



The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on the Earth

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An International Monthly Magazine

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

The Great Mission Field at our Doors

Working in the Land of the Closed Bible.

Miss Minnie Varner, Missionary from Mexico, in the Stone Church, June 30, 1922



AS I have read in THE LATTER RAIN EVANGEL of how God has been working in this place I have often longed to be with you and I can assure you this is a great privilege. People can tell me if they want to, that the days of miracles have passed but I am glad that I know they have not, for I am sure it is a miracle that I am here tonight. God raised me up from a severe illness and brought me to this country again.

I was formerly a missionary to Mexico under the Methodist Church but during the revolution they felt it necessary to call back all their workers. At that time God showed me that there was something more, and He put a hunger in my heart for the Holy Spirit. While it grieved me to leave those people, still I praise Him that He led me to know the blessed Holy Spirit as my Comforter, for it was three years ago that I was baptized in the Spirit. Then it was my privilege to return to the field. At the time I was seeking the Spirit I was arranging with my Board to send me back but when I told my denomination of the wonderful blessing of the Holy Ghost that had come into my heart and life, they refused to send me back, but the Lord sent me. He doeth all things well.

The first time I went out I had a salary back of me and I knew just where I was going—there was a mission school and I was given a nicely furnished room in a home that looked almost like a mansion, but this time it was quite different. I said, "Lord, You lead and I will follow." The devil tried to hinder me in every way and made me sick in San Antonio but I was wonderfully healed by the Lord and I said, "Lord I will go at Your command even if I have to go on a stretcher." But I didn't have to go that way. I felt as I crossed the Border that I was like Abraham, not knowing whither I was going.

Just a few months ago I was lying so ill that my friends gathered around me and thought I would surely die. They wrote to my people: "Unless you come at once you will not find your sister alive. She will not let anyone help her." I knew I had the best help of all and as they

gathered about me and begged to be permitted to send for a doctor in order that he might help me, I said, "No, Jesus is my Physician." Just as I got to the end of myself the power of the Lord came down and the fever was rebuked. After the Lord raised me up He put a desire into my heart to come to the States and somehow I want to stir the people up to the need of Mexico.

I have heard and read about missionaries who have come from the different fields and spoken to you; they have come from India and China and Africa and most every other land but I have not read of one coming from Mexico. Few people are interested in a place they know nothing about and I feel that God would have you know the real conditions in that land.

I wish I could make you see how necessary it is to send missionaries to Mexico. They are our neighbors and you often find that the home folks are neglected more than those outside. We run off to help some other people in our town and neglect our own; we try to get someone else's daughter or son converted and perhaps our own are out of the ark of safety. Mexico is so near and I feel we have overlooked this needy field and gone to the other countries; but tonight we want to see the need of our own neighbors. Think what the precious Word of God means to you tonight! Where would you be if you had never heard the Gospel story in all its fulness? If we had someone who just took parts of the Bible and read it to us, what would be our spiritual condition tonight? Yet this is the true condition of Mexico. They are denied the Word of God. The priests tell the people that it is a bad book, revised by Luther, and if they read it they will be condemned and go to hell. We know that Jesus says, "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life and no man cometh unto the Father but by me." But those people have many ways. Because they do not know the true Way, they try to get to heaven by all the saints; and not only by one Virgin but they have any number of them in different places of worship and are frank to tell you that they love the Virgin Mary better than they do Christ. When asked what is their hope of salvation they say, "Well, we

hope that the Virgin Mary will intercede for us and Jesus will hear her prayer and at the hour of death we will truly repent and will get into heaven. Is not that a poor hope? They live in doubt and die in doubt and will go to hell just that way.

The Mexicans have a closed Bible and as a result they worship a dead Christ. When we ask them if they believe in Jesus Christ, they say, "Yes, I believe He came into the world to save that which was lost and I am lost," but they go on in their sins and know nothing of Him as their personal Savior. You can go into every church and see the crucifix. In one town I visited I remember entering the church and thinking "Surely there must be someone dead," for I saw a coffin, but what do you suppose was in it? An image of Jesus Christ. The two facts, that they have a closed Bible and worship a dead Christ are enough to convince us that the Mexicans need the living Christ.

I thank God that He is touching the hearts of some as they begin to look into the Word and they are beginning to see the truth. When I first began work in Guadalajara it seemed I could but weep for that city with its 125,000 inhabitants, to see them entirely given over to idol worship, but I am glad that God is touching the hearts of some of these people.

I want to tell you about one fine young man whom God has wonderfully saved and who is now proclaiming the Gospel. It was my privilege to spend one year in the city of San Luis Potosi. We went not knowing just what steps to take as there were some churches there but we had no building; nothing, but our own home. We went to the governor, asking him if he would permit us to go into the penitentiary. He granted us the privilege and we went there week after week. The governor had said to us, "We will not be responsible for you, because these people are fanatical and if they persecute you we will not be responsible." We replied that we were not asking him to do that, all we wanted was permission to enter. God would take care of us. For weeks, and I might say months, there seemed to be no stirring in that place. One day, however, we went in, preached the Gospel, gave out some tracts and left, not knowing what the results might be. This young man went to his cell with a portion of God's Word and began to read it just to pass away the time. As he read, God began to deal with his heart and he said to us later, that the Word

seemed to him like a sharp two-edged sword that went right to his heart. I doubt if he had ever read that passage but he expressed it in just that way. He said he began to think of two things—death and eternity, and as he thought, he trembled. His heart almost stopped beating until he scarcely knew what to do. Finally he said, "I fell on my knees and only God knows what I said, but I got up from there with the burden all gone and there was peace and joy in my soul." Later on he wrote out his testimony and told how from a child he had always loved money and hated work, so soon resorted to stealing. His father had put him in a school and he stole money from the people with whom he was stopping and ran away. Finally he joined the army, drank heavily and smoked a very poisonous weed. This was the condition he was in when we got in touch with him. He told us that his father had said to him one day, "Son, you will end your life in the penitentiary yet," and with his face all aglow he said to us, "And praise God, I did end my life right there and began another life." He began to tell the people about Jesus and would say to his comrades, "Boys you know what a wicked fellow I have been, I am not claiming anything for myself but it is just what Jesus has done for me and you can have Him do the same for you. Other men came to his room and they had prayer together. He continued to study the Word for some months and said to us, "What does it matter if I am a prisoner just so I am free in my soul?" He also wrote his father and told what Jesus had done for him and his father became angry; he was willing to have his son in the ways of sin but when it came to the place where he accepted Jesus Christ as his personal Savior he turned his back on him.

After some months the President of the Republic released some of the men whose conduct had been good and this young man was one of them. After leaving the jail he went to a mission school and began to study for the ministry. He met a young woman whom he married; she had been in Bible School two years and was down there preaching the Gospel. So God saved his soul, cleaned him up and gave him a consecrated companion as his wife. Two days after they were married they left the city to go thirty miles into the interior, to preach Jesus to those people. This is what the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ does for one. I want you to

take him on your heart as I believe the Lord will use him. Sometimes when I have become discouraged and said, "Lord, does it pay? Is it worth while?" I have received a letter from this young man saying, "Pray on, do not be discouraged, God will do great things." It is a wonderful privilege to work for Him.

Sometimes we feel sorry for those who are not having a share in this great work but I believe that God will give everyone a part. He doesn't call us all to go to the field, perhaps, but each one can have a share by helping to send someone else, and *we can all pray*. Prayer changes things, and this is one of the most important parts we can play in this great work of evangelizing the world. I believe God will do wonderful things for Mexico.

For more than a year God has been putting a cry in my heart for a Full Gospel mission in that large city of Guadalajara, where the Gospel can be preached seven days in the week, day and night. It is not asking too much of God and He can also supply the workers needed. Recently He has given me the faith for this mission and I am standing on His promises. How it will come, I know not, that is not my business, but the Lord's. Our desire for this mission is that natives will be saved and trained for workers and then go out from that center into the villages beyond. If we can get young men like the one I have told you about, filled with the Holy Ghost and trained in the Word, they can go out and preach as we never could.

Last winter Miss Streeter and I went on several village trips and we were informed that the people of one village which we expected to visit, were very fanatical but our desire to go there became greater than ever, so we went. We found them just as fanatical as they had been reported to be. After preaching the Gospel to them on the street one evening, we were awakened the following morning at 2:30 by hearing water pouring into the room from the window. We were alone in that house as others were afraid to stay with us, and as we looked at the door we found that coals of fire had been put in through the broken door. We knew it was time to pray and lifted up our hearts to God but the people continued pouring water and it seemed that the very demons of hell were ruling those men. Finally they left us and God so sweetly spoke to our hearts, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee and through the rivers, they shall not

overflow." He made that promise so real to us that night. Later a man from this very village who was away at the time we were there came to Guadalajara and wanted to know more of the way of salvation. I tell you this to show you how much we need a mission, for then these people could hear the truth and then go back home and open the way for the Gospel.

My friend, Miss Streeter, returned to Durango and with a party of natives went on another missionary trip. They asked the mayor of the town where they stopped for the privilege of having services. This was granted them but when the priest heard of it he called the people together and said, "We must drive out these people in the name of the Holy Saints in order to protect our religion." A mob was formed and they drove the people out. Miss Streeter was the only American in the party and she was thrown down three times, once right in a stream of water where she fell on the rocks and dislocated her right hip and some of her bones were broken. The men of the party finally took her and put her on a little burro, taking her to another village. When they arrived there the mob tried to stir up the people but the mayor protected them. The two women had to lie out in a back yard two nights and a day as no one would take them in. I told this to my unconverted brother not long ago and he said, "Do you know what I would do? I would go down there with my gun." I replied that he had better not go for the only weapon we used was the Word of God.

This will give you a little idea how much Mexico needs the Gospel. Pray with me that God will send the workers; I am asking Him to send a man and his wife for permanent workers and we will need others. But as you ask God to make this possible, don't do as one minister I heard of, when he was asking people to come to the front and consecrate themselves for the foreign field. The first one who responded was his daughter and he said to her, "Oh, I didn't mean you." If you feel God laying it on your heart to go, do so. Obey God at any cost. I realize that when we get out of Divine order, out of God's plan for us we are more of a hindrance than a help. If we are faithful in the place of prayer God will work out all the difficulties. I believe He is more interested in this work than we are, it is His work and I trust He will put it upon your hearts to pray more for these dear Mexicans.

Miracles of Healing in Great Britain



THE great Welsh Revival in 1904-06, the power and influence of which swept around the world, produced many marvelous trophies of grace who have gone forth as flaming evangelists to carry to an unbelieving world and an apostate church the glorious Gospel of an uttermost salvation for spirit, soul and body. Christendom today has lost sight of the Christ of Calvary, the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world; she has linked arms with the scoffing world and torn to shreds the miraculous in the Word of God. But from the mines and the factories, from the plow and the foundry, God is calling forth an army of consecrated torch-bearers who will confound the wisdom of the mighty, and prove to an unbelieving world and church that Jesus, the resurrected Christ, has empowered His believers with the Holy Ghost and fire, not only to witness, but that signs and wonders may still be wrought in His holy Name.

Among the miners whom God dug from the depths of sin in 1904 was Stephen Jeffreys. At once he became a witness for the Lord Jesus Christ and walked in the light as God gave it to him. When he heard of the "latter rain" he sought and received the baptism of the Holy Ghost and shortly after was called out into the ministry. While he was still a miner, in 1912, he was asked to conduct a three days' meeting at Christmastide, and the Lord worked in such a marvelous way that he continued in the meeting for over six weeks. So signally did God witness to his call to the ministry at this time that he never went back to the mines but wholly dedicated his life to the Lord's service. Since 1912 he has had a continuous ministry, conducting one revival after another, and many Pentecostal Assemblies today have been organized and established as a result of the revivals conducted by him and his brother George who is associated with him in the work. In these years of ministry they have been eye-witnesses to the healing power of the Lord; the blind have received their sight, deaf ears have been unstopped, crippled and paralyzed have been made whole, and scores have been healed of incurable diseases, many of them miraculously so.

In response to our request to hear of the works of God in the British Isles, Brother Jeffreys gave

us an account of some of his missions held in various places and the results.

During meetings held in Grimsby, a woman was brought in who for ten years and eleven months had been confined to a spinal carriage on which she lay like a board; the only change she had in those ten years was being lifted from her bed to her carriage which had been made to measurement, and *vice versa*. In answer to prayer, the Lord instantly raised her up, and today she is going all over the country, perfectly healed and telling the wonderful story.

Seven had been healed of ruptures in that same place.

A child, nine years old, had a withered arm which she had never used. She was instantly healed and has now full use of it.

A woman had been struck dumb during the first air-raid six and a half years before; a bomb came down and struck her dumb and she had not spoken since. Her sister came and brought her, telling Pastor Jeffreys about her case. He had her get on her knees and asked the congregation to sing, "She only touched the hem of His garment." While he was praying for her, she, who had not spoken for six years and a half, joined in singing, "She only touched the hem of His garment." She went home and her little child met her at the door. She caught up the child and spoke to her, but the child ran away screaming, "She is not my mother. My mother cannot talk." The child was born after her mother was struck dumb.

This meeting was commenced with eight people, and when it was closed they had a congregation of 3,000. There were about eleven hundred conversions.

He was asked to go to Hull, and a woman by the name of Mrs. Dredge who hadn't walked for nineteen years came for healing. During all those years she had never put her foot to the ground. A man wheeled her down to the house where Brother Jeffreys was staying, and she was carried in. She was anointed, hands were laid upon her, and she rose up perfectly healed. She walked home within twenty minutes, the men wheeling her carriage before her. She today is giving the testimony of her healing all over the country.

The Jeffreys' then opened meetings in Hull and

God worked in signs and wonders. There were hundreds healed of every disease, and over a thousand were converted. In one meeting three brought in carriages (wheel chairs) were healed, and the three people wheeled their own carriages home the same day.

A woman suffering with internal trouble was confined to her bed; they said she would never be able to walk again, except for an operation. The stamp of death was on her, but that dying woman was healed at once. They went to her bedside and anointed her for healing. She arose and dressed and came every night to the meeting.

An old minister sitting in an invalid chair for years, was healed. Also a girl who was born blind in one eye. She received instant sight from this blind eye and recognized her mother and her aunt.

At Christmas time, 1921, a Convention was held at Dowlais, South Wales. They brought into the meeting a man who had been crippled since 1916 through the war. He had crutches, but two men were helping him, one on either side. While the minister was preaching, he sat in his chair in the chapel, a pathetic-looking sight. When the preaching was finished Brother Jeffreys came down from the pulpit and had him carried into the vestry. Some ministers had come to the convention that day hoping to see a miracle, but the evangelist asked everyone to get on their knees. Laying his hands on the afflicted man, he commanded that affliction to leave him, and immediately, in the twinkling of an eye, he stood on his feet. He walked a few feet, and finding he could walk, he raised his hands and said, "Let us pray." There and then he gave his heart to the Lord. Over a thousand people followed him home. He walked like a soldier. Today he is perfectly well and growing in grace.

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A little boy who had been healed of hip disease, wrote to tell his aunt of his healing and asked her to bring his cousin to the meeting who also had hip disease. His mother wheeled him in the spinal-carriage to the station and he was so poorly she was tempted to take him back home, feeling he would die on the way, but the boy said, "No, if I die I am going." The mother left the carriage in the station and carrying the boy in her arms, brought him into the service at Notting Hill Gate. His two legs looked like two pieces of cord hanging down. For two years he had not walked and neither doctors nor hospitals had given them any hopes that he would be cured.

As hands were laid upon him, he came down from his mother's lap and walked around the chapel. The next day a reporter came asking if it was true, and found the boy out playing foot-ball. The story of this healing together with his photo was in the secular press.

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A lady in Hull heard of Mrs. Dredge's healing and she sent her husband to her home to see if it was true. As he knocked at the door who should come to open the door but Mrs. Dredge herself. The man said to her, "If this has been done for you, why can my wife not get healed?" and Mrs. Dredge told him that if his wife would go to Grimsby in faith, to the meeting held there, she would come back healed. Her brain and her spine had been severed and she was turned out of the hospital as incurable. Her husband engaged a woman to take her over to Grimsby from Hull, though it was very difficult to travel. They had to cross the river in a boat and then go by train to Grimsby; four porters carried her, chair and all into the train. At the healing meeting in the afternoon nothing particular happened, but she said she would not return home until she was healed, and stayed to the evening service. At the close of the evening service, the Lord spoke to Brother Jeffreys in an audible voice to go and command her in the Name of the Lord to get out of the carriage. He went down and before the audience, took her by the hand and commanded her in Jesus' Name to rise from her carriage; she did so, and was healed. The next day she wheeled her own carriage to the station and the porters who had seen her the day before and had carried her into the luggage van were amazed as they looked upon her. All they could say was that it was wonderful.

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A woman whose husband was in an asylum was, because of straitened circumstances, doing charring for a living. Those for whom she was working witnessed to her of the working of God in these days, and she was impressed by their lives and by their conversation on spiritual things. She was invited to the meetings at Howlbury and there found Christ as her Savior. As friends got into conversation with her they learned of her husband being in an asylum where he had been confined for six months. He had been put there because he had threatened to murder his wife and children. She was told that God could deliver him, and prayer was offered in his behalf. Within three weeks he was brought out, completely de-

livered. He was invited to a meeting at Clapham Common and there God wonderfully saved him. Going home, after experiencing salvation, he discovered he had lost all desire for drink, to which he had been addicted; he also had the same experience about smoking. The next morning he went to look for a situation, and secured one the second place he applied at four guineas a week. He joined the Baptist Church at East End (London), and three weeks later he was baptized in water. As he was being baptized in water, the Spirit of God came upon him and he was also baptized in the Holy Spirit. Walking in the light, God met him at every new step, and he is today a living witness to this great salvation which brought him from the depths, all because those who had the light let it shine in their home where this poor broken-hearted woman came to scrub and clean. Are you witnessing today to those who come into your home? Who knows but under a rough exterior there lies a broken heart because of a home wrecked by Satan, and if we are faithful in lifting up Him who came to "bind up the broken-hearted" and "set at liberty them that are bound" God will give us "fruit that may abound" to our account.

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Another equally remarkable healing during a Convention at Dowlais was that of a chronic epileptic. He heard Brother Jeffreys speak on divine healing and after the service the man came to the minister and asked if he could be healed. Brother Jeffreys assured him that the Lord who healed all manner of sickness and disease in the days of His flesh, was just the same today. He was anointed and prayed for and the Lord immediately and instantly healed him. He had been such a sufferer and had gone hither and thither seeking health, oftentimes despairing and more than once contemplating throwing himself into a well to end his sufferings. His healing occurred four years ago, and he remains perfectly healed unto this day. He was obliged to give up a good business on account of this affliction, but since he has been healed he studied to become a dentist and is considered one of the best in that part of the country. He never ceases to witness to what the Lord has done for him.

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In this same place a man who was suffering with a tumor in the stomach and had lived on arrow-root for three months, was healed by the Lord after eight doctors gave him up to die. After being anointed he ate a heavy meal for the

first time in months. He is working today and testifying to everyone whom he meets of the wonderful power of God. He stands as a monument to the healing power of God, for his suffering was known to all in that vicinity.

These are just a few of the miraculous cases which witness to a world that is dead in trespasses and sins and to an apostate church that denies the miraculous in the Word of God, not to speak of the supernatural today, that our God is still a "God that doeth wonders."

Had the church not lost her power to say to the lame, "Be healed," and to the blind eyes, "Be opened" she would not today be weak and sickly. Unbelief in the church is the father of materialism, New Theology and Higher Criticism.

* * *

The year before the war broke out, Mr. Jeffreys was preaching in a hall in Wales one Sunday evening on the verse, "That I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable unto His death," and while he was preaching the head of a beautiful little lamb appeared on the wall. Suddenly it was transformed into the Lord's face, and all in the hall saw it.

For six hours that face was imprinted on that wall, visible to all, saint and sinner; many came in from the outside to look at it. The ministers of the town asked the little children if they had seen it, and they told them that they had. As the preacher moved, the Lord's eyes, like two flames of fire, moved.

There was an infidel in the town who came into the vicinity of the hall and said it was only the excitement of the revivalist, and that he would not believe it was real. The care-taker of the building asked him if he would believe it if he saw it. He said he would. The care-taker took him into the vestibule, and through the open door he saw the face of the Savior. It was dark and there were no lights lit, but in the darkness the face shone out. The infidel was frightened, flung up his arms and ran out saying, "I will never again say there is no God."

At the time the meaning of it was not understood, but when war was declared a few days after, they realized He appeared as the "Man of Sorrows" indicating the sorrow that was coming all over the world, and that tribulation days were fast coming upon us.

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"Don't expect to get to heaven unless you throw out some earthly ballast."

The Prophecy of John the Baptist

Cleansed Vessels Must Be Filled.

Pastor K. R. Glover in the Stone Church, July 16, 1922



WILL take for my text this afternoon the words found in Isaiah 28:11-12, "For with stammering lips and another tongue will He speak to this people. To whom He said, This is the rest where-with ye may cause the weary to rest; and this is the refreshing; yet they would not hear."

There will always be those who will not hear, those who will not see the arm of the Lord revealed, those to whom God shall speak, but whose hearts are too hardened to understand. Now you may class yourselves where you will. If you will hear, you shall hear, and if you will hearken, your heart shall understand and God shall make you to know that He has spoken.

"With stammering lips and another tongue have I spoken to this people but they would not hear" and they will not hear today. God has been speaking to the world with stammering lips and another tongue for many years. It is now some twenty-two years since the first remarkable outpouring of the Holy Spirit, wherein He has been telling people to return unto the Lord. He is warning them to turn from their iniquitous ways, bidding people to turn from a form of godliness to the possession of real power. He has been calling them to heed His warning that the coming of the Lord draweth nigh, and the reaping hand is about ready to thrust in the sharp sickle to gather the harvest of the world. If ye will hear, ye shall hear, and if ye will see ye shall see. Jesus says, Blessed are your eyes, for they see; and your ears for they hear. He says that in the last days there shall come times when men shall earnestly desire to see the days of the coming of the Son of Man; when men shall earnestly desire the things of God but shall not have them, because there will be a famine in the land, a famine of the Word of God because men have rejected it. But then, he that has already heard and he that has already seen, he whose heart has been filled with the Word, shall feast. He shall not lack. Have you stored the Word away in your heart? There is no better means of storing this wonderful Word of God in our hearts than by the power of the Holy Ghost, for He has come to illuminate it to us and to teach and guide

us into all truth. If today you will hearken and see that which God is offering to you, you shall hear and understand marvelous things, for He has arisen to do great things in these last days.

We are living just before the coming of the Lord. The prophet says that in the last days He will pour forth His Spirit as rain upon the thirsty ground, and just as there are pools in the desert, so shall there be springs for those who are thirsty. The man who spurns God will not get the blessings, but the thirsty soul will look up and see the rain coming in the time of the latter rain. God invites you to come and buy without money and without price. Will you come? It is yours to choose, yours to decide.

"With stammering lips and another tongue will I speak to this people but they will not hear." I say again, for the past twenty-two years, and especially for the last fifteen, God in marvelous ways has been sending forth His mighty power in the world, to give men miraculous powers and blessings and visions of which they have never dreamed. Now James tells us that the husbandman is patient for the harvest—he waiteth for the time of reaping; He waiteth for the early and the latter rain, and then, cometh the harvest. Jesus says, "I am the true Vine, and my Father is the Husbandman." The Husbandman is waiting for the fruitage of the vine. So we are admonished by James to be patient for the coming of the Lord.

For what are we waiting? For that second rain? It is in the land today, and signifies to us to be patient just a little longer, for Christ is coming soon. It is blessed to be among those who have ears to hear, eyes to see and hearts to understand that Jesus has given unto us this blessed latter rain to ripen us for the coming of the Lord. Have you heard? Have you seen? Have you understood? Have you accepted it? Jesus is coming but He will not come unawares to him who will listen to His voice. He has not left one generation without its prophet, and this generation is having the warnings given by the Spirit. In Joel we read, "In the last days I will pour out of My Spirit upon all flesh," and in Jeremiah, "Know the Lord: for they shall all know me, from the least of them to the greatest." To what extent have you known Him? Does

the Holy Spirit abide within? What does this outpouring of the Spirit mean to you? What are you doing about it? "Oh," you say, "I have been considering it." Yes, and some day you will be considering the fact that you are outside the doors of heaven. Some day the Lord will be considering you, and will say to you, "I stretched out my hand year after year; I spoke to you in stammering lips but you would not hear. Now you cry to Me with lips that indeed do stammer because you are sinking into the pit below, because you heeded not My voice when I spoke to you." May God arouse us so that we will be attentive to the voice of His Spirit. So multitudinous have been those who have spoken in other tongues that it is becoming common to us, but He said, "With stammering lips will I speak to this people," and He is speaking to us through this marvelous outpouring. I say, Blessed is the man who moves with God in this Baptism in the Holy Ghost.

Some take the attitude that this is just a peculiar manifestation of this present time, but I am discovering by the plain, simple reading of the Word that it has been God's intention to give it to anyone who would receive it. The fact that fifty, eighty or one hundred years ago individuals and companies of people have had this baptism, is proof that they could have it. Men reason it away and say, "This is not for us today"; nevertheless we have it just the same. This is proof that it is for us. If you will carefully study the Scriptures you will find that John the Baptist proclaimed Jesus as the Baptizer of the Holy Ghost as well as the Savior of the world, and by this we realize that this is not just some peculiar experience, but one which is meant for every child of God.

Listen to the words of Jesus Himself as He stood on the last great day of the feast and cried, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink. He that believeth on Me, as the Scripture hath said, from within him shall flow rivers of living water. This spake He of the Spirit, which they that believed in Him were to receive." Christ here proclaims that any thirsty man may have this glorious experience. Yet some people tell us that it is just for the apostles. I say it is for every thirsty soul who will come to God for it. Peter told the Jews on the Day of Pentecost that if they would repent of their sins, upon them would be poured the Holy Ghost, because the promise was unto them and their children and to as many as the Lord our God should call. Are

you called of God today? Then it takes you in. You will notice in the four Gospels wherever the preaching of John the Baptist is recorded, he emphasizes particularly the fact that Jesus is the Baptizer of the Holy Ghost and fire. He truly proclaimed Jesus as the Savior, the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world, but great emphasis was upon the fact that Jesus came into the world for the purpose of filling men with the Holy Ghost and fire. He said, "I indeed baptize you in water unto repentance: but He that cometh after me is mightier than I, . . . He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and fire." You say, "Oh you are different from other people." We are just different enough to believe that Jesus came to baptize us with the Holy Ghost and fire. We are different from the world, it is true; we are different from those who have a form of godliness, because we are possessors of the power of God. Therein alone lies our peculiarity.

Jesus Christ came then for the purpose of filling men with the Holy Ghost. It is true, He came to save people from their sins, and oh how well He did the work! But His purpose is not only to wash you, not only to cleanse the vessel, purify and purge it, but to fill that vessel with living water and send it to the thirsty ones. After all we are only vessels. Jesus came, emptied us of our sin, cleansed and purified us. But what good is a vessel if there is nothing in it? I say then that the purpose of Jesus Christ in coming to this earth was not only to rescue us, and purge us, but also to fill us. Understand He cannot fill the vessel until it is cleansed. His purpose is to fill it and give it something to do. This is why John the Baptist so emphasized the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. The vessel is all right if it is clean but it is not useful until it is filled. Then why stay empty just because you are clean? Jesus told the story of the man who had a demon in him; the demon was cast out, and the house was cleansed and purified. The demon which had been cast out, wandered around seeking a lodging place, but found none. Then he decided he would return to the house from whence he was cast out. He gets seven other demons and says, "Come with me and we will go into that house which has been cleaned up." And the seven evil spirits went in and the last state of that man was worse than the first. What was the matter with that house? It was cleansed but not filled. You had better get filled if you have been cleansed. "There standeth one in your midst" who is ready to fill you. Do you know

Him as you ought to know Him? Perhaps you have learned to know Him as the Regenerator, the Cleanser from all sin, but do you know Him as the great and mighty Baptizer in the Holy Ghost?

John said, "I indeed baptize you in water unto repentance, but there cometh one after me . . . He shall baptize you in the Holy Ghost and fire." And after John had gone, Jesus turned the thought around and said, "For John truly baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence." They realized it, too. The Day of Pentecost came, and the Holy Ghost was poured out in such a marvelous way that they were forced to realize that Jesus Christ was more than the Savior of the world. He was the mighty source and fountain of this marvelous Holy Spirit. When the Holy Spirit comes He will reveal Jesus to you. If you have known Jesus only as your Savior, and not as the Baptizer in the Holy Spirit, Christ has not yet been glorified in your life. On the Day of Pentecost they rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory, for they realized that Christ who had departed a few days before, had gone to heaven and received from the Father the promised Holy Ghost, and He had shed forth this which they saw and heard that day. "They were all filled with the Holy Ghost and began to speak in other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance." If you have never heard the speaking in tongues by the power of the Holy Spirit, you have something yet to hear. If you likewise have never spoken in tongues, you have something yet to experience. If you have never felt the pull of that inward spring of water within you, if you have never felt that wonderful glory, you have something yet to feel. We want you to know that this is a real experience, and it is the same as they had on the Day of Pentecost. You ask, "How do you know that you have the same experience that the apostles had?" We are just as sure as Peter was when he heard the household of Cornelius. Peter went down there under protest, but he had a vision from the Lord and knew he must obey. The six men who went with him had not seen the vision and they did not quite understand Peter. While he was preaching, although he said not a word about the baptism, the glory came down and every man and woman in that house was filled with the Holy Ghost. As that company were praising and glorifying God, Peter and the six Jews were having a conference, and I imagine Peter said, "What

do you think of this?" And the six men answered, "What does it mean? These Gentiles have the same as we." Peter said, "This is genuine. You are witnesses that they have received the same as we. Why should I not baptize them in water?" They knew that these Gentiles had received the same experience as the Apostles because they heard them speaking in tongues and magnifying God. Thank God that He has granted repentance unto the Gentiles and poured out His Spirit upon us, for I hear the same that they heard on the Day of Pentecost, and with Peter I stamp it as the genuine and the true.

When this Latter Rain was first poured out, preacher after preacher said, "This is just a little wild-fire. We will soon stamp it out." But instead of their stamping it out, some of those very men were stamped out, and this Movement is still going on. I advise you to get in behind it, but not in front unless you move fast. The Holy Ghost will continue to come down, and blessed is the man who has ears to hear and eyes to see; who has stamina enough to say, "Let men oppose, but Lord give me this baptism of the Holy Ghost." Have you said that to God today? You who have said, "I am going through with God no matter what it costs"—what is your attitude toward this Movement of God? Are you going with it? You will keep moving if you do. You who have received the Holy Spirit, don't settle back on your oars and say, "I have it. I am all right." You move on with God. He has never stopped since He called Adam to come out from his hiding place, and He will not stop until He has put the devil in the pit. The ax is laid at the root of the tree, and every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit shall be hewn down. This gift of the Spirit, given from the apostles' days to ours, and especially in these last days, is given to help us bear fruit. But it is also a sharp, two-edged sword. It will either make a tree bear fruit or cut it down. God is dealing with this last generation and He will shake it as a mighty wind shakes a tree. Blessed is the man who sees God in this Movement today. Blessed is the man who is planted by this river of life-giving water. His tree shall not cast its fruit, nor drop its leaves, for he follows not the ways of sinners nor listens to the voice of the scoffer. He hears the voice of God speaking to men in stammering lips and other tongues. He sees the hand of God reaching down to guide through these dark and tempestuous days. Wise is he who heeds what his ears do hear and his eyes do see.

Jesus is standing as the Thresher with His fan. He has come to purge His floor of chaff. The wind that sweeps away the chaff is this "mighty rushing wind" of the Spirit. Woe be to men who do not heed the voice of God in it! It shall sweep them into the pit and unquenchable fire shall ever consume them.

This is not a Pentecostal Movement; not a "tongues movement"; not a denominational movement. It is God! He is speaking to men. He is speaking to you who have been hiding behind men's faults with faults of your own too large to hide. You, He calls now to come forth with bravery enough to stand on His side, and remembering Lot's wife, flee from the unquenchable fire of hell and let the Great Thresher purge you and fill you with His great Spirit. On whose side do you stand? Are you with God or with your scornful friends? God would have your answer! He would have it now! He has now these long years spoken and yet you have not heard. Come heed you now the voice of the stammering lips and other tongues, and bow as Elijah at the cave mouth and worship your God. It is His voice. Come bow the knee and cover the haughty head. God has spoken. Will you hear?

Contrasts!

A HUMBLE little dwelling in the native quarters—doors so low that we stoop as we pass through—a sick room, void of comforts of any kind; a bed—a sick man—an anxious wife—weeping children.

We enter to comfort, to pray, to encourage; but lo, we find the Comforter has entered before us. Praise, worship and adoration, such as we have seldom heard before are pouring forth from the lips of the suffering one—an old Indian worker whose hair has grown white in mission service.

He opens his eyes to greet us, only to close them again, and with uplifted arms he continues to praise and laud the blood of Jesus: "Precious blood, shed for me—the blood that atones for all my sin, that washes away my every stain! Holy, guiltless blood of the Lamb of God, which beareth away the sin of the world! It takes away my sin—it lifts me into His presence—it fills my soul with glory. Oh how I adore Thee, Thou Christ the Son of God! Feebly I have tried to lift Thee up before my fellow-men. Some have believed but Thou wast for all men slain. Christ for India! India for Christ! Open Thou their eyes and reveal Thyself to India, Thou blessed,

adorable Son of God! Yea, they shall see Thee! They shall believe! India shall yet be Thine!" And thus he continues, the tears streaming down his face and ours—the room filled with the wondrous presence of the Living Christ.

Then the sufferer stops and calling one of his sons by name, he beckons him to his side, and putting his old, withered hand upon his head, he said, "Weep not, my son! Well I remember when I was a boy in school, how eagerly I looked forward to vacation days when I would see my dear father and mother again. I am soon to go, my son, and there is no regret; there is no fear, but joy; all joy at the thought of going Home and seeing Him whom my soul loveth, face to face."

* * *

A carriage and pair and liveried servants at our door! They bring us to a wealthy Indian home. We alight on the marble steps and servants direct our way up one flight of marble stairs, then another, to a large, open verandah with beautiful tiled floors.

On a low, reclining couch lies the master of the house, with servants and friends standing about him. We sit down. He is an intelligent man, the student of many books, we have heard, on "Theosophy," but evidently his theories offer him no comfort now, for he sighs and mourns and groans: "If I can only live to get to the hills. Do you think I can? I fear my heart will not last. My days are numbered. I am nearing the end of my race and all is dark." We try to point him to Jesus and His atoning blood, but he answers, "I cannot see, I cannot trust." . . . The carriage rattles along the pavement as we wend our way homeward. Our hearts are heavy and we seem to hear above the rattling of the wheels, the message loud and clear, "*What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?*"

(Mrs.) Violetta Schoonmaker.

Cleveland Convention

The ninth annual Missionary Convention of the Pentecostal Church of Cleveland, Ohio, will be held in the Church, East 57th St. and White Ave., Oct. 13-22. Able expositors of the Word will open the Scriptures, as the Lord may lead, and missionaries home on furlough, among whom will be Brother and Sister J. Wilbur Taylor, Sister Marguerite Flint, Sister Lavada Leonard and Brother Leeper, will represent the fields which are white unto the harvest. Free entertainment will be provided by the Church for all ministers and missionaries in full fellowship with the General Council of the Assemblies of God. Further information may be secured by addressing Pastor J. Narver Gortner, 1412 East 57th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

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Notes

Is It Nothing To You

"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?"
Lamentations 1:12.

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians,
That Africa walks in the night?
That Christians at home deny them
The blessed Gospel light?
The cry goes up this morning
From a heart-broken race of slaves,
And "seven hundred every hour
Sink into Christless graves!"
Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians?
Will you say you have naught to do?
Millions in Africa dying unsaved;
And is it nothing to you?

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians,
That in India's far away land
There are thousands of people pleading
For the touch of a Savior's hand?
They are groping and trying to find Him,
And although He is ready to save;
"Eight hundred precious souls each hour
Sink into a Christless grave!"
Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians?
Can you say you have naught to do?
Millions in India dying unsaved:
And is it nothing to you?

Is it nothing to you, ye Christians,
That millions of beings today,
In the heathen darkness of China
Are rapidly passing away?
They have never heard the story
Of the loving Lord who saves,
And "fourteen hundred every hour
Sink into Christless graves!"
Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians!
Will you say you have naught to do?
Millions in China are dying unsaved;
And is it nothing to you?

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians,
O answer me this today!
The heathen are looking for you;
You can give or go or pray;
You can save your souls from guilt,
For in lands you never trod,

The heathen are dying every day,
And dying without God.
Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians!
Dare you say you have naught to do?
All over the world they wait for the light;
And is it nothing to you?
—Grace P. Turnbull.

* * *

WITH deep anxiety we have noticed the dropping off of mission funds. While we have been away from the office for several months, we have never ceased our interest in and prayer for the mission field. When in Great Britain we attended a number of Missionary Prayer meetings and were greatly gratified to see the deep interest the Pentecostal people manifested in their co-workers who had forsaken all for their high calling. The missionaries were mentioned by name and the "mission-box" greeted us on many occasions.

We know that many have felt the strain of existing financial conditions in the country and yet on every hand we hear of bumper crops. We trust that with the ingathering of the harvests those who have been blest "in basket and in store" will answer to the great need of the hour and by their gifts aid in gleaning from the harvest fields of the world. With the coming cool season every missionary is looking forward to a soul-saving campaign, but he must have help. If you have been deprived of the blessing of giving to this work during the summer, redouble your efforts at this time, so that the financial burden that has been resting upon the missionary will be lightened.

If you want the missionary to have a happy Christmas, this is the time to remember him. Get your Christmas box off early. Picture yourself in a foreign land, perhaps alone, surrounded by heathen darkness. Would it brighten your holiday season to be remembered from over the seas? Would it help to stay the pangs of separation from loved ones? Put yourself in the missionary's place and act accordingly.

* * *

"When the battle of Higher Criticism is over and all the smoke cleared away, the Books of the Bible will say what St. Paul said to the jailer, 'Do thyself no harm, for we are all here.'"

Missionary Disbursements (August and September)

Miss Carrie Anderson, So. China	\$ 80.00
Miss Blanche Appleby, So. China	20.00
Paul Andreason, India	30.00
Miss Olga J. Aston, India	15.00
Miss Myrtle Bailey, So. China	30.00
Mr. and Mrs. Berg, Congo	40.00
Daniel Berg, Brazil	10.00
Herbert Cox, India	50.00
Sara Cox, India (Chupra \$4.40)	34.40

James Harvey, India (\$20 for Miss Parker's native)	65.00
George M. Kelley, S. China (\$16 native work)	58.00
Miss Ethel King, India	35.00
Mrs. Marion Keller, Africa	20.00
Miss Beatrice Lawler, China	15.00
Mrs. Esther Lawler	50.00
Mr. Fred Leader, Congo	10.52
Miss Bertha Meyer, So. China	166.00
Miss Bernice Lee, India	37.50
Miss Bertha Milligan, So. China	32.00
Albert Norton, India	12.75
Wm. K. Norton, India	71.75
Miss L. H. Parker (fare to India)	50.00
V. Plym're, Tibetan border	25.00
Mrs. Julia Richardson, Congo	40.00
Gustav Schmidt, Poland	5.00
Mrs. V. Schoonmaker, India (\$5 Chupra)	25.00
Ernest Smith, India	25.00
Wilbur Taylor, for Sudan	25.00
Miss Lillian Trasher, Egypt	65.00
Miss Jessie Wengler, Japan	10.00
Miss Alice Wood, So. America	14.28
Chicago Missionary Rest Home	43.00
Total	\$1,120.20

Conventions

The Annual Convention of Glad Tidings Assembly will be held in their Tabernacle, 326-329 West 53rd Street, New York City, November 17-Dec. 3, 1922. Among the ministers expected to take part in this Convention are Pastor J. N. Gortner, Cleveland, Ohio, Pastor Charles A. Shreve of Washington, D. C., Pastor W. K. Bouton, Corono, L. I., Pastor Howard, Newark, N. J., and a number of missionaries. Brother Brown and his assembly are praying much for this Convention, and expecting God to give them a mighty visitation. For further information, write Miss Marie Burman, 454 W. 42nd St., New York City.

After many years of praying and much sacrificing, they were able to purchase this church building in the heart of the great city. It is plain, substantial and commodious, and able to accommodate the large crowds that attend these conventions. It is splendidly adapted to their work with its large vestry and prayer rooms. They purchased this building a year ago for \$105,000, paying down a first payment of \$35,000. During the past year they have paid \$17,000 on the principal beside the interest. They feel God has wonderfully undertaken for them in this, as their congregation is made up largely of people in very moderate circumstances. "And with it all," said Mrs. Brown, as she told us of what God had done, "we have increased our missionary offerings during the past year."

Their congregations have increased from two hundred and fifty to between five and six hundred; one hundred and fifty have been baptized in water, and a number in the Holy Ghost, the Gospel of Divine Healing is weekly demonstrated, and many are the miracles that have been wrought in the Name of the Lord not to speak of the souls that are saved through the untiring workers who give out the gospel in that great city.

* * *

The semi-annual Convention of the Full Gospel Assembly of Brainerd, Minn., will be held, D. V. Nov. 2-20, in the church on Kindred Street.

An urgent call is extended to all ministers and work-

ers in Minnesota and Wisconsin to attend Conference days, Nov. 8-12, Chairman E. N. Bell of the General Council expects to be present at that time, and District Council work in these two states definitely taken up. Bro. Watt Walker, the Indian evangelist will also be present, and other workers. For information further write F. J. Lindquist, Kindred St., Brainerd, Minn.

A Prophecy Fulfilled

OUR most blessed times in Gt. Britain were spent among the miners and the simple Scottish folk, and as we listened to their ringing testimonies of the saving grace of God, saw their fearless witnessing for Jesus, heard their cry that a revival might come to Scotland, we felt that truly the blood of the Covenanters flowed in their veins, and were they put to the test, they too would be willing to lay down their lives as did their forefathers of old.

While enjoying the hospitality of Brother and Sister Ferguson of Portobello, we read a striking prophecy of Alexander Peden, one of the Scotch Worthies who was much famed for his great piety and zeal, and was looked upon as a prophet. When asked in 1685 what he thought of the days in which he was living he replied:

"This is a dark, discouraging time, but there will be a darker time than this; these silly, graceless creatures, the curates, shall go down; and after them shall arise a party called Presbyterians, but having little more but the name; and these shall, as really as Christ was crucified without the gates of Jerusalem on Mount Calvary, bodily, —I say they shall as really crucify Christ, in His cause and interest in Scotland; and shall lay Him in His grave, and His friends shall give Him His winding sheet, and He shall lie as one buried for a considerable time. Oh! then there shall be darkness and dark days, such as the poor church of Scotland never saw the like, nor ever shall see, if once they were over; yea, they shall be so dark that if a poor thing would go between the east sea-bank and the west sea-bank, seeking a minister to whom he would communicate his case, or tell them the mind of the Lord concerning the time, he shall not find one." "Where," asked his inquirer, "shall the testimony be then?" And this man of God answered, "In the hands of a few who would be despised and undervalued of all, but especially by these ministers who buried Christ. But after that, He shall get up upon them, and at the crack of His winding-sheet as many of them as are alive, who were at His burial, shall be distracted and mad with fear, not knowing what to do. Then there shall be brave days, such as the church of Scotland never saw the like; but I shall not see them, but you may."

In confirmation of this prophecy, we give the following from *The Courier* of Aug. 8th, published in Dundee, being a clergyman's own ac-

count of how he addressed an audience of prison convicts and made them laugh at the recital of a burglary at the vicarage:

To make a thousand gloomy-faced convicts roar with laughter is an achievement of which Rev. George Potter, curate of St. Bartholomew's Church, North Camberwell, is feeling somewhat proud.

"I am just back from my holiday, and while I was away the chaplain at Parkhurst Prison gave me permission to address a thousand convicts there," said Mr. Potter to a press representative.

"There was a concert in the chapel at the Camphill section, and my address was to be sandwiched in.

"When I stood up in front of those men I just hadn't the heart to preach at them and spoil their concert. They looked at me stolidly, indifferently, gloomily, angrily. I was a parson come to 'pi-jaw' them.

"Instead of a sermon I told them a story of the burgling of St. Bartholomew's vicarage one Sunday last May. At once they sprang to interest. The idea tickled them, and soon I had them roaring and rocking with laughter.

"Later I discovered in them the pride of trade. I ended the story something like this:

"It was a pretty mean thing to do, wasn't it? To sneak the proceeds of a sale of work from the parsons, and the poor, begging parsons at St. Bart's, in particular."

"We never got a penny back of the thirty quid. Up-to-date burglars have not been lagged.

"Now you are far more likely to meet them than I am. If they are not pinched for one thing, they will be for another. And, if they come in and make a joke about our little job, give 'em my love and a crump over the head."

"When I was leaving the building," continued Mr. Potter, "some of the convicts crowded round to thank me for the story.

"Slowly shaking his hoary head, one old lag said, '... but no respectable burglar would 'ave gone and dun it;' while another, and possibly more educated man, referred to it in Shavian terms as 'the adjectival limit.'"

All the clergy at St. Bartholomew's believe in seeking out the sinner. They go everywhere. There is not a public-house bar in the whole of the poor

parish that they do not visit. The parson in the pub is now a familiar figure to parishioners who are taking their ease and their beer when the day's work is done.

"Unless we went into the pubs," said Mr. Potter, who has an easy and engaging manner, "we should never see some of our people. Some are found in the 'saloon' and others in the 'four ale.' It matters not; they are all parishioners, and it's part of my job to know them, and where better than at 'the club?'"

"For the pub is the club. I am in and out of these pub-clubs every week. Managers and customers alike seem glad to see me. The tone of our parish 'houses' is really good."

Not a word about their need of a Savior! Not a ray of hope to lift them out of their despair! Not an utterance that would send the faintest gleam of light to their darkened souls!

What an opportunity of preaching to a thousand convicts the Gospel of Jesus Christ that is able to save the lowest! Surely one who had never named the Name of our Lord would have at least appealed to their better natures, but for a minister of Jesus Christ to stoop to such a level is hardly conceivable. Examples like this are surely proving the truth of the prophecy that *"if a poor soul would go between the east sea-bank and the west sea-bank, seeking a minister to whom he could communicate his case, or tell him the mind of the Lord concerning the time, he shall not find one."*

Oh for a John Knox of the Twentieth Century that will fearlessly denounce sin in high "spiritual" places! Thank God for the common people who have preserved the testimony and can point the needy ones to the Savior of the world.

Mining—From Coal to Men



THE Welsh people are proverbial for their zeal and enthusiasm. Since the days when Evan Roberts was a "burning and a shining light" the fire of God has been kept aflame in the mining districts. When it died out in the churches it blazed forth in the homes as they met together for prayer.

The Pentecostal Assembly at Crosskeys, Mon., are called "Second Comers," for it was on the teaching of the Second Coming of the Lord that they became separated from their churches. At the last Sunderland Convention in 1914, one of their number went up to seek the baptism of the Holy Spirit, and coming back endued with this gift, created such a hunger in the hearts of this little company that in a short time this band of believers was transformed into a live Pentecostal

Assembly. The house meetings were soon overcrowded and God gave them a church building in answer to prayer. This discarded church building was being used for a billiard hall, and as the ribald voices of the pleasure-seekers echoed on the night air, the prayers of the brethren were ascending to God for that place which had once been His sanctuary. God answered, and while the billiard-playing was still in progress, they knelt in the sawdust and consecrated the place anew to Him.

We had the joy of visiting this Welsh Assembly on the eve of our return to America, on the invitation of the pastor, Brother Mercy, at whose home we were entertained. From this one Assembly the flame of holy fire has spread until fourteen have sprung up on the border of England and Wales, and down into the Rhondda val-

ley, four of which are under their direct supervision. When Saturday night approaches, the dust and grime of the coal mines are forgotten, and those whom the Lord has trained, go forth to give the Gospel message.

One of the recent trophies of grace which shines with a supernal brightness, was won by entering into the very camp of the enemy, and proves how God honors the boldness and the faith that dares for Him. In the front of a building in A—— was a "public house." The room upstairs was occupied by the proprietress sunk in drunkenness, debauchery and shame, to which the habitués of the room below had access. In a small room at the back knelt a little company of Pentecostal folk who claimed the place and its occupants for God. The songs and the prayers from that little room reached the ears of that drunken woman, conviction seized her, and the following week she came down to Crosskeys to the meeting and gave her heart to God. It was a time of great rejoicing, the "public house" was closed, and now instead of cursing and carousing, the voice of prayer and song rings out from those who have been made clean through the blood of Jesus. Truly, "where sin abounded, grace does much more abound." Every Sunday night the place is crowded and the leading spirit is the woman who was saved from the depths of sin and vice.

This is one of four places these miner-preachers minister to weekly. As one listens to the expounding of the Word from lips set on fire by the Spirit's power, one can scarce believe that these are the men who, a few hours before, emerged from the coal-pits covered with dust and grime. But their outward change though great, only mirrored the transformation wrought by the Holy Spirit within. They think nothing of walking five and six miles over the mountains to church, and every Sunday they scatter to different places to nurture and feed the flocks in various towns and villages. Often after a day's work at the mines, have they had a meeting until long into the night. "When we went to the public house we stayed until eleven," they said, "Can we not do as much for God?" One night three or four, after finishing their work at nine in the collieries went to have a meeting with God on the top of Mt. Tynnybarlyn, one of the highest mountains in that district. At 2 a. m. as they were singing, they were conscious they were not alone. Amid the Shekinah glory that settled upon them like a cloud, they realized the presence

of an angelic host which mingled their songs with those of earth. The sacredness of that hour, when heaven and earth met, could never be put in words.

At another time they were closing a Saturday evening meeting indoors prior to going on the street. As they stood and sang,

"And crown Him Lord of all,"

the presence of the Lord was wonderfully near, and several saw in vision the black man coming with his crown, and the yellow man coming and crowning the Lord—the nations of the earth bringing their crowns to the King of kings.

* * *

Here as in other assemblies we found a people who know what it means to trust the Lord for healing. They delighted to glorify the Lord for the many times He had snatched them and their loved ones from death. The notes from one meeting in which they rehearsed what the Lord had done, would silence any modernist or higher critic who doubted the miraculous.

One brother alone told of a succession of miracles in his family which were an astonishment to those who were accustomed to hear of God's marvelous workings. We give his testimony in detail:

"Four and a half years ago I knew nothing whatever about Divine Healing, although I had been a Christian for thirteen years, but praise God, He has done mighty miracles in my home. When I first came into Pentecost the flu was on and people were dropping dead on the streets. My wife got it. One evening about five o'clock she dropped down. Her speech, her hearing, and her sight were gone, and to all appearances she was passing away. The neighbors said, "She is going," but praise the Lord I called on Him. I sent my boy for the two nearest elders and when he got there he was crying so he could not talk. "What is the matter, boy?" "Come quickly. Mother is dying." Three of the sisters knelt to pray, and the power of God came upon the brethren. When they reached my home the death dew was on her face and she was passing away. As they laid hands upon her, the power of God came down and she burst forth in other tongues. The Lord raised her up from her dying bed.

"My whole family were attacked with eczema. Wife and I had great sores on our bodies, but God delivered us from every bit of it.

"My little girl sat on the fender of the fire. Wife had gone out of the room, and a saucepan of boiling fat on the fire spilled over and set her

clothing on fire. She screamed with fright and when her mother came in she saw the child in flames. She had presence of mind to wrap her in a rug, but when the fire was extinguished her head was a mass of raw flesh. Her shoulders and her arm were also badly burned. When I reached home I prayed for her and almost instantly the pain left. That burn healed up and there isn't a scar on her body anywhere.

"Our baby was born with consumption of the bowels and she didn't grow a bit. Wife took her to Dr. Smith to have her examined, and he said, 'She has consumption of the bowels but she may grow out of it in years to come.' We had her anointed and she was healed. Later she was attacked with double pneumonia. The doctor examined her and said she was in a terrible state; that the only thing we could give her was whiskey. He sent some down, but it is still on the shelf. The doctor was greatly exercised about her condition and tried to alarm us, but we knew Jesus would heal her. My wife told him this was the child that had consumption of the bowels, and he said there was no trace of that left. He gave the child up, but couldn't understand how it could eat and drink and yet suffer as it did from the pneumonia in both lungs, but there were scores of people praying for it all up and down the valley and the Lord answered prayer. He healed her and she is perfectly well today. The last time the doctor came he said, 'I have never in all my life known a child to suffer as this child did and get better,' but it was the Lord's doings and it was marvelous to all who knew about it."

* * *

Another brother testified to the healing of his little daughter, Kathleen. She was taken very ill one night at twelve o'clock and they thought she was dying. The mother, alone with the child, asked the neighbors to go for a doctor and then went to God in prayer. While she was praying, Kathleen rose from her bed and said, "What are you praying for, mother?" "For you," the mother replied. "Oh, I am all right." "Praise God," cried the mother. Just then a knock was heard at the door and the doctor arrived. "Oh, doctor, my little girl was dying," she said. "Well, she is all right now," said the doctor as he examined her.

A young man was afflicted with a tubercular hip just as he was starting to work. His father was a member of the Congregational church and had every confidence in the doctor. The mother

took the young man to the Pentecostal meeting for prayer, but the father was greatly disturbed and insisted on having the boy put in a plaster of paris cast on the next day. He was in bed five months with this cast and having a weight suspended to his leg. Each time his leg was measured it was shorter, and after five months the doctor came to the father and said, "You will lose your boy. His case is absolutely hopeless." He saw that the disease was entering his body. When the doctor said that the young man said, "Now is the time for the Lord to work," and cut off the cast with a scissors. He was anointed and prayed for by the Pentecostal minister and almost immediately he was healed. His leg was three and a half inches short, but is now even with the other, and he is working in the mines today. When the boy's mother goes to the doctor now for advice he asks, "What is the matter now? Can't you pray through?"

This little band of saints have a reputation among the mining population of being a people who get their prayers answered. A woman testified to a very serious illness and the Lord's healing nine years ago. For four or five months she was partially paralyzed so that she could not even cut her own food; her husband had to prepare it for her the night before. Some years previously she was taken with a very severe pain in her back and underwent an operation. When her husband spoke to the doctor about her helpless condition, he said, "We cut the nerves of her back." During a Convention held at Witsuntide, she was anointed and the Lord healed her. Some years later her little girl injured her collar-bone and when the mother took her to the doctor he said to the woman, looking at her searchingly, "What is your name?" "Mrs. Boone," she replied. "Do you know," he asked her, "that I left you on that bed never to rise again? Never complain of what you have suffered. I left you never to walk again."

An old man had a strange affliction; he could neither sit nor stand, but was obliged to keep moving constantly. If he met some one on the road he could not stop and talk with him, but had to turn around and walk the opposite way. He went to a meeting but said he could not stop; he had to keep moving. The minister put his hand on his head and prayed and the Lord delivered him from that distressing affliction. This old man lives on the top of the mountain and attends the meetings regularly, walking for an hour to his home after the meeting has closed.

From our Coworkers on the Firing Line

ONE of the joys of giving is to know that we are used in answering prayer; to be able to hear the voice of God when His children are in need.

A widow with three children, whose husband laid down his life on the mission field, has continued her work for God in South Africa, sometimes through real privation and hardships. We were led some time ago to send her an offering, and when it reached there, she writes that their last penny had just been given out. Her youngest son, born with the missionary spirit, said when the money had all been spent, "We will just watch now to see what new surprise the Lord will give us in supplying the need." There was no foreign mail that day, and he felt no money could come that way, but our letter was forwarded from another address and came on a local mail.

* * *

"The flood which I so dreaded, came in June," writes Miss Carrie Anderson from PakNai, So. China, "and stood over four feet high in our mission for over a week. This was a trial for me, but God gave me grace to live through it once more. After the flood had gone down, the thieves broke in one night and stole my watch, a clock, and a heavy blanket in the room where I was sleeping. Mrs. Johnson and Miss Morrison were sleeping in the mat-shed above that was fixed up over our leaky flat roof during the rainy season, till we could arrange to get it repaired, which will cost us the sum of \$200 or more. I must have slept very soundly for I never knew anyone had been in the house until the next morning when I discovered the things were gone, which made me feel very badly. I have missed my watch most, which I had had for twenty years.

"The weather has been very hot this summer, and it was about all we could do just to live; we were unable to go out in the sweltering sun. Even in meetings we were almost overcome with the heat. One night I swooned away in a faint from the intense heat, and we decided it would be unwise to stay in the country any longer, but get to the coast.

"On our way to Sam Shui in the little boat, we were called to shore by a band of robbers with their guns ready to shoot if the boat people did not obey their commands. There were two other boats besides ours held up. Our hearts trembled with fear and we wondered what the outcome would be. We were informed by the boat people that they wanted \$500, but we were released without paying the sum asked for. It truly was the Lord who undertook for us. A terrible typhoon broke out just as we got to Sam Shui, and the storm was so terrific we

could not go until the next morning, when we took the train."

* * *

On every hand our missionaries are beset with robbers, dangers, and hardships of every kind. Miss Ada Buckwalter writes that the open hearts in Yunnan are found among the Tribes people. In some places in that province whole villages are turning to the Lord. On the border an anti-foreign spirit is growing, and they have had stones, etc. thrown into their chapel while the meeting was in progress. She writes:

"My sister has gone home for a much needed rest and I do miss her terribly. Mr. Lewer should have gone too, but it is the same old story--lack of workers. I could not be left alone for a year or more, and we did not want to close up the work. I was alone for three months out of reach of post office, and no one to converse with in English. I learned to lean hard on my Lord for I knew if we had trouble I could send for no one; the nearest mission station was seven days. But God! Near just when I needed Him most. We slept in houses where there was plague, as there are no inns in these parts; passed through robber-infested districts, went over dangerous roads where if the mule slipped we would have dropped thousands of feet below into the river, but the Lord protected. Oh, He is so near on these lone mountains!"

* * *

Political conditions are serious in So. China, and unless they are settled, it will materially affect missionary activity. Bro. Kelley writes they have planned an extensive trip through the eight hundred square miles of territory allotted to the Pentecostal people, but unless political conditions improve, they will be unable to carry out their plans. Prayer is needed for this, that in the coming cool season their work for God will not be hindered.

* * *

Abraham Heidal, writing from No. China, says that since the famine the hearts of the natives are more responsive to the Gospel. They have been able to open up new work in a few of the villages, and forty were recently baptized in water. Special meetings held brought a season of much spiritual refreshing.

* * *

One missionary writing to another in Travancore, So. India, comments on the change and humility that has come on a native worker who has received his Pentecost. He is now conducting weekly meetings which are full of fire, and when he speaks in tongues it is English. The missionary says, "He doesn't know it himself, nor have I told him, but he speaks English with great power. His messages have a prophetic

signification. We had a lovely time together in prayer when he was here and he spoke in clear English. Praise God for another of our workers baptized in the Holy Spirit."

* * *

Letters from our veteran missionary, Mrs. Mary Chapman, tell of her great joy in being back in India. She is settled in her little home in Madras, furnished with boxes and shelves, and has her hands full, working among the Mohammedans. She has more calls than she can fill; the natives are begging her to come and minister to them and help them in their perplexities. One of her workers who is in evangelistic work continually writes that in every station where he had meetings souls were saved. Twenty-five were baptized in water including the wife of the C. M. S. catechist. God poured out His Holy Spirit and a number have received the baptism. He preaches in the open air to hundreds who listen attentively. Mrs. Chapman writes that this evangelist has converts wherever he goes.

* * *

Brother and Sister Harvey have certainly had the blessing of God on Sharannagar as they have opened the door wide to the deserted, the orphans, the infirm and the leprous. An old leper who came to them blind and with maggots in his head, was healed. Those in this mission who are able to work are rewarded by a very small sum which they tithe. This old man had given his tithe and then took what was left that he had saved and bought some fruit for the people because he was so thankful that the Lord had touched his eyes and that he could see just a little. As the Harveys were visiting the lepers he followed them to their home and said he had heard that funds were short and wanted to help; he hadn't any money but he wanted to go without food on Sundays and have them take that amount that it would cost for his food each week and use it for the Lord's work. "It brought tears to our eyes," writes Mrs. Harvey. "Who in the homeland would make such a sacrifice? First he gave his tithe, then all he had, but was not satisfied, so he decided to go without food so we could use this money for the Lord. This made me examine myself to see if I was doing all I could. Then when I pictured this man's condition: no feet, no hands, and partially blind, I thought how much we ought to give to the Lord for what He has done for us."

An old woman came to them and told them she had something crawling in her head. They prayed and a maggot came out three-fourths of an inch long. The stench was so vile it was almost overpowering. She had a raging fever and they prayed again, and thirteen more came from her head. She said she still felt them, and through prayer they continued to come until twenty-eight had come from her head, and then she was healed. The natives realized it was the hand of God for they said no one ever got

well in her condition except by a miracle.

Reader, does this story make you shudder? Then think of our missionaries' daily contact with such filth and disease and consider how much they need our prayers. Their compensation is the approval of God and His blessing on the work, but unless they are sustained by prayer, they will not be able to stand the strain of such continual contact. Thank God for the miracles of healing wrought in Sharannagar!

* * *

The True Missionary's Cry

"Oh, how my heart has been longing for months to know God's best plan for winning souls in China," writes Miss Ledbetter, Fat Shan; for getting out of the way all the hindrances among us as missionaries and for our proper equipment and that of the native workers. He showed me the remedy a few weeks ago. *A mighty outpouring of His Spirit on saint and sinner.* He showed me this would clear our vision and give us the power and equipment needed. One might say, "Why we have the baptism of the Spirit." Yes, but we read how the disciples were re-filled, and the place was shaken, etc. That is what we need; filled until the signs follow. The Spirit poured out until sinners will fall down and cry out, "What must I do to be saved?" It is coming. God has shown me for several years and oftener recently, that China is coming to His feet by the thousands. Recently in our six weeks' meeting I saw in a vision all heaven rejoicing over thousands coming to Jesus. Oh it was wonderful! I believe it was prophecy. "He shall show you things to come." Jno. 16:13.

"In regard to our building, we have paid for the land and the tenants are off and we have the deeds. And we have nearly \$1,250 towards building, but we figure that it will take at least \$6,000, so you see why we have not yet started. However, we expect to begin this fall and trust God to send it in.

"It would take a little book to tell the story of our ups and downs in getting the tenants off the place, as there is no law in China, it seems, to compel tenants to vacate, but God answered prayer in this matter and caused all Fat Shan to wonder. They were looking on to see if our God was able. And He will answer prayer, we believe, and send in the means. Our plan for the building is to erect a large roomy chapel. Over this, a second floor which will have prayer room, school-room and rooms for our Chinese workers. Then a partial third floor extending across the front for a dormitory for boarding pupils. Then at the back of the plot we will build our own modest quarters. We believe our plan utilizes the space to the very best advantage.

"We plan in September to erect a mat-shed on the plot and hold ten days of special meetings. Then we hope to begin building. If we get up only the chapel part, it will be a great

help. We are willing to suffer in our hot, leaky quarters, but we believe God will move on hearts to help us if all who read this, will pray.

"Jesus is coming soon, will you not help us to get a house big enough to reach all who are willing to come in of the half million or more in this big, heathen city of Fat Shan? We shall stand with them some day in the judgment. A bright reward awaits those who obey the great commission, and to those who help by prayer and gifts. Are you doing your best?"

The Invisible Host

Mrs. J. B. Fullerton, writing to a friend on their return to the Tribes people in the Yunnan province, says:

"How delighted we were in returning from our long journey, to find a crowd of people awaiting our arrival outside the city gate. A number of Tribes people, together with a number of our mission school boys and others were dressed up in their best, and stood in the most terrible rain waiting for us. I could not keep back the tears, they streamed down together with the rain—tears of joy over the Lord's goodness to us. The first time we came to this place, no one came to meet us and bid us welcome; cruel words were hurled at us wherever we went. Now we were welcomed by a large crowd of our own people. It is all of Him and of His tender mercies.

"The trip down from Yunnanfu to Szemao, was marked by His wonderful protecting care. Soon after we left the city the Lord talked to me about II Kings 6:8-23, where Elisha's servant was frightened when he saw an armed host encamped about the city. From the human standpoint, no wonder that he was affrighted. Elisha did not shut his eyes to the real danger but assured the servant that though they were surrounded by the Syrian army, there was a mightier host of heavenly defenders round about them. Elisha prayed that the Lord would open the eyes of his servant, and when He did, he saw the mountains full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.

"Round about us are angels guarding us continually from danger. The reason we do not see them is because we lack spiritual sight 'He shall give His angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy way.' These things the Lord made very real to me but I did not know why I should have this message until one day on our journey we met 400 robbers. We thought they were soldiers and went to the chief and spoke a few kind words, but we soon found they were robbers, and the Lord brought to my heart the message from the Word. I saw that we were surrounded by His defenders, a far mightier host than that. The robbers neither harmed us nor robbed us, for the Lord protected us.

"Another night while asleep in a Chinese inn, someone knocked hard at the gate. As no one answered I said, 'What do you want? Who are you?' not thinking they were robbers. As no

one opened they became very angry. They came again several times, and at four o'clock they broke the gate. I prayed as my husband went out to them, and they became frightened and fled. What made them afraid? Perhaps eternity will reveal it. Again I saw by faith the invisible host surrounding us.

"My husband has gone on a long trip, for nearly four weeks. We are nearly always working in different places, but it is all for Jesus. I have had encouragement in the work here since he left. Two homes have burned their idols and want to follow the Lord. Our hope is to get new workers for this field, and then for my husband and I to pioneer further down amongst the many, many Tribes people to be gathered into the Bride before He comes."

* * *

The missionaries on their vacations take advantage of every opportunity to witness for the Lord. Miss Aston writes from the "hills" of India: "Oh I had such a good time this week testifying. There were about fifty American missionaries at the Methodist prayer meeting and the leader's subject was 'Divine Healing.' After he talked awhile he asked if there were those present healed by the Lord to tell their experience, and I was so glad to tell what God had done for me. A doctor arose and said he knew God could heal, but he thought He wanted us to use common sense and take the remedies, that He had let the herbs grow, etc. When I testified, I said, 'Yes, God knew that many would not believe Him, so in His mercy He gave herbs and doctors for those who would not believe; but there was a better way for those who loved God, for we served a Living God who heard and answered prayer.' I testified to healings I have received, and related others."

When God closes one door He opens another, and everything else being equal our missionaries should work where the opportunities for souls are the greatest. Mrs. Marion Wittich Keller writes that the opportunities in German East Africa were small in comparison to what they have now in British East Africa. While they are fully yielded to the will of God to go back to her old station should He so lead, yet in the face of the unsettled conditions there, they praise God for the great door and effectual that has opened up to them.

At this time when governments in some localities refuse to grant new sites for missions, they feel it is God Himself who has brought them into this blessed place of service. While the station is owned by another Church, they have perfect liberty to teach the full Gospel as they believe it, and they are sowing the seed assiduously. The Christian natives have kept up the buildings and furnished the upkeep of the station, but

the Kellers have a family of sixty children whom they have gathered together, and whom they are clothing and training. What an influence on the community these children will have in after years! Mrs. Keller writes at the close of a busy day: "Today I have been in school with our outside teachers, thirty-two of them, giving them Bible study. I feel very tired in body but my soul is always refreshed after this Monday class. We have a sewing class of 150 girls; another of 75, and out-schools to visit—but we are indeed happy in His service."

* * *

We know of a missionary who spent some of her best years in a field which was apparently fruitless, just because she had gone there in the first place and didn't want to leave in what seemed defeat. It was hard to think of abandoning a station which had been so watered by her prayers and tears, but she finally launched out in a new field, and the returns in one year were far more encouraging than all her many years in the former place. Where she had formerly encountered prejudice and hatred at every turn, here were hearts open and eager for the Gospel. Not that there were no difficulties in the new field, but to see fruit was indeed balm to her soul. Paul established no church at Athens, though his soul was stirred at the great need of the Athenians, and he no doubt labored as zealously there as elsewhere. But when one people refused to hear, another was sought out, and that should be our policy. "Souls are what we are after" writes a missionary, and that should take precedence of every other effort.

* * *

Let us not forget to pray for the missionaries who stand alone on stations, that God will send reinforcements. They go through tests and trials that cannot be put in words. We ask our readers to remember Miss Jessie Wengler, who is a lone missionary in the city of Yokohama, Japan, Brother and Sister Moore being in this country. When a number of missionaries left Japan last year, the Lord spoke to her so sweetly, "If ye will abide in this land, I will build you and not tear you down. I will plant you and not root you up," and this blessed promise has been a strength to her in many a conflict. A Japanese has recently received the baptism of the Spirit in the mission under her supervision, and has a good experience. He is being greatly persecuted by his family, but has a deep hunger for the Word and desires to study so as to be able to give it out.

Miss Winger, Venezuela, writes of the darkness of Margarita, an island two hundred miles from the mainland; says the streets are filled with naked children, boys to the age of twelve years, worse than Africa. Poverty and idolatry abound on every hand but our missionaries have, by His grace, set up a standard, and the Word has been planted in the hearts of these needy people. At Easter time they had a company of seventy gathered together who testified that the Gospel had transformed their lives. There are now eight openings from which the Gospel is preached and another place is calling for help. At least a half dozen young men have offered themselves for training for Gospel service, and Brother Bailey is hoping to take them into Hebron Institute which is being repaired and will be occupied in the Fall.

* * *

Brother and Sister Jacobs, who were laboring in Siswa Bazaar, Kothibar, India, send a plea across the waters for intercessors that the signs may follow the preaching of the Gospel in their field. Already God is answering prayer and Mrs. Jacobs writes of one time when God met them: "A dear old woman from a far away village had come to us to get medicine for her eyes. She was led into our yard by her son-in-law with whom she is now living. We told her that we gave no medicine but that we would pray for her and the Lord would heal her. Then I left them, rushed into the house and threw myself on my face before God and prayed as I never prayed before. I pled with God, that as He had so marvelously healed my eyes, would He not please open the eyes of this, my brown sister. It seemed my heart would break with the burden of it but I went out again and Mr. Jacobs joined me, and together we laid hold of the promises for her healing. God led us to spit on the ground, and from the clay anoint her eyes, afterwards telling her to wash, as did Jesus the blind man, by the pool of Siloam. But she remained seemingly the same, unable to see anything. They led her away, promising to come the next day. She did come—not only the next day, but every day for a week, and each day we prayed and taught them from the Word. The second day after we had anointed her with clay, she was able to see a handkerchief which I held before her eyes; the next she could see a little yellow flower and the moving of the trees and the fourth day she said she could see my face and was praising God for her deliverance. One of our men saw her son-in-law in the bazaar a few days ago and he said that she was entirely healed."

* * *

Brother and Sister Jacobs have now opened up a new station at Gorakhpur, U. P. They were at Siswa Bazaar temporarily while other missionaries were on furlough.

Saved from the World for God's Service

God's Sovereignty in a Life.

Mrs. Ina France Nesbitt, 1803 Edmonson Ave., Baltimore, Md.



MR. NESBITT and I were very worldly. We belonged to a wealthy family and had about everything the world could give, but we were not satisfied. I had been an invalid for fifteen years; was continually in the doctors' hands and in the hospital with trained nurses, but I could get nothing satisfying from these sources because I was fleeing from God.

The Lord had given me a call from my childhood, even though to fill a very humble place, but His call is not a question of greatness or lowliness, but just being in His will. I had been prayed for when a little child; when I was dying, a woman who had wonderful faith, prayed that I might be raised up from my death-bed to be a minister of the Gospel. She was the only person I ever knew who believed in Divine Healing until I came into these truths. Her faith prevailed and my life was marvellously saved.

But I didn't want to be a minister of the Gospel or go on with the Lord. I was young and full of life, and wanted all the world could give me, but as long as I resisted that call there was hardship and suffering in body and in spirit, and my husband and I were miserably unhappy.

One day I was feeling as if I could not live any longer; my life was a burden, and one of my friends came and told me there was to be a meeting in New York that she would like me to attend. I didn't know what kind of a meeting it was but I managed to go, though with great difficulty. When I reached the church I was taken so faint and sick, she thought I would die, and I thought so, too. This meeting we attended was a little preliminary meeting of the Victorious Life Conference they were arranging to hold at Princeton. Mr. Trumbull was there to tell about the Conference and what the teaching was. That was the first light I had on the deeper truths. My heart became so hungry that I went home and told Mr. Nesbitt I must go to that Conference at Princeton. He offered no objection and I went, and while there the power of God came down on me in a very wonderful way. I really believe it was there that I received the baptism of the Spirit. I gave up the world and flung my

life out to God; gave Him my jewels, my stocks and bonds, and everything I had, and it was right after that consecration that the power of God came down upon me in a mighty way. I am sure it was the baptism although I didn't have speaking in tongues at that time.

When I went back home it was quite a trial to tell my husband all that I had done, and how the Lord had led me to strip myself. I used to write quite a little, short stories for magazines and got money for my articles. I had a book then ready for publication, my first novel, but the Lord laid His hand upon it and said that never again was I to do that kind of writing. He claimed, not only my life and my lips, but my pen, too. That was about the hardest conflict I had when I went down and burned this novel into which I had put so many hours.

From this time the Lord began to use me in speaking in the churches, and we were called to go to the Victorious Life Conferences. We went through the East and Canada, and in these Conferences I had such a burden of prayer. I was the intercessor for the group, and there were those in our party afraid when they saw the calling the Lord gave me. I had such overpowering burdens of prayer that it alarmed the others; they could not understand it, never having seen anything like it before. They were afraid it was too much for my strength; it was real travail in the spirit and they didn't understand it.

One day a Pentecostal minister came into our meeting and one of the party spoke to him, "We are so concerned about Mrs. Nesbitt," he said. "She has such burdens of prayer, and the intercession is so powerful upon her at times it makes us feel badly. We wish some of the stronger ones of the party could take it. We want you to pray that the Lord will relieve her of some of this." I will never forget his answer. He said, "Don't ask God to take anything away from Mrs. Nesbitt. Ask Him to give her relief in the spirit."

A few days after that, on a Sunday morning, I awoke very early with such agony in my heart that it seemed I could not live. The burden of souls was crushing my very life out of me. I arose and went into a little prayer-closet, leaving the door open just a little. I had to speak six

times that day in different churches, and I felt so unqualified for it. I didn't feel that my messages were having results. Then I felt this burden for the lost and that the Lord's glory might be manifested in the meetings, and as I prayed the sufferings of the Lord seemed to be revealed to me. I saw Him as interceding for a lost world and for sinners, and pleading for His inheritance out of the world. I shared so deeply in the fellowship of His sufferings that I lay on my face sobbing, "I cannot bear any more." Suddenly there came to me the sense that He wasn't the suffering Lord altogether; that He was the glorified Lord, and I began to see Him as John saw Him on high, lifted up, in His high-priestly robe, a wonderful light of victory in His face, and I began to praise Him. I thought, "Why have I never realized before He is a Victor and a Conqueror," and a wonderful revelation of an all-powerful Christ came to me. I began to realize He would triumph, and I wanted to praise Him, but didn't know how.

Then it seemed I heard the sweetest music I ever heard in my life. I didn't know what it was, never having heard anything like it before. I heard this wonderfully sweet music and longed to praise Him the way those voices were praising Him, and when I tried to say anything my English words sounded so irreverent and commonplace, so unworthy of the sacredness of the heavenly atmosphere, and I thought, "If I just knew some heavenly language in which I could praise Him." Hardly had I uttered those words when the sweetest peace came into my mind I ever felt. I had had a very tempestuous life, even after I came into the Victorious Life teaching, and had never known much of peace. It was marked by storms and battling for souls, but now I entered into rest in a real way. Then all the more was I eager to praise Him for this wonderful peace and rest. I didn't know what I would do if I couldn't praise Him. I couldn't utter any English, and to my amazement I found myself singing to Him in a heavenly language. It was wonderful! I never dreamed I could sing like that. I poured out my heart in song in this unknown language, and I just rejoiced before the Lord, praised and glorified Him in this new language. It was a perfect language, but what it was I never knew.

In the meantime Mr. Nesbitt had come to the door to call me, though I knew it not. I had to speak at the Men's Bible Class and it was time to go down to breakfast. He was so entranced he

could not call me. Finally I became conscious of my surroundings. I saw him standing there with the tears running down his face. I said to him, "What has happened?" He said, "I do not know what has happened, but we have both been at the very gates of heaven." I said, "I think I have been further than the gates. I have entered into some kind of a heaven." I do not know what it was; perhaps that heaven Paul spoke about "whether in the body or out of the body" he did not know, but it certainly was Paradise I was in for a while. Then I began to cry and said, sobbingly, "I do not know what has happened to me!"

He went down stairs to get one of the other ministers, and this man said, "This is what the Pentecostal people would call the baptism of the Holy Spirit. We do not believe it as they do, but you remember Mr. Stoneham asked that you might have relief in the Spirit. I suppose he meant that you might have relief in speaking in the unknown tongue. Paul speaks about this that has happened to you." He wasn't very sympathetic, and none of the Victorious Life people were. They do not teach that truth.

I could eat no breakfast, but went to the Men's Bible Class. Before that day it had always been an effort to speak, and I used to plan my messages, but this time I stood there and spoke of the Name of Jesus. When I went in the President said, "We expected a lady to come in and entertain us this morning, but we have been fortunate in securing another lady in giving us a half hour." I said, "I want to tell you I am not here to entertain you. I am here to tell you the truth, and the truths are so very solemn I am afraid you won't find them entertaining." I hadn't spoken more than ten minutes before one man after another bowed his head. It was most overwhelming. Never before have I had results such as that in my ministry. When I left they were melted down by the power of God.

All through the day God's power chained me in such a marvelous way. When night came and I got back into my room I said, "I do not understand this development, but I know it is the power of God." As soon as I began to speak and minister to the Lord I knew it was all right.

Then we went through the most bitter persecution, through fiery trials. Nobody wanted to have anything to do with us. Every door seemed closed. My associates in the work tried to make me believe it was not of God. I said I did not care whether I ever had any public ministry or

not. If the Lord shut me away in a closet, what I had was so overwhelming and so refreshing that I was perfectly satisfied with what He had done, and He sustained me in that. For about two years we were kept, as it were, like Paul, in the desert. Our home was taken from us. Mr. Nesbitt's business was taken away. We were stripped of everything but the Lord, sustained by faith through it all. Oh how happy we were! How we rejoiced through it all. When I talk about praising the Lord for all things I know what it means. He taught us. In those days we went through the hardest places but always with praise. Before that I had a spirit of complaining. I think I was possessed with a spirit of complaining; my life was made up with it, and it was such a revelation to me to be able to praise Him in the hard place and be happy and rejoicing through it all.

Then the Lord began to unfold His plan. He took us out into evangelistic work, and He began to bless the work with salvations and healings. We went into city missions wherever doors opened; then He led us out into some little country places and back into the churches again. All the while He kept saying to me that my ministry was to be to the churches. We held some meetings in Alexandria, Va., and near Hagerstown, Md. Then Mr. Leech asked us to come and work here a week. He wanted his people to go on with the Lord, and asked us to hold afternoon meetings on the victorious life. I was holding evening meetings in the mission and working in the churches on Sundays. After we had been here a week he felt it was the will of the Lord for us to stay and help to get the work stabled. On account of the children we felt it was a wise thing to do. We had been obliged to leave them with relatives, and it was hard to be away from them at their age. Here the Lord is blessing, giving salvation, healings, and baptisms, so we are contented, though He frequently gives me the verse, "Do the work of an evangelist," but I feel I am in the will of the Lord at the present time.

When I went to Princeton in the summer of 1918, I was quite ill. I came back from that Conference so sick that Mr. Nesbitt was shocked when he met me at the train. The doctor said, "There is nothing for her but the hospital." I had been in the hospital, as I said in the beginning, three months at a time with heart trouble, and undergone such suffering from the doctors and nurses that I could not face it again, and I said, "I do not think the Lord wants me to be

sick because I have just given my life to Him. I had never heard about Divine Healing, but I felt He didn't want me to lie in bed and be sick when I was so full of a desire to serve Him. There was a lady I had just met casually, deep in the Lord, and at this time my heart was drawn to her. I asked her to come and pray with me about a young girl, and when she saw how sick I was she laid hands on me and prayed for me. The Lord healed me instantly, and I have been perfectly well ever since. I have been able to endure many hardships since I was healed, working until all hours of the night, eating all kinds of food and sleeping in all sorts of places. The Lord healed my eyes and healed my heart. He gave me that verse in Hab. 3:19, "He will make my feet like hinds' feet," just before I was healed, and afterward I went upstairs like a bird. I seemed to fly. Then I began to study the Word. I devoured it from cover to cover and He illuminated it so that it seemed I could hardly contain the glory of it.

The Lord blesses my husband and me as we visit the sick and witness to the power of God to save and cleanse and heal. He has given us "the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness" and a peace and satisfaction that are beyond words to express.

* * *

Those saints who feel most keenly the world's enmity and the Church's imperfections, are those who will most fervently love their Lord's appearing.—A. A. Bonar.

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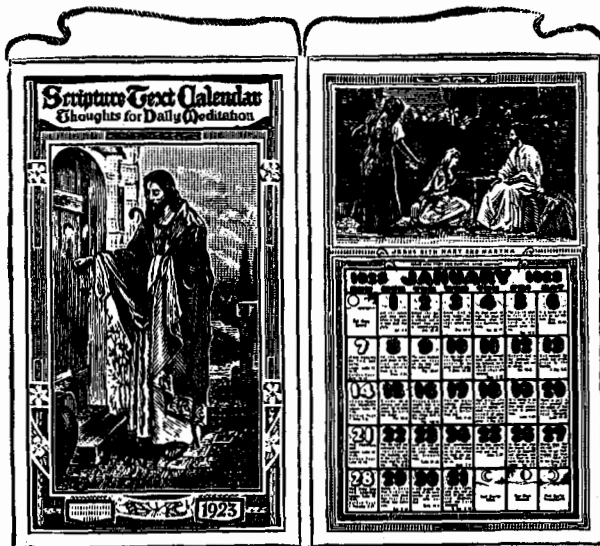
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