



*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

## Modern Miracles

Touch not the Glory nor the Money

Pastor Kelso R. Glover, in the Stone Church, May 28, 1922.



ESUS said on that last great day of the Feast, "If any man thirst let him come unto me." What I have to say tonight is directed to the thirsty one, the one who is honestly seeking to know if God is still a God of miracles today. To the man who is looking for failures, to the man who is watching for a chance to criticise I have no words, but I am speaking to the one who is seeking for the truth and I believe there is something he may find. Men of wisdom shake their heads and say, "Divine Healing is all a failure." Let them continue to criticise and look for the failures for they may find many persons who were prayed for and died; many who never were healed, just as many are prayed for are never saved. But he who is looking for persons who have received healing will surely find them. If he would know that God is working in miraculous ways, let him look around and he will find sufficient proof.

Jesus said "Come" to those who were thirsty and I was one of these. I was in the University of California studying for the ministry when I was on the verge of a breakdown, so I left the college for six months. I went out into the country and there I received letters from my mother telling me of wonderful healings which were taking place in Los Angeles and in one letter she sent me a handkerchief, but thinking she had just sent me a present of this, I put it in my pocket. On reading her letter I found I was to put this on my head but I did not do it. Soon I received another letter with a new handkerchief and my mother wrote, "We are praying for you down here." I thought it was about time to look into this so began to search the scriptures and soon found that in Paul's day handkerchiefs were taken from him and laid on the sick, upon which they were delivered and demons were cast out, and they told me that God was doing the same today. One day after receiving the third letter from home I went to my little church and closed the doors. The Spirit of the Lord blessed me there, and laying the handkerchief over my face as I prayed I said, "Oh God, if there is anything in this heal me." God did and I went back to college healed. I wanted to know the truth

and I found out. Some would have thrown the handkerchief away saying, "I don't believe in this," but God caused me to search His Word. I went to Los Angeles that summer, not to find the failures but really to see how God was working. I went to see Dr. Yoakum, the man whom God was using in healing, and said, "My mother has written me of healings taking place and I want to know where it is in the Word." Altho I had studied for five years, I didn't know one thing about Divine Healing, but this man turned from one Scripture to another which made it so clear and proved that it was God's plan to heal people now. While he was showing me these scriptures his secretary came in from the outer office and announced that a man, very ill, had been brought in by two friends and wanted to be prayed for. The Doctor said, "Bring him right in." The man came limping into the room, pain written on his face as he turned to the Doctor and said, "I have come here to be healed." He didn't say, "I have come to be prayed for," but "to be healed." His two friends who had brought him left and I thought that was certainly strange for his feet were very swollen. The man sat down in the chair saying, "I sent my friends away because I expect to go home alone." God will not fail that kind of faith. I sat there, eyes wide open with interest and saw the Doctor lay his hands on the man as he prayed a very simple prayer, then said, "Now get up and walk." The man rose up but walked with intense pain. The Doctor smiled and said, "All that is the matter with you is you are afraid. You are afraid to trust God," then prayed, "Now Father take away this man's fear." He asked the man to jump up and down and that man did it, at first with some pain, but as he kept it up he could soon jump without any pain at all. He was told to come to the meeting that afternoon to testify what God had done for him and he promised to be there. I determined I would also be present but got in just as this man was coming off the platform and I saw him walking as a well man, with his shoes on, all swelling gone, inflammation and rheumatism all gone in less than three hours.

If you want to find the failures I could help you to find them but if you would like to find

successes I will also show them to you. Just as there are thousands of people who listen to the Gospel and do not get saved, so it is with Divine Healing, many do not get healed because they don't believe God. I went back to my church as happy with this new discovery as a boy with a new toy who wants to play with everybody but I soon discovered that they didn't want to play with me. They would rather have me go some place else if I wanted to play with that. I had Bible studies once a week and began teaching Divine Healing but I soon missed the deacon and his family and another and another, so one day I said to one, "Brother, why don't you come to the Bible study?" He confessed that he didn't like this teaching I was giving them. As they were all healthy farmers I let them off but when God began to show me the truth of holiness and the Baptism of the Spirit I did not cease to preach, for in this they were all sick and needed this spiritual medicine. I continued to search after God and His truth, cost what it might. But my church didn't want the truth. When I pointed out the last verses of Mark 16 to one of the deacons he said that was only for the apostles. But I said, "it says, 'these signs shall follow them that believe,' and I am a believer so I want to have the signs follow me." These miraculous signs did follow the apostles but Jesus answered them that they would also follow the ones who believed the apostles. I didn't have much confidence in myself then but determined to have this power by the grace of God. It took me some time but God rewarded me for my search. It took me eight months to get close enough to God where He could fill me with the Holy Spirit but those were eight months of such wonderful days as I had never spent before. Though it seemed sometimes that the reward of my earnest search would never come, yet as I mined into God's Word and daily sought His jewels there was something which made me know there was gold for the digging. You that want God can find Him if you are willing to dig when you have found a prospect. Mark Twain, in the early gold days, missed being a millionaire by just one foot. He struck a good prospect and worked and worked. But he got tired and quit. One day another man came and digged one foot and there he found gold. You may miss becoming a spiritual millionaire by just one foot, for there is gold in our mine for the digging.

I want to say that "God is the same, yesterday, today and forever" to the man who will find

Him. Our God is an invisible God but He is revealed to the one who will see Him with an honest heart. Moses stood on the mountain side feeding his sheep one day after years of failure to find his true place in God when suddenly he saw the bush burning, and as he looked, a voice spoke, "Take off your shoes, Moses, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." Then God spoke to him and said, "Moses, I have heard the cry of my people and am sending thee to bring them out of their afflictions and this shall be a sign unto thee that when thou hast brought them unto this mountain I shall reveal myself to you." When Moses got back to that mountain God revealed Himself to him as "the God that healeth thee." God's first revelation to the children of Israel was as the "Lord thy God that healeth thee." He is the same God today. Tell me who has shortened His arm; who has paralyzed His mighty hand; who has silenced his mighty voice that spoke out of Sinai; who has withheld His power which was shown on the Day of Pentecost? He is the same yesterday, today and forever, to the man who will seek after Him. He has promised to those who will diligently hearken to His voice and observe His commandments, that He would put none of the diseases of Egypt upon them. The cause for these diseases which are upon men today is their disobedience to God. The question then becomes, Will you obey Him? In revealing Himself to Moses, He said, "I am He that visiteth the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation." So then the iniquity of the fathers was visited upon the children, but Jesus has now come and brought to pass the words, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die; the son shall not bear the iniquity of the father; neither shall the father bear the iniquity of the son." Ezek. 18:20.

Christ Jesus has come to deliver us from the consequence of our father's misdeeds and from the curse of the law. Do you believe this? The prophet Isaiah looking down through the ages sees Jesus as the liberator, who was brought before the shearers as dumb, and says, "He was rejected, smitten of God and afflicted," but the reason He was afflicted of God was because of our iniquities, and "by His stripes we *are* healed." Peter, looking back, says, "By His stripes we *were* healed." By the Spirit of Christ which was in the prophet, he could look ahead and point to one who was to come who would bear their infirmities and Peter, looking back to that same cross, says, "there is your deliverance." The

place for you and me to look is directly back to that cross and see in Jesus our healing as well as our salvation.

Listen to the words of Matthew: "And he cast out the spirits with his word, and healed all that were sick; that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses." It was prophesied that He would heal all sickness. Jesus Christ is able to heal every sickness; there is not one record of His failing to heal anything in the New Testament. In the Old Testament we read of certain diseases for which they could not get deliverance, but in the New, Jesus has come to deliver us from every one. There is no sickness and no sin for which Jesus Christ did not pay the penalty on the cross, to deliver us therefrom. Jesus paid it all. Pilate said that day as Christ stood by his side, upon His head a crown of thorns, upon His shoulders a robe of scarlet, "Behold the Man." Will you behold Him today? He stands before you as the crucified Christ, as the risen Christ to heal you from every disease. James, catching the glory of it all, makes this bold statement, "If there is ANY sick among you, let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord. And the prayer of faith shall save the sick . . . and the Lord shall raise him up." Now tell me what disease doesn't come under this list? He doesn't say anything about the father's sin being visited on the son. He has deliverance for you if you want it, no matter what your father did.

When I commenced to preach Divine Healing among my friends they began to bring their sick ones to me to be prayed for. The first one I prayed for was a man with tuberculosis, and he died. I prayed for another and he died. Should I quit? I believed His Word, so pressed right on. While some never received their healing, others did, and I said, "Lord, I will believe Your Word." I realized that I had to either believe God's Word or believe in the failures. I believe that one principal reason for our not getting healings as we ought is because we touch the glory; we want to get credit for ourselves in some way. I remember an instance when I had prayed for a woman with rheumatism and she was delivered. Then one morning we were sent for and they wanted us to come at once for she was dying. I said, "Lord, are You going to let this woman die after I prayed for her?" I was not thinking about the woman, but of my own

reputation in that city. That secret pride was in my heart. I arrived and she was lying very low. As I waited to see her I began to think of the poor woman and to forget myself, the compassion of God filled my soul until I forgot all about my connection with the case. The glory and blessing and the love of God filled my soul and I went into that room with hands upraised as tears of pity flowed; I spoke forth under the pressure of the Spirit these simple words, "Peace be to this body in Jesus' name," and she was instantly healed. But it was because I forgot my reputation and had compassion for the one who was suffering. The power of God truly worketh through love and humility. I say, then, that the greatest reason that *men are failing today is that they are touching the glory, or the money*, even as Elisha's servant, when Naaman was healed. Give God the glory and expect no pay for what God has done.

In the city of San Francisco, in a Chinese opium den, there was found a poor outcast, cancer eating her face and another on her back. Rescue workers got her out of that place, took her home, washed and cleaned her up, and agonized before God till He delivered her from her "dope" and evil habits. She still had the cancer on her face and back, but she was entirely delivered from the drug habit and restored to her right mind. God called her to preach the Gospel, but there was that awful thing on her back and on her face, the cancer having eaten right into her nose. One day she came out of her room with the glory of God shining on her face as she said, "I have a new nose only you can't see it." It was not manifest to those around her, but she believed God. Beloved, you are whole in Christ tonight though you cannot see it, if you will only believe. When I saw that woman she had her new nose and it was manifest to all around. But for seven years she had that awful cancer on her back, for seven years she washed that thing and preached Divine Healing and said, "I am healed in Christ Jesus, I refuse this cancer. It has to go." For seven years she believed God and for seven years she preached Christ as the Healer in the face of seeming failure. It went. It had to go, driven out by her faith. For twenty-six years a dope fiend, twenty-six years a drunkard and an outcast, but now for sixteen years a preacher of the Gospel. Modern miracles? Yes. It was this woman who testified the first time I entered a Pentecostal Mission and told of her wonderful

healing, showing her scarred arms. Her testimony brought conviction to my heart, that I, a preacher, was sadly in need of God. That was the first time I listened to any one speaking in tongues. I was hunting for God and found that He was healing people there and through that I came into Pentecost. When she asked me that night if I was living free from sin, I said, "No, but I want to." If you will say that to God tonight He will perform a modern miracle in you. One night this woman and some others were standing on the street corner preaching the Gospel, but no one seemed to listen to us until one lone woman came staggering around the corner, drunk as she could be. She came in front of our little crowd out on the street and there saw this woman who had been healed, in our circle, and recognized her as one who had been in the San Francisco jails many times with her years before. I can remember now how she looked and looked. At the close of the meeting she went up to Bridget, the woman who had been healed, and said, "Aren't you Bridget?" And when she knew for a certainty that it was, she said, "Oh, is there any chance for me?" I shall never forget that scene. She was taken into the mission and there given the assurance that there was hope for her. They took her home and put her into their own bed and plead with God until He made a new woman out of her. She told us later

that she had been raised in a Catholic convent, clean and pure, sheltered from everything in the world, and then she married a railroad official who taught her to drink his wines. Finally it got the best of her and she became a drunkard and was kicked by her own husband out of her home. From that time until the time I am speaking of, she was an outcast, going down from bad to worse. This night as an old woman, she came tottering around the corner, on her way to the lake to end it all. Oh, how glad I was that some one was on that corner preaching the Gospel that can deliver even such a poor wretch as she. God worked a miracle in that life, for today not a sign of her wrecked life remains, but her saintly face shines with joy and happiness, her whole body healed and made over by our God of miracles.

The God of Abraham, the God of Isaac and the God of Jacob is our God today and I have the joy of standing before you to say that He will heal your wrecked bodies and deliver you from every evil habit and cleanse you from every unclean thing. Do you want deliverance? Do you want to know that God is the same today as of old? Do you want to see these modern miracles? Then hear the voice of Jesus again today saying, "Come to me and drink," "Come to me all ye that are weary . . . and find rest to your soul."

## Miracles of Healing in the Stone Church

Kelso R. Glover

**T**HE Stone Church is standing strongly for Divine Healing and offering to help anyone who appeals to it for prayer and teaching. Many letters continue to come every week, requesting prayer for the sick in distant cities. The weekly service for the sick on Thursday is continually ministering to new people who hear of this service through friends or through the church advertisement in the paper. As a result many new families and individuals have been brought into the church. We are firmly convinced that Pentecostal churches should stand strongly for Divine Healing, for Jesus came to heal the sick as well as to save the lost, and the church which will stand ready as God's instrument to deliver the oppressed will be blessed of God.

Some months ago the case of Mrs. Pearl Bowen of Los Angeles was reported in *The Latter Rain Evangel* as being healed of cancer the same day she was prayed for at the Stone Church.

Subsequent letters state that the scar hardly ever shows and that the healing is perfect. Her testimony is going out all over Southern California as she visits her friends to tell of the glad news. She has now returned to San Diego and will live near her mother who so lately received the news that her daughter was dying with this vile disease. Thank God that mother and daughter can now rejoice together.

### Tumor Passes Out

Mrs. Jones, a member of the Stone Church, was told by two doctors that a large tumor must be removed immediately or serious results would ensue. She decided to trust God and telephoned the specialist telling him so. He told her that she was a very foolish woman for she would only let it run on and on, till it caused her death. But she told him that if it meant death she would die rather than have the operation. She was prayed for at the church and in less than a week the tumor had so decreased in size that her skirt bands had to be lapped four inches. A slight discharge passed from it continually. On July

11th, at 4 p. m., it suddenly broke and flowed forth. At 7 p. m. a second flow completed about a quart of bloody corruption with pieces of flesh as large as a small egg. For two weeks after that a discharge continued but then ceased. Mrs. Jones believes that her tumor has now completely passed out of her body. She has used absolutely no remedies but has prayed and put her whole care in God's hands. God will never fail such a trust. May His name be glorified. He is the God that healeth us. We need no other help.

**Diseased Gall Bladder Healed**

Mrs. Kennedy, a member of the Christian Missionary Alliance, was told by doctors that she must have her gall bladder removed because it was so diseased that it was poisoning her whole system. Her right limb was so lame that it would swell and pain her so that she could not walk but a few blocks at a time. She could not sleep while lying on her right side, nor could she turn in bed without great pain. For seven years she had suffered with this and now had arranged for an operation, but was persuaded by friends to come to the Stone Church for prayer. She spent several days in prayer and seeking God before she came. She told her doctor to cancel her engagement for the operation because she was going to place her case in the hands of God, and he encouraged her in this, saying: "You have only one chance in a thousand of living long after the operation." He said she could not possibly live longer than five years. She came to the Thursday healing service and was immediately delivered. On Saturday she did her housework, working hard all day, testifying later on that she had not been able to do that for seven years, and on Sunday she came to church, radiant with joy, saying she could not find a sore spot on her body, could sleep free from pain in

any position and could walk without any swelling or inconvenience. Over a month has now passed and her deliverance remains. She has now taken a definite stand for the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, despite all opposition. Healing has brought her to the light.

**Child's Eyes Healed**

During the convention a boy about eight years old, of an Episcopalian family, was brought to the church to be prayed for healing of astigmatism. He had continued headaches and glasses did not benefit him much. He was instantly healed and has not worn glasses since and his headaches have stopped, to his great delight. He is now a real little missionary, telling every one that Jesus has healed his eyes, and through this healing, two new families are coming to the church.

Another boy of about the same age, and nearly blind, was brought to the Thursday Divine Healing service two weeks ago. His mother said his sight was fast failing, that he could not go about alone and she was commencing to teach him to read with his fingers. He was anointed and he did not put his glasses back on. He came again for prayer at the last service at which time his mother declared he could now see better without his glasses than he had been able to see before with them, and he was able to get around some alone. She has ceased to teach him to read with his fingers for she and he are both confident that he will never need it.

Oh, how good our God is! We covet to be kept faithful that these afflicted ones may be delivered. The Stone Church congregation earnestly desires the prayers of all the Evangel readers that more power and faith may be granted for the many needy ones who apply for help.

**The Workings of Our Supernatural God**

"This Is a Day of Good Tidings"

Pastor Chas. A. Shreve in the McKendree M. E. Church, Washington, D. C., June 13, 1922.



WANT that we shall think a while about a number of things that bear upon the Scripture in Second Kings, seventh chapter. Most of you know that this story is located in the midst of the history of God's dealings with His people; a siege having come upon them by the Syrian army, they, the people of God are themselves put in great distress. Not only are they besieged by the mighty enemy round about them with powers sufficient to break down tremendously the opposition of the Jews and put into effect their hatred and enmity against this people of the Lord, but one of the worst scenes

I have ever read of in all my life is this scene of famine and distress, showing the depths to which the people fell in the midst of this siege of the Syrian army, to the extent that women ate their own children. There appeared no hope from anywhere as to getting any food to eat. God didn't seem to do anything for them; they had no hope for mercy from the hand of the Syrians, no friends in the city and so it appeared there was nothing to do but pray, and the Lord sent relief to them in a very peculiar way. He spoke to some men who were lepers on the outside of the city, outcasts, and in speaking to these men He opened up a situation that brought deliverance and relief to the people of the Lord.

I want to notice what these men did and how they delivered the people. In the midst of the siege God had worked a peculiar work and sent a noise that confused the army of the Syrians. Hearing chariots and horses in great multitudes, they fled precipitately out of the country, leaving everything. When these lepers saw those things they helped themselves, had plenty to eat, and then served notice on the people of Samaria that there was a chance for them to partake of that which the Syrians had left behind.

The main thing I want to think about is that which passed through the minds of these four leprous men. They had a talk among themselves: "We are in a bad fix, we are outcasts, and that alone is bad enough, but now we are worse off than ever, we have no food. The Israelites cannot help us. We have to move somewhere. If we go into the camp of the Israelites we will perish anyhow, they have nothing for themselves even if they should have pity on us, and if we go out to the camp of the Syrians we are likely to be put to death; but there is this about it: they have something to eat and we had better take a chance where there is some hope." They went down, feasted themselves, got much which they could not eat or wear, and then had another talk among themselves and said: "This is a day of good tidings. Let us go and tell the king's household. If we tarry until the morning some harm will come to us," and it is this I want us to think about: "*This is a day of good tidings.*" Thank the Lord that there ever has come a day in the midst of this old, sin-cursed, troubled world where men are indeed in a famine, spiritually at least, when it can be said truly that a day of good tidings has arrived! And thank the Lord for anybody that ever brought that news!

I am very thankful for the angels that sang at the birth of Jesus. I am glad for the message of good tidings which they brought, and I do not forget the lonely prophet, Elijah, in this time of famine, with everything against him, nobody believing in God, saying to the people, "Hear ye the Word of the Lord." They had heard the Word of the Lord but they did not believe it, and so they got the message finally through the outcasts, the leprous men on the outside of the city.

There are some things which appear inside this story. In the first place we see here the blindness of sin. The Israelites would not have been besieged and would not have had the trouble if they had not sinned against God. If people will

follow God from the beginning they will escape. Talk about Christianity being a hard road to travel and an uphill business! I can tell you, and thousands can testify that the way of the transgressor is the hard way, but the way of Christianity is not. All of God's ways are ways of peace; His paths are pleasant. But we wander from God's paths and get out into the briars. When we are in the way of the Lord we get out of trouble. May your troubles drive you back to the straight and narrow way as quickly as possible.

These people were punished because they had not been true to God and on account of their sins, circumstances had put them into great distress. They were killing their own beloved children and eating them, showing to what a state people can go when the troubles of the world come upon them.

We see further here, in the midst of sin, an outstanding picture of unbelief, and it is blindness too, for when the prophet brought his message to the people saying, "Hear ye the Word of the Lord; tomorrow at this time shall a measure of fine flour be sold for a shekel, etc.," did it seem hard to believe? I do not know how many people here today would have believed Him under the circumstances, but I know of one man outstanding in this Book who didn't believe it, and I know that that man died very suddenly the next day. That man was a lord on whose arm the king leaned. He looked at the prophet in contempt, and when the prophet said that God would accomplish certain things, he derisively said, "If the Lord would make windows in heaven, might this thing be." He had no idea that God would come upon that scene and that the prophet was prophesying the Word of the Lord; he didn't know whereof he spoke. Unbelief led that man to his death, and unbelief will lead you to your death. If you do not believe in our great God doing great things you had better get down before the Lord and pray God to remove from you sins which hinder you from believing. You will have as much faith as anybody else if you will get sin out of your life and get an open vision of God. If you can see God at all, you are bound to see what He is. If you see what He is, you cannot help believing in God; and it is the faith that cannot help believing in God that gets the victory every time. That is the faith that overcomes the world. The faith that you work up and fix in God is a creation many times your own and it doesn't get results be-

cause God never gave it to you. It wasn't forged in God's shop and will not bring the results God wants it to bring. Faith that is born of God, that is given to you by the Author of faith, will be faith that you can scarcely help exercising, for it is there, and it is bound to see what the Lord is. Just as soon as God gets us where we cannot help believing everything—at that time we will have a wonderful sweep of God's power in answer to the faith of the people. Until that time we will be dying spiritually. Now and then some men will die in the gate just as this man did. He didn't believe a word of it, but on the morrow the thing came to pass just as the prophet said it would, "Behold thou shall see it with thine eyes, but shall not eat thereof." He was the man in the gate, looking after the affairs of court, and he saw it with his eyes, but didn't eat thereof, for the crowd trod upon him and he died.

There is another thing that I wanted to say here and that is that God used some of the most despised vessels that He could possibly find, to bring His blessing to this city. Now I would rather have almost anybody come to minister to me than a man full of leprosy. Wouldn't you? If a man has the small-pox, it is bad enough. If a man had the yellow-fever you would hardly want him to bring you ice-cream, but a man with leprosy is infinitely worse. But God picked out these lepers, these outcasts to bring the message and the people didn't believe it. People do not always believe God's message but God's message always comes to pass, and whether we believe or whether we disbelieve, God is faithful who has promised and will do exactly as He says. But in this case He used despised vessels. Think of these poor old despised lepers holding a meeting outside the city as to what should become of their poor lives and then discovering there was plenty in the camp of the Syrians and thinking about their fellow-men in Samaria and saying to each other, "We do not well. This day is a day of good tidings!" There is in that an illustration to us that God chooses the foolish things to confound the wise, and the things that are not to put to naught the things that are, He chooses lepers to save a king and his people. Some might say, "You watch out" but if a leper comes around to you with the Word of the Lord, listen to Him. Maybe it is what you need. If you had been sitting down beside the brook where Elijah watched the water dry up would you have eaten the sandwich or thrown a rock at the raven

which brought it? I have seen people throw rocks at eagles and doves, and I am sure many people in Christendom today have turned off God's ravens many times. Don't do it any more. A man doesn't have to have on a long-tailed coat to deliver the Word of the Lord. God's Word usually comes through men who lead rugged lives, on the rocks, by the water courses, where people have hearts that are honest and ready to hear, and I believe there is a time not far ahead when men and women will find their opportunity for hearing the Word of God has been taken away. They will possibly have the Word of the Lord in its abbreviated form as it has been mutilated by men calling themselves scholars, and who now stand before ease-loving people sending forth their smooth, well-oiled words, and crying peace, peace, when there is no peace.

Let us hear the Word of God from whatever source it comes. God can speak to us through anyone. He spoke through these lepers and if He sent lepers on an expedition to save a city, He can save a city by almost any means, and He will use almost anybody who will allow himself to be used.

There is another lesson to be learned here. That is, there was a peculiar kind of a God in that country, and this God was a God who worked by supernatural means and in unusual ways. Just exactly what that noise was like which those Syrians heard, I cannot tell, but it must have been tremendous. It sounded like multitudes of chariots and horses. When Elisha was in Dothan and the king of Syria came up against Israel, he found all his plans were frustrated; when he sent detachments of soldiers to take the Israelites they would always be fortified, and would know where the blow was to be struck. After that continued for a time he called his leaders together saying, "There is a traitor among us. Who is it that is telling the King of Israel where I am intending to strike? There is a traitor among us, who can it be?" One of the leaders spoke up, "It is none of us, O King. It is Elisha the prophet. Elisha the prophet of the Hebrews tells the King of Israel what the King of Syria says in his bed-chamber, and tells exactly what you are planning to do." "Where is he? We will go and get him." And they sent a multitude of chariots and horses which surrounded the heights where Elisha was living, and you remember the story of how Elisha's servant arose in the morning, and becoming terrified as he saw the surrounding army, cried, "Oh,

my master, what shall we do?" And Elisha told him not to worry, and prayed God to open the young man's eye. Immediately the young man saw the mountains round about full of horses and chariots of the Lord, so they were not afraid. Now here He sends a noise of chariots and horses to put these Syrians to flight. He was a supernatural-working God in those days. Do you know why the modern critics want to cut out the old Bible? It is because there is so much of the supernatural of God in it, and they want to get rid of it in some way. They are trying to do away with the supernatural in the New Testament and the Old.

Now I want to put a moment's consideration on the "good tidings" that these four leprous men had to bring to these people. They brought them tidings that there was plenty outside; that God had come and done a great work, and if they would come out to the camp of the enemy they would find everything they needed. They responded and they did find it as the message had stated. I say to you that this Sunday in June is a day of good tidings. It is a day of wonderful tidings, and it is a day of trouble also, but do not forget that good tidings come in the midst of the worst troubles. This is a time when the people of God are beset just like they were that day. I believe that the people of God have in a way trifled with Him and played with the world until the world has largely gotten the advantage and has become emboldened enough to approach the people of God right in their own grounds and besiege them in their castle, as it were, trying to starve them out and cause them to perish, cutting out from under them everything that would make them conquerors and victors, or even enemies. I believe that Christianity is today in a sort of siege, so far as the world is concerned, but that is a wrong state for Christianity to be in. Christianity ought to have the devil in a state of siege, and Christianity is able to do it, thank God, if the Christians will go about it in the right way He has provided for the thing to be done.

For instance, we are besieged today by materialistic thought of men and women. This lord here, was a materialist. He saw the situation as it was; he saw things as they are, but didn't believe that God would work any peculiar work to change that situation. He believed that certain laws had to be followed; that God never changed His laws. If they overcame the difficulty, well and good, but he

had no idea they could. We have that everywhere today. I heard some religious leaders speaking about prayer some time ago, and the idea of the most prominent ones seemed to be that God never did anything in answer to prayer, but it was a good thing to pray anyhow for the spiritual culture you received. Would you want to cultivate a man's spirit if it is not of God? I would not think there was any use in cultivating my spirit, if that were true. One might as well go down on four legs and travel with the beasts. It seems as tho there are only a few people who want to be elevated spiritually, and most people leaving God out will be willing to take that place in the mad rush for the satisfying of the flesh, of mind and body. The world and the flesh are swallowed up in materialism. Everywhere we find people who do not believe that God is working supernaturally, but that we have to work everything out in our own way. If that is your belief, you are a good member for that church they had back there at the time they tried to build such a big steeple, where they were building the Tower of Babel in order to reach heaven. They were going to do it themselves. They heard about God and thought they could build a tower to reach heaven, and that is exactly what men and women are doing today when they try to do God's work by the materialistic operation and thinking. We are besieged by that. It is in the schools, in the churches, in the homes, on the streets; it is everywhere, and that is what is ruinous to the Church of God today. They say, "I do not see any reason to pray, to preach, to shout, to take people's time in these days to talk about religion. It seems to me that it is a waste of time," and it kills everything of a spiritual vein when materialism comes in.

We are besieged today by what is known as destructive, higher criticism. Criticism is a nice, high-sounding word, and it is all right, some might say, but in reality the devil is in the midst of that in such a degree that instead of it being honest criticism it has degenerated into a systematized, educated, trained, subsidized, well-trained movement for the taking away of this Bible, our hope and the hope of our children, and you and I haven't sense enough to know it. I believe that someone has said that this Higher Criticism is aiming a gattling gun at the very foundation of your children in the coming generation, through the teaching in the schools, the high-schools, church-

schools, and all manner of schools. If it succeeds, then Samaria is in bad shape. That is the reason she is so famine-stricken. Why isn't there any more food in Christendom? Why do the sheep not gambol and leap in the air for joy? It is because this miserable outfit on the outside, typified by the Syrian army, has besieged the church, and the church has run in behind the walls and has had her supplies cut off. She doesn't have the express train coming down from heaven bringing fresh goods; she is living on canned goods and they are not reliable at that; many of them do not come from God in the first place, and that which they have has gotten old and stale and the people do not get the life out of them they need. The city is besieged and the people are hungry and poor and starving; women are killing their own children to satisfy the people. What do you mean by that? I mean that there are plenty of women who sell their daughters, body, soul and spirit for fashion and pleasure, and to get them a husband out of some worldly-minded man who is not worth his salt. You know it is true. You have as much sense as I have, and you can see with two eyes just as well as I can, and it is everywhere to be seen, all over the world. Men are giving their boys to the world and glad to get them there, while women are doing the same with their daughters, and very few people are setting up a distinct standard of separation between their own families and the world.

Speaking of criticism, a teacher in the Sunday School came to me with her teacher's quarterly and said to me, "Read this." I read a little sketch which I suppose all of you teachers have read. There was the serpent wriggling through it. It looks beautiful and sounds plausible, but it wriggles around the foundation of the Word of God. They said about the Book of Esther (and they said the same about the Book of Jonah): "This probably never did occur, and most likely according to the chronology of the world it never happened, yet there is a good lesson to be drawn from this beautiful story." Now you have to watch your Sunday School books very closely. If you teachers teach every thing you read in those books you will send some poor soul to damnation. You will have to do like Sam Jones' cow; eat the clover and leave the briars. By the grace of God we shall have some books that have sweet clover all through them and no briars.

Another thing that Christianity is besieged by,

is lukewarmness on the part of Christians themselves. I do not believe there is any harder job in the world than to try and keep ourselves and other people to the boiling-point spiritually. That is where we ought to be, for you never know when there is something to be cooked, and you do not want to take too long to heat the water. I know many a time hungry people have been passing by and if the food had been palatable and cooked they would have eaten and gone on their way rejoicing. Lukewarmness has besieged the church of Christ everywhere; not alone in one denomination, but everywhere the old devil works on the same lines, and lukewarmness is an abomination to the Lord. The only thing that God speaks about as making He says He will spue the lukewarm Christians out of His mouth. If you want to serve the devil, serve him, and people will know where you are, but don't go around the church posing as a Christian, having a snake in your heart. Come out and let somebody kill you when you know you are a snake; go and wriggle off in the grass and let people alone. It is a bad thing to run the risk of damning your own soul and other people's souls, too, by lukewarmness.

Now Christians are besieged, and the state of affairs in Christianity is oftentimes discouraging, and yet I say that this is a day of good tidings. I say that tomorrow about this time the Lord will bring plenty. In God's tomorrow, I wish it were twenty-four hours, I do not see clearly enough to know just the time, but I feel sure by the Word of the Lord and by the witness of God's Spirit to myself, that there is great deliverance on hand for the people of God and a great victory for God's army if the people will rise up and take it. "Well, how are we to do it?" says some one. "We cannot even break up the dance-halls." But there is somebody else on this job besides us if we will believe in Him, tho that is where we fail, nobody believes in Him. Here is this lord. He is big Mr. So-and-So. He makes sport of eternal things; says this is all fanaticism. But big Mr. So-and-So had to perish in the gate like a little wiggle worm. He is nearly dead now, he is looking like a corpse, his courage is gone, his heart is gone, the inside of his soul is rotted. God have mercy on the soul of the unbeliever in the camp who in every opportunity he gets says that there is nothing in this teaching of the supernatural God. The man died the next day as he sat in the gate and watching the fulfillment of the word of the prophet, and he

went out to meet the God in whom he did not believe.

Here we are with good tidings before us, for today in spite of unbelief and materialism, a famine in the land, and the faithlessness of many people, it is a day of good tidings. "Well," they say, "what have you to bring in the way of good tidings?" I have a great deal more than those lepers had. I have a great deal more than a camp full of clothes and food. I have this to say for one foundation fact that makes it enough for me and I should think would help you, and that is, that "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever." That is enough to make me rejoice in the midnight hour. I do not know how it is with you, but in the time of greatest trial and stress, if that truth will come and impress itself anew on my soul I can rise up in God and go on rejoicing in the name of the Lord. Jesus Christ is the same this hour as when He rose from the dead; He is all that He was when He healed the sick that were brought to Him; He is all that He was when He cleansed the lepers and worked His marvelous works. You ask, "Will He do the same today?" You go out and try Him, and I will guarantee you will find your faith rewarded. I'd rather you would find out what Jesus Christ would do for you than that I should tell you. If you will meet His conditions, the best you know, He will do exactly what He promises to do.

Then this is a day of good tidings because He is doing His mighty works in the world. I have just been reading about some of the great revival movements springing up all over the world, and I am glad that in the midst of backsliding ecclesiasticism, unbelief rampant, materialism everywhere, there is a greater revival coming than has been for many years. What is the cause of that? The same God who made the noise, which put into confusion the Syrians years ago, is making a noise on the face of the earth today, and thank God, some of the Syrians are beginning to flee and here and there and everywhere there are reports of the downpour of God's Spirit. Of course, to find out about it you will have to read a good deal more than some of the magazines you find in the religious field, for many of our periodicals do not believe in these truths. Those Syrians believed in it. I guess those Samaritans were glad it had come. A little noise doesn't hurt but does a great amount of good, and I believe if all the Methodists in the world would go back to shouting there would be more con-

versions in twenty months than there have been in twenty years. Of course they would have to have something to shout over; they would have to get out into the camp and feed on the things God has for them. The best news I know of is that God is working in a supernatural way today as He did in the days of famine in Samaria. The people in Samaria didn't know it. The lepers on the outside didn't know it either, but they got reckless and discovered God had done a great work; and then they said to the Samaritans, "Come and see." That is what I would like to say to the whole city of Washington: "This is a day of good tidings," for our God is marching on. So then let us go forth "without the camp, bearing His reproach," and enter into the fulness of the blessings that He provides and the people can be won. Then the Methodist can go forward with a shout, and victory will perch upon his banner. If I never preach to this congregation again, I call upon you for yourselves, individually, first to feed upon God's promises, enter into God's promises, be filled with God's Spirit, stand upon God's Word and shout the victory and God will be with you. Then you need fear no man or set of men, but God who was with Elisha will perform His word, and as in that day it was done "according to the Word of the Lord," so will it be done now according to His Word.

### Outgoing Missionaries

As our missionaries again set their faces to the field of their labors, we covet for them the prayers and co-operation of the friends in the homeland. We were deeply impressed by the appeal given by Sister Richardson at the farewell service in the Stone Church as she plead for unity in prayer. In times past when passing through a real siege and she felt she needed the help of friends in the homelands, she would hear of divisions and strife and she felt she could not go on without the backing of the saints in a concentrated effort by prayer. Let us not fail our representatives on the field, but center our attractions on their needs instead of divisions here.

The Congo party which includes Mrs. Julia Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Leader, and Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Berg, sailed for their field on the S. S. Paris, August 2nd. Miss Berenice Lee expects to sail for India, August 10th, from San Francisco. Miss Leonore H. Parker is again setting her face towards India and expects to sail sometime in October.

# The Latter Rain Evangel

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

Published Monthly on the Fifteenth by  
The Evangel Publishing House

## Subscription Price

TO ANY PART \$1.25 (6s) per year in advance  
OF THE WORLD 65c (3s) six months in advance

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

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## Notes

### Scattering Seed

SURELY the promise, "His word shall not return void," has brought comfort to many a Christian worker when his efforts have seemingly been all in vain and there is no visible harvest to repay him for the scattering of Gospel tracts and papers.

It is marvelous what a little tract, in the hands of God, will accomplish, and though sometime, carelessly scattered and trampled under foot of man, His promise avails. For the encouragement of those who may be tempted to give up scattering the seed through the printed page, we quote briefly the following testimony, given at the Stone Church by a young man who was brought into the deeper life by means of a little tract, dropped along the highway and forgotten, but through His guidance and blown by the winds of heaven, it was directed to a hungry heart; the seed found lodgment and grew:

"Sometime after my conversion I became hungry for something, I hardly knew what and cried out to God to satisfy this longing. One day as I was hastily walking along, God caused a tract to blow over the hills for a distance of four or five blocks, and carelessly, I picked it up. It was called, "Stop! Look! Listen!" and after reading it, my attention was directed to the advertisement of *The Latter Rain Evangel*. I sent for a sample copy and upon reading this, I realized I had found what I was seeking, for it told of the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. I began to seek this gift and soon the Lord spoke to me

about going to Bible School, and later on opened the way for me to come to Chicago where I attended the Mt. Tabor Bible School, and there God baptized me in the Spirit. One day I heard a missionary from Africa tell of the great needs of the Dark Continent and I realized that the Lord was speaking to me, but I did not want to go to Africa and to avoid hearing it all, I sat on the back seat, trying not to listen. After returning home and receiving that month's issue of *The Latter Rain Evangel* I discovered that that very sermon was published in this paper, and I had to read it. The Lord then gave me a definite call to Africa. So it was through this paper, and first of all through the tract that God led me into Pentecost, sent me to Bible School, and gave me a call to Africa. Pray that I may soon be on my way to that field."

## Three Months' Report

We give below the three months' Missionary report of moneys sent out during May, June and July. We notice with deep regret that the total amount sent out during these last three months is less than that sent out during the previous two months. Think what this means to the missionary; one writes that "all the stations are very low in funds, lower than I have ever seen them before," and yet this is just the time when they ought to have more, owing to the added expense of vacations, etc. Let us sacrifice a little more and pray that God will speak to other hearts:

Miss Carrie Anderson, South China (\$58.50 for building)	\$ 161.50
Miss Blanche Appleby, South China (native work)	11.75
Miss Myrtle Bailey, South China	25.00
Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Berg, Congo	27.50
Sigurd Bjorness, Palestine	12.50
Miss A. Elizabeth Brown, Palestine	40.00
Wm. F. P. Burton, Africa	10.00
Robert F. Cook, India	50.00
Miss Sara Coxie, India (for building)	10.00
C. W. Doney, Egypt	14.40
Miss Ruth Erickson, W. Africa (\$150.00 for return fare)	165.00
Miss A. M. Gollan, West Africa	25.00
James Harvey, India	74.00
Miss C. B. Heron, for India	30.00
Wm. H. Johnson, West Africa	35.00
George M. Kelley, South China (\$24.00 for native work)	135.50
Miss Ethel King, India	69.00
Miss Jennie Kirkland (\$20.00 for natives)	43.75
Miss Katherine Kirsch, for W. Africa	5.00
Mrs. Harland Lawler, China	78.75
Fred Leader, for the Congo (fare)	132.50
Miss Mattie Ledbetter, South China (\$26.00 for building)	36.00
Alex. Lindsey, India	10.00
Miss Bertha Meyer, South China (\$75.00 for native work)	243.85
Miss Bertha Milligan, South China (\$30.00 for native work)	65.00
Albert Norton, India	5.00
Wm. K. Norton, India	5.00
Miss Leonore H. Parker, India (\$30.00 for native work)	55.00

V. G. Plymire, Tibet .....	11.00
Mrs. Julia Richardson, for the Congo.....	60.00
Miss Hattie Salyer, Egypt .....	9.60
Miss Minnie Schillgallis, South America....	10.00
Gustav H. Schmidt, Poland .....	65.00
B. A. Schoeneich, Central America .....	10.00
Mrs. J. R. Spence, South China .....	15.00
E. M. Scurrah, Africa .....	20.00
Joseph Sugar, India .....	55.00
Wilbur Taylor, for the Sudan .....	5.00
Miss Lillian Trasher, Egypt .....	25.00
Miss Jessie Wengler, Japan .....	55.25
Adolph Wieneke, for China .....	108.00
Miss Adah Winger, South America.....	108.00
Mrs. Marion Keller, Africa .....	24.00
Miss Alice Wood, South America .....	20.00
Dr. Wortman, South America .....	15.00
Chicago Missionary Rest Home .....	34.00
Total .....	\$2,225.85

**Chicago Missionary Rest Home**

"This message should have been heard by every minister and every congregation in our land," was the expression Brother Adolph Petersen made following the stirring appeal given by dear Sister Richardson at the last monthly fellowship meeting held in the Chicago Missionary Rest Home. And truly we felt it was a message which would forever put an end to our settling back on our oars, contenting ourselves by saying, "Oh, the heathen will be saved somehow." It was a precious service and we again extend a cordial invitation to all who reside in the city and any others who may find it possible to attend, to be present at these gatherings held the first Wednesday of every month.

Some very necessary repairs have been made

in the Home and we are also glad to say that the Lord has enabled us to begin fitting up the attic, partitioning it off into rooms, thus making it possible to accommodate a large number of missionaries. At present, proceedings have been held up as the funds were not forthcoming, and we solicit the co-operation of those interested in this Home. These alterations and repairs must be completed before winter sets in and we trust our readers will stand with us till this need is met.

We would also urge those who have an abundance of fruit, to send a portion to the Missionary Home. It is blessed to give to the Lord a tenth of the "fruit of the vine" as well as of the monetary income, and we believe the Lord's blessing would be upon such givers. One friend wrote in sometime ago that she was planning to send to the Missionary Home a tenth part of all the eggs she secured, and the Committee extends hearty thanks for the two cases received from this source, also to the kind friends who sent a crate of cherries from Ephraim, Wis. Up to the present this is the only fruit received. Remember, when you are preserving cans upon cans of lovely fruit, that our returned missionaries who have been deprived of such luxuries while on the field, would appreciate it as much as you do. Let us each have a share in the upbuilding of those who have given up all for the Gospel's sake. All gifts should be sent direct to the Missionary Rest Home, 1848 Berenice Ave., Chicago, Ill.

**From the Regions Beyond**

THE responsibility resting on some of our Pentecostal missionaries almost overwhelms one and we know that it is only as we co-operate with them in prayer and sacrifice that they will ever be able to cover this vast territory and carry the Gospel to the millions who will never hear unless they bring the Story to them. The opportunities are far-reaching and our missionaries could "buy them up" more speedily if they had suitable conveyances and were able to employ a good staff of native workers, but they are hampered for lack of means. Shall we in the homeland sit idly by while Mohammedanism and higher criticism sweep in and take the land for the enemy, when jewels might be won for the Master were the Christian world awake to its duty, yea privilege? Let us make haste to snatch these brands from the burning before the opportunity has fled from us; let us do our ut-

most in prayer and sacrifice so that our missionaries will be enabled to take this ground for Christ before it is too late.

Brother George Kelley from South China sends us the appalling information that fifty per cent of the missionaries in China are tainted with higher criticism; in Africa Mohammedans are concentrating their forces to make one united on-rush into that land. Some of our opportunities have passed from us, but from some of our Pentecostal missionaries in India comes the word of vast fields yet untouched. Let us come to the front and plant the banner of the Cross of Christ before the minds of these heathen are poisoned by these false religions. Paul Andreason, who with his wife, has just entered a new field, writes of the 900,000 souls for which he, under God, is responsible:

"Incredible as it seems, we are facing the

problem of bringing this message of our Lord into more than two thousand villages with nearly a million souls in our district, as no other Indian or white missionaries are doing this work. In other words, if you and I do not bring the message of salvation to them, they will perish in their sins. For the work of this district we are in the immediate need of Indian fellow workers; a camp outfit and some suitable conveyance, by means of which we shall be able to reach at least parts of this vast multitude with the Gospel story. We enlist you as a 'laborer together in prayer' that these needs may be speedily met for His glory and the salvation of these precious souls. Who can make an appeal on behalf of 900,000 souls, for whom Christ died, who are still in darkness? We cannot, but we can pray that the Lord Himself may reveal these tremendous needs and opportunities to His praying children and burden their hearts in prayer even for this district."

Our readers will be interested in knowing that the work on the building in Chupra has been steadily progressing and "bit by bit, brick upon brick, it has gone up. It has been built by prayer and cemented together with faith" until finally the roof has been put on and the building is now ready for occupancy. As the missionaries there have been looking out over the field, the burden of the thousands of souls around them has seemed tremendous and Mrs. Schoonmaker writes:

"We have looked up the number of square miles and the population for which we are responsible—1,048 square miles, 2,179 villages and nearly one million people. The Regions Beyond Mission has two missionaries, a man and his wife, in this territory, and these with Miss Coxe and myself must reach these souls or they will not be reached. If we were to visit one new village every day it would take us over six years to get around, and then only a small per cent would attend our meetings and they would hear but once. How can we expect many to grasp the truth and understand. Would we ourselves were we do hear the Story but once? Sometimes the greatness of it all sweeps over our souls and we can only cry to God to awaken the church at home."

### Healings Among the Natives

On several of the Pentecostal stations, the Lord has granted precious outpourings of The Latter Rain and others have realized His special intervention by healing when it seemed the enemy was doing his best to destroy the testimony of God's power. Brother Harvey writes, "the Lord has just given a wonderful deliverance from an epidemic of the flu—forty or more were down with it but God wonderfully *answered prayer for them all.*"

"God has been stretching forth His hand to heal," writes Mrs. Ira G. Shakely from Sierra Leone, West Africa. "A young woman who has been attending the mission became suddenly insane and was brought here for prayer. It seemed

the enemy was determined to take her life; she would have spells when she became unconscious and it seemed she would die, but God put real prevailing prayer on us and after several battles, God restored her to her right mind and she has been raised up. Then there was another case of a little girl who seemed to be dying with pneumonia but through prayer, God spared her life and healed her. Another little boy was instantly healed of what appeared in the natural, to be an incurable condition of badly diseased gums and teeth.

"Yesterday five of our native boys came home from the ship, their faces aglow with the glory of God, rejoicing over the salvation of the man who was the leader of the crew. He was brought to Christ through the healing of his wife who seemed to be at death's door. This man had been so wicked that our men didn't like to go on his ship but now he favors our men and even went to the captain to ask for a place where they could hold services. The captain said, 'Why, do you know God?' and this man replied that he did. They were given a place to hold services night and morning. The other men who didn't want God were vexed because they could not get a good chance to steal but they finally stole clothing belonging to one of the boys, and said, 'If you are serving God He will give you more' and true enough, one of the white men came and gave the boy a pair of trousers and a shirt. The head man also said, 'Why, on the other trips someone was sure to die but this time all are well.' They are finding that it pays to serve God."

### Outpouring in Venezuela

Miss Winger of Venezuela sends word of Pentecostal showers falling on the natives and of the deep work which God has wrought in some of their lives:

"We can truly say, '*This is that*' and that Pentecost has come to Venezuela. Only God knows the conflict that has been on and the warfare which has raged in the heavenlies, that true Pentecost might come to this people. About three weeks ago while Miss Schilgallis was giving the morning message to our girls, the Spirit of God began to work in a deeper way than ever before and we went to the prayer room, suspending classes, that God might work, and He did. First, one of our girls began to shake under His mighty power and she cried out, 'Away with the world. Away with the world,' exhorting the girls that this world held nothing, but that the glory beyond was wonderful. Soon the others began to cry out and one dear girl from the Island of Margarita came through speaking in other tongues. We were amazed as we heard their worship and adoration. One cried out, 'Oh Jesus is beautiful, most beautiful—the Treasure incomparable' and such expressions of praise as I never heard from their lips before. Then they would praise God in English. It was a scene long to be remembered and all we could

do was to weep and praise God as we saw Him taking possession of these young lives who had known so very little of the power of God. We have noticed such a change in their manner of living and can see that a deep work is going on in their lives. This country is so filled with pride and vanity and from childhood the girls always want ear-rings, etc. so we had longed that our girls should see that this was not pleasing to God. A week ago one of our dear native workers gave the theme in the Young People's meeting and it was on the subject of giving, and not robbing God. She then spoke about the money spent for ear-rings and asked if there was anyone who had something to lay off for Christ that night. One of the girls who had the prettiest ear-rings, quickly said she would give these and they were soon in our possession. We knew God was working and went to our room confident that the Holy

Spirit would do His office work and soon one girl came, bringing two cents which she had taken and kept for months when God had told her to give them up. Our first girl to come to the school was under the power and spoke in tongues for about an hour and a half. She would say, 'Oh how beautiful heaven is! I have been wandering so long and did not know of such glory.' She is one of the poorest and most ignorant, but the King of Glory took possession of her, singing through her a song, entirely new. Then while still under the power she took her two rings off, only brass, but vanity and pride had to go when He, the Living One came in to abide. Soon the other girls were taking off their ear-rings. How precious to see the marks of the Cross instead of the marks of the world. I would that God's people everywhere would be more pleasing to God in these things."

### Wanted—A Nation that Would Dare to be a Pioneer for God

**D**R. SHREVE gave us a graphic account of a vision he had of the Lord Jesus Christ at the Disarmament Conference recently held in Washington. We give it as very significant of the times in which we live:

"One day during the Conference I was shut in to all around me, and I saw very clearly a Man going to the Conference; that Man was represented to me in the vision as Jesus Christ. He didn't look like any picture I had ever seen of Christ; He was small of stature and dressed in a business suit, had on a little black hat and looked like a man who was a hard worker. He walked in a straightforward manner up to the Conference Building, went up the steps and into the building. As soon as He got inside everybody knew He was there. While He didn't look like anybody else present they all seemed to recognize that He had a right to be there. Involuntarily they moved up closer together and left a space for Him at the table. He walked straight to the place made for Him and sat down, then the first thing He did was to lift His eyes and fix them almost immediately on two foreign nations, Japan and China, with a look of indescribable sadness. I saw in His face a prophetic look as of a foreboding future as He gazed on those representatives. Then He turned away from them and looked at Great Britain, the United States and France; took those three nations in at a glance and looked at them with a stern question in His eyes, and it seemed to me the question said, 'What step will you take to show these heathen nations what a Christian nation ought to do?'

"Now it seemed that Jesus proposed in His very look as He gazed on those three great nations that they now do the thing that Christ would do. He indicated clearly in a way that they fully understood: 'If two or three or even one of you great nations will actually do the

Christian act about this disarmament affair, if you will disarm and say to all the world, we will from this moment take a Christian position; we will not have any more wars, we will sink our warships or transform them; we bid the world look on, we are trusting in God. Let the world know you are not defenseless. You are, so far as big battle ships go, but you are defended by the Arm of God, the Great Defender. Then this work will be brought about to glorify My Name!"

"Those nations seemed to look at Him with an idle look, and the two foreign nations, Japan and China, watched keenly as if to say, 'That is it. What will you do about it?' England, America and France looked at Jesus Christ with a kind of despairing look as much as to say, 'We know that that is the only hope of the world, but we know just as well that we cannot do it, and we will not do it.' He instantly read their minds, and while there was no talking going on, He read their attitude, picked up His hat and left the Conference, walking out as He had walked in. Nothing was said, but immediately they got busy and closed up the place. I saw the bustle and hustle, and noticed all the different forces getting down to work to formulate some kind of a program that didn't have Jesus in it. They let Him know that it was a man-made scheme from the first and that nobody need hope for anything from Christ in this matter. Then there seemed to be a hustle to get away and the next I saw was a tremendous cloud of smoke; to me that cloud was portentous and ominous, indicative of great trouble coming on the world. I called upon the people to do everything they could to get our nation, or England, or France to step out and take the lead. I felt I had the authority to pledge them the backing of God Almighty if they would do that. The Conference on Disarmament broke up in just the way I had seen it in the vision, each one hastening back to his country, the objective for which it was called unfulfilled."

## Another Methodist Church Receives Pentecost

A Cloud-burst Upon Scruggs Memorial, St. Louis, Mo.



THOSE of God's children who are praying for a world-wide revival will be glad to read this partial account of the outpouring of God's Spirit upon Scruggs Memorial M. E. Church, Cook and Springs Ave., St. Louis, Mo., in the month of May of this year. The instrument used was another Methodist preacher, Pastor Chas. A. Shreve of Washington, D. C., who had tried Pentecost in his church and proved that it paid to obey God. The seven hundred conversions God had given him in the two years that followed, alone were sufficient for him to recommend it to any pastor whose heart was crying out to God for some way to stem the tides of worldliness and higher criticism that are stalking abroad in the denominational churches of our land. Thank God there are pastors who are willing to pay any price He requires of them to save their flocks from the havoc that is being wrought by materialism, Christian Science and Russellism, not to speak of the heathen cults that are fast making inroads into the churches of today.

Mr. Shreve in conducting this campaign did not hesitate to attack sin openly as will be seen by the following quotation from his sermon by *The St. Louis Star*:

"I was astounded when I found public dance halls wide open here on Sunday. In the name of the Lord I call upon all Christian men and women to see that they are closed. Some one in authority is responsible and the people should endeavor through their homes, their newspapers and their churches, as well as their ballot boxes to see that this open insult to God is ended."

The cyclone of divine power that accompanied the giving forth of the Word by this fearless preacher swept large numbers of Methodists, as well as members of other denominations into the experience of the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire. The account which follows is from his own lips:

The meeting held in the Scruggs Memorial Church I have never been able to describe. I tried twice to tell my people about it but found it was impossible to describe the power and glory of those days. When I went to St. Louis I told them what the revival had done for us in Washington, financially as well as numerically and spiritually. Some time before, the pastor, Dr. Morse H. Markley, came up to see me, took part in my meetings, and helped pray for the sick with great blessing. He pleaded with me to come and hold a meeting for him and I prom-

ised I would do so after Conference. I received letters saying they were praying, were full of faith and looking for a great revival, were ready to pay any price for what God had for them and were willing to have any manifestations that were to come. I could not refuse to go any longer, without grieving the Lord, so I finally went.

When I reached there I found them keen for a revival and as a proof that they were ready the Lord began to work immediately. The second or third night we had a tarrying meeting in the Sunday School room in which the Lord came in tremendous power, many people being stricken down under the power suddenly.

The first Friday night of the meeting the pastor received the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and he got it like a great many other people do, fell over on the floor and lay there quite awhile, then came through speaking in tongues. In the meantime there were a multitude of people under the power of God all over the house, in the little room and everywhere. While the pastor was shut in with God, a man and his wife came over where he was, to look on. The woman had just been reclaimed the day before and the man was seeking the baptism of the Spirit. She was not at all enthusiastic about the baptism and didn't encourage her husband, but as they came and looked on, suddenly I heard a great noise. I had been kneeling beside Brother Markley and didn't notice these people, but when I heard this noise I looked up and there they both lay, side by side, prostrated by the mighty power of God.

Along about 12:30 that night there came into the meeting a reporter of *The Post Despatch*, which is not much of a paper to publish religious news, the other papers seemed to be more favorable, but he was on his way home and seeing the light, dropped in. I didn't want him to see Brother Markley because I knew that outsiders didn't understand, it looks like foolishness to them, and not knowing what the pastor would do I rather hoped the reporter would be steered away from him, but he found his way to where he was and nothing would do but for him to see it through. He wrote up a long piece in *The Post Despatch* about it.

One night I was preaching, but hadn't more than taken my text and started to say a few words about Stephen being filled with faith and the Holy Ghost when a man arose toward the front who immediately reminded me of Saul of Tarsus when he saw that great light on the Damascus road. He came up the aisle, knelt at the altar, put both his hands above his head and fell over as tho he were shot. It made quite a stir among some of them, but I saw he was all right and went on preaching.

The night the pastor's wife received the bap-

tism, the power of God was moving everywhere, and such praying as they did you hardly ever heard. Her husband was in one of the little rooms praying with a man who was under the power, a very prominent member of the church. I noticed when I was in the room that the pastor himself was prostrated, the power of God had overcome him as it often did during that meeting. I went out to where his wife was, and several of us were praying for her. She asked me where her husband was and I told her he was busy in the other room. She didn't say anything for a little while and then she asked for him again, saying she wanted him. I sent someone to go and tell Brother Markley that his wife wanted him and the brother returned saying he could not come, that he was under the power. I whispered to Mrs. Markley that the Lord was dealing with her husband and she smiled; didn't seem to be disturbed, but after a while she called for him again, wanting him to come and put his hand on her head. I told a sister to go and if possible get him to come. She came back, leading him by the hand. He put both his hands on her head and they shook like a dynamo. She received the baptism of the Holy Ghost that night. We prayed for the people a great deal in that meeting with the laying on of hands, just as in the nineteenth chapter of Acts, where Paul laid hands on the twelve disciples at Ephesus and they received the Holy Ghost.

Brother Markley's son received the baptism of the Holy Spirit, and his little girl also, and many of the leading members of his church. Members of the Pentecostal Assembly there also received the baptism. The Pentecostal people were very faithful in helping in the meetings. I felt that the dynamite of God was what was needed, and the Lord used them in helping to pray. The services sometimes lasted until 2:30 in the morning.

One of the most powerful nights of the meeting was the last Sunday night. Right after preaching I gave the altar call, and while I was giving it, a man suddenly fell down in the middle of the large auditorium. It caused a little sensation, but about the time the people got it through their minds that it was God working, a tall man who had attended the church for the first time that morning, standing up near the altar rail, fell down like a log. Two women standing near gave a scream and went down, and then suddenly all over the house the fire of God blazed forth in all directions, just as though one had touched a match to powder. In three minutes everyone of those little rooms, of which there were a number back of the Sunday School room, was full of people seeking God, and the Sunday School room was also quickly covered with them. All over the house God Himself was dealing with people. It was the first meeting I had ever been in where I couldn't do something; it had passed out of my control into the hands of God. They paid no attention to the altar call I was giving; God Himself had come down and taken charge of it. Finally I found myself standing on a bench in the middle of the

room exhorting people to turn to the Lord. A woman told me afterwards that she spoke to two sinners who refused to come to the Lord. While she was speaking they began to tremble and tried to hold on to themselves and actually ran out of the house.

In the midst of great rejoicing and seeking the Holy Ghost a man came up to me praising God and looked happily into my face as I was passing into the next room. I shook hands with him and remarked about his being happy. He said, "I have enough to be happy about. What God has done for me is sufficient for me to praise Him all my days. Do you remember me in there at the altar today?" I didn't remember him, but he went on: "God healed me instantly and absolutely, and I am perfectly well. Besides that I received the baptism of the Holy Ghost." I remembered afterwards when his daughter had called my attention to him at the altar. He was so sick he was just hanging on to the railing. At night he showed no signs of ever having been sick. There were also a number of other healings during that meeting, including a blind woman, one insane, and a man of the palsy.

Since I have come away I received word from Brother Markley saying the revival was still going on; that the night before there had been three baptisms. The enemy was not asleep by any means and things were becoming stirred, but they were keeping sweet and resting everything in the hands of the Lord. The pastor is courageous and fearless, and one who follows his convictions regardless of consequences.

When the power of the Lord first began to work in our own meetings in Washington I wrote to my presiding elder and explained to him that we were not seeking these particular manifestations, but seeking God; that speaking in tongues occurred a great deal in our meetings but instead of being fearful that any harm would come from it, the majority of our people saw there was nothing to fear. Then I described to him what I thought it was; that I believed personally this was a manifestation of the Holy Ghost like that which occurred in the Pentecostal days; sometimes it seemed to be a mere babbling at first which a person would not think amounted to anything, but then it would break forth in a beautiful language which carried a thrill and impressiveness with it such as no other manifestation of the Spirit would do; that I believed it was an ecstatic utterance of the soul in communion with God that I had no fears for whatever.

I have fellowship with my presiding elder and had the privilege of speaking before a conference of ministers and telling of the blessing that fell to us as a church when the Lord came among us.

A. C. R.

### Again Among the Tibetans

THE following letter from dear Brother Plymire will give our readers a fresh vision of the trials and hardships incident to giving the Gospel to the Tibetans, and show them

the need of prayer and grace and strength for these soldiers of the Cross:

**I**N my last letter I mentioned that I was planning to take a trip to the north. This has been done and I returned only three days ago. I left here on February 21st, went to Heh-tsu, 1230 li, and stopped for a day. This was a very long and hard day, a heavy snow falling during the night had made travel very hard over this mountainous road. I might say that after traveling only twenty li we entered Tibetan territory. From Heh-tsu we passed on through Rong-ngar and went over a very high pass and after three days of travel we reached the great monastery of Labrang. This is one of the largest monasteries in Eastern Tibet. More than ten years ago missionaries entered here but were driven out and for ten long years no effort has been made by that mission to return. I think it was in 1918 that I went there in company with another missionary, but we got to the town only a short distance east of the monastery when a large number of Buddhist priests met us and would not permit us to go any farther, so we had to return very much disappointed indeed. A few weeks later I made one more effort in company with an English doctor. The Tibetans again ordered us to leave, but I appealed to a young "Living Buddha," who in turn appealed to the "Great Buddha" and we were permitted to remain there to do medical work for ten days, when we had to get out. But the ice had been broken; a beginning was made, during which time we sold thousands of portions of the Gospels, tracts and Testaments in Tibetan. While we were tolerated at that time, there was no such thing as feeling safe among them. I was able to get a few photographs of men behind closed doors but none out in the open except when I stole my way up into the forests, opposite, very early in the morning and snapped the monastery from under cover.

On this last trip I was so well pleased to see how the Lord had answered the cry of many of His people and opened this door. I had an audience with the Regent of the monastery, the father of the present "Great Living Buddha," whom I found to be a very fine man and appearing very intelligent. Upon leaving his room he arose to escort me out, a thing none other of his rank ever did before; he gave me a guide and I was escorted through the important buildings where I saw some very interesting things indeed. I was able to go anywhere about the monastery unmolested; nor did I hear one word of threat from any of the priests. How it does rejoice the heart to see how the Lord has changed conditions in so short a time.

Leaving Labrang we ascended to the high plateau north of the monastery. Here it was so cold that we could not keep warm even with army blankets wrapped around us. The wind was strong and the snow falling made it all the more difficult. We had very little food for the two days, usually bread and onions, which we carried from Labrang. After two days of this

travel we reached Paongan which is a Chinese military post surrounded by Tibetans. The Tibetans here live in houses and the population is fairly large; even as far east as within twenty li of Hsuen-hua the population is Tibetan. A good many years ago there was a mission here but the missionaries were driven out and the building was partly destroyed. No effort was made during all these years to go back to this place, except in 1910 when I passed through here and stayed for two nights. A few years ago the Tibetans made a raid on the city and burned every house outside the wall and a few inside. In turn the Mohammedans burned a monastery near by and a number of Tibetan villages.

From Paongan we traveled northeast to Hsuen-hua, on the Yellow river. For anyone who wants to work among the Salar, Turkish Mohammedans, this is a very good place. They speak the dialect from Turkey here. Here we crossed the river and went on to the north over more high passes to Payenjungo, a small Chinese city with Tibetan surroundings and many Tibetans in the villages for many miles in different directions. An Independent mission is working here, but thus far they have no Tibetan Christians, though they have had a mission for several years. Tibetan work is not at all encouraging as far as converts are concerned. From here we journeyed northward for two days to Sining, an important Chinese city near the Tibetan border. Here lives the Mohammedan General, Ma, who has in the last few years brought low many of the imposing Tibetan monasteries, including Labrang. No doubt the Lord is using this "heathen" general to open the closed land of Tibet. He has conquered a great portion of Northern Tibet and has it under control. Here the Tibetans have a Buddhist temple which was built sometime during the 14th century. From here we journeyed westward to Tangar and on to the Koko-nor, also known as the Blue Lake, or as the Chinese call it, Ching-hai. This entire country is inhabited by the Nomads, people living in tents all their lives. We met many Nomad encampments and were able to give some the Gospel. One night we made for Tsa-han Cheng, hoping to get food and shelter there, but reached the place of that name only to find not a human being living there. We slept in a temple nearby. For a bed I had a broken door between me and the ground. We gathered some dried cowdung and built a fire and in that way kept warm during the night. We had two meals of real dry bread. Some people talk about dry bread and water but we could not get even the water and the bread was exceedingly dry.

From this city we continued westward to the lake where we came across some Nomad camps and here we were able to get a little tea, butter and barley flour. This tasted rather good after a few dry meals. But one thing here was not very pleasing to the taste. The woman dipped the tea-bowls into the tea, then into the sheepmanure, then wiped them out, leaving just a little

in the center of the bowl. When I saw that I did not watch her any more as I wanted to enjoy what little food and hot drink we could get. At such times one appreciates the goodness of the Lord more than at other times and loves to talk about it; in this way one gets his mind off of that which he is eating.

Here all streams are frozen dry. They cut the ice and carry it home and melt it in the cook pot. That is how they get water. From the lake we returned a short distance over the same route and then traveled southward to Kumbum, one of the largest Buddhist monasteries in Eastern Tibet, founded by T'song Ka' pa about four hundred years ago. About 3,500 Buddhist priests reside here. I visited this place some years ago and was nearly mobbed, called a "foreign devil" by the priests, I went about the monastery with more or less fear. But what a change God has brought about in a few years even at this place! I sent my card in to the head man and he gave me a guide who took me into all of the main buildings and was reasonably free to answer my questions; a good number of Gospel tracts were given out to the priests who received them quite willingly. From here we continued our travels somewhat southwest over Lar-gi Pass at an altitude of 13,200 feet above sea level. All day we traveled in a blinding snowstorm and by the time we reached the top and began descending the mountain we were in snow knee-deep. Twice my horse and I were buried under the snow. This happened on the icy mountain when the horse fell and both of us started back down the mountain quite rapidly until we struck some obstruction which stopped us. This night I slept between frozen covers.

The following day we reached Kweiteh, just where it enters China from Tibet. North, East South and West are Tibetans. For more than two days eastward we met Tibetan villages, some of a mixed population, while to the south all is Tibetan, as well as west and north. Here we distributed Gospel literature to the people.

On leaving Kweiteh we followed the course of the Yellow river eastward for nearly two days when we came to Po-sha-tseng, where lives the "Great Buddha" who is at the head of the "Red Cap" religion of all this section of Tibet, a very nice and friendly man. He has offered to build a home for us if we move there, but it is not a good place for Tibetan work. He was very open to us and when we left he gave a Tibetan bell, some peacock feathers from Lhasa and some good cloth. He has offered to give us help in securing a good Tibetan teacher if we moved to Kweiteh. Besides all this he said that the Buddhist religion would gradually get out and that the Christian religion would take its place. From here we followed the river for some distance, then crossed and traveled northeastward, circling around and down again to Hsuen-hua, where we re-crossed and took a different route across the high plateau to Labrang and back to Taochow by a little different route than the one traveled in going. On this trip we had eight days of snow and it was very cold. A good portion of Gospel literature was distributed among Tibetans at different places.

We praise the Lord for His presence and that we have been able to give out the Gospel to a number of Tibetans, many of whom have never heard before. This entire northern section of Tibet is practically open to the missionary. There is one difficulty, and that is the hard life one must live in order to reach these people. They are all Nomads and travel from place to place, therefore one could hardly expect to establish much of a work among them, as you may not meet them for years after the first time. In order to reach these people one will have to spend a good part of his life in a tent and be content to eat butter, tea and roasted barley ground into flour. But these people must have the Gospel preached to them as well as those who live a more settled life. It will be only a few days until I expect to be gone again for a month or more. We desire a deep interest in your prayers.

## Miraculously Healed of Appendicitis and Gall Stones

### Rescue Worker Baptized in the Holy Spirit

*One of the pastors of the Pentecostal Assembly in Washington, D. C., was for twenty-seven years engaged in Rescue Work in the cities of New York, Harrisburg and Washington. He entered rescue work immediately after his conversion in St. Bartholomew's Mission with Colonel Hadley, who had a training school for rescue workers in connection with the mission, a wealthy Episcopal church bearing the same name was sponsor for the mission. He afterwards worked with the famous Bowery Mission sponsored by the Christian Herald, and coming later to Washington he was for the past fifteen years Superintendent of the Gospel Mission on John Marshall Place. The story of his miraculous healing and later coming into Pentecost will be of deep interest to our readers.*



ONE morning about three and a half years ago I was suddenly stricken with intense pain. I was alone in the house, as Mrs. Kline had gone to market, and for over an hour I lay perfectly helpless, screaming in agony until the nurse arrived who had charge of the dispensary in connection with the Mission of which I was Superintendent. A little later the doctor of the Dispensary Staff came, but all they could do failed to alleviate my sufferings. After observing me for some time they decided that I had appendicitis, and for days and nights they did all they could to relieve me, but without effect. As my

condition became worse and more alarming, they decided after conference that I was suffering not only from appendicitis, but also from gall-stones. Calling in one of the leading surgeons of the city, he decided that an operation was necessary to save my life, but in my weakened condition I felt certain it would mean death should they attempt it.

For six weeks and four days I managed to stay them from attempting an operation, though the pain was constant. The prayers of many friends sustained me through those days of awful suffering. I do not know that anyone could suffer any more and live. One of those diseases was bad enough, but to have them both was more than I could endure but for the prayers of God's children. To add to my mental agony, it was during this time that J. Wilbur Chapman was operated on for gall-stones, and died through the operation. This made me more determined than ever that I would not die under the surgeon's knife. Finally, when all hope seemed lost and everybody expected me to die, one of the Lord's own children came in and insisted in anointing me with oil. I rebelled against this because I felt it would not be honorable towards the Lord, as long as I was in the hands of the physicians, and I had just made an appointment to have X-Ray pictures taken to enable the physicians to know how far these troubles had advanced and how to treat them more intelligently. Nevertheless, even against my will these kind friends prayed and anointed me for the healing of my body. This was on a Saturday afternoon, and the X-Ray was to be taken the following Monday. On Sunday came the supreme test of my faith. I had abandoned a remedy that was giving me partial relief for an hour or two, and the enemy seemed at this time to make the pains more intense than ever before. Sunday night I lay on the couch in the sitting room and toward morning I felt I could endure the pain no longer, so I cried from the depths of my being for the Lord either to deliver me from the agony I was in by taking me home, or to heal me at once. In a moment or two something snapped in my body, the pains stopped and I fell into a peaceful sleep which was broken only by my wife when she aroused me and told me it was time for me to get ready to keep my appointment with the X-Ray experts. But the pains had gone and I never had another from that moment to this nor any symptoms of either one of those diseases.

I kept my appointment, however, and had the

X-Ray taken that morning. They asked me to return again in the evening when more pictures were taken and finally after searching me with the eyes of the fluoroscope for evidences of the diseases, they asked me to come back the following morning for one more examination. During this last examination the physician gave me a punch with his fist right over my appendix and it never phased me. I said, "Doctor, if you had done that on Saturday I would have doubled up like a jack-knife and dropped dead at your feet." He said, "Well, you are apparently all right now."

When the report was returned to our physician it stated that there were no shadows of gall-stones, my stomach was normal and the appendix perfect, showing how complete was the healing of the Lord the morning before.

My attention was first called to the Pentecostal Movement by "Sophie, the Scrubwoman," who asked me if I had ever attended Glad Tidings Hall, New York City. This dear old saint, who always a warm spot in her heart for me, told me there never was a day she didn't pray for me. She used to say, "I know Kline needs my prayers," and I would answer, "You are right, Sophie." I never had any prejudice against Pentecost as I saw it, nor did I have any inclination to enter into the movement, but like many others just held aloof, satisfied with my work in the Rescue Mission.

In this self-satisfied state I lived for years until one day another life-long friend, Mrs. Whittemore, the founder of the Door of Hope, whom I have known for years as a succorer of many, came tripping up our three flights of stairs like a school girl, with a stirring testimony of how God had healed her and baptized her in the Holy Ghost. She also told us how the Spirit had spoken through her and how her life and work had been revolutionized, all of which were in evidence. There were many times when this good sister in coming to Washington tried to persuade me to go to the little Pentecostal Mission somewhere down in South Washington, but I never cared to go.

A little after this, Mrs. McPherson came to Washington. I had heard of her through Mrs. Whittemore and knew what to expect after she opened her campaign in the McKendree M. E. Church. The plain, simple way in which she opened up the full blessing of Pentecost appealed to me, and the results of her preaching, many of my own personal friends receiving the baptism, and the signs and miracles I saw with my own

eyes, convinced me that God was in the work. These results broke down every preconceived idea I could bring in opposition and I simply had to yield. It was at these services in the Methodist Church where I first commenced to seek the baptism of the Spirit but I made very little advancement.

Months later, sitting alone in the office of the Mission one Wednesday night the Lord spoke to me, just as audibly as a human voice could speak. He asked me a question, "Do you want the baptism of the Spirit?" I said, "Yes, Lord, You know I do." And then He asked, "Would you go down to that little Mission where you refused so often to go to receive it?" I answered, "Yes, Lord. I will go," but immediately commenced to make excuses. I added, "If some one will come to take charge of the meeting tonight." In a few moments I heard the piano start up in the Mission hall, and looking in I saw there were ample workers there, making it unnecessary for me to remain. Then I started to walk to the Mission, over a mile away, instead of taking a car, the devil contesting every inch of the ground. I didn't want to get there too soon. On the way I was saying, to myself, "Well, there will not be anyone there whom I know, nor will there be many there," but to my surprise the hall was crowded, and it seemed to me that nearly everybody I knew was there, including my wife, a neighbor across the street, and friends I had worked with for years.

But I was there for a purpose that night; it was God's appointed time and when the altar call was given I was among the first to reach the front. Nor was it long until the power came and staggered me. In a little while I was speaking as the Spirit gave utterance. Months after this the devil tried to instill doubts: "Why do you not speak in the Spirit any more?" There seemed to be a dry time when doubts would arise, but three months after this night the nurse

in our Dispensary called me down and told me of a Pentecostal family that were about to get into trouble because they refused to receive a physician, and that if something wasn't done in that home the civil authorities would step in and interfere. An Italian brother absolutely refused to have a physician for his wife, who was dangerously ill. Three of the children were also ill. The nurse asked me if I would go down and pray for them. We found the wife as the nurse had described and going over to the bedside were about to pray, when the husband entered the room. He took the situation in at a glance and said to Mrs. Kline, who was standing near the door, "Him a doctor?" pointing to me. Mrs. Kline said, "No, he is a preacher." Then he asked her, "You a Christian?" "Yes." "You baptized in the Holy Ghost?" She hesitated a moment and before she could answer he asked, "You speak in tongues?" He was surely trying the spirits. She said, pointing to me, "No, but he does." That was one of the questions Satan was testing me on, for I hadn't spoken in tongues since the night of my baptism. This was a very trying moment for me, but I did the only thing I could do, I said very quickly, "Brother, let us pray." We fell on our knees and had hardly started to pray when the Lord commenced to pray through me in the Spirit in other tongues, which seemed to be given as an evidence to this precious Pentecostal brother, and also as a seal to my own blessed experience months before. Then we anointed the sister and the three children who were all dangerously ill. The next morning the sister was out of bed doing her work and the children speedily recovered. The Lord also delivered them all from the hand of the civil authorities.

The blessings of Pentecost have enlarged my vision and increased my sphere of usefulness. Truly He has led me out into a wealthy place, into paths of service which have been a continual surprise to me.

## Will the Heathen be Saved Without the Gospel

Mrs. Julia Richardson in the Missionary Rest Home, July 5, 1922.



AS I have gone from assembly to assembly in this land I have come to the decision that many Pentecostal people do not have the right conception of the need of the heathen. Why is it that young people give up their desires of making a name for themselves in this country, and go to the mission field among those darkened people?

Why is it that I am returning to the field at my age? I think there are various reasons. I want to read a portion of the first chapter of Romans. It was from this chapter that I first received my call. I wanted to prepare myself for the work of the Lord but the thought of the foreign field never entered my mind until we studied this passage. This first chapter speaks of the Gentile

nations and shows us their condition while the second takes up the condition of the Jews and the third chapter shows us the condition of the entire world, Jews and Gentiles. "I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the Barbarians; both to the wise and the unwise." Paul goes on to describe the condition of the Gentile people and the next chapter begins by saying, "Therefore thou art inexcusable." Our ancestors were without excuse. We say that grace is undeserved favor and we know that not one of us is worthy to be saved, but still we try to reason out in our minds that the heathen are in another class and will be saved eventually without having accepted Christ, we think that somehow they will get into the presence of a Holy God in their condition. Before I studied these chapters carefully I was just the same; I would say, "Yes, every man is worthy of hell," but in regard to the heathen I felt they would get through somehow. The heathen according to this Word of God are lost without the Gospel, eternally lost, because they are sinners and need God.

Historians are not able to trace the early history of the African tribes but God gives us a glimpse into their former history here: "They glorified him not as God, neither were thankful, but became vain in their imaginations and their foolish heart was darkened. Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools." Did you know our ancestors were all heathens and idolaters? If we could trace our family tree back far enough we would find the record going right back to heathendom. We haven't very much to boast of. In Africa we still have traces which show that those tribes once knew the Hebrew's God. They still have the name for God and believe that there must be somewhere a Being who has created all things, but because they glorified Him not, they became as fools. I feel if the Lord Jesus would tarry very long we would be drifting back to the very same condition the heathen are in today. It is wonderful how the wisdom of man is being displayed, it has caused me to think sometimes that we are right in that stage where nothing is withheld from man, but if judgment doesn't come we are just ready to commence the down-grade until we would again fill the place the heathen are filling today. Look how these heathen religions are coming into our land; they are establishing temples and intelligent men and women are taking up these heathen cults. We are in tremendous times, times the import-

ance of which we do not half realize or we would not have so little prayer in our lives.

We know that in China they worship the dragon, in Japan the snake is sacred, and in Africa, if a certain brown snake comes creeping into the doorway they think that a spirit has visited them and of course they are always afraid it is one which will do them harm unless they offer sacrifices. They are religions of fear and bondage. "Wherefore, because of their turning against God, God also gave them up to uncleanness." This is the condition of the heathen and it is the condition our ancestors were in. Our Lord Jesus Christ came into this sort of condition. This is one reason why we should go to the heathen—because they are lost. It matters not whether they are deserving of being lost, so were we, but we believe that Jesus came to save us.

This awful picture given in this first chapter of Romans is the picture of human nature today whether it is in heathendom or right here in our land, but the thought I wanted to bring out emphatically is that the heathen are lost. Not long ago I found a Pentecostal brother who thought there would be some escape for the heathen, but the Lord says that "without hope and without God in the world," they are lost. Then shall I use my own reasoning and say that somehow they will be saved? "There is no other name under heaven by which they can be saved," and if we would make it still stronger we would turn to the tenth chapter of Romans and after reading that I don't see how any Christian can still believe that the heathen will escape. If there is any Scripture that gives hope to a heathen man, woman or child I should like to know where it is. "How then shall they call upon him of whom they have not heard and how shall they hear without a preacher and how shall they preach unless they be sent?" I believe there is absolutely no hope for the heathen without the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, but I do believe that He will lead them to someone who will tell them of the Saviour. He knows the heart that will be responsive and will somehow bring the Gospel to that one. I could tell of many instances but just now remember the story of one boy, Ouko, who realized that there must be a God of whom he did not know. He used to cry to the heavens above and the creation around him and thought, surely, there must be something that my people do not know. Through this he was prepared for the hearing of the Gospel, but remember, he was not saved

thereby. God sent a missionary to that tribe; although it was one of the proudest around there, and almost as soon as the missionary arrived this Ouko, in spite of the fact that his father was exceedingly proud and this boy was in line for the chieftianship, came to the mission station to work there. This was very unusual. Why did he come? Because he at once began to be interested in the Gospel story. Ouko was one of the first to believe in Jesus. We are told of a heathen in Japan who had this same hunger. He started out in search for something but did not know what and God led him to a mission station. He accepted the Gospel and soon began to prepare to be a missionary to his own people. But remember that the heathen are lost. And this is the main reason that I am returning to that dark continent.

Another reason is that we have a glorious Gospel to take, the Gospel of salvation to the lost. The Lord came to seek and save that which was lost. I want to give you just one instance of the effect which this glorious Gospel has on the heathen. One of the first which touched me deeply was that of a little cripple girl. She became a cripple from the effects of a disease which had come to her tribe, the bone became diseased and protruded out from different parts of the body and she was so crippled that she could not walk but had to hitch herself along. She was hated by her father and mother. They were in the habit of drinking beer and one night after they had been drinking her mother chased her outside of the village. Her father later on realizing that she was not in the hut went and brought her in. It is a strange fact that cripples are very seldom seen among these people and one of the customs in this tribe was to kill the cripples. I believe they very often killed those who were born cripple but this girl was not. Umvase said she was very hungry for something, she did not know what, but one day her brother, who was working at some strange place, came home with just a vague report of some new religion about which they were trying to tell him. Later on two young women went into the district there to open a station and they visited this village in order to tell the story of Jesus. They didn't know that anyone was interested but Umvase just drank it all in. The missionaries were so busy that they didn't get back to the village but Umvase couldn't endure it any longer so she sent word and said, "Why don't you come back and tell me some more of that

story?" She wanted to get to the mission station but she had this awful bone disease and so while she was praying about the matter she settled the question for herself. She persuaded one of the wives to come with her and for three miles, over the roughest road, this girl hitched herself along, until early one Sunday morning the missionaries saw her coming. She reached the veranda very tired and worn but she was happy. The girl was healed through prayer and when I reached that station later on to help in the work Umvase was well and so bright and happy. She had a good voice and learned to read and write which caused the natives all around to wonder at her. She would help in the garden, teach in the school, always singing at whatever work she was doing. This was the effect the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ had on Umvase. Hers is not the only hungry heart in Africa. Jesus said, "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold." He didn't say, "Other goats have I." In God's wonderful foreknowledge He knows the hearts that will believe when they hear the Gospel; He knows the hearts that need preparation.

Then another reason for my going is because it is in line with God's plan. His plan is that there shall be gathered out a bride for Jesus Christ, and the command is "to go into all the world and preach the Gospel." He didn't say just part of it. Suppose you missed one tribe where there were representatives of the bride of Jesus Christ. Would the bride be prepared? Never. Jesus Christ is waiting until every member of His body has heard and it is the work of this age to preach the Gospel to those heathen nations. Jesus Christ has taught in this Word that the heathen are lost and He has told us to go and give them the message and the warning, and if we don't go their blood will be upon us, but if we obey and they do not accept but die in their sin their blood will be upon themselves. It is a solemn situation; it should come home solemnly to every professed believer of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Oh it is a glorious privilege. I believe if we want God to open to us the windows of heaven and give us the fulness, we will have to get in line and obey the command to preach the Gospel to the the heathen nations. Then He will pour out the fulness of the Latter Rain.

I wish that a message of fire could go throughout this land stirring up God's people on the importance of this duty. Oh the privilege of seeing these chosen ones come out from among the

heathen. I could tell you of instances which have resulted in Christian homes in British East Africa with boys and girls who are now being taught the Gospel story. They have been jewels taken right out of heathendom. And now in the newer fields of the Belgian Congo there are numbers that are going on with Jesus Christ. And I know as we return and enter into that Lake Kivu District that God will bless the preaching of His word and the obedience of the command until there will be numbers who will believe on Him as we tell them the story.

This is a message which stirs my heart and if we would only be stirred, everyone of us. We

can be if we will search the Word and see the truth. I believe that in every case where there is not a belief in the lost condition of the heathen it has a deadening effect, I have seen it every place where they believe there is salvation for the heathen without the blood of Jesus Christ. If people believe that those low, degraded, vile heathen will enter into the presence of a Holy God without the blood of Jesus, their interest will be deadened. The heathen are eternally lost and their salvation depends upon us, for God has given us the message of life and if we fail God, their blood will be upon our heads. I want to be free from their blood.

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