



*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

## A Journey Into the Heart of Africa

Stripped of Human Props — But God!

Mrs. Julia McCleary Richardson in the Stone Church Convention, May 17, 1922



A PARTY of five of us have our faces set toward the heart of Africa. As I have gone from place to place, and even in the smallest villages, have seen the streets lined with automobiles I could not help but think that one \$5,000 automobile would take our entire party out into the heart of Africa, equip the first station and support us until help came from the homeland. (That may be a high estimate to put on an auto, but as I pointed to a Cadillac I saw in a certain place where I was stopping, I was told that was the price of that particular machine and this put the thought in my mind.)

God has given one plan and only one for this Holy Ghost dispensation in which we live, and that is laid down in Acts 15:14. The command for the carrying out of that plan is given in Matthew 18:19, 20, and this has never changed. When first this glorious out-pouring of the Holy Ghost was given, we heard the message over and over again through the grown-ups and through the children, "Jesus is coming," "Jesus is coming soon! Get ready." We are not hearing this prophecy so much now as we heard it then. Why? As I thought of this it came to me that Jesus expected we would rise up like a mighty army and go out in obedience to His command and preach to the waiting millions, that He *might* come. Is there any wonder that we do not hear that prophecy now as we heard it then? Jesus is waiting for us to do our part. What is He waiting for? He is waiting for us to seek after the lost, that His body, a people for His name, may be completed. Then will He come. Our hearts thrill within us at the glorious opportunities we Pentecostal people have of entering wide-open doors, for they are wide open everywhere. How we praise God for these opportunities, which are just crying out to us! Oh that God may stir us to buy them up!

Tonight I want to take you into the heart of Africa. I have had a great privilege. I went out first in 1897, standing upon Philippians 4:19, "My God shall supply all your needs, etc," and I have stood there from that day to this.

Never received a salary from any missionary society, never received a guaranteed sum from any quarter, and the Lord has never allowed me to be in want. He has allowed me to have the blessed test of coming near the last penny, but I have never suffered. I went out there hoping to go into places where Christ had not been named; so in 1902 I went from South Africa up into British East Africa, and there came close to the untouched regions. The Lord gave my husband (whom I met later) and myself a very blessed work northeast of Victoria Nyanza Lake. We saw men and women converted to the Lord Jesus, saw Christian homes established, and we had great delight in the work. Then He opened up the way for us to go on furlough, and brought us to the city of Chicago.

For a number of years we had been afraid of the Pentecostal Movement. I was in America when the Holy Spirit was poured forth, and while attending a small convention in northwestern Wisconsin, a letter came from Michigan telling of what God was doing. How our hearts did burn within us as we said, "Oh this seems like God!" Later on I came in touch with the work in such a way that I grew afraid of the movement (but never afraid of the Word) and though I turned away, the Lord was so gracious He didn't withdraw the anointing from me that I had received. He didn't withdraw the blessing and the joy, but gave me a glorious term of service in the years that followed.

While on furlough He brought us around to the city of Chicago and here in the Old Stone Church we lost our fear. We had been given the privilege of securing a committee to take over the work with which we had been associated as those in charge wanted to concentrate in South Africa. The leader in charge of the Society had refused a splendid band of Scandinavians because they belonged to this Movement, and friends believed it to be best for Mr. Richardson to return by way of South Africa and lay the matter of our change of attitude before them. My husband and I separated here, he going on to Africa and I remaining to visit certain assemblies. He was to send me a cablegram of one word if he could not make arrangements for us to continue on in the work so dear to our hearts.

I received this message and knew we would not be able to go on with the work. We were not to teach or preach Pentecost, and we had agreed that if they forbade this, we would withdraw.

When I reached New York I found a party had been formed in South Africa to go with my husband up into the Belgian Congo, and when I received this word I took steamer at once by way of Naples, hoping I might get there in time to be of the party. When I arrived in British East Africa I found the party had left. My husband had left word that as the party had arrived from So. Africa and they were eager to start, depending upon his presence with them, he having had experience with the natives and knowing the language, he had gone with them, hoping to be back soon to take me into the interior. The Lord seemed to be leading us very definitely. We little knew the trial that was coming, but God knew, and He prepared us for it. The last letter I received from my husband was written from Kigali. Later there was a strike among the Lake boats; then this great war broke out, and from July 20th to Oct. 9th I could receive no word of the party. On that date two returned and brought me news that my husband had laid down his life and that his body had been laid to rest southwest of Lake Kivu.

Three of the native Christian boys who had gone with the company into the interior were also missing. Johana had laid down his life on the journey going, and his body lies just a day's journey from my husband's. Two of the boys were taken by the Belgians and sent over into German East Africa. When this news came there was wailing all during the night, and the next morning I was waiting on the Lord in my room when at ten o'clock Miss Baker called for me to come quickly. There was a great company of fully one hundred women, girls and children coming up to the place. The natives are bound by their superstitions and felt they must have their heathen dance at the place where the missing boys had lived. I went out among them, and because my heart was united with theirs in the sorrow that had come to us, the Lord gave me power with them. I put my arm around one of the old women and with her arm across my shoulder I talked with them and they stopped their dancing. I was ready to turn them away when one young woman, seemingly possessed with an evil spirit, commenced dancing and talking to them, then they turned and went dancing away from the house. The natives were now coming from every direction; several hundreds

gathered, and it seemed as though they were determined to have their great heathen orgie take place on the mission premises, but I felt within my whole being it must not be. I went out in their midst and by His grace the whole multitude of people were turned away from the mission station. They had brought their funeral drum, and a chicken for sacrifice, etc., but God through His little instrument turned them aside.

My whole heart stirred within me to go into the Belgium Congo, but I could not cross from British East because of the war-zone so I went south and followed the first party up into the Congo where a station was being started. Tonight I will not tell you about that journey, but of a later one. I would like to have you get a glimpse of what it means to go into a new territory and open up a new work. My husband was planning to save me from the hardships of pioneer work, but God took me right into these very things he had planned to save me from, and took me through, praise His Name!

I met the commissioner of Native Affairs, a Belgian official, as I was going north, and he told me of a plateau out from Bukama. I told him I had been very much interested in this section and I would like to visit it but my tent was up country. He secured me a government tent, and at Bukama I waited for carriers. Some came in from eight days away. The administrator asked me if I cared for a native policeman. I felt he was reluctant to spare one so when these men came for my loads just like happy and good-natured carriers I had had before, I told him I would not take one. The evil one has control of Africa until missionaries come in with the light of the Gospel; then he is stirred up, and he was surely stirred to contest every step of my way. I had three of the worst hammock carriers I had ever had; one seemed possessed by an evil spirit. They seemed determined to make we walk and I was not able to walk; then if I had started out to walk I would have been obliged to walk the whole distance. They hadn't carried me very far before they wanted me to get out. When I refused they let the pole down on my head. I had been rather proud, it may be, of my ability to manage native men and my pride needed a humbling. Once they put me down in the forest and all left me but one hammock-carrier who sat and watched me; for over an hour we sat there until the others came back and took up the hammock. We arrived at our first camp at three or four o'clock when we should have reached there at eleven.

This was in the wilds, near no village. We had our evening meal and I retired to rest for I was very weary. I was getting nicely to sleep when it commenced to rain. I was making this journey at the beginning of the dry season, and thought the rains over, but the rain simply poured down as it does in the tropics. The campfires were soon out. My men called out to me that they wanted to go back to some huts for travelling we had passed, and I told them to go. I was getting to sleep again when something hit against one of my tent ropes. That gives one a very strange sensation, when alone at night in an African forest and I sat up, my heart beating wildly! I thought of lions and elephants; I dreaded the elephant more than the lion because he might trample my tent down. I called out, "Bantu!" the way we might call to several together. No response came and I supposed all had gone. Then I commenced to stay myself upon the promises of God, and in a shorter time than it takes to tell it every bit of fear had left me. I lay down again and was just getting nicely to sleep when a kitten I was taking up with me began to fuss. Looking under the bed I saw the froth pouring from mouth and nostrils. I got my tin of milk and poured some down its throat. Then I heard a cough and found two native boys had stayed. One came in but could not find what had poisoned the kitten, which, by the way, lived. The next morning I called my caravan together and said, "We cannot have such a day as yesterday. Unless you do better you can leave me." (I don't know how I would have managed if they had taken me at my word.) They said, "Oh we will do all right today. We have had a good feed." Later the boys were trying to get the things packed into the food box and one came to me complaining that my evil hammock-carrier was tying it up and refused to let them put the things in. I told him to stop but he paid no attention. He was sitting upon his feet, and I do not know just what I did, but I may have taken him by the shoulder as I commanded him again, for he went over. He sprang up, picking up a hatchet, and raised it against me, but I stood before him seemingly unafraid. He lowered it, raising it again laughingly as though he hadn't meant to strike me, but he had at least meant to thoroughly frighten me. The caravan was stirred because this native had raised a hatchet against a white person, and put another man on the hammock in his place.

As we started out my heart began to rest,

they were carrying so well, but as we got right in the midst of the tall grass which stands far above a man's head, I felt myself going down. My heart sank within me! It was very sultry, and the thought of being detained there in the heat almost overwhelmed me. They said they could not go on, the grass was getting their clothing wet. (They had only a covering around their loins.) I urged them to go on but they refused. I was so tired and felt my chin beginning to quiver and commenced to pray for I felt I just could not cry before those heathen men. But the tears persisted in coming, so I took up my satchel and started on. I was too tired to walk so sat down on a rack by the wayside. Immediately the whole caravan got on the move and I heard them saying to each other, "She is crying!" "She is crying!" and my hammock carriers came along and *asked* me to get in! I didn't *want* to cry, but I found out a woman's tears have the same effect on heathen men as upon the civilized.

When after a number of miles, they came to the first village they said, "This is the chief's village," and wanted their pay, which I refused. I think they feared to face the chief after what had happened, and I was left alone with my one personal boy. The people came out of the village, however, carried in my loads and pitched my tent. I sent word to the chief, and he sent me carriers, and the next morning they carried me right up to the chief's hut; my tent was pitched there for three weeks near his wives. I had daily receptions, didn't have time even to get out of that one village. All day they came, and I had the privilege of telling them about Jesus Christ. There were forty villages under this one chief, and I, a lone woman, was facing that great need. I was facing a man's job, and the question came to me, Would the Lord have me stay in that place and open up the work? I knew that in the natural it would be undertaking the impossible, but I had the assurance that it was God's will for me to undertake the work, and knew that I had a God who would take me through. I sent in an application for a grant of land, but where was I to live in the meantime? I could not go on living in this little tent, not much larger than the bed and net. As I was asking the Lord what I should do, a Portuguese trader came along and said that two miles away he had opened a little store for the natives, which wasn't proving a success, and that I might move over into this mud building. I was very comfortable there; started a little school upon

the verandah and visited in the villages. On the 11th of August the Commissioner came into Bukama by appointment; he, the young administrator, the former chief and the coming chief, and two of the head men among the natives went with me upon the ground, and there the Commissioner gave me permission to build. Oh how happy I was! The next morning I started to get ready for the building. I was obliged to make that two mile journey back and forth, and I could get only five or six men at first to help me when I needed at least twenty to get the building ready before the rains set in. Every foot of land had to be dug over, for it was filled in with roots of grass and trees, stones, etc. The natives do not dig up the roots, but if I didn't have them dug up, I might have a bush springing up through my mud floor. I had to send the men out into the forest a mile and a half for poles, and count all those poles as they came from the forest. If I didn't they would bring four when they ought to have brought six, and if I didn't discover it they would bring three the next time. Water had to be brought, the mud made ready, mud walls made, roof thatched, & c. & c., and every part of the work had to be carefully supervised. Two miles night and morning to superintend this building, don't you think it was God who took me through? Many a time I had to get down on my knees, "Lord, if You do not strengthen me I cannot get through."



House Built by Mrs. Richardson in the Congo  
 Within a month I was over in my little temporary house, and within the year I built a permanent house put up of sun-dried brick. That temporary house of two rooms 10x10 is where I lived for nearly a year. There in the little mud-house—places for doors and windows but no doors or windows—is where I first heard the lion roar. One night I had just gone to bed when one roared. I got up to investigate, thinking it must be in the clearing, it seemed so

near, but the next morning I found it had roared across the river, a half a mile or more away.

Those were glorious times, those two years of pioneering! The Lord took me through. I had never before built even a mud house, not to speak of a brick one. I hadn't a native who knew how to make or lay a brick, or how to make a straight line. I had to stand in the hot sun by the mud-hole, keeping the four or five men busy tramping mud or they would not work. If I had men working in three different places they would loiter at one place while I was overlooking the work at another, having a man on watch who would give a whistle when he saw me coming and they would all be at work when I arrived. I often found my patience exhausted. At the end of that building season I went down with ten days of fever, and convalesced by getting my living rooms ready for company. During this time there was visiting in villages and school-work and only one to do it until the Lord gave me native Christians.

This is something of what it means to go out and open up new fields. When young people go out you need to pray earnestly for them that they go through; and that they do not get bound down to station work and neglect the village work, which is the most important.

My nearest neighbors were eight days away by hammock journey; the first station and my nearest missionary neighbors to the west were 340 miles away. There was no human being upon whom I could call, but I had a glorious time of testing the power of our Almighty God those two years, and experiences with which I would not part for all this world could give me. Not one day during that time was I lonely; not one day was I homesick.

The Lord commenced to work at once. I had been in that tent only four days when a nice, clean-looking boy came walking around the tent. I had been praying for a boy to take the place of one I had brought with me and here was my answer. Three days after I chose another from a row of boys wanting work. These two, Kingamadi and Kitambala, were the first to accept Christ. The latter a few months before I came away, married a wife and started the first Christian home.

I wanted to go up into the Lake Kivu district before I came home, but I found I wasn't physically able. I felt if God would only give me a band of young people I could go back and have something to do in opening up this region. I scarcely dared voice the prayer, fearing that it

might be only my personal desire, but God has answered that prayer, giving me two married couples to go back with me, and we sail in July, God willing. While the church was asleep at home, Mohammedanism entered the great Sudan country until tribe after tribe has gone over to that religion. A few years ago we never heard the name of Mohammed up by the lake in British East Africa, but now Mohammedanism is planted all along the railway from Mombasa to Victoria Nyanza and from Dares-Salaam to Lake Tanganyika, and at Ujiji where Stanley found Livingstone there is now a town of 25,000 inhabitants, all Mohammedans. But the Moham-

medans have not pushed into the great heart of Africa westward from these lakes, where there are millions upon millions waiting for the Gospel. God has been doing something through Pentecostal people and if the Lord opens the way, we will complete the chain of Pentecostal work, cutting off, we trust, from the northeast to the southeast of the Belgian Congo, the inroads of Mohammedanism from the East. I believe this is of God, and my heart stirs within me at the thought that He will not let this chain be broken. Will you pray that this link will be added to complete this chain for Jesus and for Africa?



Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Leader Mrs. Julia Richardson Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Berg  
BOUND BY HIS GRACE FOR LAKE KIVU DISTRICT, BELGIAN CONGO, AFRICA

### Leaving All To Follow Jesus

For two years our letters from the lone woman on the Congo have contained touching appeals for workers, "Can you not send a married couple to help in this work?" "Is there no one in the church who has a call to Africa?" "Oh that God would burden young men for this needy field!" God looked down upon that lone woman kneeling in her mud hut, crying to Him for help, and heard her petition. Before she called He had been planning for this need.

Years before He had spoken to one of his hand-maidens on a farm in Minnesota and called her to Africa. A young man who got some missionary training in his own home, passing thru real hardships in his boyhood days, was also called to that dark continent. In course of time, together they consecrated their lives to God and Africa, and when the call went out through THE EVANGEL several years ago for a married couple, they felt that God was speaking to them. But as God often gives us more than we ask so He answered the cry of this African missionary and gave her two couples. He called a young Canadian to consecrate his life to God. When the Lord first got into his heart he gave his

tithe to Africa; then he gave two tithes. Then as his soul opened up to God more and more and as the Lord prospered him, he gave a fourth, and later on a half of what he made. Finally the Lord spoke to him, "I want you for Africa." First his money, then himself. And he gave himself just as he gave his substance, willingly. While at Elim Bible School, Rochester, N. Y., he met his companion whom God had also called to Africa, and later made it plain that they were to go to the Congo.

This party of five are expecting to sail in July, and all the little woman who has been doing a man's job alone in the heart of Africa can say, is, "How wonderful God is!" To introduce these new missionaries to our readers we give partial reports of talks from them on a Missionary Day during the Convention.

### Trained In the Canadian Forests

Fred G. Leader

THE word that has been a great comfort to me is John 15:6, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you and ordained you, that you should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain." I have no excuse

to offer for God's call upon me; all I had to do was to answer the call. There are just two experiences in my life since God began to deal with me that I would like to relate. Five years ago I first felt the call of God on my soul for Africa. At that time I thought I would just like to go right off, but I didn't know the lessons in store for me. If I had, perhaps I would not have said such a quick "yes" to God, although I did not say it without a struggle. My cry was, "Lord, train me for Africa," and He started in. The hardest thing I had to do was to surrender my will, to say "Yes" to everything He commands. To some things I could say "Yes" with a shout, and to other things it seemed impossible.

We had gotten through on the farm and I didn't know what to do with myself. A thought struck me, "I will go north and see if I can get a job for the winter, a job of keeping time for a lumber firm in the wilds of Canada. God permitted me to do it. The day I got there I changed my mind and enlisted in the army, but God's hand was upon me and I was not accepted. I went into the forest and was there keeping time for a company of men who never knew the name of God only in blasphemy; not one of them professed Christianity; there were hold-up men in that crowd, and in fact everything but murderers. I realized that as a Christian I would have a pretty hard time, but I started at the beginning. I knew if I let down for a week or two I would never get hold of things, so I started from the first to show that I was a Christian. It was usual for a time-keeper to have a number of men on his pay-roll whom he called "dead men," and a man came to me and asked "How many dead men have you on your pay-roll?" I said, "I do not do business that way. I am a Christian." My stand was taken right there, and it was a surprise to him. Had I not been honest I could have made several hundred dollars in this way, but God enabled me to witness for Him and to be true to Him, and to grow in grace daily. There were no churches around, we were miles from the depot, shut away in the forest, but God came into my life and trained me in that place for future service in the wilds of Africa.

As I look back I think of the marvelous hand of God. Three times a day without fail I was in my little office pouring out my heart to God for training in Africa and grace for the service right at hand. God enabled me to hand out tracts and speak to men about their souls. I often compared my training there to that I would get in Africa, probably alone, away from Christian associates, witnessing among unbelievers. I remember a time when I was ten dollars short on my report. They said, "Just charge the fellows up with it." I said, "nothing doing." I went to the boss. "Look here. I am ten dollars short on my account. Just charge it up to me." He said, "That is all right." I said, "No, I want satisfaction in my soul." He took

it and looked surprised at me. I proved God's faithfulness in that camp. More than once He helped me in time of trial.

But I got out of God's will. People I had been working for wrote, "Come home. You can have the farm and we will go to town." I never considered God's will and He had to teach me a lesson. I came down, and from the moment I boarded the train I knew I was out of God's will, and couldn't get victory over it. I stayed there for a year, never got the farm and they never went to town. I felt I was backsliding, and didn't know what to do. I told the man I would have to leave him. A Pentecostal brother asked me to work for him, but I wanted to go north. I went to my room to pray it out. I knew God wanted me to go with him, but I wanted to go north. I fought the thing to a finish and when I said "yes" to God I got victory. I went to work with this man who was a godly man and I loved him with all my heart. He had forty-five head of cattle, and the minute I struck the place I knew I was in God's will, although anyone who knows anything about cattle will understand my tests in that place. Sometimes everything went wrong and the trials were almost more than I could bear, but I realized God was trying to subdue my will. Fall was drawing near and a man said to me, "What will you do this winter? You had better go to Bible School." I said I'd far rather work than go to a Bible School. I loved an active life, and could not think of sitting down, but the day before school opened I said, "I believe I will." I learned afterwards that a friend had been praying a number of years that I would attend a Bible School. I met a missionary four days previously and she said there was no use writing to Elim, that they were filled up. I wrote and filled out an application, and said I felt the call of God for Africa. They said, "Come right along." I could not go for six weeks, but they held the room and as soon as I got in Bible School I knew I was in the will of God.

I started to seek the baptism of the Holy Spirit, for I wanted to get closer to God so everything would go smoothly. One day a young man was reading a missionary paper, and another young man and I were having a little fun at his expense; all of a sudden the Spirit of God fell on this young man and on the whole room, and before I knew it God was dealing with me. The young man who was with me saw the Spirit was hindered because of our attitude, and he said, "Oh, God, forgive me for my frivolity," and immediately God baptized me in the Holy Ghost. We went to the brother who had been speaking and apologized for our foolishness and the Spirit fell on all three of us, and we had a marvelous time. God came into my life in a new way at that time. I asked God to give me a call to Africa when He baptized me, but He

didn't do it. Three weeks later He gave me a direct call to His service through the Scriptures. A missionary and I went to my room to pray and when I got my eyes wholly upon God, I saw the Congo. I saw the huts, and saw the sad faces light up with a glad smile as the glorious Gospel poured into their souls. God gave me the real evidence that Congo was my field, and I never doubted it. I am just as sure that I am called to the Congo as that I am standing here today. The man I had worked with for three years was a man of few words. He never complimented me for anything, but at the end of those three years he said, "Fred, you are a missionary. You have a call to Africa." That meant a great deal to me, coming from him. I am going forth saying an eternal "yes" to Him. Sometimes the "yes" is long drawn out, but nevertheless I am determined to be in His will.

### Reclaimed and Called to Africa

Mrs. Fred G. Leader

**I** THANK the Lord for the way He has led in my life. It has been an unusual way. I never thought of going to Africa because I was never interested in missionary work. I felt there was plenty of work to do at home; I loved my mother and my family and felt I would not get married because I didn't want to leave home, but the Lord works in mysterious ways. I had quite a serious break in health and at that time the Lord called me. Before that, I am sorry to say I had backsliden; not to do wicked things, but I left the mission which I had been attending and went to a Methodist Church. My motive in going was not to meet the Lord; if it had been, I doubt if I would have backslidden, but I went to get in with a class of young people. In a little while I went to theatres, and after tennis on Saturday afternoons I went with the crowd to the movies, but I knew all the time I was grieving my mother's heart, and grieving God.

The Lord laid it on a friend's heart to pray for me. She and my mother joined in prayer ten minutes a day for a month that I would attend a certain mission my mother and sister were attending. I went, in order not to keep my mother home, and got under conviction. I found fault with everything. The pianist didn't play to suit me, the singer didn't sing the way he should, and nothing was right because I was out of touch with God. All of a sudden I felt something slip from me. I thought it was my coat, it was so real to me. At the end of the service I said, "Wasn't that a wonderful message?" Mama looked at me in amazement. It was then the Lord showed me He had thrown from me the cloak of rebellion. That was the beginning of my entering into the deeper things of God. How sweet it has been all along the way! To be sure I have had many lessons to learn; the Lord took me through strange paths. While there was not a Christian in the office where I worked, I often would scarcely be able

to contain myself, I had such sweet prayer-meetings with the Lord. Then my break in health came and for six or eight months I was not able to leave the house, part of the time could not turn myself in bed. After I became stronger I worked in the office of the Great Commission Prayer League for a half day; the rest of the time I had to rest.

I had been to a Missionary Convention, but had no thought of going to the field. One afternoon as I went home I knelt before the Lord a few minutes before I started my work, and it was then I received my call. It was a surprise to me. I could hardly believe it, but I loved the Lord and wanted to follow Him. When I found I was called to Africa, I thought I might go to Egypt. Friends of mine whom I greatly loved had calls to Egypt, and I felt how good it would be to go with them, but the Lord definitely spoke to me, "I do not want you to go to Egypt. I want you to go to Congo." I didn't know a soul in the Congo, and for two months I had a battle to get willing to go alone, but the Lord has worked it out in a very different way than I had expected. When I went to Bible School I said to myself, "It is a faith school, I suppose I will freeze or starve to death, but the Lord surprised me again. I didn't need my woolen blanket, nor the box my mother sent me, to keep from starving. Just before I left school the Lord said to me, "I have a place planned for you in Africa. I want to send you out as soon as I can. Oh the blacks, the blacks! I love the blacks!" Our going with Mrs. Richardson has been entirely in answer to prayer.

### Called thru the Word

Mrs. A. F. Berg

**A**S I look back and see God's leadings and dealings I believe He had a two-fold purpose in calling me; not only giving me a call to Africa, but also in teaching me to rest upon His Word. It will be eight years this summer since God first spoke to me about Africa. The year before, the Lord had blessedly baptized me in the Holy Spirit, and I had yielded myself and consecrated my life to Him. That consecration was sincere at the time, but afterwards it seemed I took myself off the altar again; I thought the Lord was not going to call me. But He had heard my consecration and the next year began to deal with me in a very definite way, and showed me by His Spirit a little of what I might have to go through. I shrank from it, and for a year and a half I struggled against God's will. I was blest and at the same time I was miserable because I would not yield. If I went to a meeting I would be miserable for God was dealing with my soul. As I knelt in prayer one day I saw God's plan laid out before me; He spoke to me in a definite way and showed me what Jesus suffered on the cross for me; shortly after that He showed me that Africa was my field. I wanted to go to

China because I had a very dear friend in China, but God showed me He wanted me in Africa.

When my sister was called to China and the way was so wonderfully opened for her to go in such a short time, I had a struggle. I had been called such a long time, and now she was in China, and I not yet in Africa. My test in getting out made me want the Lord to confirm it. I asked Him to speak to me through a vision about Africa. I had heard about so many getting visions of their field, so I asked Him for a vision, but He asked me, "Is not my Word enough?" and I had to say "Yes." Sometimes the way looked dark, but Jesus has been true and faithful. One time in particular when it seemed everything was closed, I was somewhat discouraged. I was home on the farm and busy with material things and neglecting prayer, and the devil brought up these discouragements and doubts like a great wall. One day I severely sprained my ankle and was laid aside, but God permitted it for it gave me time to pray and meditate. I began to pray about Africa and God gave me this word from Isaiah 45, "I will go before thee, and make the crooked places straight; I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron; and I will give thee the treasures of darkness, and hidden riches of secret places, that thou mayst know that I the Lord, which call thee by thy name, am the God of Israel." Oh, how real He made those words to my heart. He has gone before us and made the crooked places straight, and I am praying that as we go to Africa He will give "the treasures of darkness," God's treasures in dark Africa.

### A Boy's Determination

A. F. Berg

I THANK God for the vision He has given me of lost souls. At the age of fourteen I gave my heart to the Lord, and at the age of fifteen He called me to Africa. It may sound peculiar to some, but from the day the Lord called me to the present moment I have never doubted my call.

When my father was dying, his last words were, "I have lived a wasted life." Though he was saved before his death, he had no sheaves to bring to the feet of Jesus. I never forgot his last words, and they have been a continual spur to me. Though I was but a boy when he passed away, I determined my life should not be like that. Think of fifty years of wasted life and then passing out of this world! While father lived a drunkard's life, mother struggled hard with a family of five children, clothing and feeding us by taking in washings. Many a time I remember my mother not going to bed at all. The most beautiful thing about it all is that though the hardships were many, though the trials were many, mother always had time to gather her family around her, read the Word and

pray with us. I praise the Lord for a godly mother.

The Lord confirmed my call to Africa about five years ago. I had gone to St. Louis and one night was preparing to retire. As I knelt in prayer beside my bed, I was prompted to rise and go to the window. I put my arms on that window ledge and looked out into the night. The moon was shining beautifully, and as I stood there and looked I prayed. I was a little confused. I did not seem free to retire. As I stood there, presently there came a large cloud over the heavens and covered the moon. It was beautiful, and as I was praying that cloud took the form of Africa just as we see it on the map. It just appeared as a relief map of the country, regular in outline. As I looked at it I began to weep, and said, "Thank you, Lord." It wasn't that I had doubted my call, and this didn't constitute my call in the least, but it was an encouragement. As I looked upon that scene there was a rift in the clouds and the moon behind it sent its rays through the rift. I did not realize it then, but I have since, that the rift in the cloud and the bright moon shining through was right in the vicinity of the Congo, to the place we are going. I felt pretty small that night as I realized the Lord made that cloud just for me, to confirm my call. By His help I mean to be faithful.

### Ancient Letter Describing Jesus

Rome, May 29.

From the dust of more than 1900 years, a studious Modern Roman has rescued a pen portrait of Jesus Christ. It was drawn in one of the letters that Publius Lentuius, who was a Roman pro-consul in Paestine, and knew the Saviour of Nazareth, writing to a friend in Italy.

"There has appeared here a man of strange virtue," Publius Lentuius wrote, "His disciples call Him 'the Son of God.' He cures the sick and raises the dead to life. He is a very handsome man and worthy of all our attention. His hair is blonde and covers His shoulders in separate curls, and is parted in the middle after the fashion of the people of Nazareth. His forehead is smooth and serene, without marks or wrinkles; His countenance is pink, His nose is well formed. His beard of the same color as His hair, is parted in the middle.

In His gaze is an expression of wisdom and of openness, His eyes are blue and shine terribly when He reproves people, but in conversation they are amiable. His observations are expressed with liveliness, although He always remains calm. Nobody has ever seen Him to laugh but He often weeps. Of a good height

and straight figure, He has very beautiful hands and arms. His manner of speaking is serious— (He speaks but little. He is modest) in short He is as handsome as a man may be. They call Him Jesus, the son of Mary.”

Expert antiquarians and students of history pronounce the letters of Publius Lentuius to be entirely genuine. For centuries they were for-

gotten save by students of Latin and Ancient Rome. The advent of Christmas brought the letter quoted to the mind of an old professor here. He translated it into modern Italian and sent it to some of his learned friends as a historical curiosity. It seems to verify the belief that the Saviour had a fair complexion and light hair as many old artists depicted Him.

## Lights and Shadows in India

Miss L. H. Parker in the Stone Church Convention, May 14, 1922



**I** PRAISE God this afternoon that He is still calling. When I came home from India last August I hardly knew whether I would ever regain my health and strength enough to go back again, but I praise God Jesus has built up my body and renewed my soul and spirit, and I again face India. I thought as I sat here and Brother Glover was taking up the prayer requests, of how wonderful Jesus is! While you are fighting the battles of the Lord here and He is healing the sick, He is also healing and giving a revival across the sea.

I received a letter from Mrs. Harvey recently telling of the wonderful revival they have had. For three years we prayed that God would get hold of our people and save them, and the revival has come. Among those we are caring for on the compound are eight men who have had leprosy, and God has marvelously touched these men; three have been completely healed, and five are practically healed; their fingers and toes have not grown again but their sores are practically healed up. Two years ago two lepers and an old blind woman were on their way to bathe in the sacred river and to die along its banks. On their way they heard of a good white man who was kind to the poor, and they came to our mission. We heard a noise and on going out found an old woman was trying to draw water out of our well. We went out and told her she must not draw water from the well, but someone would draw it for her. For sanitary reasons we do not allow the beggars to draw water. One of these lepers was blind; he had no fingers or toes, he tottered along with stubs for his feet, and the odor from his body was unspeakable. My heart went out to God in prayer that the Lord would hold him there and some day heal him of that loathsome disease. Brother Harvey was in Fyzabad, and when he returned he told them they might stay.

We have a little property about a mile away

and a house built for these lepers. The one that had the leprosy in his eyes and nose, could not feed himself. He either had to be fed or get down and eat out of his vessel like an animal. The blind man is believing the Lord will give him his sight. They had special prayer and he saw light and is full of praise in the thought that the Lord will restore his sight. The old woman has gotten salvation and she is filled with joy. Mrs. Harvey writes that whenever she passes the zenana, day or night, she hears her singing the praises of the Lord. I can scarcely wait until I see this old woman and put my arm around her. I love those poor people and long to be with them again, and yet when one looks ahead and sees the sights and knows what one is facing, one's heart almost stands still.

In the natural there is nothing attractive in India, nothing that would call us back to that land of darkness and death, but when we see how India needs God, our hearts burn within us to carry back the Gospel. When we see the poor "holy" men walking on the streets practically nude, their bodies smeared with cow-dung and ashes, torturing themselves with live coals, our hearts go out to them and we long to tell them of Jesus. When we look at the little women with their sad faces, how we long to tell them of Jesus who will bear their burden of sorrow! As I look over this audience today and compare our lot with the people of India I think how blest we are and how much we have to praise God for! There comes before me a picture of our village women who have so little! so little love! so little to cheer them in their daily life! I think of how when they are stricken with fever they have no one to minister to them with tender hands. I bring to mind a common scene: a little woman stricken with fever, lying on the floor of her mud hut in the corner. You wouldn't know anybody was there but for the mass of filthy rags moving as she shook with the ague. She has no tender hand to tuck the soft blankets around

her while the chill is on. No gentle voice to whisper words of comfort, no soft touch to bathe the parched lips and burning brow when the fever comes on. She suffers thus because her gods are cruel, because her countrymen are cruel; because the Christian countries sit in ease, because the Christians in the churches live in ease. To bring it down closer home, because we Pentecostal people have not been faithful. May God help us because there are so few to go and minister to her in her hour of need. I trust that this Convention will greatly stir the hearts of God's people. Would that He might touch the hearts of somebody for India, and stir them to the very depths of their souls. If the Lord uses me to bring one soul to God in India I will feel well repaid for all I have given up. He has done so much for me.

### God Works In Power

MRS. ROSE MUELLER told of God's blessing at Port Huron, Michigan, where she spent a few days. She said:

"I suppose there were about fifty people healed that were either entirely deaf or partially so. One young man who had come from a distance said as we went to pray for him, 'I am going to be healed.' He knew nothing about divine healing, but his condition was a result of infantile paralysis, his entire left side being paralyzed. After we anointed him he got up from his chair, ran to the door and got into an automobile. His crooked limb straightened out perfectly.

"A child was brought into the meeting who had been demon possessed from birth. It scarcely looked like a human being, biting its hands and fighting its mother; in fact it was unmanageable. God gave us authority to cast that demon out and the child was instantly healed; it began to laugh with great joy and glee. There were healings of tumor and heart trouble and the power and glory of God filled the place. Brother King had been holding a meeting in the Tabernacle there and the people had never before seen anybody fall under the power of God; they accused me of hypnotizing them, but God worked. He saved more people in those four days than I ever saw saved in my life. Through the healings sinners and backsliders got saved and healed also.

"God is the same God who worked in the days of Jesus and the apostles, and He will be inquired of. He would have His people who represent Him on the earth to be like Himself. He

never intended us to hang our heads before the devil. If the dynamite of God falls in a church it will drive out the socials and the bazaars, and put in their place the old-fashioned prayer-meeting, and old-fashioned revivals; it will drive out the criticism and the gossip and put in holiness and righteousness. The world never was a friend to the truth, never was a friend to the power of God, and you cannot get the world to come into Pentecost. It is a mistake to think that if the power of God is in a meeting the people will not come. The world is starving for the Word of Life. A Baptist minister in Port Huron said the anointing with oil was nothing but Roman Catholicism, but he evidently was not very well acquainted with his Bible; he wasn't familiar with the fifth chapter of James. The power of God will right every wrong; it will make people confess their meanness and clean up their lives. It will break the shackles of sin. It will give power to witness. "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." No man and no woman can be a successful witness in his or her life without the power of God. If we walk in the light as He is in the light, our very presence will be a rebuke to the enemy. The suffering, sinning, dying world is reaching out its hands to us for help. Will you give it to them?

### Campmeetings

The big Campaign and Council meeting of the Western district of Canada will be held (D. V.) at Edmonton, July 2nd to 16th in the Temple theatre. For particulars apply to the Sec'y., H. M. Cadwalder, 114-12 93rd St., Edmonton, Alta. John McAlister, Chairman.

\* \* \*

We are opening a new work at Harpersville, N. Y., beginning special meetings Sunday, June 4th, Evangelist A. J. Jenkins in charge. We desire the earnest prayers and co-operation of all the saints for this needy field. Inez Wood, worker.

\* \* \*

Union Campmeeting: The Interstate Central District Campmeeting will convene at the Gospel School in West Park, Findlay, Ohio, July 7-23. For information write T. K. Leonard, Findlay, Ohio.

\* \* \*

Woodworth-Etter Campmeeting for Northwest Kansas, will be held at Alton, Kansas, Aug. 5-27, conducted by Sister Etter and other evangelists. For information as to tents, etc., write S. H. Patterson, Osborne, Kansas.

Old Time Gospel Union Campmeeting, Port Huron, Michigan, July 1-30, conducted in Liberty Hall, Cor. McPherson & 10th Ave., by Evangelist L. J. King assisted by Mrs. Rose Mueller, Chicago. For information write F. W. Jewell, Port Huron, Mich.

\* \* \*

"Honey in the Rock."

"Will a Man Rob God?"

Two sacred solos on a double phonograph record. By mail \$1.10. Played on all standard machines. See Col. 3:16. Address F. A. Graves, 2812 Enoch Ave., Zion, Ill.

**The Latter Rain Evangel**

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**Notes**

**Convention Days**

**N**OT unto us, O God,  
But unto Thy Name be glory!"

Looking back over the fourteen Convention days spent in The Stone Church, we would say it was largely a Missionary Convention. The Lord so planned it, and His children intensely desirous of His will, readily fell in line. The old-time power and glory were in our midst. Strangers dropping into the meetings no doubt looked on rather incredulously, but the praise and worship that ascended nightly to our precious Lord were just an earnest of the days when

"All Thy works shall praise Thy Name  
In earth and sky and sea."

Those who were behind in their praises made progress as the Spirit flooded their souls and overflowed through their lips. Jesus drew near to sad and burdened hearts and put a new song in their mouth, even praises to our God.

While some ministers who were expected were unable to be with us, God brought in others, and proved that He was ordering and moving, so that there was no lack. We were forced to believe that our disappointment was His appointment, and when the Convention was over we had no regrets because we recognized His leading.

The following brethren and Christian workers ministered to us from the Word, and in testimony:

J. Narver Gortner, Cleveland, Ohio; Eugene

Brooks, F. A. Graves, Zion City; Rex Andrews, Waukegan; Ira E. David, Onarga, Ill.; John Bostrom, Brookfield, Mo.; Wm. Bostrom, Miami, Fla.; Joseph Wanamacher, Milwaukee; George Finern, Mrs. Finern, Kenosha, Wis.; H. W. Mitchell, Mrs. D. W. Simon Forsberg, Chas. M. Hansen, Chicago; Miss Kerr, Los Angeles, Calif.; S. A. Jamieson, D. Wesley Myland, Mrs. Rose Mueller, W. F. Kirkpatrick, Annabel Eisele, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Mabel Riggs, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Missionaries: Mrs. Julia M. Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Perkins, and Miss Katherine Kirsch, Africa; Miss L. H. Parker, Miss Christine B. Heron, India; Mrs. Lathem, Jamaica.

Visitors came from surrounding towns, Waukegan, Zion City, Sterling, Watseka, and Sandwich, Ill., Kenosha, Milwaukee, Wis.; Hammond, Ind., Bucklin and Brookfield, Mo.

The pastors and assemblies in the city participated in the meetings, and one evening the choir from Bethel Temple came in a body and took charge of the singing. We were especially blest in the musical talent God brought to us, both from the city and outside points, and our hearts were often melted before God as His gifted children sang the songs of redeeming love. We were often refreshed by songs in the Spirit as the audience stood and worshipped the Lord in adoration and praise.

Brother Jamieson gave helpful talks on the need for the Word of God in our lives, especially emphasizing the study of the Word for those who have calls for the ministry and the foreign field. The purpose of Pentecostal Bible Schools is to teach men and women *how* to study the Word of God.

Two Divine Healing services were held, one by Bro. Myland, and the other by Sister Mueller. At the close of each the sick were prayed for and God blessed.

The Spirit of God was faithful in warning and bringing to our hearts the messages we needed from Bro. Gortner, Bro. Andrews and Bro. Brooks, as well as others. The teaching on the Sermon on the Mount by the pastor and "For-saking All" by Elder Brooks, cut to the very seat of our affections. The baptized saints were lined up with the Word in a way that penetrated to the very joints and marrow of our spiritual natures. Again and again were we brought back to the days of our first consecration and made to see the necessity of being as yielded as when we were seeking the gift of the Holy Ghost. The Holy Spirit revealed to hearts how they had drifted. No one said to his Master, "Lord, what shall this man do?" but the cry was, "Lord, help me." Truly the pruning-knife in the hands of the great Husbandman was busy cutting away

the superficial, the carnal and the good of the self-life. The testimonies that fell from the lips of a number proved that the Spirit was faithful in His dealings. Said one, "I have not been in the place I ought to be for five years, but God has turned the search-light on my life since I have been in these meetings." As we sat in silence, inclining our ear to His voice speaking to our inner consciousness, a prayer from the back of the room found an echo in many hearts: "Search me oh God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me." This wasn't man's message, Lord, it was Thy message. Thou hast brought things to our remembrance that we had forgotten. Revive Thy truths in our hearts, oh God, and forgive us for having forgotten Thy precepts." Minister talked heart to heart with minister. A sentence spoken in jest from the pulpit brought conviction and open confession, and the silence was broken only by the intercession of the Spirit.

\* \* \*

"Do you know where I received my blessing in this Convention?" said an evangelist. "Down in the prayer-room in the early hours of the morning on my knees. If you want to get something from God that will count, spend an hour or two with Him in the prayer-room until three and four o'clock in the morning." A sound-proof prayer-room has been built in the basement of the Stone Church where people can pray long into the night without disturbing anyone. That prayer-room has already been the scene of hallowed moments when the soul meets its God. One who received the baptism of the Spirit could testify like Paul to being lifted up in the heavens. He said, "My spirit was away up in the air. I could not reach it with my body."

The Sunday afternoon and evening meetings were held in Normal College Hall, a block north of the church because the capacity of the church was not sufficient to hold the people.

\* \* \*

An afternoon was given to the Jewish question. The Supt. of the Chicago Hebrew Mission and other speakers told us of the strides made in giving the Gospel to the Jews, and how best to reach the Jew. He said, "It is easy now to reach the Jew compared to what it has been in the past. As the times of the Gentiles are drawing to a close the Jews are more and more receptive to the Gospel."

One told of an interesting talk he had with a noted Rabbi on the power of the Gospel. Said

he, "If we both speak in the slum district and you speak for a week on science and what it has accomplished; I speak about Jesus, about salvation, and about the precious blood, who would have the results?" "Oh," said the Rabbi, "you would."

\* \* \*

Mrs. Lathem, a missionary from Jamaica brought us heart-rending stories about conditions in that Island. Though Jamaica is supposed to be a civilized country, the moral conditions of the people out-herod those in heathen lands. She went to Jamaica, on a visit, not as a missionary, but when she saw the awful sin and degradation there, her heart went out in compassion to the poor suffering, sinning people, and God called her to minister to them. There was no glamour about her call; she had never cared to go to a missionary meeting, hardly ever prayed for missionaries, but when she saw the awful need, her comfortable home and all she possessed were laid on the altar. Henceforth Jamaica was to be her home; she cast her lot in with that people, and is now on her way to California where she and her husband are arranging to sell their home and return to Jamaica. She told how God saved from sin, healed the sick and baptized believers in the Holy Spirit on that Island just as He does in this country. Men and women have been saved and baptized in the Holy Spirit right on the street.

\* \* \*

The accusation has sometimes been made that Pentecostal people are not interested in soul-saving, but anyone who attended the meeting on street-evangelism would have been convinced that here was a company of people who were in the business of soul-saving. The meeting was in charge of Evan Wm. Brant, who many years ago received his initiation into street work in the Salvation Army. While Bro. Brant is now engaged in general evangelistic work, he loves to preach on the street more than anywhere else in the world. To quote his introductory words, "I love a crowd of men who need God, and know of no place to get the unsaved like a street corner. I cannot imagine a Pentecostal church patterned after the Early Church that doesn't hold open-air meetings."

There were representatives from almost every Pentecostal mission in the city, and they gave testimony of the joy they experienced in carrying the Gospel into the highways and hedges. Brother Pelton of Mizpah Mission told of very definite results in soul-saving in his many years'

preaching on the streets of Chicago, mentioning one instance in particular that was encouraging to those who have been seed-sowers. They were having a street service on the edge of the Italian district, where they were having their annual picnic. Italians from all over the city were congregated, and a brass band and beer were main features of the picnic. The mission people thought there would not be much chance to sing against a brass band, but to their surprise the crowd left the band and came to the street-meeting. Presently a man came rushing through the crowd into the ring where they were singing, dropped on his knees and began to cry to God for mercy. He went with them to the mission hall and gave his heart to God.

The importance of getting those under conviction to take a stand for God right on the street was urged upon. Many times tremendous conviction will rest upon a crowd, but unless the meeting is clinched and they are pressed to give their hearts to God then and there, the opportunity of winning a soul is lost for the time being.

Dr. Bell, who for many years conducted street meetings in the districts of the city where vice abounded, spoke of the opportunities he had of giving out the Gospel. "One of the greatest evangelists that ever lived," said he, "who preached forty thousand sermons, sometimes four a day, said of street-preaching, 'The devil doesn't like it, and I do not like it. I like a nice church with an orderly congregation listening attentively, but I know my calling is to the unchurched multitudes.'"

Mr. Meredith who visited Pandita Ramabai's work in India during the early days of the Pentecostal revival there, and who entered the Y. M. C. A. as religious secretary in order to help bring back the religious spirit, which has been so sadly lacking, spoke of a number of instances of genuine conversion in the streets of Chicago, the latest being a barber, to whom some one handed a tract on "Hell." The spirit of conviction seized him as he read it, and he hunted up a street meeting. The next thing he was asking to borrow a Bible and got genuinely saved.

"Some folks," said he, "say you have too much program. God has a program. He has a program of making bread, but Jesus stepped into the midst of that program and made bread in a minute, a lot of it too, and fed a great company. Nevertheless, God has a plan for making bread; the farmer sows the seed and

reaps the grain. The miller grinds the flour and it is baked into bread. But God can break into that plan if He wants to, and so with our plans."

### The Last Great Day

The Convention began and closed with "MISSIONS." They were not shelved off until the end, but sandwiched in here and there throughout the whole two weeks. Again and again were we exhorted by the pastor to take account of our resources and see what sacrifices we could make in behalf of the great heathen world. A special Missionary Day was held each week, during which time four offerings were taken. Then the last Sunday afternoon of the Convention was entirely devoted to missionary activities in and for the Congo. Stone Church needs, Convention needs, home work, all were set aside, and the regions beyond our only thought and aim. We were shut up to the great needs of the great continent of Africa with its unsaved millions and were open to let the Lord move upon our hearts.

Mrs. Richardson again took us in spirit to the land in which her beloved husband gave his life and presented to us pictures of missionary life. One scene in particular which she depicted to us, in which she and a fellow-missionary "hazzarded their lives for the Gospel," made us almost hold our breath as she described their crossing a swollen, turbid stream on the backs of native swimmers.

Bro. Ira E. David made the missionary appeal. Speaking of the great heathen world and its needs, he made the startling statement that since the afternoon meeting had begun, six thousand souls had gone down to Christless graves, and asked searchingly: "Does that say anything to your soul?" There was a pause. Each heart was busy with its God. Suddenly the Spirit of God fell on two people and they rose to their feet simultaneously. One gave a message in tongues and the other interpreted it. Every heart was solemnized as the warning from the Holy Spirit went forth:

Oh! Oh! The day of judgment is drawing nigh. We stand today facing impending judgment. God's judgments are coming upon the earth. Her day is near its close; the Coming of the Lord draweth nigh! The days draw nigh when there will no longer be opportunity. Thou who dost hear the call of God today sounding in thine ears, Beware! oh, beware! lest the opportunity will be gone forever, and thou canst no longer say, "Lord, what wouldst Thou have me to do?" Arise ye! Hear the call of the Lord, ye who sit in idleness and in pride. Yea, come close at His

feet that He may speak into thine ears. Send forth His Word into the very heart of darkness, into the midst of the sea and upon every land, that they may know God and that He is in the heavens. Hasten! Heed ye the call!

The speaker resumed his message and brought forth the astonishing statement by statisticians that *Christians are saving about five hundred million dollars a year and giving for missions about fifty cents a head.* This is not said of the world that lies in sin, but of the *Christian* world, the people who bear the name of Christ.

Closing with Dr. Simpson's poem:

"A hundred thousand souls a day  
Are passing one by one away,  
In Christless guilt and gloom;  
Without one ray of hope or light,  
With future dark as endless night,  
They're passing to their doom."

brought us up to the objective of the meeting—the missionary offering for the Congo party. That entire congregation came forward and laid their offerings at the feet of Jesus. The aggregate offerings for the entire Convention for the mission field were \$1,326.00, the largest cash offering ever taken in the Stone Church at one time. Offerings in pledges amounted to \$3,000. Numbers in the congregation promised to stand by the African party with their gifts and their prayers.

As a benediction upon the offering the Spirit of God came down and we sang a hallelujah chorus. Who would doubt that angels looking on that closing scene and witnessing that weeping audience, mingled their songs with ours in that song without words that went up from that company of consecrated hearts—a song of praise to the Lamb for making it possible for the Gospel to go forth into the heart of Africa.

Sister Richardson, almost too full for words, whispered to Sister Leader, as that large audience stood with uplifted hands praising and worshipping before the Lord, "Take in the scene. Let it impress itself upon your heart and mind. It will be a precious memory when you get out into the darkness and sadness that awaits us yonder." She afterwards told us that alone in her little mud hut in Africa, again and again she would look back to a Convention scene nine years ago in the old Stone Church when the people stood and praised the Lord and God came down and kissed the earth, and was comforted in her lonely hours by the memory of those blessed days

Mrs. Kerr, speaking in the evening of the

afternoon service, said she truly could have danced before the Lord for very joy; that we had kept the best of the wine until the last. "For more than thirty years," said she, "I have been in missionary conventions, and I want to say to the glory of God that I never saw a missionary offering taken so easily as this—such a sweet response without any coaxing or urging."

The Convention closed by an address by the pastor on Divine Healing and Modern Miracles, followed by prayer for the sick.

Now, "unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen."

### Coming Good Things

"IN what number of the Evangel will you put this sermon?" "When will that message be in the paper?" etc., etc., met us at the close of almost every meeting. To all who were blest by the inspirational talks and the heart-searching messages, we would say that the next three or four issues will contain the cream of the Convention. While we well realize that the blessing of these two weeks' meetings cannot be put in words, and we with our limited ability are unable to carry the spiritual blessing into the printed page, yet as the Spirit of God anointed the speaker and rested upon the meeting in glory and power, even so we believe He will cause the hearts of our readers to burn within them as they peruse the coming issues, and in order to share these blessings with a large number we are making a special offer of The Evangel until the end of the year for 50 cts to *new subscribers*. If you want your friends to know what the Lord is doing in the world today, if you want the Spirit of God to work in their hearts in convicting power, send them the paper for the remainder of the year, Take advantage of this special offer of seven months for 50 cts., beginning with this Convention number.

Another treat we have in store for our readers will be fresh reports of the great revival which is now going on in England and Scotland. God willing, we are expecting to visit these countries in July and August and give our readers accounts of what the Lord is doing in the British Isles. So those who will avail themselves of this special offer, will have the benefit of these reports as well as of the work at home. This special offer of 50 cts. is for new subscribers only.

## The Fire of God Punishes The Fire of God Reveals The Fire of God Empowers

Pastor J. N. Gortner, Cleveland, Ohio, in the Stone Church Convention, May 18, 1922



TAKE my text from the 1st chapter of the Lamentations of Jeremiah and the 13th verse: "From above hath He sent fire into my bones." There are two different realms, the natural realm and the supernatural realm and I have discovered that there is a disposition on the part of a great many people to discredit the supernatural but I believe it is because they know such a little experimentally concerning the supernatural realm; they have lived entirely in the natural realm, having never been born of God and so they know little or nothing of the realm of the Spirit. Jesus said, "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God," and Paul tells us, "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

There are two kinds of fire; the natural fire and the supernatural fire. I suppose everyone of us here knows something about the natural fire and I trust that most of us know something experimentally concerning the supernatural fire. I do not know how we could get along in this world without natural fire; it seems to me to be a real necessity. It is a good thing if it is kept under control, but it is a bad thing if it gets beyond the control of man. Now supernatural fire is not to be kept under the control of man but it is to be kept under the control of the blessed Holy Spirit. "From above hath he sent fire into my bones." I pray that God may send the fire of the Holy Ghost, the supernatural fire into the bones of everyone of us during these convention days. I somehow believe that God wants to kindle a great conflagration in the Stone Church, a greater conflagration than He has yet kindled and I believe that what He wants to do for the Stone Church He wants to do for every Pentecostal church or mission in the country. I would to God that everyone of us could say in the words of the text, "From above hath He sent fire into my bones."

Now the fire of God does a good many things. *The fire of God punishes.* I read in the book of

Genesis that the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah were very wicked cities, the inhabitants lived in licentiousness and there was only one righteous man in that place, though he was not as righteous as he might have been. I sometimes think that the reason God spared Lot was because he was Abraham's nephew; that it was not so much for his sake as it was for Abraham's sake. God decided that He would destroy the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah and after Lot, his wife and two daughters had been warned and left the city the Word tells us that God rained fire and brimstone out of heaven upon the cities of the plain and Sodom and Gomorrah were submerged.

In another one of the books of the Pentateuch I read that when the Israelites were in the wilderness, Korah, Dathan and Abiram, who were joined up with two hundred and fifty of the princes of the children of Israel, men of renown, spoke against Moses and against God and it happened to Korah, Dathan and Abiram that the earth clave asunder beneath them and the fire went out from God and consumed them with the two hundred and fifty princes. *The fire of God punishes.*

Daniel, in describing one of his visions says, "I beheld until the thrones were cast down;" the literal rendering of this is "until the thrones were set." "Behold the King shall reign in righteousness and the princes shall rule in judgment." If we are faithful to the Lord here in this world, here among this sinful generation, if we are true to Jesus Christ we shall have the privilege after awhile of reigning with Him in the earth. In Paul's second letter to the Thessalonians the apostle says, "And to you who are troubled rest with us, when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God and obey not the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord." The Lord Jesus in interpreting one of His parables says that as the tares are gathered together into bundles and burned, so shall it be at the end of this age. The Son of Man shall send forth His angels and they shall gather out of His kingdom—all of them that

work iniquity and shall cast them into the furnace of fire. And in the Book of Revelation we are told that "the fearful and unbelieving, the murderers and whoremongers, the sorcerers and all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone which is the second death." *The fire of God punishes.*

The fire of God not only punishes but it also consumes. I read in the Old Testament Scriptures that Elijah summoned through Ahab the king, the prophets of Baal to come to Mount Carmel and Elijah proposed to the prophets of Baal the fire test. He said, "Let two bullocks be provided for us, one for the prophets of Baal and one for me. Let them dress their bullock and call upon Baal and I will dress the other bullock, place it upon the altar of the Lord and call upon God. No fire shall be put under either altar, no fire shall be put under either bullock and the God who answers by fire let Him be God." They were pleased with Elijah's proposal and the bullocks were furnished. The bullock that was provided for the prophets of Baal was dressed and they placed it upon the altar. Then they called on Baal from morning until night but Baal did not hear; he did not answer. He had eyes but he could not see, he had ears but he could not hear, he had a mouth but he could not speak. His was a lifeless body.

At the time of the offering of the evening, Elijah prepared the bullock which had been provided for him and repaired the altar of the Lord. He put wood upon it and then laid the bullock upon Jehovah's altar. Then he caused a trench to be dug around the altar and said, "Fill four barrels of water and pour it upon the burnt sacrifice and upon the wood." They did it and he said to do it a second time. They did it the second time and a third time until the water ran all around the trench, over the stones and around the altar. Then Elijah got down on his knees, stretched out his hands toward heaven and prayed a very simple prayer. He said, "Lord God, of Abraham, Isaac and of Israel, let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel, and that I am thy servant, and that I have done all these things at thy word. Hear me, O Lord, hear me; that this people may know that thou art the Lord God, and that thou hast turned their heart back again." Then the fire of the Lord was sent from above and it consumed the wood and it consumed the burnt sacrifice; it consumed the stones and it consumed the dust and licked up the water that was in the

trench. *The fire of God consumes.*

When Ahab died his son, Ahaziah, succeeded him. He had an accident and was injured in the fall. He did not know Jehovah as his Healer and wondered whether or not he would recover, so he sent messengers to the god of Ekron to inquire whether or not he should recover. Elijah met the messengers and said, "Is it because there is no God in Israel that Ahaziah is sending you to Beelzebub to inquire whether or not he shall recover? Now return unto your master and say, 'Because thou hast done this thing thou shalt not come down from that bed.'" So the messengers returned to Ahaziah and told him that they had met a man and gave him the prophet's message. Ahaziah said, "What manner of man was this?" They answered that "He was an hairy man and girt about the loins with a girdle." Ahaziah knew it was Elijah the Tishbite. Then the king sent a captain with fifty men to Elijah who was on the top of a hill and gave the message that the king had commanded him to come down. Elijah answered, "If I be a man of God then let fire come down from heaven and consume thee and thy fifty." And the fire came and consumed the captain with his fifty and the second time the fire came down and did the same thing. Then the third captain with his fifty was sent and he beseeched the prophet to have mercy upon him and to let his life and the lives of his fifty men be precious in his sight. The Spirit of God whispered to Elijah and told him to go down and not be afraid. *The fire of God punishes and it also consumes.*

The fire of God not only consumes and punishes, but it also purges and purifies, as Isaiah so beautifully puts it in his experience when he saw the glory and the majesty of God and then got a vision of himself and cried, "Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips." The seraphim touched his lips and said, "Thine iniquity is taken away and thy sin purged." The fire of God punishes and the fire of God consumes and the fire of God purges or purifies.

*The fire of God also reveals.* David sinned against God and afterwards his conscience smote him and an angel of the Lord came down and said he should choose one of three punishments and he answered, "Let me now fall into the hands of God and let Him do what seemeth best." So God sent the three days of pestilence when seventy thousand of the men of Israel died in one day. David repaired the altar of the Lord and offered a burnt sacrifice and a

peace offering and the Scriptures say, that God answered David by fire from heaven. Now the fire revealed to David that his prayer had been heard and that his sacrifice had been accepted of God.

When there is dross in the gold and the gold with the dross in it is put into the fire, two things are revealed: the true gold is revealed and the dross in the gold is also revealed. The three Hebrew children went through the fire test. They were put into the furnace that had been heated seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated and so intense were the flames that they consumed the men who cast these men into the furnace. After these three faithful Hebrew servants had been in the fire a little while the king looked in and said, "Did we not cast three men into the fire?" They said that they did. "Lo!" he said, "I see four men and the fourth is like unto the Son of God." And the record tells us that the princes and governors saw these men after they had come out of the furnace and they said that the fire had had no power over them. Not a single hair of their head had been singed and the smell of fire was not on their garments. They had passed through the fire test and had passed through it successfully.

Do you know that every one of us will have to pass through the fire test some day? Possibly not through the same kind, but through the fire test we must go. Paul tells us in his Epistle to the Corinthians, "Every man's work shall be made manifest, for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is. If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss; but he himself shall be saved; yet so as by fire." The fire of God punishes, the fire of God consumes, the fire of God purges or purifies and *the fire of God reveals*.

It does another thing: *the fire of God illuminates*. We used to sing:

"Refining fire, go through my heart  
Illuminate my soul.  
Scatter thy life through every part  
And sanctify the whole."

Our minds and our hearts are illumined by the Spirit of God and the fire of the Holy Ghost comes into our hearts and takes up His abode. I am thinking just now about a young lady who knew very little about the Bible. It seemed so hard to get her to understand the Word of God. I tried and tried but every effort seemed to be unavailing. She was intelligent in many ways but the Word of God she seemed not to understand

at all. But one day she yielded herself to God and He blessedly baptized her in the Holy Spirit. That was when I was a Methodist preacher and she was a member of my church and received the Baptism. And do you know that the Spirit of God taught her more about the Word of God in three days than I had been able to teach her in three months. Oh that the fire of God might come upon us and illuminate our hearts and minds!

In the Epistle to the Hebrews I read, "Call to remembrance the former days, in which, after ye were illuminated, ye endured a great fight of afflictions." After we have been illumined it is comparatively easy to endure a great fight of affliction. The reason we have such difficulty in enduring is because we have not been illumined.

Then *the fire of God empowers*. When John the Baptist was preaching he said, "I indeed baptize you unto repentance but there standeth one among you, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose. He shall baptize you in the Holy Ghost and fire." Now some people tell us that the Baptism of the Holy Ghost is one thing and the Baptism of fire is another. I was reading an author who says that the baptism in the Holy Ghost came in the beginning of the Christian era and that the baptism of fire is to come at the end; that the world is to have the baptism of fire just as it once had the baptism of water. I believe that the baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire go together and I believe further that God wants to baptize everybody that He baptizes with the Holy Ghost, with fire at the same time, the fire of God that comes from above. Jesus said, "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you and ye shall be witnesses unto me."

Have you ever read the little book called, "The Tongue of Fire"? It was written many years ago before the days of the Latter Rain outpouring of the Holy Spirit. It used to be in the course of study in the Methodist seminary so I was required to read it. It has since been taken out; the Methodist preachers of today don't need it. I am thinking about an illustration that the author uses in that little book. Here is a great granite fortress and here is an army that is encamped about the fortress and I step up to the commander of the army and say, "What are you going to do?" "We are going to batter down this fortress." "How are you going to do it?" "Do you see this cannon ball?"

"Well, there is no power in that. If the army were to hurl that against the anti-forces it could scarcely make an impression." "Do you see this cannon?" "There is no power in that. A child might ride upon it and never be hurt." "Do you see this powder?" "Well, there is no power in that. A child might play with that without being injured." But the powerless powder and the powerless ball are put into the powerless cannon and that powerless cannon ball becomes a veritable thunder-peal that fires as if sent from heaven. We have the machinery; there is plenty of that, but oh for the baptism of fire. The Methodists need it, the Baptists need it, the Presbyterians need it and the Pentecostal people need it; we need it in a larger measure than we have yet received it. Oh that the fire from above might come into the bones of every one of us!

I read in the Bible about a man whose name was Abimelech. The people of Shechem rose up against him, and when they learned that Abimelech had fought against the city they retreated into an hold of the house of the god of Berith. It seemed impossible for Abimelech to fight them there but Abimelech took an axe and said to his people, "What ye have seen me do, make haste, and do as I have done." They went to the forest and Abimelech cut down a bough from the tree and put it upon his shoulder and every man cut down his branch and put it upon his shoulder. Then they went down and piled up all these branches and set fire to them and there was a great conflagration so that every person in the town, about a thousand men and women, burned to death. Now I believe that God wants a great conflagration in these days but it is impossible for me to start it alone, it is impossible for any one person to start it, but I can cut down my branch and put it on my shoulder and each one of you can cut down a branch and if we will all bring our branches against the enemy and pile them up, I believe that God will send a fire from heaven and there will be a great conflagration. Jesus will be magnified and sinners will be saved and believers baptized in the Holy Ghost, the sick will be healed and signs and wonders shall be done in the name of the holy child, Jesus.

I am so glad that I can tell you tonight that God has not changed; that Jesus Christ is the same, yesterday, today and forever. "My God is able to supply all your needs according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." Whatever you need you can have if you will come to the Father

in the name of Jesus Christ. Is it the forgiveness of sins? Jesus is the great Forgiver. Is it the Baptism of the Holy Spirit? Jesus is the mighty Baptizer. There are some who would have us believe that He baptized people in the Holy Ghost in the beginning but that He has gone out of the business. Let me tell you that He can baptize people in this day just as He did in the beginning and He not only *can* do it, but *will* do it.

Are you in need of healing? Jesus is the great Healer.

"The healing of His seamless dress  
Is by our beds of pain.  
We touch Him in life's throng and press  
And we are whole again."

I used to like to tell the story of a little girl who was marvelously healed in China. A missionary once told us about it. This little girl was about twelve or thirteen years old and was a little, helpless cripple. She liked to go to the Sunday School so was taken in the wheel chair every Sunday morning to the chapel door and then kind hands carried her up the aisle and lifted her into the seat. But one Sunday morning as they were carrying her somebody stumbled and the child was dropped upon the floor. She felt so humiliated and unhappy when some of the girls began to titter at her. She didn't enjoy the service that day and when it was over she was taken by loving hands back to her room. That afternoon as she was alone in her little room, she communed with Jesus. She said, "Now, Jesus, my Sunday School teacher once told us that You are the same, yesterday, today and forever, and when You were here on the earth You healed the sick and it seems to me if You don't heal me now I can never go back to that chapel. Please heal me." Nobody was there to see what went on that afternoon, no one was there to anoint her with oil in the name of the Lord but about three o'clock, as the missionary on the compound was reading, she heard the children outside and they seemed so excited. Suddenly she heard one of them say "Komine is walking." Soon she heard them all saying that and she said, "Of course I didn't believe it but I went to the door and there coming up the path towards the compound was this little girl perfectly healed." He is the same yesterday, today and forever and if you are in need of healing you can get healed.

Let us believe for the manifestation of His glory and according to our faith, so shall it be unto us. Glory be unto the Father, unto the Son and to the Holy Spirit.

## The Dynamic Power that Unlocks the Heavens

Have You Had Your Jabbok Experience?

Elder E. E. Brooks, Zion, Ill., in the Stone Church Convention, May 15, 1922



WILL say in the first place, that I am not here on dress parade, nor to preach a trial sermon. I have no philosophy and no rhetoric, and no epigrams, nor wonderful things to say, but I have in my heart a great, deep, intense yearning and a great cry to God that He may by the power of the Holy Spirit come into your hearts and make you to pray more than you ever prayed before in your life. I do not care very much how God does it. I do not care how He uses me; it doesn't make any difference about that, but the burning question with me is, Is there any way that I can impress you with the fact that you do not pray enough? Is there any way I can make you understand that your safety, your security and your peace with God depends upon your praying more than you do? Is there any way that I can impress you? I remember I am between Scylla and Charybdis; the preachers are behind me, and you are before me, and I do not want to turn my back on the preachers. What shall I do? Is there any way I can make you understand that the great rapture you are looking for, the great coming of the Lord, the great glory that is to come upon the children of God will depend upon your praying more than you are now praying?

I am expecting that you will not like my intensity of expression on this subject; you know that it is a subject so remarkably large that it will be impossible for me to attempt to speak of it in a complete way, so I have just selected for one phase of this subject tonight *the necessity of prayer*, the necessity of *more prayer*, the necessity of *much prayer*. I call on you tonight to deal with God about what you will do in your prayer life. I am sure that the victories that are to be won for the coming of the King have to be won on our knees and in our closets. I tell you candidly, beloved, that preaching will never do it. I tell you that all of your readings and all of your workings, all of your distribution of tracts and the workings that you do will not prepare you for the Coming of the Lord. There is only one path to find, and only one means by which you will get thru, and that is on your knees. I do admit that God does many things for folks who work for Him and who serve Him in

various departments of life, but the man who wants to be like Jesus, the one who wants to follow Him and obey His will, has to find that will on his knees in his closet.

I have perhaps one phrase that I might put as a foreword to what I am saying, and that is the words about my blessed Lord, found in Luke 22:44, "And being in agony He prayed more earnestly." I see our holy Christ, the one infinitely pure, who never committed a sin, never did anything wrong. I see Him in the Garden of Gethsemane sweating bloody drops, pouring out His heart to God. For what? Just because it was a necessity. It was just as necessary that He should have prayed as it is for you and me to pray. When He left that great multitude and didn't minister to them, didn't heal their sick, didn't speak to them, but turned aside, it was as necessary for Him to do that as it is for these preachers here to get on their knees instead of spending all their time preaching. And I do earnestly say to my brethren, your success or failure will depend on how many hours you put in, in prayer. Your ministry will not be counted by the number of sermons, nor by the eloquence with which you preach, nor by your wonderful logic, but it will be decided by the amount of praying you do, by the amount of knee drill you have.

Oh I tell you children of God, the Lord Jesus Christ when He spent all night in the mountains, when He spent nights in Gethsemane, did it because there was the necessity! He was a Man and He had to overcome all His natural disposition and all of His weaknesses, humanly speaking, just like any other man. He was God, I know He was God, but He had the nature of a man and that nature had to be conquered just as you have to conquer your nature and become an overcomer. I know of no way for you to become an overcomer save by the blessed example of our holy Lord who went down and prayed it through, and as I suggested a minute ago, He was in Gethsemane, being in agony. The intensity, the power of the living God was upon Him, but the power of all the darkness and despair was around Him, and there must be a breaking thru, there must be an over-coming. He was fighting a great death struggle, the great Armageddon of His Being. He was

fighting it out, and when He got thru, the bloody streaks were down His cheeks, but the glory of God was on His brow and the victory was won. The battle had been fought and He was Victor. He had laid down His life and He was ready to die for you and me. If you would have a ministry that is worth while you will have to put blood into it; there will have to be nights and days marked with tears; there will have to be a ministry that sweats drops of blood. I tell you, you will not get to God with velvet slippers and silk gowns and looking like yellow-legged chickens. Ah no! You have to prepare for this ministry in the dark hours of the night. There is a preparation for it, the preparation of prayer.

If you want to find an example of how to pray, go to the old patriarch Jacob and find how he prayed. I am not talking about when he was at Bethel. He prayed then just as an orthodox minister prays. I am talking of how he prayed at Jabbok. He was then praying, I was about to say, like a Pentecostal minister, but I am afraid we haven't any; if any, very few, who pray like Jacob prayed at Jabbok. He was praying then a kingdom prayer. He had been praying a little church prayer before, but now he was praying a kingdom prayer and preparing for the great possession that was to be his. He had run away from his country and been gone twenty years. Now he had become rich in the possessions of this world, but there was a tremendous lack in his life. He was still Jacob, and when he got to Jabbok there came a report that death was staring him in the face. Esau was coming with four hundred men; Esau, the man whom he had cheated, whose birthright he had stolen. Now what would he do? He was facing a trial and something had to be done. Just like you and me, once in awhile he got uneasy and nervous and didn't know which way to turn. He had too many possessions about him, too many things to hold to, and do you know, child of God, if you would be free, if you would have victory, you have to be stripped. Things will have to be set aside. And so Jacob sent his oxen and camels and asses, his men-servants and maid-servants, his wives and children all over, and then he was alone. Now he was ready to pray. When you get stripped of everything, when everything has gone into the hands of God, everything turned over and you have nothing left, when you have made the surrender, made a covenant with God, and offered Him everything, *then* you are ready to pray. Jacob prayed and wrestled with that angel until the breaking of the day. What was he praying

for? Oh he was praying for his possessions, for his inheritance, and before he could ever get back into Canaan which was certainly a type of something better than the other place, he had this victory to win. All night long he prayed until the day broke. And you know when you have prayed all night; when you have called on God all night, when the great cry is in your soul, and the great yearning of your heart will not rest, when you cannot rest but you have to plead with God and call on Him, God will let the day break and the victory will come. If you have your sinew touched it doesn't make any difference; when you pray God will wither your old natural life; He will cut down these hard spirits and these stubborn wills, these ambitions and plans of ours if we will pray enough. The angel said, "Let me go." "No, no, I will not let you go." Oh for a band of men and women in Pentecost who will say to God, "I will die here rather than let Thee go until Thou hast delivered me from this horrible iniquity, this horrible self that I am carrying around with me." Jacob knew how to pray. The angel said, "What is your name?" "Jacob." It was a shameful name, "supplanter," "hypocrite." And the angel said after that night of intercession, "It shall no longer be called Jacob, but Israel, for as a prince you have prevailed with God and man."

Do you know who a prince is? He is the son of a king. He had prayed until he had become a king and a priest to God. You know we are talking and singing and testifying about being kings and priests to God, and we are looking for a kingdom. Tell me, men and women, what sort of an effort are you making to get into the kingdom? Do you tell me these little paragonical prayers you are praying will take you into the kingdom? Do you tell me the little lackadaisical ways we are praying will take us into the kingdom? We get there with strong crying and tears; we go thru like the Christ of God went thru. He was having His kingdom experience and could say He fought it out. He made it possible for you and me to become sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. He said, "Take up your cross and follow me," and you have to follow His example. If you go into Gethsemane act like the Son of God acted. Walk in His steps. "Ye have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin. And ye have forgotten the exhortation which speaketh unto you as unto children, My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of Him; for whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom

He receiveth." Have you ever shed blood in your prayers? Have you ever prayed and wrestled with God for days and nights? Oh brethren, I call Pentecost back to her knees! Pentecost got her past experience by getting on her knees and praying, and Pentecost must again go on her knees before the next step is taken. I do not hesitate to say that God is calling mightily for another step to be taken in Pentecost. I believe God has men and women hidden away in this and other lands who are preparing for the next great move that is to come, and that will be a kingdom move. It will not be a church; it will not be a little glory, a little praise. There have to be manufactured sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty; there have to be manufactured kings and priests of God. They have to be hidden away, find their night experience, their Jabbok experience. Oh beloved! I know God will hear and answer, and you need not be discouraged when you do not get an answer at once.

Turn to the 15th chapter of Matthew and read the story of that woman from Tyre and Sidon who came and cried to Jesus, "Thou Son of David, have mercy on me. My daughter is grievously vexed with a devil." He turned His back on her and didn't say a word. She went to His disciples, and they went to Jesus and said, "Send her away." Then Jesus said, "I am not sent, but to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." And she cried, "Lord help me!" He said, "It is not meat to take the children's bread and give it to the dogs," and He turned on His heel. Could she be daunted or denied? No. There was persistency in her. There was determination. She had a daughter that was being destroyed by the devil and she had to do something about it. She went again, "I acknowledge it, Lord, I acknowledge that I am but a Gentile dog. I take my place as a little puppy, but the little dogs eat the crumbs that fall from the master's table. Give me the crumbs and your people will have enough." She could not be denied, and Jesus said, "Oh, woman, great is thy faith. Be it unto thee as thou wilt." What became of all the national walls? What became of all the ecclesiastical walls? Jesus had said, "The time for the Gentiles has not yet come. I am sent only to the lost sheep in Israel," but dispensations or no dispensations with the woman; she called on God and would not cease calling until God opened the heavens and all national walls, all ecclesiastical walls, all sectarian walls were

broken down, and Jesus said to the woman, "You can have your desire."

Beloved, if you will pray like that you will get your mission built up. I know how you are feeling. I know what is the matter in this city. You have to travel about fifteen miles to see one sick person, and there will come the most tremendous temptation to take you away from prayer, but I say to these my brethren in the ministry if you will get to God and get the victory, you will have to say "No" to many, many things that will come up. All these letters you have to answer, all the 'phoning, visiting the sick, the visiting of the members who are weak and will "leave my mission if I do not nurse them." Let them leave. It is more important for you to pray, sometimes, than it is for you to visit the sick. Why do you not say, "Now I will pray for you; trust God and you will be well." Then go back to your prayer. I honestly declare that one-half of the time the ministers spend in their work could be devoted to prayer without any loss to the kingdom of God. We can teach the sick how to pray and trust God for themselves. It inspires them with confidence if we teach them to rely on their own prayers. They say, "I didn't think I could get an answer to prayer without the preacher being here, but bless the Lord, I was healed thru my own prayer," and they are stronger for the next conflict. Teach the people to be self-reliant. When you go ten miles across the city, you are taking three or four hours from your prayer life, and that three or four hours would do ten times more good in prayer. Your congregation will not be built up by visiting people and being sociable. Your work will be done by going on your face before God and staying there until you get God's voice, until you get God's hand upon you, until you get God with you and He undertakes.

I remember when I was seeking the baptism; the door bell would ring when I got down to pray; then I would remember I had that engagement to make, and then I would get down to pray again, and it would not be five minutes before I would think of a letter to write. I found I was losing time, and I finally screwed myself down to the floor and said, "I will stay here no matter who comes or who goes," and I got to the place where I could stay seven hours on my knees. A sister told me today that she could do more work in her home by half than she used to do because she took time to pray; she said she

used to run and hurry and get so nervous, and it took her all day to do her work. Now she keeps her house just as clean and neat but she is restful because she gives part of the day to God and He helps her. Oh God, will You not in some way show us how important and how necessary it is for us to pray?

I could give you some examples of the results of a prayer-life. I could give you some experiences from my own life. I know of some young ministers in my experience who have made marvelous success, and I know of some who have made very serious failures, because of this lack in their lives. I have found out in every instance where there has been real earnest, deep, continuous prayer, that the suppliant has the victory wherever he goes. It cannot be otherwise. God is bound to answer prayer. He has sworn to do it, and He cannot do otherwise than to keep His Word. Oh men and women, you do not know the victory and the blessing there is in prayer! You cannot realize what wonderful things come to those who know how to pray. I do declare that if I have had any success in this world it has been entirely through prayer; it is because I sought God, but oh if I had only sought Him more! If I had only stayed at the feet of Jesus more how much God could have done for me!

Beloved, you and I are looking for something better, something higher, and something deeper than we have yet had. We are not satisfied with Pentecost as it is. If you are, I am not. I believe there is more to obtain than has been obtained. I believe Pentecost has only opened the vestibule to the kingdom door. In that vestibule we are now waiting until the kingdom door is opened, but that door will not be opened until it is pried open by prayer. Never! *Never!! NEVER!!!* Pray without ceasing is God's command to us, and we will obtain the victory when we have learned to pray as a man of God. Just look at Moses, how when they made a golden calf, he put his life in the breach and said, "Oh, God, take my life but spare this people." That is the spirit of prayer, that is the intensity that counts. So with old Elijah, this man of God who could shut up the heavens and cause that it rain not for three years and six months, could pray again and the heavens were opened and gave rain. James said of Elijah that he was a man of like passions as we are. He prayed as much for the heavens to be closed as he did for them to be opened, and you remember how he prayed for them to be opened. You remember

after he fought his great battle he went on the mountain top and got his head down between his knees and cried to God. How long did he cry? You think about twenty minutes; I do not know how many hours, how many days, how many nights, but I do know he prayed "*until seven times.*" It was a perfect standard. He prayed a perfect prayer, a prevailing prayer. It took a tremendous praying to get those brassy heavens to give rain, but God was able to bring the clouds. There was persistency, determination. God had said he would have rain, and he based his prayer on God's Word and stuck to it until his servant saw the cloud the size of a man's hand and that was enough. He had gotten his prayer answered.

Beloved, we must pray until the cloud appears; we must pray until the rain begins to fall. There is no time to stop. I would like to go up and down this world and plead for Pentecost to get on her knees again. I would like to plead that the men and women who used to pray until three and four o'clock, the men and women who used to pray all night for six weeks at a time, the men and women who knew how to prevail, would again go on their knees. They don't pray like they did before their baptism, but God has a greater victory to be won in getting you prepared for the kingdom than there was for you to be baptized in the Holy Spirit. Are you looking for anything deeper? anything higher? Are you expecting any greater blessing than this? I call you back to the feet of Jesus. I plead with you, get down and call on God. Beloved, there is a victory to be won. Do not deceive yourself by supposing that you can go on in this loose state with an occasional praise and thanksgiving and a few shouts. Oh my God, there is something greater than a few shouts and hallelujahs! There is a life that is to be hid with Christ in God; there is a life that is to be overcome, and become victorious over all the powers of the enemy, and over every work of the devil. God is endeavoring to make you a victor, an overcomer and prepare you for the kingdom. And when you have come with Jacob to be a prince with God, and therefore the son of a King, you will have come to the kingdom experience where there will be dominion. There will be authority and power and dominion over the elements, dominion over the things of the earth, dominion over the beasts of the field. God gave man dominion at the beginning and He is endeavoring to bring him back to the place where he can have it again.

But we will never have a kingdom until we have our King. God is calling us to go to our knees to pray as we have never prayed until God comes down and does a new thing in the earth. I would that we might find our place at the feet of Jesus once more and find out that He was a living Example as well as a Teacher, and that we are to follow His example of prayer as well as to obey His precepts.

I read that there was an archbishop in the English church who stayed five hours a day on his knees. Is it any wonder he was made an archbishop? Old John Wesley said, "Give me one hundred men who fear nothing but sin and desire nothing but God, and with these the gates of hell will be shaken and the kingdom of heaven set up on earth." God does nothing but through prayer. If you want to know what men of God have done, what victories have been achieved, go into the jungles of Africa. Go with me to the little bush hut and see David Livingstone down on his knees, cold and stiff in death, praying his life away. Prayer made this explorer, this preacher, this missionary, a great man; made him what he was. Go with me to the cold, bleak, barren hills of New England and see that godly man, David Brainerd, pouring out his life in prayer for those heathen Indians. It was prayer that made David Brainerd the mighty man he was. What made George Mueller's reputation go all over the world. That man got over six million dollars for his own work and the work of missionaries abroad. After feeding those thousands of orphans he

had a million dollars for the foreign field. It was because he knew how to pray. He prayed as but few men ever prayed, and I tell you men and women, that the day has come for much prayer.

I finish this talk with the same cry in my heart with which I began, Oh God, is there any way to get these men and women to pray more? I have in mind a young man, very insignificant, just a boy, almost no power at all, no education, but I knew that young man to pray half a day without stopping. He opened a little mission and he prayed and kept praying, and today he has a most prosperous mission and strong men and women in it. He is just a stripling, but he is mighty in God because he knows how to pray. God will do anything if moved by prayer. The very heavens can be moved; the very foundations of the earth can be broken up; everything can be accomplished by prayer; any disease has to go by prayer, sickness must depart; anything that any man may need, can be won by prayer. Take that woman who went to the unjust judge. She was persistent, and the judge said, "This woman will wear me out," and he gave her what she asked. That man who came for the three loaves of bread knocked and knocked and knocked, and the man had to get out of bed and grant his request. You and I need three loaves; we need life for body, soul and spirit that the whole man may be perfect, that it may be preserved blameless unto the coming of the Lord. "Faithful is He that calleth you who also will do it."

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