



The days of Heaven on the Earth

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

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A Bandit's Sword the Price of a Revival

The Joys and Sorrows of Missionary Activity.

Hermann Becker, Yuanchow, Hunan, China, in the Stone Church, March 25, 1924.



OR I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. For it is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth." Romans 1:16.

I went to China in 1911 from Germany. When we came to our station, Yuanchow, which is eight weeks from Shanghai, a city of 40,000 inhabitants, in a district of one and a half millions, there were only four Christians there. We prayed and prayed and it seemed so hard to make any impression. I became discouraged after years of praying, and in 1915 I thought there was no use in staying in that city any longer, that there were other cities which wanted me to come, so I wrote a letter back to Germany saying I wanted to shake the dust off my feet of that city and go to another, but they wrote back that they thought I should stay there and pray thru. We asked an evangelist to come, and the first night he said after talking awhile, "I cannot preach here." The second night it was harder, and the third night he preached only a quarter of an hour and said, "Here is an invisible war," and he stopped preaching. In 1916 we had thirty Christians, and I said to them, "We will have to go before the Lord and confess our sins. They are hindering the work of the Holy Spirit." We had special prayer and then the Christians came and confessed, "I have stolen your money. I went and bought some vegetables. They cost 200 cash and I wrote down 220." They made other confessions also. We prayed for a mighty outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and in 1917 we baptized thirty-seven, so we had seventy Christians in the middle of 1917. We felt we should have some special meetings and I laid the matter before the Christians and asked when would be the best time to have them, and they said in the middle of February at the Chinese New Year. I told them they should work and pray that each one would bring one soul to Christ in 1918. That would be 100 per cent.

We prayed that the Lord would do great things in our midst, and it was just a fortnight before the special meetings should start. On Saturday afternoon I went out into the streets, and as I went, I heard the cry, "The bandits have entered the city." I looked around and the streets

were empty, the shops were closed. I didn't see any bandits but felt I should go home. When I came to our gate the soldiers were standing in the front of the gate. "What are you doing?" I asked. "Bandits have entered your place. We are waiting until they come out and we will get them." I took them in with me. When I came to the house I saw my wife lying outside in a pool of blood, with seven wounds upon her. I knelt beside her and said, "O Lord, give me power to bear this!" Our cook was wounded, the bandits had thrust a dagger in his back, and with his sword he wounded a soldier.

My heart failed as I heard of the outrages committed. My wife had been upstairs looking thru the window. She didn't see anyone and came down. When she was half way down the stairs she met one of the bandits with his hand under his coat and as my wife passed him, he took out his sword and struck her. He tried to cut off her hands and gave her a wound in the neck. Then she ran down the stairs. The bandit went upstairs looking for me and the children. There were two missionaries with us, one sat beside my wife trying to keep the wounds from bleeding and the other went to get a bandage. The robber came down stairs again and seeing a lady sitting beside my wife, took a sword and hit her twice over the head. Then he went where the Chinese women were living and asked for the children of the missionaries. The missionary who went for the bandages came back and seeing the two wounded tried to take them into the house, but my wife was unable to walk because of loss of blood. The other lady went with her into the house. At that moment the bandit returned and found the door locked. He broke it open with Satanic power and attacked the wounded lady. The other woman who wasn't wounded jumped behind the door and ran into the cellar, almost paralyzed with fright. The wounded lady fought with the robber and took away the dagger and the sword. Then she fell on the floor because of pain and loss of blood. The man then took the sword out of her hand and went outside looking for the one who wasn't wounded. As he didn't find her he came to my wife still lying outside the door and gave her the third stroke across her head. She had a wound four and a half inches long, her skull was frac-

tured and her brain exposed. Then he took a dagger and stabbed her four times in her arm, after which he left her and went outside, killing four soldiers and wounding three. He was himself killed in the end.

We just had to look to the Lord to help us. I took my wife in the house and we worked from five o'clock in the afternoon until three at night cleansing the wound and putting in stitches. My wife was unconscious and could not speak a word for days and days, and weeks and weeks. The doctors said there was no use to pray for her; that it would be better for her to die, for she would be insane if she lived. But we said we would pray and we believed she would get better. One day she wrote on a paper what she wanted. It was mixed up in Chinese, German and English, and showed that her mind was terribly confused. Sometime after that she spoke one word, and we taught her just as we teach children. She learned to speak like a child. After eight months she could speak again, but it was not for two years that she was again as she had been. Now there are no ill effects from that awful experience. The other missionary was healed also, and our cook recovered too. They are all well now.

Now in Romans 8:28, we read "For we know that all things work together for good to them that love God." After a few days a man came to me and said, "Mr. Becker, the governor of the city is this afternoon going to kill fifteen relatives of the murderer who tried to kill your wife." The Chinese laws are such that if a man tries to kill you, the others of the family have to die for his acts. I said I would not allow that. "If you take the fifteen out to execution," I said, "when the first soldier takes the sword I will jump between him and those he purposes to slay and take the wound myself." Seeing I was determined in the matter he asked the soldier to go and get the key of the prison. I guaranteed the lives of the fifteen men and they let them go. It went all over the city that the missionary got the fifteen men out of jail, and it moved their hearts. Before this the people were indifferent, and did not want to come to the church, but now what a change.

After my wife was wounded I said, "I will have to postpone the meetings now. It is impossible for me to take three meetings a day." The Chinese said, "Oh come out and have prayer meetings with us." I agreed to that. I postponed the meetings but the Lord didn't. The first meet-

ing we thought we would have thirty or forty Christians present, but I found two or three hundred. The Christians said, "We have been asking people six or seven months to come to church and they remembered the day." We postponed the evangelistic meetings but they didn't know we had postponed them, so I had to preach. I preached from Acts 4:12, "There is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." The second evening four or five hundred people were present, standing inside and out, and the next from eight hundred to a thousand. I got a carpenter to enlarge the place. One evening I did something I had never done before. I said, "Is there anyone here who is willing to give his heart to the Lord? If so let him stand." Thirty people stood up. At the end of the week there were two hundred people confessed Christ in this way. "Did they know what they were doing?" I was assured of that. They brought forth fruit meet for repentance.

On the thirteenth morning a man came to me, "Mr. Becker, I have stolen your oil." I said, "I do not know you." "Seven years ago when you built this house I worked for you, and every evening I took away a pint of oil. The day before yesterday I saw many people going to your church. I had never been there but seeing the people go I thought I would go and see what they were doing, thinking that perhaps the missionary lady had died. I went inside and you preached. You spoke on repentance. You said that thieves and murderers will never enter heaven. I went home but could not sleep that night. I remembered how seven years ago I had stolen your oil. The next evening I went again, and this morning I said to my wife, 'If I do not go and confess that I stole his oil I will lose my mind.'" That man became a Christian.

Another man came to me and said, "Missionary, you say that the Lord is able to forgive our sin. I have killed my elder brother. I am a bandit, a murderer, a thief. I have committed all the sins you have named. Yesterday evening I came into the city before dark. I am a spy sent out by the bandits. I came along and saw the light, and I went into your meeting. You spoke something which touched my heart. Is there hope for me?" "Yes," I said, "in the Bible it is written, 'Thy sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; tho they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.'" I gave him other Scriptures and he fell down on the floor and cried as a child only can cry. Then he said, "Oh Lord be merciful,"

and cried again. Then I said, "Will you pray?" He was a bandit and never had prayed. I taught him how to pray, "Oh Lord, I am a great sinner! Oh Lord, forgive my sins;" and he repeated the words after me. Then I told him it was written, "If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive our sins, etc." He took it in and then arose. He said, "Yes, I believe, but if I go to the governor of the city and confess I murdered my brother, I will be killed." I went to the governor and said to him, "If a bandit and a murderer is willing to become a Christian and a better man, what will you do with him?" "If you missionary will guarantee him, he may come into the city and do business. You can tell him that." Now this murderer is one of our finest Christians.

Another man came and said to me, "I have killed four men." This man is a Christian now, too. "The Gospel of Jesus Christ is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth." We had five Christians in the beginning. Now we have six hundred and eleven, and from eight hundred to a thousand attending the church. At the end of 1918 we had 150 per cent increase. The next year we baptized ninety-eight.

Our people have gone thru great persecution. One woman has been beaten so often that the bone of her arm was broken. That arm is stiff. Another woman when she came home to the house one night, found her husband waiting for her with a rope. He tied her to the table for two and three hours at a time. One day he beat her so hard that the joint of her leg was broken, and she said, "Beat me a little longer and I will go to my Lord Jesus. But as long as I live I will worship my Lord." Then he took the knife and cut the rope and from that time on he never hindered her in coming to the meeting.

A man came to church and said he would like to be baptized, but before he came his children put something in his food and poisoned him. Suffering for Christ! Are we suffering for Christ?

I have met bandits four times in China; three times in one year. They surrounded me and said to each other, "Now the only thing to do is to kill him." One man took the sword to strike my head, and at the last moment another bandit came, jumped at that bandit and saved my life. He was the robber chief. We go back to that bandit-infested district. My wife who has suffered so much says, "If you do not go I will go alone." I am glad she is willing to go back. She is not afraid; she is willing to lay her life down

again if the Lord requires it of her. God worked so wonderfully thru her suffering she would never be happy anywhere else.

We are expecting great things, praying for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit. We are two thousand in number and we have to go into the open air to preach to the people; they cannot get into the building. When we get back we have to build a church to seat two or three thousand people. Will you pray for us?

Several years ago we had a very great famine. The people ate the leaves of the trees and the roots, and one day they took the heart and liver out of a human being who had died and ate them before my eyes. They killed a man and roasted his arms and legs on an open fire in the street. The famine became so great that the men sold their wives and daughters as slaves to get something to eat. We took in one hundred and fifty babies from the streets in a few months. Then we took in seven hundred boys dying of starvation, and four hundred women to save them from lives of shame. Many were sold into other districts. Every day we cooked rice for thousands of people. One hundred thousand died of starvation. It became so bad that every morning hundreds and hundreds were lying in the streets dead. I sent out ten men every morning to look over the thousands waiting to be fed, and every morning they took out twenty or thirty who had died of starvation during the night. The dogs and the vultures would often get them before they were dead. They had not strength enough to resist the dogs and the birds. We had famine in our districts sixteen months, and the suffering was awful. People ate human beings. You who live in America cannot conceive of the awfulness of it all. You would not be able to stand it to see the suffering, but we have had to stand it.

When the famine was over in September, 1922 we sent the women and girls home. The babies we gave to Christian families. The next day after I sent them home a boy came back, "Mr. Becker, let me stay with you. My father and mother have died of starvation." I said, "We haven't any funds to keep you." "Let me stay with you." This was a common experience. I took them in four and five years of age. We had fifty, then one hundred and fifty, then two hundred, and still more until we had three hundred, because their families had died of starvation. What would you have done? My Lord says,

"He that receiveth a little child in My name receiveth Me," and so we said, "O Lord, we haven't anything to give them, but Thou hast," and we are sure that the Holy Spirit is already working in the hearts of these orphans.

Missionary work is not child's play. It has heavy burdens connected with it, but oh it is a

blessed work! Young people, give your lives to the Lord. It is blessed indeed to be a missionary in China, in spite of the hard work. Our labor has not been in vain. If we lay down our lives for His glory He has reserved for us an incorruptible crown that fadeth not away. Pray for us!

The Power of the Word of God

Lewi Pethrus, Stockholm, Sweden, in the West Auburn Park Assembly, March 2, 1924.



O mightily grew the Word of God and prevailed." Acts 19: 20.

There is a great danger these days of the people of God getting away from the ways of God—the old ways that the people of God walked in, in the olden time. When we go about to save souls it is very important that we use the right methods. By the Scriptures we see that the means they used in the early days was the Word of God, and I fully believe that this Word has still its old-time power. It is able to produce today what it produced in the early days, two thousand years ago. What is needed is that we believe this Word and give it the proper place. If we set the Word of God aside in our work for God, then our power is gone, and the means we have for saving souls is also gone. For us as the people of God to go out and save souls without the Word of God would be like sending an army into a country without any weapons. Our weapon against the world and that which is used to convict sinners is the Word of God.

There is a good deal about this Bible that we do not understand. If we understood it all we would be as wise as God is, but we are not. But I believe what I do not understand and so do you. Though you might disbelieve the Bible, there are many things outside of the Bible that you believe, even though you do not understand them. There is one thing you believe in, I am sure, and that is that you are living, but there is no science in this world that can explain life. Yet you believe in life, and you experience it every day. I believe the Word of God, and the more I read it, the more I find I do understand it.

We read in the eleventh of Hebrews, "Thru faith we understand that the worlds were created by the Word of God." The scientists have

worked at this matter for thousands of years, to be able to explain how the world has come to pass, but have not been able to understand it; but the Word of God says that we by faith understand the creation. We believe in the Living God, and faith in our Living God solves all these problems.

This wonderful Word of God shows its power still today, but what we need to be saved from is this new modern teaching, and go back to the old paths, back to the ways of God. The work of God in this world is not man's work; it is God's own work, and is to be carried on by Divine means. If we use divine means, we will have divine results.

I want to tell you why I believe in this Old Book. There are many scientific evidences that show that this Word is true, but they are not the strongest evidences. I thank God for all that there is in science, but what makes this truth sure to my own soul is that I have experienced it myself. I have proved this Word and found it true. It is something wonderful to have this real experience of living in this Word of God. In the early church they went forth with the Word, and while they met with much opposition, the Word won the victory, and it is winning the victory today. There are some who tell us we cannot expect a great revival these days, that there is too much unbelief and the world is too modern in its ways and views. The devil is always alert to hinder revival effort, yet the wonderful thing about this Word of God is that it overcomes all hindrances. There are no hindrances to the people who believe in the Word. The Scriptures show us this. The Red Sea was before Israel but they believed God and the Sea was divided. There were strong walls before Israel as they came to Jericho, but the walls fell when they believed God. The Jordan overflowed its bank at the time Israel was to pass over, but God divided the waters and the people of God crossed over. And thus it has always been. I

praise God that there is no power in hell or in earth that can hinder this Word. If we only tear off all the theological rags that we have tied around the sword, we will see that it cuts today.

There was a preachers' meeting in Sweden some years ago and they were discussing the greatest hindrances we have in the work. One after another stepped forward and told about the hindrances. They continued this for several sessions, and at last they had such a pile of hindrances nobody dared to attack them, but everybody looked weighed down with them. An old preacher stepped forth and said, "My brethren, there are no hindrances in the kingdom of God. We read in the fourth of Hebrews the Word of God is powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword, and it cuts through." Then he said, "If the writer of the Hebrews had written that now he would have said, 'The Word of God is like twelve-inch guns that cut through everything.'" At that time the twelve-inch guns were the greatest guns they had. And he said, "If the Captain comes along with a whole artillery he doesn't say to one of his sergeants, 'Step over there and see if there are any fences along the way that are hindering us,' but he takes his batteries on the hill and mounts up on his guns and commands 'Fire' and fences and everything else that are in the way have to go." My friends, that is just what the Word of God is. All we need is to believe it. If we believe it we will see what power there is in it. In the early days when the saints came to new places, they had nothing in outward equipment, but they had the Word of God, the promises of the Lord and the power of God was with them. It was the Word of God that saved the souls of men.

An angel said to Cornelius, "Send to Joppa and get Peter, and he will tell you words by which you and your house shall be saved." And he had an angel to send to Peter in Joppa with a message, but an angel could not serve Cornelius, a saved sinner must do that. A saved sinner had to go and proclaim the simple Gospel and this saved Cornelius and his house. When Paul came to Ephesus he had great opposition; it was one of Satan's strongholds, but he went against it with the Word of God, and we read that while Paul was in Ephesus the whole of Asia heard the Word of God. The revival spread all over the province, and "mightily grew the Word of God and multiplied." If we give the Word of God place in our meetings God will

save souls and He will save them through and through.

I remember one winter several years ago we had a revival in a country place in Sweden, but when springtime came many of them backslid. I could not really understand the reason for it. I preached the Word of God honestly, I prayed with many sinners, but the Word of God did not really get into their hearts. The following year I was in a still greater revival in a southern province of Sweden, where God saved hundreds of souls, and there were far more lasting results of this revival, the secret of which I believe I understand now. I had myself gotten deeper into the Word, but there was an older preacher in that community who was pastor of that church and I was there to help him. Souls were brought to the cross. I went ahead and prayed to the Lord for them and the pastor came behind with the Word of God and ministered to them from the Word. When I prayed for the souls, he was always on hand to read to them from the Word and establish them. He wanted them to build their salvation on the Word of God. If men are to be saved, they will be saved on the foundation of the Word of God.

There are many experiences that come to me along this line, and I know nothing better to show the real power of the Word of God than personal experiences. One Sunday morning a few years back, a man came to one of our services in Stockholm. He was working at a factory and in the factory they spoke of our meetings; they said we were peculiar people, the sick got healed in their bodies, the Spirit of God fell on them, they spoke in tongues and other spiritual gifts were manifested, men were weeping over their sins, and giving themselves to God, so he said, "I will have to go and listen to those people. If I should be saved once again (he had been saved once) something powerful must happen to me." He came, and I remember well I was speaking on the promises of God. I admonished everyone to believe on the promises. I said, "If there is a sinner in this meeting and he believes the promises of God, he will be saved just where he sits." He was sitting in the second row, and I observed that the Word was gripping his heart. When the meeting was closed he walked out and met one of his comrades at work. This friend saw he had been crying, and asked him, "How are you?" "I am saved," he answered. His friend knew him well and said, "Are you really saved? When did you get

saved?" He said, "I got saved just now." That man was saved at the morning service. He told me afterwards that at the beginning of the service he felt very unhappy, but as the Word of God was going forth he believed it and was saved while sitting in his seat. He lived a real Christian life after that, as long as he lived, and was baptized in the Spirit. He praised the Lord wherever he went in the factory. One day the Lord called him home. As I sat by his bedside for the last time and broke bread with him, he was so happy; he praised God for his salvation, and his wife said to me, "If any man has been a Christian my husband has been one since he began to go to your meetings." Friends, if we believe the Word of God it will change us. If you believe one of God's promises where you are sitting now, it will change your life. The Scripture says, "He that believeth on the Son of God *hath* eternal life." It doesn't say he shall have it, but he has it right now.

Many today do not believe God can help us in our bodies, but I would not dare believe that God has lost His power. The word of God says he that believes the promises of God will be healed in body, and it is wonderful to trust the Lord. Not long ago we had a testimony meeting in our church, and there were about fifteen who testified, the most of them telling how God had healed them. There was one testimony that touched me deeply, given by a young girl about twenty-five years of age. She had been sick five years, with one thing and another until she had a complication of diseases. The last doctor she had gave her up, and said there was no hope for her. It caused her great sorrow; she was so young and facing death, and not saved. They had spent a great deal of money on her, and she said the thought of having to die threw her into despair and deep distress. She didn't sleep at all that night, but cried to God for salvation, and the next night she couldn't sleep for joy, for God had saved her; her heart was full of praise for salvation. Then she began to read the Word of God, and her salvation was so wonderful to her she thought God could do anything at all. It became very clear to her as she read, that God could do wonders, and she began to pray as she lay on her bed, and as she prayed she heard a voice. She looked around the room to see if anyone was there, but there was no one. The voice said very plainly, "If you will keep My commandments and walk in My ways, I will heal you from all your diseases." As she re-

lected upon the verse she concluded it must be God who was speaking to her. They had hung her clothes away a long time before, but she asked for them. They did not want to oppose her as they felt she would soon be gone; nobody believed she would be healed, so they allowed her to have her way, and brought her clothes, and she began to dress herself. At first she had a struggle, but when she was half dressed the power of God struck her, started at the top of her head and went through every nerve of her body, and she was completely and instantly healed. She closed her testimony by saying, "That is two and a half years ago, and I have not had any sickness since." Is it not a wonder everybody does not seek this power of God?

You who are seeking the baptism of the Holy Spirit have the same way to go. The right way to receive the Holy Spirit is to believe the Word of God; believe what God has said and the Spirit of God will fall upon you. Some years ago, we heard in Sweden about a brother in Chicago, Brother Durham, and we heard the people say about him that when he preached the Word of God and the Spirit would fall he would say, "It is the Word of God!" It was this Word that created the world that brings a revival today. Everything is being kept up by His mighty Word, and it is this Word that is working in the Church of God today. Through this Word we are born again; through this Word we are healed. This Word that is preached brings down the Spirit of God. Oh there is wonderful power in this glorious Word! If we really believe this Word we will see thousands at the foot of the cross. Humble yourselves under the Spirit and by the Word, and you will experience that there is old-time power in it.

His Appointment

"But God meant it unto good." Gen. 50:20.

"And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God." Rom. 8:28.

"Disappointment—His appointment—change one letter then I see,
That the thwarting of my purpose is God's better choice for me.
His appointment must be blessing, tho it may come in disguise,
For the end, from the beginning, open to His vision lies."

The truth of the above lines shines out more and more clearly as we go on in God and learn to accept His will unquestionably in every circumstance that touches our lives.

Leaning not to our own understanding, but sweetly submitting to His thought for us, no matter how strange it may seem to our human reasoning, is the secret of happiness.

God often works in strange ways that we do not understand, in order to bring about His will in our lives. I have been proving in my own life during the past two years that through sickness and weakness God has turned the channel of my ministry.

When I came to India in 1913 I naturally thought that all the years of my service in this land would be among the Indians, and the first five and one-half years were spent in evangelistic work in the villages.

But when I was returning to India from furlough, the Lord seemed to indicate that He was about to change my ministry from the work in the villages to service among English-speaking people. How this was to come to pass I did not know, as Miss Lee had gone on furlough and I was left in charge of the work at Uska Bazar. But I left the matter entirely in the Lord's hands, knowing that, if it was His will, He would open up the way in His own time.

I little knew in what a strange way the Lord would work to bring about His appointment. The following summer my health began to break, and I was forced to take a longer holiday in the hills than usual. But I did not feel that the time was wasted, as I was able to take some of the meetings at Childer's Missionary Home at Landour, No. India, where I was staying. It has been the purpose of this Missionary Home from the beginning not only to provide a comfortable home for Pentecostal missionaries and others during their stay in the hills, but also to get in touch with missionaries who are hungry for more of God. So twice a week meetings were held, which were open to outsiders, where the deeper things of God were taught.

Landour has the largest gathering of missionaries of any No. Indian hill station, hence one has a splendid opportunity to get in touch with church missionaries.

Week by week as one met these dear, earnest, self-sacrificing missionaries from many parts of India, we were made to realize how deep was the cry in many hearts after God, and how they longed for the fulness of the Holy Spirit in their lives. Many of them realize their great lack, and their powerlessness to present the living Christ to those about them. Some had been praying for years for a life of victory over daily temptations,

and they found at these meetings just the teaching for which their hearts had longed. As the season went on, God worked in the hearts of our own missionaries in the Home, to lay hold upon Him for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Then the numbers increased, the seeking ones became more earnest, and those who were still holding back, became convinced that this was God's way for them.

So intensely earnest did these outside missionaries become that they requested us to hold waiting meetings as often as possible, for they felt, that at any cost, in spite of opposition, they must go on. And indeed we knew that it would mean much criticism, as many of them were prominent in their mission and of high scholastic attainments.

One young woman went up to Landour, discouraged with the failure in her spiritual life, and was on the point of sending in her resignation to her mission. She told us later she had said that if God did not meet her in the hills and do something for her she would go home. In the first meeting she attended God began to work in her heart, convicting her of things that must be gotten out of the way and putting in such an intense hunger that she literally sought Him night and day. She was preciously baptized in the Spirit at the close of one of our Sunday afternoon meetings. Today her heart is burdened for other missionaries and her one desire is that others, too, shall find out how wonderful Jesus is. One might go on citing other instances and tell of others who received His fullness, for several did receive the Baptism.

A missionary who has been many years in this land said he had never known such hunger among the missionaries and he encouraged them to press on. We feel, however, that that which was done at Landour is but the beginning of what God will do—the end is not yet.

The hungry ones on returning to their different stations began to tell their co-workers, who had not been in Landour, what great things God was doing, and meetings were commenced in many places which are still going on. And so in different parts of India there are these centers where hungry ones are waiting for the fullness of God's Spirit. We have every reason to believe that a revival is coming to this needy land and that God is beginning it first in the hearts of His missionaries.

Heretofore the church missionaries "had no

dealings" with the Pentecostal people; surely the Lord has broken down prejudice and it has been a unique opportunity to tell them of the deeper things of God.

Will you not pray for these dear missionaries who in isolated places and with no baptized per-

son to stand with them are seeking to press their way through to the fullness?

Ethel M. King.

(Miss King is now in Australia. Her failing health made it necessary for her to leave India, and a door has opened for her in Australia, where she will have a time of ministry before coming to the States.—Ed.)

The Pentecostal Work in Sweden

Sacrifice and Hardship for the Gospel's Sake.

Arthur F. Johnson in the Missionary Rest Home, March 2, 1924.



As we were in prayer I thought of the verse in the tenth chapter of Zachariah, "Ask ye of the Lord rain in the time of the Latter Rain," and I want to take this verse as a foundation-

al thought to what God would have me say here tonight. I have spent the last four or five years in Sweden, Denmark, Finland and Esthonia, also visited Germany and Holland, but I spent the most of the time in Sweden where God is doing wonderful things. I heard a great deal about the work there before I went but I never thought it was so extensive. In 1905 and 06 the Christians in Sweden who were longing for a revival were gathering in groups and in the homes having prayer meetings. They had been reading about the great Welsh Revival and thought God could do the same in Sweden. Then the reports came from Los Angeles that God was pouring out His Spirit and they prayed that He would visit the Scandinavian countries too and the Lord began to answer prayer. The Spirit of God began to move especially among the Baptists. A great many were saved, and baptized with the Holy Ghost and the work spread. Soon opposition arose in the ranks. The Philadelphia Church in Stockholm which at that time had a membership of three or four hundred, because of open communion and other teachings concerning Pentecost was ousted from the Baptist denomination. Now this same church has a membership of 2,300 and is the most powerful church in Sweden. It has five pastors, and issues a Pentecostal weekly, *The Evangelii Harold*, which has a circulation of 20,000, the only Pentecostal paper in Sweden. The influence of this church has been felt throughout Sweden and in other Scandinavian countries. Lewi Pethrus, who is now holding evangelistic meetings in this city, is the leading pastor there. The church has twenty missionaries of its own in different fields, some in

the Congo, some in China and Brazil, and I think there are some in South Africa. All together, the Pentecostal Assemblies in Sweden have about seventy-five missionaries in the different fields. Praise God!

There are other large Pentecostal churches in Sweden that have sprung up during the past years. There are three in Gothenburg the second city in size; two have a membership of three hundred each and one of one hundred and fifty. They each have a missionary on the field. The aim of the Pentecostal Assemblies in Sweden is that every assembly should support at least one missionary; some do more. One assembly in Orebro has a membership of four hundred, and they support in part, eight missionaries. I believe this is one of the reasons for the blessed revival spirit all over Scandinavia, the missionary spirit has been fostered and encouraged. They have never lost their vision for souls. They believe that as a rule souls should be saved in every service.

In Malmo the third city in size, there is an assembly with about five hundred members, which has two missionaries and is supporting some evangelists that are working in new places in Sweden. There are about three hundred Pentecostal assemblies in the whole of Sweden, against a population of 6,000,000. If we had that percentage in the United States it would be wonderful.

In Southern Sweden there is a Mission School for those who are prospective missionaries. It has been in operation for three years and can accommodate thirty pupils at a time. The different assemblies send out their own missionaries. Every Fall two or three assemblies in suitable locations have Bible schools lasting five or six weeks. In Stockholm they had last year an attendance of 235 evangelists, teachers, pastors and missionaries. In Malmo we had forty or fifty. Altogether, we have about four hundred pastors, evangelists, men and women in the work,

the most of whom are out on faith lines. Away up among the Laps in the mountains, we also have a few who are working faithfully. Hundreds of miles away from any railroad you will find Pentecostal Assemblies.

There are Swedish missionaries now in Esthonia and some in Finland. My wife and I were permitted to be in Esthonia which country is close on the Russian border for about three months, and God gave a revival there. Two missionaries went over from Sweden, first one and then another followed and God gave them blessed times. There are about eight thousand Swedish people living on the Islands in the Baltic Sea that belong to Esthonia. The rest of the population, one and a half million, is Esthonian and Russian. It used to be a Russian province but is now independent and they have opened their doors to the Gospel. It was very hard at the first, but the evangelists worked faithfully and a revival broke out on one of the islands. It is wonderful how God answers prayer. It was so hard on this island and the brethren dreaded to go there, there was so little response, but they continued to pray and people turned out to the meetings by the hundreds. At last the break came, and at an all-night prayer meeting eight were baptized with the Holy Ghost. A wonderful revival broke out and hundreds were saved and baptized with the Holy Ghost. It is now one of the most blessed places. My wife and I went to Esthonia in September and we started meetings in Reval, the capital city, which has a population of 120,000. There was no hall to be had but we were invited to preach among the Baptists who are quite numerous throughout Esthonia. In the interior of Soviet Russia they have much persecution. The political leaders do not favor the Protestant denominations; in fact they try to stamp out Christianity, will not allow any missionaries inside their borders; only Russian-born are allowed. But the Russian people are very religiously inclined and want God. You do not have to preach to them long before they get saved. We were invited to a Baptist Church that seated seven hundred people, and it was filled night after night. The first night seven or eight souls were saved. Soon we received a call from another Baptist church that seated a thousand people, and that was crowded. Sometimes when we would make an altar call, three or four hundred would rush to the altar. It was so wonderful we had to weep for joy. We prayed that God would send more workers over and He has

answered prayer. He has given a revival all over the country where these brethren are working, even down to Lithonia. A brother who is a half Jew, his mother an Esthonian, speaks both Swedish and Russian, has been our interpreter. At present we have in Reval a group of nearly one hundred saints. They are gathering in the cottages and are praying that God will give them means so that they can build a chapel. They are already building two chapels in the place where these first missionaries went.

Coming from Sweden and America you will see quite a change in dress and food and accommodations. You will have to forego a great many things you have here. I spoke to a brother from the Congo who has also been in Esthonia, and he said, "We have it better in the Congo. We can have our own food and our own home. You have to take it as it comes." My wife and I have walked miles and miles to meetings; of course they have horses and carts which shake you up a good deal. They have no autos in the country places. I have seen these poor people walk fifteen miles to meetings, and the place would be so crowded when they got there they would not have room to sit down. They are not satisfied to have a service an hour and a half. They want a meeting to last three hours. I have seen women walking to the meetings bare-footed, walking on the frozen ground. Some of the poor children in the country come in rags. They do not have any middle classes over there. On the one side are the rich, living in luxury and on the other side you see the awfully poor, but it is the poor people who are open to the Gospel, and they are so happy in the joy it brings. In one place they were having meetings in a Lutheran chapel, God sent a revival and the chapel was closed, so they have been gathering in a large cottage. The windows were very small, about two feet high, and the roof was of straw, the furniture was very meagre indeed, but we would sometimes get 250 people in this cottage, and they would stand so packed you could not get down on your knees. The air was stifling and the perspiration would run down our faces, but we forgot all about discomforts when we saw the hunger in their faces. My wife and I have slept in a hay-loft more than once, but we praised God for giving out the Gospel to a needy people. In Stockholm, just twenty-four hours from Esthonia I was invited to a business man's house, and as I sat down to his well-laden table I felt almost condemned as I thought of the poverty of many

of my Esthonian friends. The people have been kept under by the rich lords who have owned the most of the ground in Esthonia, but now that the country is free they are very happy. The present government is doing its best to better conditions.

There is a large river called the Narva River that separates Esthonia from Soviet Russia. We were in a little city called Narva, where we had some blessed services. The power of God fell in a wonderful manner; five or six were saved in almost every meeting. It was uplifting to see what God was doing, but on the borders, about an hour's walk from Narva you are not permitted to speak a word about Jesus, the Red Guards are on duty all the time. One brother told me how he and others would get up as close to the border as they could get, and then turn their backs and sing songs as loud as they could, hoping the sound would be carried back. The people are just longing to hear the Gospel. I have never been in a more fertile land in all my life than in Esthonia, and I believe God will give a great revival there. Brother G. H. Schmidt and his wife are working further south on the Russian border and I understand many have been saved and baptized in water. What we need are consecrated workers who are willing to go thru hardships and have a burning zeal in their hearts for souls. As I go about I feel that the great need of the Pentecostal work in America is a burden for souls. If our eyes are open to see the need of the lost about us, it will create a desire to see them saved. Another great need is more of the Word of God. I believe the reason for the success of the work in Sweden is that they have stuck to the Word of God. An assembly cannot exist merely on testimonies. We must have the Word of God. Nearly every member of the Assemblies in Sweden carries his Bible to the meetings. They are not ashamed to carry their Bibles and are taught to feed upon the Word. If we read in the second of Acts we will see that it wasn't the power of God that came down and saved the people, it was the Word that Peter preached that brought them to see their need of salvation. Of course we need the power of God upon the Word, but it is the Word that saves.

The Scandinavian people have been very careful to have the order of service so that the un-

godly people who do not understand the workings of the Spirit will get convicted in our meetings. We do not allow anyone for instance to cause disturbance, giving out unintelligible sounds that no one understands and that do not edify and thus attract attention to himself so that everybody looks at him and attention is drawn away from the word that is being preached. We believe in manifestations of the Spirit, we believe in rejoicing in the Lord and praising God, but often times there is a working up of the flesh which drives the sinner away. You cannot "work up" the power of God, but you can pray it down, and when God works even the ungodly will recognize that it is the power of God. I believe we are yet going to have the greatest revival the world has ever seen. But how are we going to get it? The answer is: "Ask ye of the Lord rain in the time of the latter rain." Intercessory prayer and faithfully proclaiming the Word will bring down the rain. If we have confidence in the Word of God and believe it, God will work the same today as He did in the early days. This Pentecostal revival is not on the wane, but is going on wherever God gets a chance to work. I am just looking for another visitation. May He give it to us soon.

My wife and I were also in Finland and there is a good work there. Brother Gerhard Smith who was in this city ten years ago, has a good work in Helsingfors, Finland. They have a congregation of about four hundred members, a number of them from among the aristocracy. One movie director, owner of fifty movie shows, has been wonderfully saved. Sunday morning as we were closing the meeting the power of God rested upon the congregation and this man who was in the audience saw a vision of Jesus. In the evening he came back again and the power of God fell on him wonderfully. I believe he has the baptism now. Two lawyers have also been saved, and are a great testimony to the saving power of our living Christ.

The Lord is working wonderfully in other cities and country places in Finland. Praise God for this mighty Pentecostal revival that is sweeping all lands! It is here to stay if we are faithful to God. We cannot afford to let down in prayer or neglect the Word. The Lord help us to gain new heights and new depths. Amen.

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Notes

Stone Church Convention

THE Fifteenth Annual Missionary and Evangelistic Convention of the Stone Church (70th and Stewart Ave.) will be held from May 11 to 25, 1924. We are expecting a blessed time in the Lord. The spiritual tone of our present meetings, gives us confidence that the Lord will visit us with a gracious outpouring of His Spirit at that time. We expect a number of missionaries and ministers to be present. Special healing services and meetings for the Holy Spirit will be held, as well as meetings for the unsaved. Make your plans to be with us, and pray for the Lord's presence in our midst.

"Others"

THE world is the parish of *The Latter Rain Evangel*. Its only object is to spread the Gospel of our blessed Lord at home and abroad—to stir up Christians to give of their substance and their lives, that the souls for whom Christ died may know of the great salvation that has been bought for them.

Every subscriber to the paper is a co-partner in spreading this Gospel of the Kingdom, and every dollar invested in its extension is an investment for God. So whether you subscribe for yourself or someone else you are helping to sow the Gospel seed. Let God make you a sower in this part of His vineyard, and as you subscribe for those in whose spiritual welfare you are interested, pray that God will speak to them through this white-winged visitor.

The sermons and the talks reported in *The Evangel* are given under the anointing of the Holy Spirit, and that touch of the Spirit permeates the printed page and carries conviction to

the heart of the reader, spurring him to holiness and godliness and to a consecration to live for "others." Would you like to speak to your neighbors or your kin folks about the need of their souls but find it hard to do so? Do it indirectly through the pages of *The Evangel*. Send them a year's subscription, or better still, ask them to subscribe for it. Help them to be better men and women through its monthly visits. It will lift them through the hard places of life. Someone's rehearsal of God's deliverance and victory will encourage them to launch out on His promises. Do not keep the good things all to yourself. Let your heart and hand go out to others.

The paper will also interest them in the great missionary enterprises of the world, in the heroic souls who daily imperil their lives, face privations and endure hardships that they may win souls for Jesus. As they read of the work of the Holy Spirit in mission lands, of the transforming power of the Gospel, they will be led to pray and to give, and thus an ever-widening circle of blessing and ministration will result through the little pebble you threw into the ocean of opportunity.

* * *

If food products show the advance in other heathen lands as they do in South China, according to the government price-list issued in Hong Kong, our missionaries should receive double the amount of what they have previously received. We give below just a few items showing comparative food prices:

	Aug. 1919	Aug. 1923
Beef sirloin, per lb.....	\$0.22	\$0.45
Beef soup, per lb.....	0.10	0.26
Fish (carp), per lb.....	0.24	0.40
Chicken, per lb.....	0.38	0.80
Oranges, each.....	0.05	0.32
Tomatoes, per lb.....	0.04	0.20
Cabbage, per lb.....	0.06	0.20

Prices of other commodities range accordingly.

Advancing prices in America have meant a corresponding advancement in salaries, as a rule. Have you increased your giving? Would you be satisfied to receive the salary you received four or five years ago and facing ever-increasing needs? The needy are crying to God. Will you let Him use you in supplying their needs? We expect the missionary to say with perfect abandonment, "*Here am I, Lord. Send me.*" We at home must have that same consecration regarding our money. "*Here it is, Lord. Show me how to use it.*"

In Memoriam—Albert Norton

A Pioneer Faith-Missionary's Life.

When Albert Norton finished his University education he was offered one of the large churches in Chicago, but like that other pioneer missionary, Adoniram Judson, of whom the world was not worthy, he set his face toward the heathen. Judson preferred the wild tribes of the Karens to the largest church in Boston, and Albert Norton chose the life of a faith missionary among the jungles of India, in the will of God. Just a few pages from his life are given to our readers by his son, John E. Norton.

ONE of the chief characteristics of Albert Norton was his simple, childlike faith in the Word of God. He believed in the inspiration of the Book from cover to cover, staked his all on the promises of God and tried to order his life according to the precepts of the Bible. He sought to follow Christ as closely as possible. That explains, at least in some measure, why he refused to become a pastor of a wealthy church in America and came out to India, as a pioneer faith-missionary with no board or backing of any kind, except the promises of God. And in India he chose one of the hardest and most pioneer fields of all. Here he endured poverty, hardships and trials that few are called to pass through, but in it all he never lost faith or became discouraged for he constantly fed on the Word of God, and "carried everything to God in prayer." As he was laboring alone in a large province containing several millions of people, he prayed earnestly that God would send laborers into that vast harvest field. The Lord wonderfully answered prayer by putting it upon the heart of Mrs. Baxter, of England, a woman of remarkable faith and a widely-known writer on Scriptural themes, to send out workers to that field, and carry on the Korkoo Mission. Mrs. Baxter wrote of him as follows:

"God did indeed make this man a pioneer among the Kurkus. He had no missionary society behind him, and the first money which reached him came from a friend in Bulgaria, who had heard of his venture, and sent him 8 pounds. Just as wonderfully as Elijah was fed by ravens, he, and afterwards his wife and family, were sustained. Sometimes an official sent him some provisions; sometimes a native gentleman would send a basket of vegetables; sometimes money came from England or America. As the result of Mr. Norton's faith—for he was a man of prayer—over one hundred workers for the Lord have subsequently gone out to this and

other parts of India, including those now working in the Kurku and C. I. H. Mission.

"He lived among the people in their wild hills, frequented by tigers, bears, panthers, leopards, cheetahs, hyenas, wild boars, etc., as well as numerous reptiles. With the help of some Kurkus he would put up a native hut of mud and sticks and show love to this wild forest tribe, while picking up their language, telling them, as best he could, the story of the Saviour's love. But his chief work was prayer. Other workers joined him, among whom was one who came out to be his wife; a true helpmate and prayer-helper. He faithfully carried out his Lord's precept: Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He would send forth labourers into His harvest. While living thus in the jungle, as one has said, a Kurku among Kurkus, he wrote that he and Mrs. Norton were praying definitely that God would send thirty missionaries to the Province of Berar—a prayer which has been answered in the Lord's measure, by very much more than double!

"As an instance of his faith for temporal supplies, he once told the writer how, when living at Bhaishdehi, where he had planted a garden, he was at one time dependent entirely upon the vegetables growing in the garden, which then consisted chiefly of potatoes. So he prayed that God would make the potatoes grow large; and, in answer, some of them weighed two pounds. He was able to exchange these for meal, with which he could make bread, a treat in those days. But God never left him, or suffered him to want. Though he never solicited help from man friends were raised up and this principle of trusting God on which the work among the Kurkus was begun, has been continued in the Kurku Mission.

"The following incident was told the writer by the eldest of Mr. Norton's five sons. While they were living for some months at Bithron, now Khanla, in their three-roomed mission house, Ebbie, the eldest, was sent by his mother to fetch water from a well, situated in a small valley some 200 feet below the house. On arriving at the well, which Mr. Norton had sunk, there stood, facing the boy then about ten years old, a large tiger. Ebbie stood perfectly still, and looked the wild beast straight in the face, while he prayed hard that God would protect him. The tiger turned right around, and ran away into the jungle. Prayer was the breath of that wild home."

During the year 1883, while father and mother were working in a wild hill-tribe in Central India, far away from other missionaries and all white people, living lonely and isolated lives in the jungles of India, they suffered much want. He wrote the following in his diary:

"April 6th—Our financial straits were never

so great as now. We have only wheat flour enough to last today. We have had no rice for several days. Of bread, meat, potatoes or other vegetables we had none. Yesterday our little Bertie had fever. Bertie will be three years old on the 14th of June. I do thank God that He enables me not to doubt His infinite love and tender Fatherly care for us. But I believe that He allows these trials for our good, seeing that we need great grace in order that we may manifest that gentleness and lowliness which are needed to glorify Him. Therefore we praise Him for this trial, though asking Him to give us relief as soon as may be His will."

At the time of this writing they had four small children. Later when another baby was born, they could not get milk for the infant but had to feed him on wheat gruel. The boy lived and is a missionary today. God must have been watching over him for future service. During these days the funds were often so low, that the missionary and his wife and small children, could not afford ordinary food such as meat and potatoes and bread. Once they ate ground peas made into bread, which made them all sick. But through it all father praised God, and believed that there were valuable lessons to be learned through these tests.

Although father was liberal enough to allow each missionary to be led by God, and do what he thought God would have him, yet the modern missionary with his comfortable bungalow and automobile, was rather far removed from his idea of a missionary. In 1914 he wrote: "We long and pray for a great extension of itinerant preaching and scattering of the Word of God, especially in the out-of-the-way villages, and in the unreached sections of India. For this work devoted young men from Christian countries like Europe and America are needed, who will be willing to *travel on foot*, with their Indian brethren from village to village, *sleep on the ground* in the open, live on the *plain food of the poor people*, and endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. Great results are bound to come from devoted and earnest service of this kind, if carried out in humility and faith." Here father expresses his ideal of a missionary, and those of us who knew him, know he did his best to live up to this standard. Not many are found these days who have the consecration to live such a life, but that is what father did in his early days.

The work of his last years was mainly caring

for famine orphans and from time to time giving famine relief in various parts of India. His heart went out to the starving multitudes and the three stations of Dhond, Bahraich and Orai which are now used as evangelistic centers were opened primarily to give famine relief. In 1918 father wrote:

"May God help us to see the signs of the times, and like Issachar of old, to know what we ought to do. God's promises never fail. And He has made none more positive than those in which He pledges Himself to reward and bless those who feed the hungry. There are young men and women in India today, who were saved as famine orphans several years ago, and now they are filled with the Holy Spirit, and being greatly used in the extension of Christ's kingdom. How unutterably sad it would have been if they had been allowed to die of starvation. How very great and glorious will be the joy, throughout eternity, of those who gave their means to save the lives of these orphans; for their service for Christ, which has been mighty through the power of the Spirit."

In 1899 when the awful famine spread over Western India and Pandita Ramabai began taking in orphans by the hundreds, she asked father to take the boys. At that time he was not receiving sufficient support even for himself and family, but he had learned to trust God and he told Ramabai that he was willing to take as many as four hundred, though not knowing where one penny to care for them was to come from. He actually received over eight hundred. Not one boy was turned away and none went hungry, for which he gave God all the glory. Christian workers are now scattered in various parts of India who were saved by father during that famine.

A friend who visited him shortly before his chastened spirit went to be with Christ, gave the following account of his visit:

"Sadly altered was the poor worn-out body, pillowed in an easy chair, but his spirit rejoicing in his much loved Lord. He said 'Two months ago when I felt this sickness was unto death, I asked Him to reveal Himself to me in increased loveliness and nearness. He did. He filled me with Himself. I know the blood has done its blessed work for my soul. It is His love, His beauty, His perfection, that fills my heart and vision.' He then spoke of feeling a little better that day, adding, 'But ah! that is no pleasure to me.' Then, clasping his dear, thin hands together, he said, while tears flowed down his face, 'My precious Lord Jesus, Thou knowest how ful-

ly I can say with Paul, to depart and be with Thee is far better! Oh, far better! I do long for it! They come and talk to me of a crown of glory—I bid them cease—of the glory of heaven—I bid them stop. I am not wanting crowns. I have Himself! Himself. I am going to be with Himself. Ah! with the Man of Sychar! With Him

who stayed to call Zaccheus! with the Man of the eighth of John! with the Man who hung upon the cross! with the Man who died! Oh! to be with Him before the glories, the crowns or the kingdom appear! It is wonderful! wonderful. I am going to be with Him! forever to exchange this sad, sad scene, for His presence'."

Stepping Stones in Faith's Annals

A Marvelous Record of God's Grace.

L. B. Compton, Ashville, N. C., in the Austin Tabernacle, Chicago, Feb. 24, 1924.



HALF of a verse in James will preface this talk on Direct Answers to Prayer in my own Experience: "The fervent, effectual prayer of the righteous man availeth much." The only condition in receiving answers to prayer according to James is being a *righteous man*—the fervent, effectual prayer of a righteous man. He doesn't have to be a priest or a preacher, a deacon or an elder; just simply a righteous man who prays effectually. And then James speaks of Elijah being a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly and God answered prayer and shut heaven; he prayed again earnestly and God opened heaven according to his prayer. If you want a foundation for prayer, turn to John's Gospel, 14:13, 14, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in My name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask anything in My Name, I will do it."

Many people think that prayer is a struggle and a strain at all times. It is not. It is a heart communion and a realization with God, and there is nothing which lies beyond the power of prayer except that which is beyond the will of God. Let me repeat, *Nothing lies outside the reach of prayer but that which lies outside of the will of God.* Everything that will bring glory to the Father, may be obtained in answer to prayer. I am not here to speak to you on this subject because I have any deeper relation to God in this capacity than you have, for if I have failed anywhere in my Christian life it has been because of the lack of prayer, for all things are possible thru the power of prayer, but I was thrust out on the Lord just a little differently from most people. When I started out for the Lord it was practically a miracle that He came into my life. I had lived beyond my nineteenth year and never been in school six months in my life, and then I had never spoken my name distinctly. From the

time I was five years of age until twenty-four years ago I was walking with a cane the most of my life, and part of the time on crutches. When I was growing up nobody thought I had ordinary intelligence. I think it was because I had an impediment in my speech, and my family thought I was mentally deficient. So my life has been a phenomenal one; it is marvelous what the grace of God can do.

After the Lord had wonderfully saved me and called me to preach I was ashamed to speak about my calling; I was ashamed to make it known, yet I knew I had to preach, and I knew it was God's call for me. I made a covenant with God that if He would make it known that I was called, and would use me, I would trust Him, and never ask a man for a dollar, or never ask anybody to ask for money for me; that I would never take money in consideration for my ministry, but that I would trust Him, and when He failed me I would get a job and go to work, if I was able, like any other laboring man. I have been preaching now for twenty-seven years, and have only had one week's rest in that time, and that was when I was on the water. Thus I entered into a covenant with God to trust Him, and I found out that if a man starts to live by faith he has no competition. They will get out of the way and let you do it, nobody feels responsible.

I started out on that line and will never forget my first conflict I had. They put me in charge of a little mission in the East End of the city, a faith mission and they knew I testified to trusting God. We had a good time, but the hall wasn't comfortable. It was in November and the window panes were broken; we had to tack pasteboard over the holes. The stove was cracked and we had to tie it up with wire, and it didn't heat the room. We got along all right for about a month, but it snowed and went down to zero weather; it snowed again and went below zero. Finally a man got up and moved that we shut the mission until the weather was warmer.

Everybody voted for it to close, but nobody asked what the preacher was going to do. I was living by faith; it was nobody's business.

I went back to my little room and one Monday morning my wife said, "There is not a bite in the house to eat, and the worst of it is, the thermometer is about ten below zero and the last lump of coal is on the grate. What are we going to do? You have been talking faith, what shall we do?" Well, I didn't know. I could not see an inch ahead of me. I was cold and hungry; nothing to eat and not a penny in my pocket. I had said I would not ask for money, that I would not borrow, but that I would talk to God. It is one thing to talk faith, and another thing to practice it. It is one thing to say that you are trusting God when everything is favorable, but when it comes down to the place where you are actually bare-footed and starving before an unbelieving world, there is a difference. I will never forget that morning, with nothing to eat and the last lump of coal in the stove! Wife was thinking of going to bed with her baby to keep warm. I had read for my Scripture lesson the sixth chapter of Matthew, which exhorts us not to be anxious for what we shall eat or drink, or wherewith we shall be clothed; the fowls of the air have no storehouses, bank accounts or checks, yet the heavenly Father feeds them. Are we not much better than the sparrows? etc. And then here is the thing that burned, "*For your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.*" That broke my heart. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things (food, clothing, fuel) shall be added." Someone would say, "Your heavenly Father knows," and some one would answer, "If He does He has left you in a bad shape." We got thru praying and I put on my overcoat saying I was going to mail a letter. "You are not going to leave me here like this!" my wife said, "We will have to go to bed." Again that silent monitor, "Your heavenly Father knows," and again the answer, "If He does He has left you in bad shape." I told her I would be back when I mailed the letter. As I walked out the tears froze to my cheeks. I said, "Oh God, I will shovel coal. I will cut ice." Again that word of encouragement, "Your heavenly Father knows," and again the taunting reply, "If He does He has left you in an awful condition," and that was the fight. I put the letter in the office and started back, wondering what I would do. Something whispered, "If the city were to find your wife and

baby in this condition they would have you in the newspaper." I'd cry to God, and the words would come, "Your Father knows." Then the enemy would say, "God has failed you and the world will know that what you claim about God is not true." Say brother, if you do not believe in a personal devil, just start to live in union with Christ. If you do not think there is a power of evil to contest every step of faith, just start to trust God and you will realize it all too well.

I started back home not knowing what to do. I got about two squares and a man called out, "Hey there!" He was about a square away from me and motioned to me. I wiped my eyes and went back. "Say, lad, aren't you the young fellow who has been running this mission up here?" I said I had before it closed down. "I thought you were as you were going down the street. I had my hand in my pocket and was fingering a \$2 bill and something spoke to me three times, and said, "Call that fellow and give him that bill." I said, "Thank you Jesus," and the tears rained down my face. He said, "Don't cry like that, I will give it to you." He didn't know I had a wife and baby without any bread. I tried to explain but he turned me off. I went to the meat market and got some steak, bought some sugar and bread and thought I would buy a few bushels of coal. I lived in a basement room, and had to go down some steps, and when I got there I thought I was getting into the wrong house, there was coal strewn all around. No, sir, it was 417, and my wife had a big fire going. She said I hadn't gone but a few minutes before someone came and dumped down coal. While we were eating our dinner we got the old Book down again and read the sixth chapter of Matthew, "*Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.*" Friends, that was a wonderful stimulus to my faith, because no one knew of my needs but the Lord.

It looks like after an experience of that kind you would get to the place where you would not have any trouble, but there is no such thing as getting to the place where faith is not tested. The trial of your faith will be a continual experience, and I have known what it meant more than once to be tested to the limit. After I started out I did evangelistic work among the mountaineers for seven years. I buried myself in the Apalachin Mountains; preached two winters without an overcoat and got \$37 in cash the first year; the second I got \$22.40, and my

clothes were like the map of the United States. More than once I stayed in bed while a good sister would launder the only shirt I had. One of my greatest tests was when I was in my own state of North Carolina conducting an evangelistic meeting. I had been preaching in a small building with an open fire-place. Those mountaineers would make the room so hot, and I would preach and perspire and then go out into the freezing cold, which was very hard on me physically. Many a time would I get up in the morning and put on a shirt that was frozen stiff with ice, knock the ice out of my socks, and my trousers frozen so stiff with perspiration that they would almost stand alone. While I would be dressing I would have chills and then go out and run to get warm.

At five years of age I became a cripple, and when I was seven they took out a bone from my limb, and when I was eleven years old they took out another bone. I had white swelling, and a consultation was held twice to take off my limb. They said it was rotten, decayed, and that the trouble was tubercular, and the only remedy would be to have it amputated. Twenty years ago, while I was conducting this meeting in North Carolina, all at once I was struck with awful suffering in this limb. They moved me into the back room and had to rip the seam of my trousers. My suffering was so intense I could not stand the weight of a sheet. Two doctors came to examine me and they said the only thing I could do was to have my leg taken off and have a cork leg. For two weeks I lay there and never had one hour's sleep. I groaned and prayed and wished that I might die if I could not be delivered from that awful suffering. It was as large as two limbs and purple and black and red, and I wasn't able to take a mouthful of solid food because of the agony I endured.

There was a good woman, whose name was Miss Staley; she belonged to the Christian Alliance. She knew about my ministry and about my suffering, and she called for a time of prayer, set a day for fasting and prayer for me. She sent to M. W. Knapp of Cincinnati, Dr. Simpson of New York, and others, and asked them to have special prayer for me on a Thursday. I was screaming and groaning. I could not pray. Do you know you can suffer till you cannot pray? They came out on a Thursday to have a little prayer-meeting and anoint me with oil in the Name of the Lord, and as they put the oil on

my head and prayed, I went to sleep. The very moment the pain ceased I went to sleep. They shouted and praised God, and had a good meeting but I didn't know anything about it. I never awoke until the next morning at eight o'clock, and the first thing I said was, "I am healed. I haven't a bit of pain in that limb." They said, "We knew it yesterday afternoon. You slept all night." I said, "Praise God I will preach on Sunday." "Hold on," they said, but I sent out notices everywhere that God had healed me and that I would preach on Sunday morning. This was Friday.

I had a man come for me with a road wagon and two mules. He put some straw on the bottom of his wagon, put a chair in it and some pillows, and four men carried me out and put me in that wagon with my leg on some pillows, and thus they hauled me in to town. Three thousand people came out that morning because they heard I was healed of that bone white-swelling and that I was going to preach, but you never saw such a sick-looking crowd in your life when they began to lift me out of the wagon. "Healed! that is not healing!" "Hauled out here in a mule wagon and carried to the pulpit by four men!" You ought to have heard the criticism, but finally the meeting commenced. They sat me on the platform with my crutch and cane, and I read the scripture lesson sitting down, but when I came to the sermon, I could not preach sitting down, and I stood up with my crutch under my arm and began to preach, my foot still on the chair. All at once my foot slipped off the chair and touched the floor. The audience began to warm up and I threw away my crutch, and began to walk up and down and before I got thru, I was jumping around as if there had never been anything the matter. That was twenty-four years ago and I never had a symptom of that trouble since. The scars are there and the evidences of the operation are there, but the best leg I have is the one God healed.

Friends, if I wanted to make healing my issue, there is not a hall that would hold the people, but I have but one issue and that is Jesus. Jesus Christ is everything that the human heart needs, and salvation is far better than healing, but healing is good. You do not know the feeling there is to be healed by the Lord after you have walked with a crutch, and had folks run against you and trip you, and have suffered as I have. Friends, there are a lot of people in whom God

wants to do something, but they are not willing to wait and see the end of the Lord. Some of you will not wait to see the end of the Lord. You try to get the doctor to do it and the Lord doesn't get the glory.

But God hasn't always answered all my prayers. Many things that I have cried to God for, God has said to me, "Hush" and yet it has been remarkable the things He has given me, and I want to tell you a few of them. Some of the darkest trials that ever came into my life have been when God tested my faith. There has never been a time when Satan has not assailed my faith, but the strongest test I ever had was the time my little girl, the only child the Lord ever gave me of my own flesh and blood, died. She was five years and eight months old, one of the happiest little Christian girls I ever knew, genuinely born again. I had gone back into the mountains to help a Methodist minister conduct a meeting, left her well and happy, but at the close of the first week, a man rushed in at the end of my message and said, "Mr. Compton, your little girl is dying and you are wanted. She took a little cold after you left and she developed membranous croup. Death had set in just before I left." I got there just before the morning hour and when I looked into the face of my only child, I saw that monster death had gripped her. I flung myself on the floor and cried, but there was no response. I prayed with all the fervor of my heart but heaven was brass. Brother, that is the loneliest hour of your life when you try to pray and it seems that God has gone off. The little girl called to me, "Daddy, Jesus is not going to heal me. I am going to be with Jesus." I knelt by her and watched her and I knew that that was the only love moment I'd have with her until the day she'd rise a glorified being in God.

After she was dead, the man in whose home we were staying, who was unsaved, was nervous, and said, "Now how are you going to get rid of her?" Then I woke up to the fact that I didn't have a dollar. I had promised God I would trust Him, and there in front of me was my only child. I slipped away from the house and went down in the pine thicket and crawled under a brush-pile and spent the day there crying to God. They hunted me and asked me what I was going to do. I said I would trust Him who had delivered me from many sorrows. He had answered prayer for men and women by the thousands, but this time it seemed He had for-

saken me. That was the darkest hour I have ever experienced.

Finally I crawled out from under the brush pile and when I got about as good a cursing as a man can get, I said, "I am just praying." "Praying nothing," he answered. "It is no time to pray. It is time to act." I didn't know what to do. The child remained there all night and all the next day and the man was enraged. I was in an awful struggle. Finally I made up my mind to give the child over to the authorities of the town and let them bury her as a little pauper, and that was the deepest trial. Oh you don't know it unless you knew my pride! I am French and Scotch. French of the Huguenot race and Scotch of the stubborn type; nothing can manage pride and stubbornness but grace, and you will never know the blow to my pride when I had to say I would let my only child be buried as a pauper and put in a nameless grave. You will never know the test. You have buried your loved ones, but you have had your family surrounding you, friends, and a bank account to help you, but I was alone with God and my dead in the midst of a scornful, sinful crowd. I started out to turn her over to the authorities and I met a man who ran a harness shop, had a big establishment. He said, "Hold on Compton." "I haven't time," I answered. "Say, I noticed in the paper your daughter is dead." "Yes, she died." "Well, where are you going to bury her?" "I am going uptown now to see about it." He turned and followed me. "When I read last night that your only child had died, my wife and I felt so sad. I came down to the shop this morning, got the men to working and looking over the paper my heart was impressed, and I thought I'd come over to see you." I told him I appreciated his sympathy. He said, "Mr. Compton, don't be nervous. I believe God sent me over to see you. Where would you like to bury her?" "I'd like to bury her forty miles away in the graveyard where her cousins are laid, but that is out of the question. I started to see the authorities about putting her away." He went uptown, bought one of the most beautiful white caskets you ever saw, a beautiful shroud, had the undertaker fix her up, went to his church and got his preacher, and part of the choir, thirty or forty members of his church and they chartered a car the next morning at seven o'clock, and went with my child and gave her one of the sweetest Christian burials a child ever had. And the Presbyterian Church did it

for me gratis, without asking. God touched the heart of that Presbyterian elder, moved upon him and relieved me of my burden, and if I was worth a million dollars I would not have given her a better funeral. That Presbyterian elder lives in the town where I now live. He fixes the harness for my Orphanage, and often I say to him, "Brother, God has used hundreds to answer prayer, but no man was ever used to help me in a darker hour, through a deeper test than God used you." Friends, it is remarkable how God answers prayer.

People have often said to me, "Mr. Compton, how did you ever become the founder of institutions?" I suppose if one person has asked me that question, five thousand people have asked me, and I always tell them I do not know. If you ask me how my nose grew on my face, I would have to say I didn't know, but the bump is there, and that is the same way with the two institutions of which I am the founder. They grew out of my heart into my hands just like my nose grew on my face, unconsciously in the formation of my person.

One night I was conducting a meeting in the city of Ashville, where I now make my home. I had some bills printed and scattered over the town, and at the head of the bill was printed, "The poor have the Gospel preached to them. The blind, the crippled, the halt, the colored and the white all alike are free to hear the Gospel." I got great criticism for inviting the colored folks down in the South. They didn't like that. One night there was a girl knelt at the altar and she cried as though her heart would break. She asked one of the workers if she could speak to me. I asked her what was the trouble, and she said to me, "Mr. Compton, I saw one of your advertisements." "Yes, I am glad you are here," I answered. "I have been living an awful life of sin." "You are a good candidate for salvation." "Mr. Compton I am a refined girl. My mother died when I was a child, my father when I was seven, and I was sent to an Orphanage. I got along nicely until I was in school. A young man professed to love me and I believed him. He took advantage of my lonely, childish confidence and wrecked me, and when the Home found I was in the way of motherhood they drove me off. I had no home, no relatives, and I went to a house of prostitution. I have my baby in that house tonight, and I sell my body to sin to get bread for myself and baby. They tell me my mother was a Christian, that I be-

longed to good people, but my life is wrecked. Is there any hope for me?" "Yes," I said. "Jesus loves you better than your mother ever loved you. Give your heart to Jesus and He will provide a home." I went over to one of my neighbors and said, "Can you take that poor, unfortunate girl home with you tonight? She has no home." "No," she said, "I do not want that girl." I went to a dozen people, and nobody would have her, and the girl went from the altar of prayer back to vice. I went to my room that night (I had no home) and all I could think about was, "Be ye warmed and fed."

For two days I looked for a building, thinking if I could rent a house I would get some furniture somewhere and hunt up that girl. After three days I found a cottage, and when I cried to God to send me the rent, He sent me exactly a month's rent. While I was heating water to scrub the front room, two ladies went to hunt the girl, and before that water was boiling they came, carrying the baby. I want to digress so far as to say that two years ago that child graduated from High School. She is now married to a prominent business man. Her mother who was the first girl in Faith Cottage married also, a business man, and she is the mother of six other children, lawfully. Now listen folks: If anybody would have told me that that was the birth of an Institution that would shelter up to this time 750, I could not have believed it. I thought I would simply do something to get her sheltered, and have somebody else undertake it, but the more I have tried to shove it over to somebody else, the more I have had to hold it. Now it has grown to the place where we have an acre and three-quarters of land. We lived in a seventeen-room building for sixteen years. Three years ago God inspired my heart to trust Him to build a forty-room building at an expense of \$35,000, and on the first day of February, 1924, I paid the last debt on the whole thing. God sent the money in answer to prayer.

Friends, we had the testing of our lives when we commenced. I will never forget after the institution had run two years. Poverty stared us in the face. We had gone two weeks without meat in the house, and a girl was there at the time who had been in jail twenty-seven times. She was one of the most notorious in our city, had been tried for murder twice and no two policemen would go after her; when they went after her they took a crowd. God let me get hold of her through the bars, and I said to the

Judge, "Let me have Roxie." He said, "We cannot let that girl out of jail. Do you know the reputation of that woman?" "Yes, I know she is a vicious character. I know she has been tried for murder. I know she lives with 'niggers,' but Judge, you've sentenced her, the police have beat her head to a jelly. Let me have her to give Jesus a chance." "Compton," he said, "remember if you take that woman out of jail and she kills somebody you are responsible. I will suspend the sentence and turn her over to you. If she seeks to leave her home she has to come back to prison. If you cannot manage her, bring her back." That girl wasn't in the Home two months until one night at family prayers she began to sob and cry and burst out in prayer. And she hadn't prayed five minutes until God through Jesus came down and kissed away every sin and crime and act of her life and she was happy. After she had been proved for six months we took her to a street meeting and had her talk.

She was in the Home at the time we had this test. We hadn't had meat for two weeks, and she said, "God answers prayer for souls and spirits, but God doesn't answer prayer for meat. You have been praying God to send meat and food and He doesn't answer. Why don't you go out and tell the people we are all hungry for meat." I said, "Let us talk to God a little more, Roxie." "God don't pay any attention to meat," she insisted. "Let's hold on a little longer," I said. We went to the third week. "Now, Bro. Compton," she said, "I enjoy family worship until you get to 'meat.' If you will just let that out about meat I will enjoy the prayer meeting." "Roxie," I said, "everything I have ever gotten,

God has sent." One night we had a very poor supper; it wasn't nearly as much as all could have eaten, and after it was over and we were getting ready to retire, somebody knocked at the front door. The matron went and a man said, "Is this Faith Cottage? I have a package here." She called me and I went to the door. He said, "I cannot get in with it, sir." "What is it?" "Well it feels like the hindquarter of a cow." We took it to the basement and sure enough there was the hindquarter of a steer. And what did we do but make a fire in the cook stove, and we cut some steak and fried it and sang "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Six months went by and I never knew who sent it. One time I went back into Jackson County to hold a meeting and a man walked up to me and said, "Well, did you enjoy that hindquarter of meat?" "I did, but we didn't get it before we needed it." He said, "I went out three weeks before, was called to my pasture back in the mountains, and something spoke to me definitely and said, "Kill that steer and send a quarter to Compton," and I said I would. But we got busy in the store and hotel and it slipped my mind. I went back the second week, and again I was reminded, "There is that steer still living. Why don't you send Compton a hindquarter?" I went back the third week, and took a man with me, and we drove five miles to town and shipped it the same day it was butchered." Then I told him how we had prayed three weeks for that meat. You see when we first began to pray God answered, but He had a hard time getting the man to obey Him.

(Concluded in May issue)

Our First Convert in Congo

Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Leader



IN a small grass hut, hidden away among the banana groves in the north shore of Lake Kivu, Central Africa, lived a lone boy of about twenty years of age. His parents had died without having heard the story of Love, neither had he himself heard. White people had come bringing curious stories of other lands and other peoples, of strange things that had happened and of what would happen. Charms, medals and medicine had been sold to his kinsmen, and he had heard many things as to this earth and the life hereafter, but none of these had touched his heart; none had changed his life or brought peace from the spirits. No desire for a different

life had been born in his heart through these mediums. All was as black as night.

While he knew there was a God, he was entirely ignorant of a new life through the operation of the Spirit of Christ. To him, God was the one who sent the lightning, who killed people and was the ruler of spirits. Much beer, food and witch-doctor medicine must be placed at certain places at intervals according to the directions of the witch-doctor who was the mediator between him and the terrible spirit. He had learned that he must in no way displease him, but must ward off his terrible acts and mighty power by obeying the witch-doctor. How should he know of a loving God who gave His

Son to die for bad people, who loved all men and took away sickness? Why it was ridiculous that some one die for a "*mushenzi*" (heathen). The witch-doctor was a person who knew everything and he had said that God was not good; that if you displeased Him in anyway He would make you sick, take away your children or kill you.

One day the news reached him that away in the mountains—seven days away—some white people had arrived, and would stay. They wanted men to clear the land, to help build. He thought, of course, that they were just like other white men whom he knew; like the traders, wanting to get francs from the people, but he decided along with some of his friends to go there and apply for work. It would at least give him something to pay the government tax.

On the way he joined others in bringing up goats to the mountain home, and so added to his income. When asked if he wanted the work of caring for the goats his only reply was, "I want," and straightway commenced his work. When approached at intervals regarding the work he merely stuck out his lips in assent or denial. He was a boy of few words, and a conversation with him was almost an impossibility. When asked if he knew we wanted the people to hear the words and learn the ways of God, he hesitated as though declining to answer, and slowly replied, "*Nasikia*" (I understand). His total conversation was summed up in a half dozen words. In school, he appeared the dullest of the dull, never seeming to be able to tell an "a" from an "i," although he attended for several weeks. To all appearances, he was most hopeless. He stayed with us for several months until we decided to move to another part of the country. He traveled with the caravan as far as his home, where we were forced to wait awhile. While waiting he carried water for us, but though we had told him plainly where to get the water for white people and warned him against getting it anywhere else, he tried the native trick of bringing it from a nearer place. Again we warned him that a repetition of his disobedience would mean his discharge, and told him that if white people did not have good water they would become sick. Again he brought water from the wrong place and was discharged.

Some time after that he reappeared, and as we greeted him in friendly manner, he came to see us every day and appeared quite humbled. He was reinstated in his former work after he

had promised he would obey us, and later we decided to train him as our personal boy on the long safari trip that was before us. He was a very dull and slow lad, but his quiet spirit and desire to please caused us to overlook his faults, and we coveted him for God. We prayed especially for him and asked the Lord for his soul, and that He would give him a desire to go with us all the way to our future home where we could teach him more fully about God.

A very disgraceful scene took place between some white men and a native woman in the presence of the lad and he spoke of it to us, adding that he knew we didn't do such things because we were people of God but that these were bad men. We saw he was beginning to notice things in a new way and watching our lives. A word here and there as the opportunity offered held his interest.

One day we arrived at a Government Post and he was arrested for failure to produce a tax plate. He was allowed to come to us when he was found to be our personal boy, but threatened that if he failed to produce francs 12.00 he would be tied with a chain for three months, unless of course, we paid the fine. He was quite excited and hurried to us with the information. When we arrived at the official's office, the soldiers and native assistants lectured him on the consequences of our failing to pay his tax. The lad replied that we were good people and would not allow anybody to imprison him and tie him with a chain. We paid the tax and when we arrived home we told him the old, old story of Jesus having paid the price of his tying, and that He wanted him to go free and journey with Him to the place He had prepared for us. This touched the lad. More and more we told him of Jesus, and His plan for us and him.

The following Sunday as we called him into our room for prayer the Spirit of God brooded over us and we were enabled to make plain the way of Salvation and the road he would have to travel to see the One who had paid the price for his tying. With a brightness in his face we had never seen there before, he told us he wanted to give his heart and life to God. In the back room of the place called a hotel (?) with drinking and ribaldry in the next room, a black boy's heart was washed white in the blood of the Lamb, and in our spirits we knew without a doubt that another name was written in the Book of Life. "Wabiza" (he has come) came to God. Hallelujah!

He wants to stay with us to learn many words of God. It was sweet to hear him pray. He told the Lord he knew his parents had not known the words and way of God. He was so glad Bwana and Madame had arrived to tell words of God in his country. Would God take away all hunger for beer and tobacco from his stomach and put a big hunger in his heart for God's ways. He knew the things of the priests did not change hearts, but God's words and ways did. As he rose from his knees, his face shone with a new-found faith. He was so happy. We are convinced he is as definitely converted as any white person could be, and is our first convert. Please pray that he may follow hard after God.

Urgent Needs in Japan

MISS JESSIE WENGLER writes of a very blessed conference of the Pentecostal missionaries in Japan. There was a sweet spirit of unity and fellowship, strengthened by the fact that all had so recently faced death and passed through deep waters of suffering. Their hearts were filled with praise that the "angel of the Lord had encamped around about them," and that they were saved for a greater work to be done in that devastated, calamity-stricken land. She writes:

"Just as the municipal authorities of the great cities of Tokyo and Yokohama in their plans for rebuilding and reconstructing these great cities realize that a concentrated, co-operative effort of the Japanese nation as a whole, is an absolute necessity to bring Japan out of its ruins, so every missionary realizes that the church of Christ, which has suffered great spiritual cataclysms, and in awful reality is in ruins, just so we missionaries realize that a concentrated, co-operative effort, not only on the part of the missionary, but of every Japanese Christian and the Church of Christ in the homeland, is an absolute necessity to bring spiritual prosperity to this land. We who have seen the frail little Japanese house with only four pegs for a foundation, crumble and collapse with the awful undulations of the earth can readily see the need of safe foundations. Much of the spiritual work in this land has had just the same kind of foundations as the Japanese houses, only "pegs," as it were, and it does not take much of a shake of spiritual adversity or spiritual storm to cause a collapse and utter destruction. So at this time of national and spiritual crises we see an absolute need to build on that solid Rock Jesus Christ—salvation

through the blood of Christ and the outpouring of the Holy Spirit to bring men and women into an experience which will give them power to stand in the face of adversity.

"To train men and women efficiently and capable of rightly dividing the Word of Truth, it is an absolute necessity that we have a place of training where proper instruction in the Word of God can be given to young men and women. And for this training we need reinforcements. We are rejoicing in the fact that reinforcements are coming. *Reinforcements!*

What a happy word! After the great earthquake when the first vessels from the United States and other countries came bringing supplies, what a happy time of relief. And what a prayer of thanksgiving went up from thousands of hearts. And so we have something of the same feeling to know that reinforcements are coming bringing spiritual supplies for a needy people.

"One of the urgent needs is an orphanage. Miss Straub in Kobe has already established an orphanage, and now since the earthquake there are numberless little children left without mothers and fathers. If these little ones can be gathered into a Pentecostal orphanage, trained and taught in spiritual truths, should Jesus tarry it will mean some competent workers for the future church of Japan. A special building for that purpose will be needed.

"A very serious hindrance to the work in Japan is the fact that now it is impossible to get the authorized version of the Bible. A new Bible has been printed in which many of the foundational truths of the Bible have been omitted, and the reading is in every way so varied from the original that we do not wish to put it in the hands of the Japanese. At the time of the earthquake the old Bible was no longer being printed and it was then difficult to get, but now since the fire it is impossible to get it. In order to get the true version of the Bible into the hands of the people it is necessary to have a printing establishment for this and other Pentecostal literature. The Japanese are great readers and we can through the printed page reach many in this way.

"Our needs are very great, but we believe it is a time of crisis for the work of God in Japan. Japan as a nation is working with all her ability in reconstruction work, and shall we, the Church of Christ in the erection of that which is eternal, put our hands in our heads and say "The task

is too great?" Shall we fail to meet this great crisis and cause the Church of Christ to suffer defeat in this land? We are praying that you in the homeland will be impressed with these imperative needs and help us to build for eternity.

* * *

Miss Adah Winger, Caracas, Venezuela, writes of God's blessing. Five young men came to Brother Bailey recently asking for baptism, and a number of young men are crying out to God that Hebron Institute may be opened speedily. They have the vision and want to be trained for evangelistic work in the interior. The first graduate from the Girls' Institute has gone to the Island of Margarita to labor there. Mr. and Mrs. Feuerstein (Miss Winger's sister) and Miss Guilburn have just arrived in Venezuela, and are beginning the study of the language.

Among Russian Refugees in China

A blessed report comes to us from Mr. and Mrs. Surtees (Pansy Mason), Shanghai, China, of an independent faith work which God led them into after having been associated with the C. & M. A. during the past three years. During the past year they were definitely led to take up work among Russian refugees who came in ships to Shanghai. Two or three who were Christians dropped into their Chinese services. Later two of them, a gentleman, and his wife, brought them a letter asking if they were the "Baptismal Society."

When Mrs. Surtees and Miss Jewell visited them they found them in great need, especially of clothing, which they interested friends to supply. The Russians expressed their wish to learn English, and a place was secured. They started with thirty-six, which grew until three hundred registered. But in this undertaking there was only one object in the hearts of the Surtees and those who assisted them, and that was the salvation of their souls. A portion of the time was devotional, teaching them hymns, of which they learned many, Bible reading, exposition and prayer. Among the company who came were officers of all ranks, mechanics, engineers, students, carpenters, painters, clerks, farmers, etc. They opened up homes for those who were homeless and helped to house about seventy who had no place to go. They started church services on Sunday with prayer meeting and a Bible class during the week. Many of these refugees testified of their acceptance of Jesus Christ as their Savior, and while a number

have migrated to different parts, they will carry the Gospel with them. It is hoped that some will take it back to their own people in Russia.

This does not mean that they have in any wise neglected the Chinese work. Mrs. Surtees writes that the Russian work is only a sideline, though a pretty big one. Their aim is to help the Chinese to establish their own independent, self-supporting churches, although in the beginning they have to trust the Lord for them. In five months they have charge of five centers for Chinese work: (1) Kiangwan, a growing suburb of Shanghai on the Woosung Railroad; (2) Paoshan, in the home of a Chinese brother; (3) N. Shanghai, in their own home, outside the foreign settlement; (4) at Nandao, a newly rented chapel in the Shanghai native city; (5) a Cantonese church and school for poor children. This last is the outcome of assisting the school, which would have been closed, had not the Lord sent them to their need. They are teaching six Bible classes there weekly. The school has a hundred pupils, and is only hindered from further growth by lack of funds and a suitable building. Pray for this growing work by these consecrated workers. Their hands and hearts are full of teaching and preaching the blessed Word.

* * *

Pastor Fockler of Milwaukee, Wis., is in need of a young man to do office work—a stenographer who is interested in spiritual matters. One who has a call to the ministry and would like some spiritual activities in connection with office work, would be acceptable.

Brother Fockler also tells us that a Home has been given to them to be used as a Divine Healing Home, and it is now open for those who need teaching and prayer. God has used Brother Fockler in some very remarkable healings, and those who wish to avail themselves of good, clear teaching on the subject of healing and have faith built up, will find this a helpful place. For further information regarding either of these items, write to Pastor C. B. Fockler, 825 Eighth St., Milwaukee, Wis.

* * *

Mrs. M. A. Franklin, Conneaut, Ohio, writes that they have opened a Pentecostal Faith Home for those who desire to trust God for the healing of their bodies. Mrs. Franklin was herself wonderfully healed of the Lord, and for some years she and her husband have received the sick into their home and ministered to them. Now they have opened a larger place and increased their accommodations. Any afflicted one who desires their help can write to Mrs. M. A. Franklin, 769 Main St., Conneaut, Ohio.

The Seventeenth Revival Campaign of the Glad Tidings Tabernacle, 33rd St. West of 8th Ave., New York City, will be held beginning May 2nd for ten days. Two services 3 and 7:45, except Monday; one service at 7:45. Evangelists Chas. A. Shreve of Washington, D. C., and Morse H. Markley of St. Louis, Mo., will be the speakers each day during the campaign. Special music. For further information write Miss Marie Burman, Campaign Secretary, 311 W. 111th St., or the Pastor, Robt. A. Brown, 337 W. 14th St., New York City.

There will be a Pentecostal Campmeeting at Powell, Wyo., from June 15 to July 15. All Pentecostal preachers, missionaries and others passing through Montana or Wyoming, invited to attend. Powell is 80 miles from the entrance of Yellowstone National Park. Those going west on the Yellowstone trail should take the Cody route at Billings, Mont., for Powell. Those coming from the Coast should enter the Yellowstone at Gardner and come to Powell by way of Cody. Free camp ground. Those intending to visit the camp write to Mrs. C. P. Hovis, Powell, Wyo., for arrangements.

A Pentecostal Campmeeting will be held at Great Falls, Mont., D. V. Aug. 1st to Sept. 1st. Pentecostal preachers, missionaries, and others are invited to attend. Great Falls is 75 miles from the entrance of Glacier National Park. A very needy field. Those intending to visit the camp address Mrs. Joseph Bauer, 512 Fifth Ave. S., Great Falls, Mont.

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Wilbert R. Williamson
Pastor Pro Tem