupted you during the service? He is in the prayer-room on his knees and wants to see you." Naturally I was much surprised, but going to the prayer-room I found him in tears. The moment he saw me he apologized for his unseemly conduct and then said, "Now I can get right with God."

Two men on different occasions came to me after the meeting and told me that they were in the C. P. R. freight yards waiting to steal a ride out of town, but a voice spoke to them and told them to go back to that meeting and speak to that man on the platform. Both of these men gave their hearts to God that night, one having only that day come out from nine years in the penitentiary. One Sunday night after I preached on the dangers of spiritualism, a fine-looking, clean-cut young man came to the platform, saying that he was a spiritualistic medium, but my talk that night had so shown him the fallacy of that belief that then and there he renounced it and promised to live for God. So remarkably was the power of God manifested in the meetings that the Board of Directors of this Central Mission, leading, influential men, being in session one night in an adjoining room were obliged to postpone their annual meeting and join us in the service, declaring that they had never seen the Lord work in such a manner before. They offered me the place rent free any time I came back to the city.

The healing services were an outstanding feature in the campaign. At these times the mission was packed to the doors and God wonderfully showed forth His power. Men and women testified publicly to having been healed of chronic diseases of long standing—cancer, tuberculosis, chronic rheumatism, heart trouble—all fleeing under the touch of the mighty Son of God. One woman came with one foot in the grave, so to speak. She was expecting to die any moment with leakage of the heart, yet she was unsaved.

In my dealing with the sick I strongly urge them, first of all, to seek for salvation and then healing. This woman was wonderfully saved, then healed, and then baptized in the Holy Ghost that same afternoon. Another woman who had worn thick lens glasses for sixteen years, her eyesight being so poor she could read only large print, was instantly healed and threw away her glasses, having no further need for them. At least two hundred were prayed for, and scores were definitely healed. A Baptist minister came suffering from heart trouble. God marvellously healed him, and the last Sunday night of the meeting baptized him in the Holy Ghost. The saints in Vancouver, and the Pastor, Mr. Benham, agree that this was the greatest visitation of Holy Ghost power Vancouver had ever seen, for which we truly and humbly praise the Lord.

A man in whose house we were staying had ulcerations which continually discharged pus, so that he had to wash out his stomach twice a day with a tube, and sometimes had to get up in the night for this purpose. The Lord healed him in answer to prayer. As I left he said to me with the tears streaming down his face, "Brother Jack, if the Lord sent you to Vancouver for no one else, it was for me."

The Sunday meetings were held in the Royal theatre which seated 1800. The first Sunday night four hundred were turned away. We had to close the theatre early and go down to the mission for the altar services. The last Sunday night when we reached the mission it was packed with seekers and we preached again. At the close the altar was lined, at least one hundred and fifty, most of whom were sinners.

Since I left there I have received word from Brother Benham that the revival is still at its height. Brother Argue and workers visited Vancouver and God wonderfully blest. Conservatively speaking, 120 received the baptism in the Spirit, a large number of conversions and many wonderful healings. The whole city is stirred.

Jack Saunders.

* * *

"Self," says William Law, "is not only the seat and habitation, but the very life of sin; the works of the devil are all wrought *in self*; it is *his peculiar workshop*; and therefore Christ is not come as a Savior from sin, as a destroyer of the works of the devil in any of us, but so far as *self* is beaten down and overcome in us. Christ's life is not, cannot be within us, but so far as the spirit of the world, self-love, self-esteem, and self-seeking are renounced and driven out of us."

Crying to God for Salvation in Russia

WE have read many times of the famine in Russia and the Near East, and the heart of every compassionate child of God has been touched with appeals for help. Cries of physical hunger wring the heart, but the deep hunger for the Word of God that is manifested in the war-devastated lands is a cause for great rejoicing. The educated as well as the lower classes are begging for some one to preach the Gospel and to pray with them, weeping and kneeling on the street in their desperation.

The following article translated from the German will give our readers some idea of the great awakening along spiritual lines in Russia:

Our beloved co-worker, Missionary J. Popinga, in Castle, referred in his speech to our friends that while now the great mission fields among the heathen are totally closed to us, we should be alert to the guidance of the Spirit of the Lord as to His will. It is necessary at all times to see God's work if we want our work to go on. The greatest and most important working of God, as we see it today, is the great revival in the East. From every side our attention is called to this revival. With all the financial pressure and the great commercial need, there is a deep spiritual awakening in this great Russian country, and to satisfy the awakening hunger after the true Gospel, committees and societies have been established.

Under the title, "Light from the East," we read of how German and Swedish missionary circles have been founded that the Gospel in its purity and power shall be given to this vast populace. These missionary societies have covenanted together to stand on the ground of unity as set forth in the seventeenth of John, and are unpolitical and international. Consecrated brethren, called of the Lord, conducted Bible classes in the different Russian prison camps in Germany, thus preparing them for evangelical services in Russia when they returned home. Such eagerness was there for the Word of God that some of the Russian brethren came with a petition that they might be given Bible instruction for a whole year; not only occasionally, but regularly, that they might learn of the deep things of God.

Under the leadership of Pastor W. J. Jack and the well-known *Prediger* J. Kroeker, they took them out of the camps into the city where the brethren stayed, so as to give them an opportunity to attend the Bible Conference con-

ducted by Pastor Jack and *Prediger* Wernigerode, which they did for a whole year.

The quarterly magazine, "*Thy Kingdom Come*," gives a more thorough report of this work. The reports which come from Russia about the spiritual hunger for the Word of Life are very encouraging. A Swedish missionary writes us from Vladivostok: "All that I heard about the hunger for the Word of God in Russia is true. I have seen it everywhere with my own eyes wherever I went. The hunger for the Gospel is not only among the lower classes, but also among the educated. I saw them as they came with tears in their eyes begging someone to pray for them. They insist that some one be sent to them who can preach the Gospel. We had just as many listeners in the morning at ten o'clock as in the evening at eight, and they followed us everywhere, day and night. We preached as long as our voice would stand it and the scenes we saw were heart-rending. *They cried to God for salvation.*"

This report of the missionary, Pastor Olson, reminds me of that which *Prediger* Kroeker narrated which a friend in Petrograd told him of his experiences in a city in the East on Amur River. This Russian brother had worked for some months in East Siberia among believers, and God put great blessing upon his services; the circle of those who took a firmer stand for God became continually larger. But still larger became the circle of those who were awakened to feel their need of God. As this brother came close to the meeting place the last Sunday which was adjacent to the market place, he found a great multitude gathered before the building, many of whom wept. Others were kneeling and praying on the street. As they saw the preacher coming they turned towards him with the petition that he should preach to them the Word of God. The preacher replied that he had come for that purpose and that they should go into the hall, but he then observed that the hall was filled and no more could enter. It seated from five to six hundred people. The missionary decided that he would preach to those in the hall about three-fourths of an hour, and then empty the place in order that those outside could come in and hear, for he was not permitted to hold open-air meetings.

"And now," said our friend to *Prediger* Kroeker, "you may hardly believe what I will tell you further. These meetings began in the morn-

ing at nine o'clock, and went on in the described manner of the changing until seven o'clock in the evening. I spoke continually one-half to three-fourths of an hour; then I dismissed the people and others filled the hall. This continued until my strength gave way and I had to lie down. Then after I had eaten a little, the service began anew as before. It was long after midnight when the people filled the hall for the last time."

The following day the missionary had to leave on a steamer on the Amur River. As he neared the harbor where the steamer was in waiting a great multitude of people were there to greet him. They were eager to hear the Gospel again before he left. He gave them to understand that he could not preach in the open air without the permission of the governor, and some of the older ones in the crowd at once hired a cab and hurried to the governor's quarters. But would this permission come before the departure of the steamer? While the missionary was conversing with the people at the dock, a well-dressed gentleman came and inquired of him about this great uproar, and why he always looked at his watch. The missionary told the gentleman of how he had done pastoral work among this people and now they wanted a final word before he left, but he couldn't speak in the open air without permission, and he was afraid the permit would come too late. The gentleman thought a few minutes and said, "Have you really anything to say to the people?" "Yes," said the missionary. "Well, then, go ahead, and we will wait," said the gentleman, who was now discovered to be the general manager of the harbor company. Through his influence the departure of the steamer was postponed for two hours, and the brother, having obtained permission to speak, gave his final message to the waiting crowd.

We will watch with interest this visible working of the Holy Spirit in this great Russian country, and stand in prayer that God will send messengers of peace to gather in the precious fruit. *Translated from Gruesse Ausdem Heiligtum in Mulheim.*

Burden for the Greeks

There are about 500,000 Greeks in all America, and 12,000,000 away in the East, and they form what they call "The Greek Orthodox Church," which church is spiritually dead. The whole nation stands in need of the "full Gospel" *just as much as the people of Africa.*

Deep superstition with profanity, sheer idolatry with ignorance, are the first acts anyone can notice among the lower classes. Infidelity,

scepticism and higher criticism are prevalent among the educated and higher classes. Secret societies have more members than the nominal church; even sorcery and witchcraft are practised and promoted. A Greek publishing house in New York have at the head of their list of books one named "Salomonica," a devilish book that contains material of the worst heathenish kind. The clergy is corrupt to the bone.

Self-righteousness sways over them all in a mighty hand. Neither "priest" nor "layman" is willing to be told anything from the Word of God. They think that they are the only Christians in the world and believe what the Lord says in Matt. 21:43 refers to them. They are suspicious of any missionary work done among them, and have state laws prohibiting anyone from preaching otherwise than their church does in the books the monks have formulated; not even allowing the Bible to be circulated in the modern language so that the people will understand it.

In the name of our Lord I beg God's people to ponder over these few facts and join us in forming a circle of intercessors for fervent, systematic and persistent prayer.

1st, for a spiritual awakening in the whole nation.

2nd, for Spirit-filled laborers.

3rd, for the Greek Evangelical Church in Athens and other parts of Greece.

We beg you also to do all in your power to interest other intercessors.

Phoenix, Ariz.

C. Carnapas.

An Onward Move

The two Pentecostal missionaries who are holding the fort in Fat Shan, Miss Mattie Ledbetter and Miss Myrtle Bailey, have taken a forward step. They have faithfully sown the seed in that city of over a million inhabitants, and the room which they have for their meeting place is only 13x25 feet, and has been crowded out again and again. For two years they have prayed and scoured the city for a larger place. Only to be disappointed. Thirty-four have been saved and baptized in water; these with the school-girls and native workers number fifty-five, and in their meetings they have no room for sinners to come and hear the Gospel. No missionary with the real call of God upon him is satisfied not to preach to the unsaved; so after much prayer they have felt the Lord was leading them to buy and build, and they have gone ahead with a real faith in their hearts. They have already purchased the land and made the first payment thereon. Their little band of natives are entering heartily into this project and are doing what they can. Though they are poor wage-earners, they pledged themselves to give a thousand dollars, but this will mean half of their

year's wages. Could we find examples of such consecration in this land? When the Needhams visited the Orient they said they had not visited a mission which was so in need of larger quarters as was Fat Shan. The location on which they have made their first payment is one of the best in the city, and one which other missions have tried to get. They are paying about \$2,000 for the property and the building will cost about \$5,000 more. Brother Kelley writes that there is a splendid work in Fat Shan and it should have our hearty support. The property purchased will be held in perpetuity for mission purposes. Let us do what we can to help this assembly build a power-house in that great city of a million. Brother Kelley thinks a number in the city will be able to help in the project when they get saved. If we help them in their early struggles it will no doubt make a strong self-supporting work. Put this place on your prayer list.

A Missionary's Work Ended

The sad news has just reached us of the home-going of Mrs. Harold E. Hansen, Pekin, North China. She passed away at Easter with typhus fever. This is a heavy blow to the work, and our brother's loss seems almost irreparable. May God comfort him and alleviate his sorrow.

The awful famine that has prevailed in North China is the precursor of plague, and we hear that typhus fever is raging because of the unsanitary conditions that abound.

* * *

God is surely dealing with that nation; famines, pestilence and earthquakes are following one another in quick succession. Brother Hansen, writing us under date of Feb. 12th, tells us a story of an earthquake visitation which is tremendous and awful in its scope.

"Not long ago a terrible earthquake visited two of our northern provinces and twenty districts were demolished, causing forty thousand casualties; in another section a large chasm was opened and black water gushed out, which caused the death of six thousand people; in another place the city wall fell down and six hundred were killed; many thousand families are rendered homeless; this earthquake lasted for twenty-one days; there were quakes at fifteen minute intervals during those days; many times we have preached from Matt. 24 and warned the Chinese about what would take place in the last days; they seemed so unconcerned, chiefly, I believe, because none of these things had come nigh their borders; now they listen to the prophecies of God's word. Behold, China is in a pitiful condition at the present time; she needs your prayers at this crucial moment, because it looks as though God is sending judgments to her that through it all she may in her helplessness reach up and cry out to God and repent of her idolatry."

Chicago Meetings

A very precious revival has been in progress at the Full Gospel Mission, 2836 North Avenue, this city. Brother Jack Saunders passing thru the city recently, spent three weeks there and the Lord used him. A reporter of *The Daily News* learning that he was an ex-pugilist, asked for an interview, and said as he left, "I will make a good story out of this." The story could hardly be recognized from the information given, and our brother was greatly chagrined to read the garbled account given in the language of the street. But God overruled. One night a young man, a Catholic, came in, and in the midst of a praise service ran to the altar, threw his cigarettes across the room and cried out to God for mercy. He confessed to having been a gambler and a deep-dyed sinner and was gloriously saved; comes every night and is seeking the baptism in the Holy Spirit. He said he had come out of curiosity thru reading the article in the paper.

Two nights later as the evangelist was speaking, a woman cried out with deep feeling, "I want this blessing. I am a Catholic." The Lord met her then and there, and when opportunity was given she rose and said, "You would be surprised if I told you how I came here. I was in Bridewell (House of Correction) and while we are not allowed to read the newspapers, somehow I picked up the *News* and read the piece that caught my eye. My time wasn't up, but some good person paid my fine, and I at once came to these meetings."

The evangelist said those two cases alone were worth his stopping over in Chicago. He was going on, but God held him there. And not only for those two, but a number of others were saved and at least a score were healed. Divine Healing services were held with marked results.

A woman testified to being perfectly healed of a sickness she had had for twenty years. Another who came on crutches, which she had used for ten months from a broken hip and rheumatism, walked up and down the aisle praising God that she could walk without pain. She carried her crutches home.

Another woman suffering from varicose veins for twenty years had worn bandages continually. Could not be without them for five minutes at a time. She took them off in the meeting and was healed. The next day she stood on her feet the whole day ironing without the bandages, and never suffered a bit.

Another was healed of tumors, cancer, fatty degeneration of the heart, rupture, and a sore on her knee which she had had all her life.

Pastor Peterson of the North Avenue mission is aggressive and filled with the Spirit and the crowds that have attended nightly have taxed the mission hall to its limit.

Good Books

Christian Martyrs of All Ages. Larger and more comprehensive than Foxe's Martyrs. Gives graphic description of the persecution of the Huguenots, Waldenses, Scotch Worthies, etc. \$2.00 by mail.

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Hardy W. Mitchell, Pastor