



The days of Heaven on the Earth

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

STANFORD - CHICAGO

The Clarion Call for Reapers

Have You Kept Jesus Waiting?

J. Wilbur Taylor, in The Stone Church, Aug. 13, 1922.



THE seventh verse of the fifth chapter of James contains the thought I want to bring out tonight, "The husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and the latter rain." This chapter in James deals with the present day; it was intended for the last days just before Jesus returns.

I want to say that although I have great sympathy for the working man today who is striking for a living wage, yet I see no hope for him in strikes for when one is over there will be another and another and this condition will continue until Jesus comes back. We may organize, and I have nothing to say against that, we may get together and sympathize with one another, but let me say, that the only hope I know of for the working man is the return of Jesus Christ. There are those who are preaching that the world is getting better, that we will soon have a league of nations, a union of churches and a union of societies; that all this will solve our problems, but I cannot find any scripture for that, for I read that the last days will be perilous days. Then Jesus will come in the midst of the world's turmoil and He will put an end to it. That is a wonderful consolation. Aren't you anxious for that day to come? But if you haven't Jesus in your heart I will feel sorry for you then because you won't be glad to see Him.

The Word tells us that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain for the coming of Jesus, and I have seen that in Africa as I have never seen it here in the States. Every native song is in the minor and there seems to be no place to stop so they just keep on singing and singing until they get tired, then they start another song which also is in the minor. Science tells us that the very chirp of the cricket is in the minor; the growing of the plants produces music and that is in the minor; the singing of the trees in the forest is all in the minor. Why is it? All creation is groaning and crying for the coming of Jesus. Why does He not come? James gives us the reason; He is waiting for one thing and that is the precious fruit of the earth. Every day as the sun breaks forth in the morning that day

will bring hundreds, yes thousands of newborn infants into the world. Probably one out of many thousands of these infants will ever have an opportunity to accept Jesus Christ for over one-half of the world is without knowledge or the means of gaining knowledge of Jesus. Does that speak to you? The missionaries of the Cross are increasing very slowly but the wicked are increasing by the thousands. Since I have left the field a little over a year ago, back among that tribe of the Mosei people, there have been hundreds of babies born. I don't know who will ever bring the Gospel to them, for if our children and we have pity on them in the same measure as our fathers did they stand a very poor chance.

Those heathen are crying out for the Gospel and it touches their hearts just as it does ours. I remember one night of stopping off on one of my journeys to hold a little meeting; there didn't seem to be anything unusual about it, two of my boys stepped out and gave their testimony, telling how God had saved them after this white man had come to their village and preached the Gospel to them: "When we got down on our knees and asked forgiveness of our sins, the power came down just as the white man said it would. Now you listen to him for he is to speak to you tonight." About five o'clock the next morning as I was about to leave, there was a knock at the door and I sent one of the boys who returned saying that the chief of the village was there and wanted to see me. Stepping out, I asked him what he wanted so early and he answered that he wanted to speak to me so I went out into the yard and found it full of people. I wondered what it all meant; had my boys gotten into trouble or had something else gone wrong? But the chief spoke up and said they could not sleep last night after listening to me. It was the first message they had ever heard. "Last night," he said, "you told us the story of God and of heaven and do you know? before you were through talking, we all wanted to go. Isn't that true?" And they all said it was true. "But," he said, "just before you finished you said something that spoiled it all. You said no sinner could enter into heaven, and white man, we are all sinners. What will we do?" In Africa they acknowledge they are sinners, they are honest with the Lord out there.

"Now white man," the chief continued, "you must stay with us longer. We will take care of you and all your boys if you will only stay a solid week." I promised them one night and that evening we had another meeting, but friends what can you do with dark minds who don't know how to read, don't know how old they are. They cannot even comprehend a picture when they see it for you have to point out to them every detail and say, "here is the eye, and here is the face" until finally it stands out before them and they actually see the picture. What can you do to explain the Gospel in two evenings to such darkened minds? I was compelled to pass on to another village and again I had the privilege which I had been having for months, of telling the message for the first time to those people. Their hearts are crying out as nature cries out, as our nation is crying out for deliverance, as all the nations are looking for a remedy, so the poor lost souls of the earth are crying out for the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

At one time I wondered why the Lord was waiting and on whom He was waiting and for what He was waiting. But He revealed to me that He was waiting for the precious fruit of the earth, and I understand that to be the remnant that shall be given to the Lord for a Bride, those that shall be gathered out of every nation and tongue and people. There is a beautiful illustration in the Old Testament. When a man wanted to sell a piece of property in those times he would take a piece of dirt in his hands and turn it over, then the property became the possession of the other man. So God promises back in the Psalms that His Son shall have the heathen for His inheritance; Jesus shall reign over all the earth; over every isle of the sea, every nation and every country shall feel the power of Jesus. I am not misled to believe that if I go into this great tribe which has never heard the message until we went there a short time ago, that the whole tribe will turn to Jesus, but I do know that He will have a few from among them who will give their hearts and lives to Him. I have proof of that in the fifth chapter of Revelation: "And they sung a new song . . . for thou hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation." Here they are sitting at the feet of Jesus. You missionaries who are intending to go forth, do you want to know what guarantee you have of success? Here it is in this verse. These are the people who have been redeemed by His blood,

those who heard the Story and accepted that same Sacrifice for their sins. I know tonight that my work will be a success and am sure that God will honor the going forth of His children. I can already see the group gathered, I can see the reward. This is what Jesus is waiting for. Can you fancy Him thus? It is not an untrue picture, for this Word tells us He is waiting.

I know full well that if it were possible, Jesus would come and put an end to this turmoil and strife; He would put an end to the taking of life; He would hear the poor man's cry and give him his right wage. But this same Jesus who helped to create the world, who formed the stars and the heavens and the earth, this same Jesus is waiting tonight for one thing, and that is the fruit of the earth. On whom is He waiting? He once was waiting on me. I shall never forget when that thought flashed upon me. I asked the Lord about this matter and He showed me the map of the world and then spoke to me that this Gospel must be preached as a witness in all the earth and then the end should come, and I said, "Lord here am I. I will do that work." And tonight He is not waiting for me, for by His grace I am doing my best in being obedient to the heavenly vision. You say, "Is the Lord really waiting?" This Word tells us that He is waiting for the fruit of the earth.

There is no other provision made for the salvation of the lost of the earth but through His Church. Do you know? I meet people all over the world who have no call as a missionary; they haven't heard any supernatural voice out of heaven speaking to them and therefore they say they have no call to preach the Gospel. My Bible says that Jesus is waiting on them to go and preach that Word to someone. It was blessed to hear the sister testify that Jesus showed her she could be busy right here and let me say that you had better not send anyone out to the field who cannot be busy at home, for we want workers. Some have the idea that anything is good enough for the foreign field and sometimes say, "He is no preacher, he isn't very bright, we will send him to Africa as a missionary." You had better keep him right at home.

Jesus is waiting. I knew a young man in the East who graduated from Bible School the year after I did and five years after I had sailed for Africa I met him again. As we were walking along I said, "Frank, what is wrong? I thought you had a call to China. Aren't you going?" "Yes, I am." "When?" He replied that he

didn't know. "What are you waiting for?" I asked, but he said, "Now Brother Taylor, I know you of old. You are always so positive and very strong." "But," I said, "it is a frank question." He then said that he was waiting for the Lord to show him and when I asked him how he wanted the Lord to show him, he couldn't say. I have an idea he wanted the Lord to write it across a white wall in black letters or in white letters across a black wall. Isn't it strange that when a young man wants to get married God doesn't have to write it across the wall; then he doesn't need any special revelation from the Lord, but that can all be settled in fifteen minutes? When we want to buy a new house we can get the leading of the Lord very easily; we have no trouble to get permission from the Lord to sell the old Ford and buy a new Buick, and yet I meet people every day who are waiting to go to the field because they have not had the call made more real. I said to this young man, "Frank, you tell me you are still waiting after five long years? Do you know what I would do? I would go right upstairs and close the door and lock it, take off my coat and roll up my sleeves and say, 'Lord, I will not eat or sleep or drink until You show me where to go,' and I believe I would find out before morning."

Then I meet other people who go to these young men and young women who feel called and they say to them, "Now you be careful. You better not make a mistake," and they look at you in a way that makes you shiver in your shoes. "You must be sure of a call." I know some people can testify that the Lord has spoken to them in thundering tones, but somehow He has made me be content with the still small voice and I want the Lord to so dwell in my heart that He won't have to write His wishes across the wall but that He can whisper and I will obey. He wants us to get beyond the fleece stage. I used to be so that when I felt the leading of the Lord about a certain matter, I would say, "Now Lord, I think this is from You, but if it is You, You make it plain by doing this and that," and He patiently made it plain but I always felt badly to think that I had not taken the leading of the Lord in the first place. I would not have spent so much time in putting out the fleece.

I have heard people say, "If you go to Africa without a call, when you get there you will never be able to stand." That would not be proof that he did not have a call, but proof that he didn't have any backbone. The reason for his falling

in Africa would be that he forgot to pray, and then he lost the victory. He ought to stand whether he is in Africa, China or at home. Geography has nothing to do with his spiritual condition. The Lord is just as real over there as He is here and I find Him wherever I go. Suppose this young man did make a mistake, a real mistake, and sailed for Africa. Somehow people made a mistake and gave him his outfit and some more people made the mistake of providing him with the passage money. All these people made the mistake of sending this boy on a false errand, for he didn't have a call. And then this poor mistaken brother gets into this mistaken continent and makes another mistake of winning some souls. When it is all over, as a result of his mistake God allows him to die. Oh, you think it is a terrible thing to die in Africa for the Lord. This poor missionary dies and when he comes over on the other side he sees Jesus, falls on his face before Him and says, "Jesus, I am sorry. I made an awful mistake." "Why son, what did you do?" "I went to Africa and preached the Gospel when I didn't have a call. Yes, I won a few souls for You but it was all a mistake." Now listen, I have an idea that Jesus would forgive him, and I would rather take my chance with that young man than I would with these other people who stay at home waiting for the Lord to make their call more real.

I meet many who have had calls but they get married and circumstances prevent their going to the field. Who told that young man he could get married and why didn't he go anyway? I find when you don't want to do a certain thing it is easy to find a way out. My service for the Lord is not one of compulsion; I am going because I love to go. I went to Africa in the first place because I couldn't stay at home and if the Lord would want to see me broken-hearted for the remainder of my days He would only have to force me to stay at home. Why? Because Jesus has been waiting for me to preach this Gospel and I cannot keep Him waiting any longer; He didn't keep me waiting when I came to Him. Should I keep Him waiting now?

As I have travelled over the country I have seen conditions much as I believe Jesus sees them. I have seen that the hearts of the people are not in this great missionary work; if they were we would have all the missionaries we need; we would have all the finances we need and would not have to go to the world for help. I would be ashamed to look my Father in

the face and say, "I had to go begging." If I had a son who went out to beg a pair of shoes I would instruct him to come to me after this for his supplies. There is enough money among God's people to meet all the needs of the missionaries and the work on the foreign field. You may say, "Mr. Taylor, how do you know?" Because of what I have seen. I have been in places where the people owned a \$1,500.00 car, when a Ford or a Chevrolet would have done just as good work. The balance of the money has been wasted. The world can do that but God's children cannot. I have visited homes on which they spent from fifteen to thirty thousand dollars and half the rooms weren't occupied, so a three thousand dollar house would have done just as well and Jesus wouldn't be kept waiting so long, had the difference been given to His work. We see the slogan everywhere, "Buy a Ford and spend the difference." I say, "Buy a Ford and give Jesus the difference." I have been in homes where \$40 had been spent on a single chair when you could sit just as comfortably in one which would have cost only \$14 and I would often think, "Lord, if I only had the difference; I could soon put up those buildings we need in that great field in Africa." The money is here. People come up to me and say, "Brother Taylor, I am doing my very best to send all I can to the field," but they are not only trying to deceive me but have already deceived themselves. Others say that while they cannot go, they will help to send someone else, but they neither go nor help anyone else to go.

Three years ago in this very church I met an elderly gentleman who took me to the back of the church to speak to me. He wanted to know how old I thought he was, and looking at him, I said, "Forty-five or probably fifty," but he replied that he was sixty years of age. Then he said, "Brother Taylor, when I was twenty years old God called me to Africa, the very field you are in, but I didn't go and finally I married. Then the baby came and I said, 'Now I surely can't go.'" The second baby came and he said, "It is settled now, I cannot go." The third and the fourth came, making it worse yet. He gave up all hopes of going. Then he said his children grew up but his wife was there to be taken care of as she was not well. He was forty by this time. A couple of years ago his wife died and then he said, "I am perfectly free now to go to Africa." I looked at him and thought to myself, "I wouldn't be in your shoes for a million

dollars." His opportunity to win a crown has forever gone. What an awful experience! Young people, if you could see thirty or forty years ahead of you, you would change your ways and be swift to answer God's call. I seldom have a meeting but what someone comes up to me and says, "Brother Taylor, I wish I had seen this thing as I see it now." If you do miss making thousands of dollars, you can still earn some, but if you spend your life for self you will never have another to spend for the Lord.

I can remember after having been on the field just two years, I was taken very sick and was expecting to die inside of twenty-four hours. I had served the Lord for two years in Africa and now I was about to die, really die. I thought, "I have been in Bible School three years, spent one year in serving the Lord at home and now two years in Africa. I am just getting to the place where I can be useful, just beginning to see some fruit for my labors and now I am dying." It dawned on me that what reward I would receive in heaven was already fixed and then and there I determined that every native who would come into that sick room would hear about Jesus. Only twenty-four hours more to preach the story of Jesus. It makes things look different when you think you have just twenty-four hours more to live and you will preach Jesus then if you never did before. That night I cried to the Lord and said, "Lord, here I am, only twenty-six years old, no crown and no reward. I am just ready to start and now I must die. Look at the hundreds and thousands in America who have their lives before them but have no concern for these heathen and won't make any effort to come out here. Lord, I am here. Please let me live." I would have been disappointed had God taken me home that night although I was willing, yet I wanted to work for Him. I had heard the cry of the multitudes and I could see their faces. I felt I must work longer for there seemed to be no one else interested in their souls. That night I thought I was on the other side and I looked at my life's work; it looked so small, my crown was so little I couldn't get it on, and I said, "Lord, give me another chance. Just give me a few more years. Give me an opportunity to go back and I will be faithful. I shall always feel the same as I do tonight." Then it seemed that the Lord said, "Son, I will give you a new chance. Go and do your best." When I awoke in the morning life had a different aspect to me; time now had a new value, it was worth much.

Friends, you cannot keep Jesus waiting any longer; you cannot afford it. You say you cannot go—do you keep Jesus waiting in prayer? I remember how on my last trip out I was taken very sick and I thought again it would be my last. My head ached, I couldn't think, I could scarcely frame the words to pray, but the Lord delivered me and when I landed on America's shores He showed me why. A woman came up and shook hands saying, "Brother Taylor, this last time I have been faithful in praying for you every day." I would rather have five hundred people pledge themselves to pray for me once every day than have five thousand dollars. My first word of counsel to anyone preparing to go to the field is; "Brother, make friends of some of God's praying people—some dear old man or mother in Israel who knows how to pray. Get their promise to stand by you and if you have this behind you you will never fail."

If you have felt the call and failed to obey and find now it is too late, you still have a small opportunity; you can send someone else. That same brother who spoke to me in this church said, "I have money enough to go and keep myself there till I die" but I said, "The best thing you can do now is to send someone else and then the Lord will give you half interest in the twenty years or so of service which that young person can give to the Lord, whereas you could spend but a very few years in that land." I have never heard any more—he has not gone himself and is not helping anyone else to go. Jesus is waiting on that man. I wonder if there is someone

here on whom He is waiting. Some of you have not even made a start. Let me counsel you to come quickly and enter into the service of the Lord. Don't let the enemy cheat you out of your crown. Oh how many promising lives I have seen brought low by the wiles of the enemy! You can make a decision which in one moment will forever destroy the opportunity of working for the Lord.

Our work in the Soudan is going on and God's blessing has already been manifested there. In the Sierra Leone work I was there two years before we had a break and I know of other mission societies who have labored much longer than that without one convert, but the latest word from the Soudan was that before the workers had even learned the language God blessedly poured out His Spirit and over twenty were brought into the kingdom. This proves to me that His blessing is upon any work and any worker who will penetrate into the interior. We are anxious to return to our field and there are four or five going with us. There are a dozen who want to go but cannot because of lack of money. As I see these young lives who want to go and those faces over there who are crying out for someone to come and tell them the story, I can only cry to God to help these get together and I say, "Lord, haven't You some who will take these workers on their hearts and send them out?" Pray for our missionaries in the Mosei tribe of two million people. Pray God's continued blessing upon us as we enter once more into that tribe, that He will give us souls for our hire.

The Answer to Young People's Problems

Elizabeth Etherington, Winnipeg, Man., Canada

IN this closing age, one great problem, among many others is: How shall we keep our precious young people after they have identified themselves with Christ and taken a stand in Pentecostal ranks? Surely they should become something more than the ordinary crowd we see frittering away their time and life with an unsatisfied end. To be filled with the blessed Holy Spirit should make us fervent and produce a holy zeal. Rom. 12:11.

There is an attractive incentive in living for God which the young people can enjoy and which will enable them to become healthier Christians. This is in losing self-interest and being occupied with the needs of others. From past experience, I have found a sphere which greatly interests those who are not merely living for this present

age, but have a larger vision of an eternal investment. I speak of the great Missionary enterprise. Thank God, many today have escaped the intoxication of selfish ease and worldly pleasure and are sane enough to press into this blessed occupation which reaps a hundred-fold now, and carries with it the joy of bringing in the sheaves hereafter. Oh that I could present this need and its eternal value so that the young people of our Pentecostal assemblies would rise up like an army to be real missionaries, whether in Jerusalem, Judea, Samaria or the uttermost parts of the earth.

Perhaps a little outline of various branches of work in which I have had the pleasure of sharing with our dear young people in the Winnipeg Assembly might be suggestive to others.

Over five years ago, when God in His mercy and grace visited us with a remarkable outpouring of His Holy Spirit's power, many young people were swept into Pentecost and we were confronted with the responsibility of leading these precious earnest lives into a maturity in Christ Jesus. Thank God, for dear consecrated missionaries who came among us from time to time, and pastoral help which gave us freedom to carry out plans, guided by the Holy Spirit, which have made quite a number of our young people realize that we are co-workers with God in seeking the progress of His kingdom. Thus they began to pray and seek an outlet for all the love and zeal of a Spirit-filled being. We find no difficulty in this when there is a real change of heart and consecration, for the Lord reveals Himself as "working with them." So as we would gather in loving unity there was a gradual "widening out," one important feature being prayer. We commenced early morning prayer meetings at the mission, from 7 to 8 o'clock in the summer and 7:30 to 8:30 in the winter, which made it possible for quite a number of young people to join us during that hour, some perhaps for only fifteen minutes on their way to business, but in the evening service one would hear them testify that the day had been "so different." It was in these prayer meetings that we often caught the vision of the work of the Assembly and the solution of its needs; it was here that we had poured into our hearts the love for the missionaries and their fields of labor, and as we yielded to the promptings of the Spirit we were made to rejoice in a very short time with the developments, and soon the dear missionaries began to feel the results. We also met every Sabbath morning, one hour before the usual service, for Bible Study, and during this hour many of our young people learned to love the Word of God which is so essential to become an efficient worker.

Saturday evenings were spent in rehearsals of our Pentecostal hymns and practise of the orchestra, which we proved was a blessing in drawing our people together. During these evenings the young people would have liberty for testimony or little talks on personal work, which would give them boldness in the larger meetings. It was from these Saturday evening services that our missionary work began. One of the girls suggested that once a month we spend an evening in prayer for the missionaries. Thus our "Missionary Prayer Band" was formed.

This brought another suggestion; that we have a "sacrifice fund," not to interfere with our general offerings, which was the starting point of personal correspondence with the missionaries. Then occasionally a draft would be sent out of the fund and with each donation went a letter, written by different young people who had been assigned to this service. When they would receive an answer, it would be read in the monthly meeting that all might share in the joy of the work. Our missionaries sometimes sent us snapshots of their work and workers which soon began to make our efforts very interesting, leading also to intelligent prayer for them. I might say that the girl who first suggested the monthly prayer band is now a live Evangelist out in the work with her father and brother, being used in winning many precious souls for Christ.

The next step was in gathering materials to make up into garments, quilts, etc., and much of this goods was given in the form of samples by the wholesale houses, thus little expense was incurred and when our dear ones began to respond to the call, "Go ye," we were all very happy in contributing to their outfit. Many of these monthly meetings have been the scene of happy groups of young people where they joyfully gave, even to sacrifice, to the loved ones who were going out or those returning after furlough. We all felt highly favored to come in contact with real missionaries and have the privilege of hearing, not some fairy story, but realities of the dark regions beyond. This spanned the gulf which land and sea had made and often carried us in spirit into the heart of this most interesting work; not interesting because it is all joy and comfort, but because we were made to realize our privilege in helping to share their burdens. For several years our own Christmas time has been a blessed one as for some months ahead we would look to the Lord to know just how best to cheer those away from loved ones, those who are being spent for others, and the dear ones often brought in, not only useful, but pretty little gifts, also clothing, dried fruits, candies and cake, which the missionaries often lack on the field. We have sometimes felt akin to the early church when they had all things in common. And then as the letters would come from India, Africa, China, Egypt and other lands, how the faces of our young people would shine with joy in knowing that they had had a personal share in encouraging and making the missionaries happy in their toil. A library is

another feature which has benefited the young people and helps to fill in the precious time, enabling them to become acquainted with the various fields and workers through good missionary books, donated by the different ones of our band.

This is but a little of what might be said and fails to carry as fully as we would desire, the

inducement to such noble service but with these and other suggestions, borne of prayer and the wisdom of the Holy Ghost, there would be less time for our young people to backslide after revivals, but we would find a steady growth, resulting in reliable Christian workers. May God grant that we be kept alive to our responsibility.

The Sovereign Working of God in a Pastor's Life

Practical Results of Pentecost Upon His and Other Baltimore Churches.



WO remarkable healings, one of a boy wearing a steel-brace from his waist to his foot, another of a little girl suffering the after-effects of infantile paralysis, were the entering wedge that let the light on New Testament truths into the heart of one of Baltimore's clergymen. It was during Mrs. McPherson's meetings at the Lyric theatre in December, 1919, that these Twentieth Century miracles were wrought, and when Dr. E. W. Leech of the Franklin Memorial United Brethren Church realized that Divine Healing was a present-day reality, his heart was open to other New Testament teachings and he accepted the message on the Baptism in the Holy Spirit.

The story of his own baptism in the Spirit in the winter of 1920 was told by him in *The Bridal Call* of March, that year. During an evangelistic campaign in his church, he, his wife and daughter, as well as a number of their most spiritual people received this precious experience. After witnessing his wife's baptism, the Lord dealt with him in a sovereign way, of which he writes:

"It was all too real to be doubted. I had witnessed for the first time the filling of a human body by the third Person of the Godhead. Strange but true, prayers are irresistible. I was being prayed for, yet I had no desire to seek the baptism of the Holy Spirit, but the Holy Spirit sought me. Thursday morning I awoke with the strangest feelings I had ever experienced. Was I sick? No. Was I excited? No. Was I dreaming? No. The Holy Ghost had taken hold of me. His power I felt; I lay there in quiet meditation, untaught in the way which I was now entering. I desired above all else, perfect quietness and I requested that if anyone came to my bedside he should not sing, and if he prayed at all, prayers should be offered in a low voice. It was my first day of fasting, for my appetite was gone.

"The hours from 7 a. m. to 4 p. m. were spent in prayer and self-emptying, with the result that late afternoon found me with everything laid upon the altar. Never had I felt the burden of

souls resting upon me so heavily as on that day. The spiritual hunger for men was intense; in fancy, my native city loomed up bigger and more sinful than ever; the word 'Baltimore!' burst from my lips unbidden, and the cry of the city's people was, 'Save!'

"I had Mrs. Leech telephone a few of my ministerial brethren, requesting that they come to the parsonage to join me in a season of definite, fervent prayer for the city (for the clergy of this municipality are meeting weekly, praying God for a city-wide revival). Only two found it possible to come, and one of these told me of a similar day which he had experienced in the Catskill Mountains. Together we prayed for our people and the salvation of men.

"Friday morning I awoke about four o'clock with the power of God resting upon me mightily. Again they came to my room and prayed with me for six hours. What sensations! Indescribable indeed, yet most real, as though I held in my hands the handles of an electric battery with the strong current passing through from head to foot. To what shall I liken it? Words fail me!

"The Holy Spirit led me by the way of Calvary. I suffered vicariously. I heard the cry of Jesus Christ, 'It is finished!' The impression made upon my mind was that the time is very short; that Jesus is coming sooner than we realize and what we have to do must be done shortly.

"I settled down sweetly in the Spirit and there was calm, for I had reached the end of myself. Then, like ocean billows came a supernatural power over me, wave after wave. I was Spirit-filled; through these lips of clay the Holy Ghost glorified the Father and the Son in His own way with His chosen words, not mine but His, and I was satisfied.

"Surely I believe in the baptism of the Holy Spirit, for my wife, daughter Mildred (baptized at my bedside in a remarkable manner), and I with a number of our choicest church folk have been baptized from above with fire and the Holy Ghost. In a guarded way, backed by my Official Board and membership, I shall preach Divine Healing and the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, for the latter is the most wonderful reality of my whole life. Praise the Lord!"

Passing through Baltimore on our way to New York, God so arranged that we had a few minutes' interview with this pastor who had opened

his church to these precious truths of God's Word. "What has been the result, Dr. Leech," we asked him, "of your teaching the truths of Pentecost and Divine Healing? Has it paid? Have your congregations grown spiritually and numerically, or have they diminished?" For answer he told us that from October, 1920, to October, 1921, they had 256 conversions, 140 acquisitions to the church, 61 believers baptized in the Holy Spirit, 440 *bona fide* cases of healing. This present year, from October to date (June) they have already had 224 conversions, 96 acquisitions to their membership, 43 persons baptized in the Holy Spirit and 345 healings. "I presume," he said, "that in that length of time we have prayed for over 2,000 sick people. The percentage of healings is perhaps only one-third, but nevertheless, one-third of the sick people prayed for showing evidence of healing is a very fair percentage."

"Our prayer meetings prior to the introduction of these truths," he continued, "had a maximum attendance of about forty-five, and the maximum attendance during this period at the prayer meeting has been one hundred and eighty-five, just four times as many. There has also been a remarkable increase in attendance at the Sunday preaching services. The Thursday evening Divine Healing service, which is held weekly, is a new feature that has grown out of the introduction and acceptance of these truths, as well as the Saturday night meetings for the deepening of the spiritual life. Those meetings had no place in our church whatever before this time, but we have had remarkable success with them, and the work has gone on very happily. We have felt the necessity of simply safeguarding these truths by moving cautiously and yet without compromising.

"I might say also, that I have had a number of inquiries from ministers of our own denomination as well as other denominations concerning these deeper truths, and their effect upon the denominational church, and without any hesitancy or exception I have assured them that the preaching of these truths, and the practice of them, have been a real benefit to our church in all of its departments of work, and have meant a deeper spiritualization of our people. There have been, perhaps, five ministers who have received the baptism of the Holy Spirit in our Saturday night meetings and several instances of Divine Healing in our Thursday night services. I held a Divine Healing service in St. Paul's Methodist Protestant Church in this city which proved highly suc-

cessful, and there is an abiding testimony of healing in that church, a monumental case of healing of a young man by the name of Frank S. Clark, 532 N. Robinson St., this city, who writes me the following:

"I want to thank you for your instrumentality in bringing God's healing touch to me. For more than three years, since I was discharged from the army, I suffered a recurrence of a nervous breakdown, which finally became so severe in addition to my other ailments of tape-worm, poor eye-sight and flat feet, that I spent nearly four months in the hospital undergoing treatment.

"I had heard of your healing services but like a great many others I was very skeptical. Finally it was announced in my own church, St. Paul's M. P., that you would conduct a healing service on May 16, 1922. I went up for healing, and thanks to a merciful God, I have not suffered a pain or ache since that night. The very next night I passed a stiff medical examination for letter-carrier. My tape-worm is gone. I can read the finest print in the newspaper at arm's length, I can walk any distance without my feet being in the least bothered. I have gained fourteen pounds in weight, but best of all, since that wonderful night I have become a more earnest and sincere Christian. I thank God for having discovered that my Savior can stand every test, He can save from sin, heal all diseases and comfort all sorrows, besides being a Guide and a Friend."

"Then," continued Dr. Leech, "we have been asked to conduct a Divine Healing service at the Union Bridge (Md.) M. E. Church. It is my personal conviction that in these days of spiritual decline and increasing church problems, that what the church needs is a deeper spirituality which will only be brought about by believing in and subscribing to the full Gospel program, and I feel that this can be sanely and safely done without working any harm, and will obtain surprising results.

"We keep everything separate. We put salvation first, Baptism in the Holy Spirit second, Divine Healing third and last, and feel that the supreme task of the church is to win the unsaved to the Lord Jesus Christ; that the Baptism of the Holy Spirit is essential for one's own spiritual growth and development, and as an equipment for service; and that Divine Healing is a present-day proof of God's willingness to work miracles in this century as in the first century, wherever there is sufficient faith to make operative His Divine power.

"Although we have one service a week given over specifically to Divine Healing we always preface the altar call for the sick who come to be healed with a call for salvation, and there is sel-

dom a Divine Healing service where there are not souls saved. Then, one service a week is devoted strictly to the deepening of the spiritual life, or in other words, the infilling of the Holy Spirit, and in these services we expect all who attend, to be in one accord, and during the period of prayer, to be upon their knees. This is not thrown open to the public as are all the other meetings of our church, but the invitation is to those only who desire to spend an evening in prayer and to secure for themselves a deeper spirituality. The Sunday morning preaching services are rather for the enlightenment and edification of believers, and the messages are doctrinal. The Sunday evening services are always evangelistic, and an effort is put forth for the salvation of souls, with the result that people are saved in almost every service through all the seasons of the year.

"I might say furthermore, that I have met with no opposition on the part of my Conference and general church officers. I feel that my church is on trial, and if it can be proven to the satisfaction of interested on-lookers that our whole program is scriptural and applicable to present-day church life and activities, that we prize highly the genuine and discard the counterfeit, that we seek a symmetrical growth and are free from fanaticism—I believe that when this demonstration has been made, other churches and pastors will endorse such a procedure, and will feel perfectly free to emulate the example that this church humbly seeks to set in these days of apostasy."

In corroboration of these statements of his the pastor of the Franklin Memorial Church gave us a number of testimonies of present-day witnesses to the power of God to heal. Mrs. Bertha Reed, 608 S. Payson St., Baltimore, Md., writes from a full heart:

HEALED OF NEURITIS AND HEART TROUBLE

"I feel I must tell what the Lord has done for me. When I was eighteen years old my health began to fail. I was operated upon three times and still became no better. Twelve years ago I was taken with neuritis and had it so badly I lost the use of my left arm. I had vertigo spells and heart trouble; my nerves were so bad I would be obliged to go to bed. The doctor who attended me all the time said there was relief but no cure. I had just given up all hope because I had tried several different doctors with no help from any of them. My niece, Mrs. Thomas, had told me of your Divine Healing service and advised me to attend. I took her advice and I am happy to say I have a Physician who can cure all ills. I am perfectly healed."

Mrs. Hilda Heintz writes on January 27,

1921, of a healing she received two weeks before in the Franklin Memorial U. B. Church. On August 5, 1920, she had an operation in her throat for diseased glands and a tumor, which was followed by what the doctors called "spasmodic nerve" which would snap her jaws shut. For five months she suffered agony from the fear of lockjaw and subsequently starving to death. She went to the church with her jaw set, her face twitching from the pain. To use her own expression, "I felt like hot wires were being pulled through me and there was that awful pressure in my ear. I knelt at the altar but a little while, when something hot swept over me, my hands were stretched up above my head, my head thrown back, something I could not do before. A great gladness came over me for I knew I was healed. But the most wonderful part of all is that something is telling me that I am saved. Saved! Oh I am so happy and can never thank the Lord enough."

BLINDNESS

The little daughter of Mrs. Virgie Simons became absolutely blind and was in that condition for over a year. All was done that was possible for the restoration of her sight. Her mother took her to several physicians and also to hospitals, but with no result. Finally they heard that the Lord was healing people at the Franklin Memorial Church and began to attend the services and the Lord began to heal her at once. They give Jesus the glory for the healing and restoration to sight.

HEALED OF APPENDICITIS

"It gives me great pleasure," writes Mrs. Maud Robinson to this pastor, who prays for the sick, "to give thanks unto my Lord for giving me this wonderful experience of being healed. It is indeed a wonderful opportunity to become acquainted with such a wonderful Savior. It was because a good friend had urged me to come to the meetings you were holding in your church that I became healed, for I must confess I didn't have the faith until I came in and saw the good work you were doing, but when I could see for myself your mighty faith in God I realized more and more how weak and faithless my prayers had been.

"I have been a sufferer of appendicitis for more than a year, but owing to other troubles my doctor said he could not operate on me. In addition to this, I lost my husband and was obliged to work, and being on my feet all day, these attacks became more frequent. I knew not what to do and in my desperation felt I wanted to give up everything, but thanks be to God, along came this good woman who told me of the Divine Healing meetings at your church. I came, but the first time it was more to look on than anything else, as my faith was weak. I went home and asked God to give me faith, and the next time I went to the altar for healing; my Lord was merciful to me for He surely has healed me, and it has taught me just how to go to Him for everything. He has also healed me of minor sicknesses, such

as colds and bad headaches. I give all thanks and praise to my Lord. My earnest desire now is to become a more humble worker for my Lord and to tell others.

STIFF ARM HEALED

On Jan. 6, 1921, a woman broke her arm. Three months later it was perfectly stiff and she decided she would have prayer for it. She went to the altar and was immediately healed. During this time she was having throat trouble and had just gotten the medicine renewed that she used for her throat. When she went to have prayer for her arm she didn't think to request healing for her throat, but God gave her that at the same time. The bottle of medicine she bought has never been used. "What has my healing done for me?" she asks. It has made me to render greater service to my Master. It is now my greatest desire to tell others of His wonderful healing power, and to see the members of my own church more spiritually alive."

A friend of this woman was telling her pastor of this healing, and he asked, "Have you followed up the case?" "Yes," said the friend, "she is a friend of mine." When the woman who was healed was told of this query on the part of the minister, she made this significant reply, "Just as long as I keep my mind on Jesus, I will be well." Truly there is a volume of meaning in that statement.

* * *

A woman suffering for three years with chronic catarrh had lost her senses of smell and taste. She herself was healed and her senses fully restored, her baby healed, and her whole family brought into the church through these healings.

We close this remarkable galaxy of witnesses to the truth of Jesus Christ being the same yesterday, today and forever, with the following remarkable story from Mrs. Jennie Itzel, Halthorpe, Baltimore County, Md., written over a year ago, February, 1921, but which has stood the test of time:

"I was taken sick July, 1920, and became worse all the time. My son called in a doctor who attended me for some time but I grew worse instead of better. I discharged him and thought my prayers would avail, but my son called in another doctor. He didn't give me any relief and I became so bad one night that they thought I would not live until morning. When the doctor came he wanted to arrange for me to go to the hospital for I had a tumor and gallstones, and he insisted that nothing would do me any good but the knife. He gave me two days to make up my mind. In the meantime a sister came out and told me that the Lord told her to come and take me to town for Brother Leech to pray for me. I told her I was too weak to walk to the cars, but a gentleman came to the house to take me in his machine. Oh how the Lord provides! When I reached your church that Saturday night I could not tell you how I was suffering. I could not bear my clothes

to touch my body, but when you and Brother Windon laid hands on me and prayed, how God did touch me! I shall never forget it. How the power fell on me! It went from my head down to my feet. I shall never cease to praise Him for the healing. I have had no pain since. He healed me immediately. I pray God that some one will be blest through this."

What an answer to an unbelieving, scoffing world! What a vindication of the Word of God which has been so mercilessly assailed by modern theologians! What a tribute to our wonder-working, supernatural God who is calling out and empowering those who are bold and courageous for Him! This is just a little glimpse of what God is doing in one city through a minister whose heart is fully open to His will, and when we multiply it with similar instances in almost every city, and realize that this is only one of hundreds, yea thousands of examples of taking God at His Word, have we not reason to rejoice that He has permitted us to live in these days when He is making His Word a living reality in our lives?

A. C. R.

Announcements

The Eighth Annual Convention of the Pentecostal Assembly of Detroit, Michigan, will be held in their new building, corner of 4th and Forest Aves., Sept. 28th to Oct. 8th incl. Dedication services to be held Oct. 8th. Brother Gortner of Cleveland, Ohio; Evangelist C. A. McKinney and Wm. Lambert Brant, Associate Chairman of the Central Dist. Council; Miss Marguerite Flint of India, Miss Minnie Schillgallis of the Island of Marguerita, South America, and other good workers will be with us. We ask the saints to pray that God may be glorified in the salvation of many souls during this convention, and that all may redound to His glory.

* * *

The Fall term of the Beulah Heights Bible School will open, D. V. on September 26th. Two courses of study will be given; one two years and the other three years. Students may register for either course if qualified. Students may also advance as rapidly as ability may permit and as may be consistent with good scholarship. For prospectus and application blanks apply to Beulah Heights Bible School, Wm. F. Faux, principal, 4741 Hudson Blvd., North Bergen, N. J.

* * *

Miss C. B. Heron sails for Saharanpur, U. P. India, on Sept. 20, on the S. S. City of Harvard. Pray for her that she may have a safe voyage and be kept well for her work as she enters another term of service for Jesus.

* * *

The Gospel School, 404 E. Sandusky St., Findlay, Ohio, begins Oct. 2, 1922. Full Bible Course, also English for those requiring it. Vocal and Instrumental Music. For further information, write Elder T. K. Leonard, Supt., Findlay, Ohio.

* * *

Evangelist H. Sykes, 914 6th Ave., W. Calgary, Alta., Canada. Twelve years an evangelist in Canada and the United States, open for engagements.

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Notes

Among God's Children in Great Britain

IN striking contrast to the atmosphere on a large Atlantic liner was our first visit to a Pentecostal meeting the day after our arrival in England. We attended a Young People's Rally in the South of London. On the steamer our efforts to witness to salvation through the blood of Jesus were scornfully rebuffed, and sad to say by those whose names were on a church roll. There we met the boastful modernist who gloried in a bloodless religion, but scarce had we landed when our ears heard the familiar sound of "Praise the Lord," from a precious brother who came to the landing to greet us.

That Young People's Rally was a blessed introduction to Pentecostal circles in Great Britain. Reports were given by the young ladies who, (inspired by the life story of Mary Slessor, the Scottish factory lass who became the pioneer of Okoyong), banded together to give the Gospel to the factory girls of that part of London. The young men had formed themselves into a Bible Class and told of their one object, to study the Word of God and thereby fit themselves for Christian work. Pastor Saxby addressed the young people with a stirring message, and a closing word was given by Pastor Carter who is in charge of the Assembly.

At Clapham Common, Pastor Stephen Jeffreys was holding an evangelistic meeting and there we

found the power of God working to save and to heal. The Elim Evangel reports the following blessed results: "One woman, with a paralyzed arm which she was unable to use from birth, was completely healed and now she can do anything with it. The flesh is beginning to grow on it. This healing has been the means of her husband's conversion. A girl with an abscess on her face came to the meeting, the abscess disappearing immediately after she was anointed. A man deaf for eighteen years also received immediate healing. And last, but not least, one of the evangelists who was suffering from poison and scarcely able to walk, rose up after being anointed, perfectly healed, and has had no trace of it since."

One of the first questions dear Mrs. Cantel asked us on reaching London, was, "Have you any plans?" We assured her we had none, but were looking to the Lord to direct our steps, as He had promised. How restful it is to commit our ways to Him and let Him open doors. "Well," she said, "I have been praying, and the Lord has been opening the way for me to take a holiday with you through England and Scotland." What a happy surprise He had for us! Together we rejoiced in Him for His goodness, and often marvelled that there were no conflicting dates, for it was holiday time, and had we gone a week later in some places or a week earlier in others, we would have missed a fellowship which we will never forget.

At the Keswick Convention

Our first journey out of London was to the Keswick Convention. The best and most devout of the churches come together yearly at Keswick for what is called a Holiness Convention, a meeting for the deepening of the spiritual life. One could not help being impressed with the earnestness of those who came up for a ten days' meeting with God. To many it was their holiday time and it gave us a glimpse of the hunger God is putting on many, to see Cambridge and Oxford students just out from their hard work prefer a week in Keswick rather than the pleasure haunts. For natural scenery, Keswick is one of the most beautiful spots in the whole of England, and a fitting place for God's children to have fellowship and be revitalized by the Spirit of God. As we walked the streets of that quaint town we heard the voice of prayer and song on every hand. Praises to God resounded from every home where visitors congregated, and as the meetings progressed there was a deepening cry in the hearts of many for the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

Douglas Brown of London, who received a mighty infilling of the Spirit of God upon his life in February, 1921, came to the Convention with a heavy burden upon his heart, because of the lukewarmness in the church of God. The freshness of his experience with God was still upon him, and everyone who sat under his ministry for four days, instinctively felt that he was God's chosen instrument to bring to a back-slidden and formal church a vision of Calvary and a hunger for the baptism of the Holy Spirit upon their lives. There was no sparing of the flesh and the lines of separation between the church and the world were tightly drawn; a full surrender with *no reservation*, the only life acceptable to God for the Christian. The Spirit of God so sent the message home to awaken hearts that one had no desire for more meetings that day but longed to get alone with God and have Him work out in lives what He had thundered through His messenger. One young man walked to the top of Skiddaw, one of the mountains surrounding Keswick, and there with his God renewed his consecration vows and offered himself unreservedly to God. From the reports that came to us from different sources, we learned that there were many with whom God dealt searchingly.

It was evident from the testimonies given at the close that a great company of church members were saved during the week. Students from the universities who had become tainted with higher criticism and new theology were brought back to Calvary and given a vision of the Lamb slain for them that they had never had before.

The hunger in the hearts of the people can best be estimated by the fact that when Douglas Brown on the third morning of his heart-searching talks asked those who wanted to seek for the Holy Spirit to betake themselves to another building where they could get on their knees, three-fourths of that congregation, more than 2,500 persons, arose to go to the Pavilion for that purpose. A second building also was set aside and yet there was not room to accommodate the crowds who were eager for the endowment of power. Those of us who have had the precious experience of tarrying for the promise of the Father, can imagine the keen disappointment of the expectant crowd when, after a song, a prayer or two and a few testimonies, they were dismissed and sent to their homes. The undue haste of the leaders was very apparent and two things were evident. It seemed to us as if they did not know how to in-

struct the seekers to wait on the Lord, and that they were fearful of the consequences. The Holy Spirit coming into a life satisfies the longing heart, but there were many unsatisfied that day as they wandered about seeking someone who could tell them how to receive Him. Frequent visitors to the Keswick Convention felt great strides had been made along spiritual lines and such a break as had not been known for many years, but those of us who had seen the glory of God upon a meeting, and the mighty movings of the Spirit in a supernatural way, were saddened to think of the lost opportunities! Hundreds of hungry people going back to their home churches without the power of the Holy Ghost in their lives!

In the Land of the Covenanters

The outstanding proof of the sovereignty of God working in miraculous power upon lives of men and women with little knowledge of divine realities, was again and again forcibly impressed upon us. While visiting friends in Glasgow we met a number of people whose lives had been, as it were, snatched from the very jaws of death through prayer, but one of the most miraculous was a healing which God wrought in His sovereignty—a mother of five little children, taken from hospital to hospital, undergoing operation after operation, suffering from consumption, cancer, diabetes, tumors, paralysis, etc., until the very breath within her was a miracle, raised up by the Lord Jesus Himself who appeared at her bed-side and told her He would heal her. The death-rattle was in her throat, life was almost extinct when God came to that wasted, mutilated frame and revitalized it. Today she is glorifying Him in a strong, healthy body, and witnessing to saint and sinner of what the Savior has done for her. Her evenings are spent in the city missions and on the streets, telling to the unconverted a story that is stranger than fiction. For three hours this sister rehearsed her story, telling of her experiences in and out of hospitals, of the hand of God in her deliverance, and how He has renewed her youth like the eagle's. We hope to publish this healing in detail in an early issue of the paper.

* * *

Castles, monuments and ruins of legendary fame had little attraction for us; our deep interest lay in living monuments of God's mercy and grace. Seasons of fellowship and prayer with the humble saints of Uphall, at the Halleys in Edinburgh, in the home of the pastor of the

Leith Assembly, Bro. Donald Gee, the Fergusons at Portobello, the Rogersons in Glasgow and the Smalls at East Wemyss, will never be forgotten. We felt quite in our element when the missionary letters were read from those at the front in the various Assemblies, and the prayers in behalf of the workers in foreign lands will surely not fail to bring results. We participated in monthly missionary meetings both at the Halley's and at the Beruldsen's, all of whom are vitally interested in foreign lands, Mr. and Mrs. Beruldsen having given a son and two daughters to China.

It was blessed to hear of how God wrought deliverances and fought battles, not only in the days when the covenanters met in dens and caves to worship God, but in recent years, since the Spirit of God has been poured out upon the humble in heart. Among the miners of Uphall the homes were turned into sanctuaries. A young man from London spent a winter among that humble folk and they rehearsed with great joy the blessing of those days which still abides. One young man upon whom the Spirit fell could not be persuaded to leave the room so hallowed by the presence of God, but crept under the bed where slept the young minister and spent the night communing with God. That young man is now himself giving forth the Word in Ireland.

While in the Halley home a young lady came, in great desperation, needing healing for her body. At the Leith Convention, the previous Saturday, the Spirit of God had convicted her of the necessity of making a confession to one whom she had greatly wronged. This she did, and God was ready to meet her. Her condition was very serious, having a lump in her side, exceedingly painful and discolored, and an operation seemed imperative. God definitely undertook for her and on her way home she was completely healed. As she afterwards witnessed to her healing, her shining face gave evidence not only of physical blessing, but of the spiritual touch she had received.

Dear Mrs. Ferguson told of God's blessing to them when Pentecost fell in their midst, of which the most remarkable was the deliverance of three people from the asylum through prayer. A young man attending a Pentecostal Assembly in America wrote a letter to Mr. Ferguson, asking him to pray his father, Mr. Boag, out of the asylum at Morningside, where he had been confined for thirteen years and was often violent. As they visited him, they came in contact with another inmate who had been there for five years, suffer-

ing from a severe form of melancholia. He expressed a desire to get out and Mrs. Ferguson said, "We will pray for you too." They began to pray for them both and sent word to the officials at the asylum asking if they might come out. They received a letter saying they might take them out if they would assume charge of them and be responsible, to which they agreed. Mr. Boag professed conversion and was delivered that very Sunday. The other man who had been a Christian, came late at night to the Ferguson home, Mrs. Ferguson taking him in gave him a room upstairs. He had been accustomed to barred doors and thought it was wonderful to be so trusted. Never having seen Mr. Ferguson he prayed that God would give him a vision showing him that he, Mr. Petri, was genuine and not an impostor. When he came down to breakfast he heard Mr. Ferguson telling of the wonderful experience he had during the night. Mr. Petri was overjoyed and said: "Oh I prayed God would show you I could be trusted."

At another time a woman took her husband from the asylum and brought him to the Ferguson home where he remained for over two weeks. He was in a serious mental condition, but God heard prayer for him, and one night while at family worship, he broke down and gave himself to the Lord. He was fully delivered from that time.

Snatched from the Burning

For many years we had been in correspondence with Mrs. Annie Angus, living in Fifeshire. Twenty-five years ago when divine healing was in its infancy, she had trusted the Lord for her body and had been miraculously healed of a fibroid tumor, heart trouble, and many other diseases for which there was no earthly help. Living far away from those who believed in healing, just a little seed was dropped into her heart that Jesus Christ is the same today, and she said, "Lord, if it is true that You heal the sick today, send me some literature about it." God sent her a copy of *Leaves of Healing* from America. She had been a child of faith from the time she was ten years old, and readily opened her heart to receive this precious truth. When Mrs. Angus heard we were visiting Scotland she said, "Lord, if You want us to meet, open the way," and He did.

A week-end spent at East Wemyss found us within a few miles of this sister's home, and she came down to meet us at Pastor Small's, where we had a most happy time of fellowship.

As we talked of the things of God, dear Sister Small, whose life is filled with ministering to the afflicted and the needy, told us some of her experiences when God worked miracles of grace, the most striking of which was the conversion of a miner, a very wicked man, noted for his carousing and profligate life. One night while riding on his bicycle he collided with a lamp-post, was very seriously injured and lay there from one o'clock until four in the morning, not being able to raise his voice to call for help. Finally a man came along in a cart and took him to his home.

That morning Mrs. Small awakened with these words from the Lord, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin." Almost immediately the news came of this man's accident, and the Lord said to her, "This verse is for him." She at once went to see him and found the conditions in that home pitiable indeed. His wife, also a drunkard, looked debauched and the picture of despair, his children were crying piteously, and the man though conscious was suffering great pain. Going to his bedside she said, "I have a message for you from God." Looking at her he said, "God doesn't care for me." "Oh, He loves you," she replied, and gave him the verse of the morning. In one second the Spirit of God met that man and he said, "If that is what He says I will trust Him now," and he gave his heart to God then and there. He lingered ten days and testified to his family of salvation; also to his companions in sin with whom he had blasphemed. He told them all that the Lord had done for him and of the visions and revelations God had given him on his death-bed. He did not feel he was to be raised up but longed to go home. His wife, continually under the influence of drink, refused to come into his room, but the last afternoon of his earthly life, Mrs. Small insisted on her coming to see him. He

held out his hand and prayed for her. A long time after, she, too, gave herself to God, no doubt in answer to her dying husband's prayer.

"One of the most wonderful cases I ever knew of the Lord working with a person who is unconscious," said Mrs. Small, "was that of a boy named Daniel. This boy hated God and God's people. If he passed through the room when I was there visiting his sister, he would swear through his teeth. I prayed for him only in my heart; his sister was not saved and every time I prayed in her presence my prayer seemed to come back, there was such resistance in her.

"One day she came to me excitedly, 'Oh, Daniel was taken very ill at his work and carried home. He is unconscious and the doctor says he has double pneumonia and is likely to pass away.' I prayed for him but for ten days he lay unconscious. On the tenth day, just before breakfast the bell rang and I went to the door. There stood Dr. K., who said, 'Daniel K. is conscious and wants to see you.' I said, 'I will put on my hat and go at once.' 'Oh,' he said, 'you can have your breakfast first.' However, I didn't feel restful so went to his house at once. When I reached there he was propped up on pillows and whispered to me with great difficulty, 'Tell me, how can I get saved?' I told him, and he was beautifully saved. Within a quarter of an hour he passed away. If I had waited until after breakfast I would have been too late. Never let unconverted people tell you what to do when a soul is at stake."

* * *

Everywhere we went in Scotland, God's children were crying out for a revival. They prayed with assurance, and it is surely coming. The "sound of abundance of rain" is being heard by the prayer-warriors and God will answer.

A. C. R.

The London Missionary Home

"Where Prayer Is Wont to Be Made"



RIDING along one of the thoroughfares of the great city of London, you will see in plain letters at the gateway, the word "Maranatha." That word means nothing to the ordinary cab-driver who brings to 73 Highbury New Park travelers and visitors from all parts of the world; it has no special significance to the passing pedestrian, but to the child of God who is acquainted with his Bible it speaks very loudly of

the coming of our blessed Lord, and that within that Home there is a welcome for those of "like precious faith."

This Missionary Home in the north of London is one from which there is a continual stream of sojourners: missionaries passing through, going to and from their fields of labor in various lands; those preparing to go out make it their stopping place while purchasing their equipment, while many from the continent come to learn

English as a preparation for the field; also evangelists, Christian workers, souls hungry for spiritual food often come for a holiday, and find the atmosphere of this Home of Rest such that builds up spiritually and physically. The spirit of prayer pervades the entire house. The very walls with their Scripture texts remind us continually of Jesus our Saviour, Healer and Coming King.

Sunday evening service and a mid-week missionary meeting are held regularly, and here visitors and missionaries tell of the works of God in other lands, and break the Bread of Life to the little company who gather under that roof hallowed by the memories of deliverances wrought and victories won in the Name of our blessed Lord. While visiting in the north of Scotland we met an aged servant now passed her three score years and ten, who had received the baptism of the Holy Spirit in that Home over ten years ago. This aged saint has not ceased to pray daily for every soul who goes up and down those "sanctified steps" at 73 Highbury New Park.

As we heard our dear Sister Cantel to whom God has given this ministry, rehearse the blessings of God upon the Home and upon her life, we felt it was indeed a privilege to spend a few weeks in that place of prayer. For many years God had this hand-maiden of the Lord in training for this responsibility. She had been a school-teacher in America, but one day the Spirit of God spoke to her and said, "You have taught school for ten years. It is time you take a rest." Then came the outpouring of the Spirit in 1907, and she was one of those who reconsecrated her life to God and received the gift of the Holy Ghost. Through a series of providential circumstances and leadings of the Lord, she married and came with her husband to London where they established a Pentecostal work. Some years later when left a widow with a son of less than two years, God did for her the "exceeding abundantly"—equipping her with courage and faith to continue the Home, accommodating the children of God who pass through London, as well as being a center of spiritual blessing.

By a series of steps of faith, she now occupies the commodious quarters at 73 Highbury New Park, a house of fifteen rooms, and this is often too small to accommodate those who wish to avail themselves of this Home. In taking over this house, she and her faithful helpers had a

deep sense of the Lord's leading. The owner had remodeled it for himself, put in electricity, a dumb-waiter from the kitchen in the basement to the dining room, and other needful repairs, and then, owing to circumstances, never moved into it. It was reserved for the Lord's work, for the time had come for them to enlarge their borders. In the same remarkable way God provided the furniture for this large house, moving upon the heart of one of her guests to fill in the vacant places with everything that was needed.

Mrs. Cantel, with her consecrated helpers, has been "a succorer of many." A gentleman and his wife wrote in from some distance saying they wanted to bring their two daughters to London, never having been there before, and asking if they might come to this Home. The weather was bitter cold, and feeling they could secure better accommodations somewhere else Mrs. Cantel discouraged them, but they begged to come and she finally acceded. The man who had gotten away from the Lord was restored and God made him a blessing in a temporal way to the Home.

A woman came to London from Scotland, suffering from a demon in her brain which tormented her day and night. She had come to seek medical help, but was told her case was hopeless, and in her desperation she heard of Mrs. Cantel's home, came and was wonderfully delivered and baptized in the Holy Spirit. She is now preaching the Gospel.

A Russian merchant, traveling to and from England found himself in London in rather straitened circumstances. A friend interceded for him and persuaded Mrs. Cantel to take him in, rather against her wishes. He came with his daughter, a very worldly young lady, and he also brought his goods which he displayed to buyers who came to do business with him. It was quite a trial to have even a nook of that home turned into a place of merchandise, and Mrs. Cantel was much troubled about it, as it continued for some weeks, but she was restrained from doing anything and subsequent developments proved that God's hand was even in this. The daughter who was indifferent to God, after attending some of the meetings in the Home surrendered to Him, and became very hungry for God. At Whitsuntide she sought the baptism of the Holy Spirit and received the next day. Stephen Jeffreys was holding a series of meetings in London at that time and she at once began witnessing for the Lord and working for

souls. She is now engaged in evangelistic work in Ireland where God is using her to the salvation of many precious souls. God spared her life when greatly endangered by the Bolsheviks and saved her to be a vessel to His honor.

An evangelist who was staying in the Home was asked to attend an All Day of Prayer in a Baptist Church in London by two members of that church who had received the baptism of the Spirit. After the service the Pastor of the Church invited this child of God to his home and heard from his lips of the way He was working in the earth today in supernatural power. The Pastor became interested in the truths of Pentecost and gave the brother an opportunity to minister to the people of his church. Soon pastor and people became seekers for the baptism of the Holy Spirit, some of whom received, among them the pastor and his wife. But a small minority would not receive the truth, and it became necessary for the pastor and the majority of the flock to withdraw, which they did. They worshipped for a while in a hall but now have their own building.

The evangelist who was first used in bringing the light to this flock is now conducting a Pentecostal work in Belgium, and one of the young ladies who asked him to attend the All Day of Prayer, is now a Pentecostal missionary in South Africa.

* * *

After this Home had been opened about eighteen months, there drove up to the door one day a lady doctor, a converted Jewess who was returning from Palestine where she had gone to distribute tracts and Scriptures. Although against her wishes she felt impelled of the Lord to go there. The other missionaries present were rather opposed to her distributing the Scriptures broadcast as it would have a tendency to make the work harder after she went away, but immediately after, the war broke out and it was evident she had gone forth at the Lord's bidding because further missionary work of any kind was practically impossible, and she had given many a last opportunity of hearing the Gospel.

Upon reaching Liverpool, the Lord spoke Mrs. Cantel's name to her and she came on to London. Some time after she arrived, there came a C. M. S. missionary from India who was broken in health. As she reached the Home she said, "Put me to bed for I am ill." They did so, and this lady doctor watched over her and nursed her until she was raised up. These two formed

a firm friendship and came together to America where the Lord laid it upon their hearts to study the Spanish language. For years they have been used of God in bringing the Gospel to the Mexicans and to Spanish speaking people in Southern California. They are none other than Dr. Florence Murcutt and Miss Evelyn Luce, who recently found a Spanish speaking colony in Wales to whom they have carried the Gospel. One writes, "It is quite usual for ten to be saved and five or six receive the baptism in the Spirit in one service. One night there were twelve who received the baptism in the Holy Spirit." They placed Gospels and Testaments in every house, as far as they knew. One woman told them that for fifteen years she had longed for some book that would tell her about God. Her prayer-book was in English and Latin and she could read neither. She is now saved, and her famished heart is just devouring the Word in her own language. Dr. Murcutt writes that it is wonderful to see those poor, benighted souls who never knew a word of the Bible tell about the creation, the flood, God's dealings with the Jews, salvation, the baptism of the Holy Spirit and our Lord's return. How precious the leading of the Lord! The cry of that poor, Spanish woman for fifteen years, reached the ear of our Heavenly Father, but not until now was He able to answer it. He brought His two handmaidens from their work in Lower California among the Mexicans to answer this woman's prayer.

* * *

The dining-room of "Maranatha" is a most interesting spot to us. As one gathers around the table set by the Lord's provision, one's heart is warmed by hearing of God's providences, His miraculous working, and the manifestation of the supernatural as recited by His children in other lands. Here, on one occasion, eight nationalities were represented; they were from India, America, Sweden, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Russia and England. Sitting opposite us was a young man from Sweden with a call to the Congo, and who had come to England to study English preparatory to going to the field. The story of his conversion is a most remarkable one. He had been out fishing with some friends and looking up into the sky he saw a great star, comet-shaped, spreading out over the heavens. As he looked the whole heavens became ablaze with glory. A young man who was with him said, "I think perhaps the Lord is coming." Mr. J. became very much alarmed for he was not

ready to meet the Lord. He tried to pray, but could not. It seemed to him he had lost his opportunity. When he inquired of others if they had seen the strange phenomena in the sky, none had seen it, and he felt then it was for him alone, to awaken him to his need. A few days later found him in a Pentecostal meeting and soon after he received a call to the Congo.

This young man told us of many remarkable answers to prayer in Sweden, one of which was in connection with the Swedish Pentecostal paper, *The Evangelii Herald*. The editor was living on an island off the coast of Sweden, and had prepared his manuscript which was to be at the printers in Stockholm by a certain time. The boat was scheduled to leave the island at twelve o'clock, but to his dismay he found when he reached the dock that it had already left. He lifted his heart to God and prayed that in some way his manuscript might get to the mainland that day. In the natural it seemed impossible, but in his predicament he looked to the Lord. Suddenly and unexpectedly, an aeroplane lighted on the island, and as the passengers landed they met this editor and asked him if he had a compass. They had broken theirs, and not being able to continue their flight they alighted in search of another. The editor had a small pocket compass which he gave them, and the pilot on learning that he had missed the boat and wished to go to Stockholm, took him along, so that his manuscript reached there in time.

* * *

At the extreme end of the table sits Miss Grundberg. Mrs. Cantel's assistant, who lived thirty-five years in Russia. Among many interesting incidents of Russian life is a rare story of a Russian sailor. He was a Christian serving in the Russian navy. In Russia during the old regime all young men were compelled to serve seven years and after that they were on the reserve force. This young man was on a Man of War in the Black Sea, painting the ship, and while thus engaged the rope broke and he fell into the water. The officers thinking he had done so purposely, shot and wounded him. This frightened him and he swam off to another ship. He was put in the hospital and nursed until he was well, then he and five others were sentenced to be shot, charged with being deserters. He begged that he might not be blindfolded, but on being told that the law required it, he submitted, but asked to be allowed to pray before being shot. The officers gave him permission and he

fell on his knees and prayed. Everyone in his presence, officers and soldiers, wept vehemently as he prayed for himself and for them. When he had finished and said he was ready, they raised their guns to fire, but the God to whom he prayed had kissed away his breath. He dropped over before a shot had touched him. In order to meet the requirements of the law they shot his lifeless body, but his spirit had gone to be with his Lord. The officers and soldiers were deeply moved as they realized he had passed beyond the reach of the law. Indeed, the scene never was effaced from their memories and left an influence upon them for eternity.

Miss Grundberg was born in Sweden, but was converted under Colonel Pacshoff, that Godly man who wielded such an influence for God among the nobility of Russia. His conversion is one of the most marvelous. He was a Colonel in the army, the officers of which indulged in excesses, he being one of the worst. When Lord Radstock went to Russia there were many of the nobility who were saved, and they had a great desire for the salvation of this Colonel. They spoke to Lord Radstock about him, but he was never able to get in touch with him. One day Lord Radstock and his interpreter were on their way to Moscow and stopped for dinner while the train waited. As they entered the dining-hall they saw at one of the tables twelve young officers who were carousing and drinking, and the leader of them all was Colonel Pashcoff, whom the interpreter pointed out to Lord Radstock. He went straight up to him, putting his hand on his shoulder and said, "Colonel Pashcoff, it is impossible for you to run away from God." He sobered up immediately and then and there fell on his knees and gave himself to God. Although both were on their way to Moscow, where the Colonel had large estates, they turned back to St. Petersburg (Petrograd) because the Colonel wanted immediately to give his testimony to his friends. His palatial home which had been used for balls and great functions was now dedicated to the Lord. He sent letters to his friends inviting them to Gospel meetings held by Lord Radstock, but when they received them, they thought he had lost his mind, and hardly knew whether to laugh or weep. Only a few of his fellow-officers accepted the invitation, but the Colonel began to work diligently and zealously for the Lord.

"I especially remember," said Miss Grundberg, "it was in 1883 or '84 that Dr. Baedeker,

Reginald Radcliffe and George Mueller came to Russia. Colonel Pashcoff had a house on the other side of St. Petersburg and had announced that there would be a "tea-party" for all who wanted to come. They were not permitted to hold Gospel meetings, so they called them tea-parties. I was asked to come and interpret for them, so was present. One man came after the doors were closed and as there was no more room, they did not open to him; he became so angry that he went to the police and exposed them. The police came immediately; I was in the adjoining room speaking to souls who wanted to give themselves to the Lord, and didn't realize what had happened until I was leaving. The police had placed themselves in two rows beside the door and everyone passing through had to deliver up his Bible, but they did not ask for mine. There were many of the Russian nobility present, but as soon as news came of the police, they betook themselves to the top of the house and spoke in whispers until they had gone. I went upstairs for a few minutes and when I returned there stood Colonel Pashcoff surrounded by these police officers who wept profusely as he spoke to them about their souls and prayed

for them. In a little while the police left and the grand folk went home, Princess Leiven taking me to my home in a carriage; the others had been scattered by the police. The people were told they might have their Bibles if they went to the police station, but they did not go, thinking it was a trap set for them.

"I miss the persecution here," sighed Miss Grundberg. "It was difficult to worship God in those days and we suffered because of the persecution, but we were very happy, and the unity and fellowship in the spirit was beautiful indeed. As long as we were persecuted we were united, but when freedom came we didn't live so close to the Lord, and division entered our ranks." How significant these words! There is much said these days about unity, and some are expecting unity in doctrine, but this seems more and more impossible as the days come and go. We believe that the prayer of Jesus, "that we all may be one" will never be realized except through the fires of persecution. Fire melts and refines, and our differences are indeed insignificant compared to the great sufferings through which many have passed and will pass ere this age closes.

A. C. R.

The Preparation Necessary for Revival

Judgment to Begin at the House of God.

A. Douglas Brown, London, England, at the Keswick Convention.



SHALL not give you a Bible reading this morning, but shall pass on to you a message from God in the form of a quiet, frank, humble, honest statement from a servant of Jesus Christ to his fellow Christians in this tremendous day of opportunity and responsibility. This is a wonderful day for me, friends. It is my father's birthday. Had he lived he would have been celebrating his seventy-eighth birthday this day. He is having his first birthday in heaven. I am having my first meeting at Keswick. It is a great day, because "there is a sound of abundance of rain."

Not long ago, on board ship, I was spending part of the evening with the Marconi operator in his room. There were things going on on board ship that had no fascination for me. Dancing and whist drives—they are bad enough on board ship, but unforgivable in the Church of God. This Marconi operator had the anointing of the Holy One upon him, and we had real fellowship.

THE MESSAGE OF THE WIRELESS

God set two sets of wireless into work in that little room, for there is no wireless like the wireless of live wires produced within the sanctuary—the ministry of the Spirit of God upon a human soul set free to understand Him; to grip Him; to have the revelation of the mighty Spirit of God to show where there has been reservation in surrender, and then by the might and power of that blessed Spirit to see to it that that point of reservation is swept away by the message, and the might, and the mercy, and the application of Calvary by the Holy Ghost.

We have not come to Keswick to get a big blessing, but to have a new revelation of a great Jesus. When you have a great revelation the blessing is in it. There is no blessing apart from personality. We must not allow blessings to come between us and the Blesser. "There is a sound of abundance of rain." So said the Marconi man to me. I asked him what he meant. He took the receivers off his ears and placed them on mine, and I heard what I thought was a message from

another ship, and the message was loud and blustering. "I do not know," I said, "what the ship is, from which the message is coming. It is a very noisy kind of message." He smiled and said, "You ministers do not know everything!" That is one of the things God is going to teach us at Keswick. He said, "You have not been listening to a message from a ship at all. What you have been listening to is the rain, a heavy fall of rain." I looked at him and said, "Are you sure?" "Yes, I'm quite sure—a very heavy fall of rain. I should say it is about sixty miles away; and holding on our course as we are now, Mr. Brown, we ought to have it soon after supper." I looked out through the port-hole, and the atmosphere was swelteringly hot, for we were south of Madeira; the sky was perfectly blue, and the stars were liquid. There was not any semblance anywhere of abundance of rain. It all looked the opposite.

I looked at him again and said, "Are you quite sure?" "Yes, sir; it is much nearer now than when I first told you about it." "This is exciting; is it still coming toward the ship?" "Yes, and the ship is going towards it." "Well, Marconi, if you are right, well and good; but if you are wrong I will have something to say to you. I am going down into my cabin to get ready for an abundance of rain. If it does not come, then look out." From half-past ten that night the rain poured down; we had a deluge, an abundance of rain. When we first heard about it, it was from the lips of one man. He could not point to anything round about as evidence to us that it was coming, but he was in touch with the wireless, which brought him in touch with something approaching, and he told it out. I rested upon his bare word, and it came true, and, against all appearances, that happened for which we had been longing. The sound of an abundance of rain became a perfect deluge. We had prepared for it, and it came, and it was just lovely.

"There is a sound of abundance of rain," and it is in the track of the Christian Church. I want to emphasize that. I have very little faith in a great movement outside the Church of God. This is the great opportunity of the Church of Christ. There is a great movement all over this country; there is a great Divine discontent, and men and women are willing to sacrifice and to listen with intensity to any man with a message today as they never would have done for the last fifty years. What does it mean? "There is a sound of abundance of rain." Lord, send us Revival,

and let it begin in me. Sweep away all these wonderful religious things that stand in the way of the great reality of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Those very things that hinder should be things that we as Christians tremble to harbor. O King of Calvary! sweep them away, for they stand in the way of Thy blood-bought Church.

A GREAT APOSTASY

But there is also the sound of a great apostasy. I am no heresy-hunter, nor orthodox-hunter. The first thing that happens when we really get revived is that we bury these differences in the grave at the foot of the Cross. But, as ambassadors of Jesus Christ, as members of a blood-purchased Church, the time has come when it is, thank God, impossible to compromise. Let there be cooperation in every possible way, for now is an opportunity for the Christian Church such as she has never seen since the days of Wesley. Let us bury the little things in the great big grave at the foot of that Cross, and let us see a larger, and a greater, and a more beautiful Jesus Christ who is waiting and willing to come even to Keswick, and to put afresh a beautiful garment on every waiting, longing, thirsty soul and lead us into a new temple of reality, and out of that new temple of reality lead us into a new radiance of Jesus Christ, and a new redundancy of His power and of His mercy.

The message of God to you and to me this morning is this: "If my people shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek My face, and turn away from their wicked ways, then I will hear, and I will forgive, and I will heal their land."

You want a Revival. There are God's conditions, and there are no others. Revival is a Church word; it has to do with God's people. You cannot revive the world; the world is dead in trespasses and sins. You cannot revive a corpse. But you can revitalize where there is life; you can bring back life that has gone astray.

The greatest need of England today is a revival of holiness in the Christian Church. I am no speaker; I have had no time to prepare addresses for conventions. This is my seventeen hundredth service since February twelve months. But I come as a harvester into the field of Jesus Christ, and I appeal to you as one who has given his life to the work—and when you have given Him all, you cannot increase the measure, and whatever is left is some bonus He gives back as a benediction for the little that was given, for the everyone

and the everything—I appeal to you that if some great thing is to happen in England before next Keswick Convention; if Jesus Christ tarry—for He is coming soon—if some great thing is to happen in England before next “Keswick”; then before God can do that wonderful thing in the country, He has, first of all to perform a miracle in the Christian Church. Will you let Him do it? It is “*If My people.*” Revival is not for a drunken man coming to the penitent form. It is for the proud church member coming to himself like the prodigal and saying, “I have been an official in the Church and posed as a Christian worker; and I have never been born again.” *That is revival.* It is the unconverted deacon coming to his minister and saying, “Pastor, what shall I do? I have been religious; I have been generous; I have been respectable. But God has been dealing with my soul, and the searchlight of Calvary has beaten upon my life, and I realize that Jesus loves me; and He is saying to me, as He said to the rich young man, ‘One thing thou lackest,’ and I never knew I lacked it until now. What am I to do?”

BACK TO CALVARY

Come back to Calvary. God demands reality. It is not so easy for a person who has posed as a Christian for years, humanly speaking, to come back and tell Jesus all about it and commence again, as it is for a life that has been an arrant and obvious mistake for years, to come back as a broken piece of clay for the Potter to take up and re-mould into a vessel, as it shall seem good for Him to make it.

The revival has to begin at Keswick. “Keswick” needs a revival. We are too proud, we have too many Pharisees among us. We have not said so, but we have thought we were holier than other people; and the Holy Ghost will not send revival through “Keswick” until “Keswick” gets down on its face before God and puts Calvary first. “If My people shall humble themselves.” Judgment must begin at the house of God, cleansing must begin with us ministers, with you Church members, with you Church officials, with you Church-wardens. It must begin with us, and when God sees the Church travailing in the glorious Calvary agony for her purification, then He will lay hold of His Church and use her as a mighty threshing instrument to bring the nation to repentance and a mighty host into the kingdom of God’s grace. But it must begin here.

You say, “Yes, that’s all very well, but I came for a Bible reading.” Never mind, you are hav-

ing a bath. It may not be nice; it may take longer than this morning to get the truth right home. It took over four months for the truth to get home to me. There is no prouder man in this tent than Douglas Brown. It took God four months to break me down. I have been a minister of Jesus Christ for twenty-six years, but God laid hold of me. He laid hold of me right in the midst of a Sunday evening service and nearly broke my heart while I was preaching. I went down to the vestry, locked the door and threw myself down on that hearthrug in front of the vestry mantelpiece. You say, “Why?” I did not know that night. My church was full. I loved my people, and I believe my people loved me. I do not say they ought to, but they did. I was as happy with them as I could be and I have never known a Sunday for fifteen years without conversions. If you do not have conversions in your church, it does not matter what the name of it is; it has “a name to live, and it is dead.”

“GOD BROKE MY HEART”

That night I went home into my study. My wife came up and said, “Douglas, we are waiting for you to come to supper.” “You must not wait for me.” “What’s the matter, dear?” “I have a broken heart!” “What do you mean?” “I have a broken heart.” You don’t know what I mean, do you? Wait till you get it; it is worth while having for Jesus to mend it. God broke my heart that night. No supper! That night He laid His hand on a proud minister and told him he had not gone far enough; that there were reservations in his surrender, and that He wanted him to be pleased with work that he had been trying to evade by making others do it. I knew what it was, but I would not give in for four months. All November that struggle went on, and I would not give way. I knew that God was right, and that Douglas Brown was wrong, but I was not prepared to pay the price. Christmas time came, and it was the most miserable Christmas I ever had. I knew what Jesus wanted. He makes you think. He made me think about certain things. He gave me a picture of a congregation with Douglas Brown in the middle of them. I saw Douglas Brown praying with his own folk that he had preached to for fifteen years, and they had not been saved. I saw it all in a picture. As the struggle went on, I said, “O Lord, You know that is not my work; it is not the work I love; I will pray for anyone else who does it, but do not give me that—it will kill me. I cannot come out of the pulpit and plead with people; it is

against my temperament, and You made me!" All through January God wrestled with me. There is a Love that will not let us go. At the end of January I saw well that it was Jacob struggling instead of clinging. I thought that what was wrong was my circumstances, but what was really wrong was Douglas Brown. We always put it down to our circumstances as long as we can.

It was in February, 1921, after four months of struggle—how patient God is!—that there came a crisis. On the Saturday night I wrote my resignation to my church, and it was marked with my tears. I loved that church, but I felt "I cannot go on preaching when I have a contention with God. I cannot confidently look into God's face and ask for blessing under a condition of soul like that." That night I went to bed, but could not sleep. Then I rose and came out of the bedroom, but in doing so, I stumbled over my dog at the door. If ever I thanked God for that dog I thanked Him that night. He knelt by the side of his master as his master himself knelt by his study table, and Mike licked his master's face as though he thought I was ill. As Mike was doing that I felt I did not deserve anybody to love me. I knelt there for three minutes, and then I found myself in the bosom of Jesus Christ forever, and ever, and ever, and all power, and all joy and all blessedness rolled in like a deluge.

How did it come? I will never be able to tell you that. I will when I get to heaven. All the explanations are there; but the experience is here. Never mind the explanations; if you have the experiences, that is the great thing. You cannot live on explanations; but you can live on experiences. I just looked up—it was two o'clock in the morning; I knew what Jesus wanted, and it was so kind of Him to have waited four months for a man like me—I looked up and said, "Jesus, I know what You want; You want me to go into mission work." I did not hear any rustling of angels' wings; I did not see any sudden light. You remember Frances Ridley Havergal's description of Advent Sunday—how God turned her previous tearful experience into the flush of an April day, and poured in a meridian glory in that hour of her absolute surrender.

Such was it in my case. I rose up a new creation in Jesus Christ. This arm had been troubled for twenty-three years with a special form of neuritis, but it has never had an ache since. He knows how to quicken our mortal bodies when we are willing to run in the way of His command-

ments. But He will not be in a hurry to do that when we are going the wrong way. Why cannot we be more humble and simple, and reverently come back to the place called Calvary this morning and humble ourselves? "If My people shall humble themselves."

Anything else? Yes, "and pray." Do you find that easy? I do not. I make it a rule to spend my journey outwards to a place in prayer for that place, just as I make it a rule to pray for my own church on the home journey. On my way to Cardiff the other day I had gone from Paddington to Newport before I could pray. I was trying to pray. I was talking, but there was a buzz on the telephone, and it did not seem as if He heard me. I was talking about Cardiff and blessing, but it seemed to me that there were other messages floating about. "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and rulers of darkness of this world." I heard some gossiping conversations on the telephone. When you really pray you have the devil up against you. But God says, "If My people will humble themselves and pray." You can pray under the Blood; you can pray at the foot of the Cross; you can pray through in the night of the passion of the Savior of the world, and your Savior. "If My people shall humble themselves and pray." Lord, teach us how to pray. Do you know what it is to pray? As a little school boy of ten, every Friday night, during term time, I used to unlace my boots and take them off, and creep along from the room where I was supposed to be doing my home work to the door of my father's study. To get to the door I had to go down six steps, every one of which creaked, and even as a little school-boy I was prepared to spend eight or ten minutes in getting down very carefully and gradually to that door to listen. Why?

WHAT IT IS TO PRAY

On Friday night, father was in the study preparing for Sunday, and on that night he prayed; and what I heard during many a Friday night was more wonderful than what I heard from the platform on Sunday morning. I heard a big strong man telling Jesus he was nothing, and that Jesus was everything. I heard the agony of Calvary, I listened to somebody who understood the fellowship and the sufferings of his Lord, and who was hanging on that Cross with Jesus. I could hear, "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, Who loved

me, and gave Himself for me." That was it. The little schoolboy could not understand it all, but it gripped him. I feel the aftermath of it today; I feel as if, on his birthday, hands were coming out of the unseen to remind me of the secret fellowship of His sufferings if I am to have the strength of the fellowship of His risen life. "If My people shall humble themselves and pray." Anything more? "And seek My face." What does that mean? It means a coming back, a going to Him again; it is proving that your prayer is real. Jacob had been away for twenty years, and when he came back he called the name of the place Peniel ("I have seen Him face to face"). It meant that backsliding and drifting had bereft him of the Father's face for over twenty years. How long is it since you saw the face of God? You have looked into the face of the committee. That is nothing. Can you look away into His face without a blush this morning? Is He the Lord God before whom you stand? Have you come back? Or are you, like Jacob, at Jabbok? God is wrestling with you this morning, and you are struggling instead of clinging. You came here for a Bible reading, and you have a harpoon in, and Calvary won't take it out until it has made a new creature of you. "Seek My face." That means, humble yourselves and come back, right back to the spot where you lost prayer. Where did you lose the "axe-head"? Come right back.

You say, "Mr. Brown, that is talk for a Gospel service; you forget you are at Keswick!" I am saying all this because I remember I am at Keswick, addressing a community of people, of Christians that the Holy Ghost can use to bring revival all over the world. If God the Holy Ghost lays hold of this great assembly at Keswick in this glorious day of opportunity, and fires this great people with the Lord's love and the Lord's grace, then, instead of bonfires here and there, I see prairie fires of God sweeping over the land. God will do it through you and through me and through others. But everything depends on our personal relationship to Him. "If My people shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek My face,"—

Any more? Yes, "and turn away from their wicked ways." Now we have gotten to the ethic of it. What are these wicked ways? I am not planning to speak about drunkenness, or about immorality. I want to speak about some wicked ways of God's people that keep back revival in our churches. Here is one of the wicked ways—this

is not for ministers; they must not listen: this is for you people—one of the wicked ways that keep revival back is this: when people who go to conventions, and pose as people who enjoy the deeper life, go home, and on Sunday criticize the minister's sermon at the dinner-table in front of their children. That is a wicked way. We want to be practical and not grieve the Holy Ghost.

THINGS THAT HINDER REVIVAL

Let me give you another wicked way: gossiping about another church member. You do not even take the trouble to find out whether it is all true. You thought a little bit was true, and that was quite enough. It was good copy for the devil, and you wanted to get it into the press in double-quick time. You did it without thinking, and did not look at the damage it was doing. These are things that are keeping revival back in our churches. Somebody must tell the truth, and it must be told in Keswick.

Jealousy. You come to Keswick. Yes, but do you, in your own church, feel upset when you are not put on the committee? You sing "Oh, to be nothing, nothing!" but when left off the committee you become a wincing bear for two or three minutes. How do you square it? I know you are getting out of the rut. If you are in the rut long enough, it becomes a grave. We want a resurrection. These are things that are keeping back blessing. We are pointing at great, big things and asking God to alter them when the solution of the problem is at our own doors. We want to *revise* church rolls, but we need revived church rolls. We want jealousy to be taken away, rooted out. We want a new loyalty to one another, born of God, a heavenly freemasonry that shall come from the throne of God and of the Lamb and unite us to one another as Christians ought to be. What is the good of preaching the Gospel that is unutterable and ineffable to the great world, if we have not the true spirit of Jesus Christ?

More love to Thee, O Christ,
More love to Thee!

And, in that love to Thee, more love to my brethren, more love to my sisters, more love to all who "love the Lord in sincerity and in truth." Calvary is the only foundation of a character that can stand the piercing eyes of Him "whose eyes are as a flame of fire, and who walketh in the midst of the seven candlesticks." He comes questioning this morning; He measures us up. There is a great harvest waiting, "there is a sound of abundance of rain." There is the crash of the

artillery of the "man of sin" as he comes nearer and nearer, until before long we shall see the very form of the one who is against the Lord's Christ.

In this great day of opportunity let every man take his stand at the place called Calvary, and own his Lord complete Capturer and Conqueror of his entire personality. Let us away with all

reservation to our consecration, and, kneeling at the Cross, plead with Him to lift us up into the power and purity and blessedness of souls that have been enfranchised by a vision of Christ that shall give us a new message, which shall prove blessedly efficacious with ourselves and our fellow-men.

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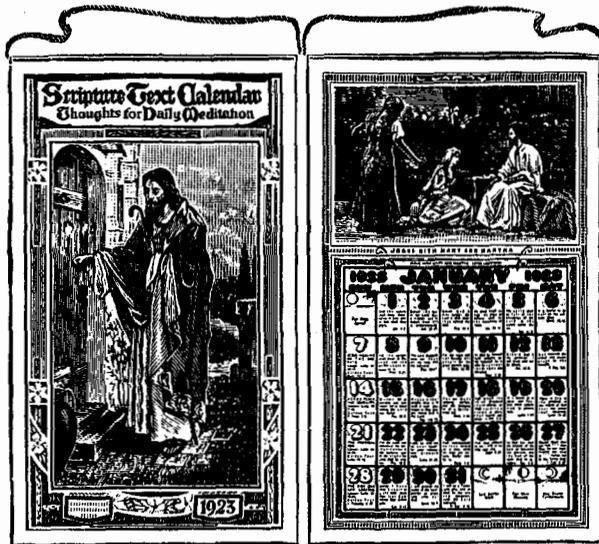
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