



The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on the Earth

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An International Monthly Magazine

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

How to Keep on Fire for God

The Flame "Shall Never Go Out."

Wm. E. Booth-Clibborn at the Full Gospel Assembly, 1665 N. Mozart St., Chicago.



MY subject today is, "How to Keep on Fire for God." I find this is a matter of great concern among most Christians today and many do not believe that you can live on the mountain top but that oftentimes there will be valley experiences. They argue that religion is not a successful thing in the sense that it keeps you on the mountain top always. They say you will have your times of backsliding, your times of depression and sorrow, your times of darkness when you cannot find God; when you seek in vain the face of your Friend Divine—as if it were possible to ever seek God in vain.

Others favor the idea that after you have been filled with the Holy Spirit you will experience the wilderness times just as Jesus lived in the wilderness after His baptism. They warn the young converts thus, "Now look out. I know you are full of ecstasy and transport and you are wonderfully blessed of the Lord but I want to warn you that you will go thru a wilderness experience after a while," and of course the young convert expects the wilderness, and since one usually gets what one expects, he does go thru a wilderness experience.

But I do not believe this is necessary. I believe that from the time we are born again and are filled with the Spirit, it is possible for us to live a victorious life over the world, over the flesh, and over all the imposing powers of darkness on the outside. God has made provision for us to stay in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. He has ordained the experience of Christian religion so as to make it workable, successful and joyful; so that your life is hidden in Christ and Christ in God and you can live constantly in the enjoyment of the benefits provided for you on the cross. We are not living on the other side of the cross but on this side, hence we are much the more privileged than the Old Testament saints. I believe that they enjoy in a great measure the victory of the cross, but not in the same sense as we do, for they had carnal weapons; they were a natural people and were living in a natural land and their blessings seemed to be along the line of the natural. But as we have put on the new creation and our natural man is clothed upon by the spiritual man, tho our outward man perish day by day, the inward man grows continually,

and the more we yield to the spiritual life the more it grows and flourishes. As we yield to that new life which we receive thru Christ Jesus, His life is manifested thru us. The Christian life has been lived more successfully than I ever could live it; He who is acquainted with my limitations, who stooped down to my level and conquered in His body all the powers of darkness, now asks me to let Him continue His life thru me. I do not have to conquer these things. I do not have to fight the devil. God in me alone is a match for Satan and the life that I now live I live by the faith of the Son of God. I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me. That Life in my soul is not my own life and therefore in a sense it requires no effort on my part to overcome and conquer; all that is required of me is that I yield and let His life be lived in and thru me.

I believe we will have tests and times of trials, times when troubles arise on every side, but then will our Lord, whose strength is made perfect in weakness, be all the nearer to us. And in our deepest sorrow and need will the consciousness of His presence bear us up. Has He not promised never to leave nor forsake us? In these trials the life of Jesus has more opportunity to manifest itself, if we have sufficient faith.

There is no provision made in the Bible for backsliding. We have all backslidden; I backslid in the face of more light, perhaps, than many of you ever had, and sin is always worse, when viewed in the degree of light received. However there is no reason for us to think that we cannot keep on fire *all the time, for that is God's provision for us.* You say, "Oh there are all kinds of obstacles that come up against me!" I know they look like mountains but in spite of all that, *you can still keep on fire.* In the midst of afflictions and trials of every kind you can *be kept on fire.* Turn with me to Leviticus 6:8-13. I call especial attention to the 12th and 13th verses, "And the fire upon the altar shall be burning in it; *it shall not be put out;* and the priests shall burn wood on it every morning, and lay the burnt offering in order upon it; and he shall burn thereon the fat of the peace offerings. *The fire shall ever be burning upon the altar; it shall never go out.*" That is my finish and your finish; the Scripture has us.

You ask, "What is the altar?" The altar is the heart; that is the New Testament altar; that is

where all the burnt offerings are now. Your praying is an offering, your singing is an offering and so is everything you do for the Lord. "And the fire shall be burning upon the altar; *it shall never go out.*" I am afraid that many of the Pentecostal people have let the fire go out. I am glad that I belong to the Pentecostal Movement. I am not in sympathy with those who have the experience and will not call themselves Pentecostal. You say, "Oh but there is so much scandal and so much wild-fire in Pentecost!" I know that is true but remember that Jesus called Himself a Jew and He knew how sinful and full of hypocrisy they were. But He declared openly that salvation is of the Jews and He was not ashamed to be called a Jew. As far as the scandal and excesses in Pentecost are concerned I believe they are even a good sign, because only live people quarrel. The dead have no disputes. There is a unity, so-called, existing in the Christian world but it is a unity of death. Dis-unity among Christians often works as a safety valve. Nevertheless it is a dishonoring thing, it is detestable that there should be any differences and quarrels. We should not be guilty of these things, and when we get to the place as a Movement where the fire is always burning there will be love one toward the other.

But I am glad I belong to the Pentecostal Movement. I have made mistakes too and feel myself to be the least of all saints and the most miserable wretch that God ever picked out of the mire. I praise God for Pentecost and for the fire that fell when my soul was filled with the Holy Spirit. As to scandals, I can show you that they are good signs, too! In most places there is not enough fire to bring out the dirt. In my kitchen I can show you two kettles, both filled with stew; beans, onions, meat, etc. Under the one I put a fire but under the other I do not. What is the result? After a while the one begins to simmer and boil and soon a greasy substance collects and covers the surface; a greyish foam and we say, "Oh how can I ever eat that? I would rather eat the other. It looks better and doesn't have all that dirt and foam." The great difference is that there is fire under the one and not under the other, and wherever there is fire the dirt comes to the top. Just as the housewife takes the ladle and dips off the scum so God can take off the scum and dirt wherever there is heat enough to bring it to the top. There is hope where there is fire.

The question is, "How can we keep on fire?"

Come with me a minute to the tabernacle and there we will see the sacred flame. Two priests had to watch it constantly. "*It must never be put out.*" It was their duty to watch the flame which God originally started from heaven. He lit it supernaturally. I do not know how He did it; I think it tells us in the Talmud that He did it, and then they had to watch that it burned all the time. There were relays of watchers to look after it day and night, and it is said that throughout all their wanderings in the wilderness and even when they came to the land of Canaan and established themselves, that same original flame was never allowed to go out. It was watched more jealously than anything else. And it is also said that the reason God did not accept them after the restoration from the Captivity was because they had lost the original flame of holy fire. I believe that God would have accepted them if they had repented and sought Him to start it again, but they looked upon that outward sign as the reason for God rejecting them.

However that may be, we get the truth from this wonderful Scripture that the holy flame should never go out. Everything was lit by that original flame; the censers and the tapers which lit up the building were all lit from that flame. All the sacrifices were kindled by means of it. God was so jealous about it that one day when two men, Dathan and Abiram, took it upon themselves to burn strange fire, disregarding the sacred flame, He slew them. God taught them the lesson that the only fire that was pleasing to Him was that which He kindled.

A wonderful truth is contained in this for us. When God baptized us He dedicated us to real active work in His tabernacle; He stooped down and lit the original flame and then He committed to us the trust of watching that sacred flame so that it would never go out. I feel this is where most of us have failed. I thought because I was filled, the fire would nevermore go out whether I watched it or not. I never examined my heart to see whether the fire still burned. I got indifferent and sometimes the flame has almost gone out, and, I am sorry to say, in thousands it has died out altogether. When you are filled it is important that everything you do, whether it be praying, singing, or reading the Bible, whatever you do in the worship of God is lit from that original flame. Unless it is done in the Holy Ghost it will not be accepted of Him. If you sing, sing in the Holy Ghost, if you preach it must be done under the anointing of the Spirit.

That flame is in your heart and you are the priest over the tabernacle. You are to see to it that the flame is burning continually. Oh it is so much easier to pray in the Spirit and when you sing with the original flame, it is so much sweeter! You not only hear the singing but you feel it. The same with the preaching. You feel it because there is fire in it. I am not supposed to explain it or understand it but to believe it with all my heart and I do believe it.

The point wherein we have failed is that we have not watched that flame with priestly jealousy to see that it does not go out in the cathedral that He has made of our hearts. That is God's temple, surrounded by the outward tabernacle, our bodies. What is the trouble with the church today? I include the Pentecostal church in that expression for they too can lose the sacred flame. Many of them all over the country are dry and have no power. And of all the people that get dead, the Pentecostal people get deader than any other, without God, because they have nothing to fall back upon. The other churches can fall back upon their fine choirs and good preachers. But you see we are such a "crazy-quilt" made up of people gathered from all the ends of the earth, such a peculiar people, poor and ignorant and foolish and ~~nothing~~ at all in ourselves, that if we come together without any flame we are dead indeed. Our nakedness is so much the more apparent because we cannot fall back upon the natural. But what God detests is that the worshipping is kindled by a strange fire, such as human intellect and wonderful preaching, beautiful architecture and talented singing. The natural man and the natural talent is not pleasing in God's sight and it is only when our singing and our preaching are kindled from the original flame that they are acceptable to Him.

Now I want to bring out another truth. One day I was in St. Louis and while there I received a call to become pastor of a certain church in St. Paul. I sent word that I didn't know God's will in the matter but would come up for a convention. So I went and we had a wonderful time. When I was asked again to take the pastorate I felt after prayer there was nothing to hinder or stand in the way so I accepted the call. I was not married at that time. I began to pastor these people and they proved to be a fine congregation and we had quite a revival.

It was summer when I accepted this charge but the winter was now coming on and I was made to understand that I was hired not only as

a preacher but also to be janitor. In spite of all my pleadings that they hire a man for janitor, they insisted that I must do the work as they were too poor to hire another man. They said I had to keep them warm both spiritually and physically. So I had to be a preacher-janitor. My trouble started when I looked at that horrible furnace; it looked like an octopus and to me it seemed like a dreadful problem to run it. I didn't know a thing about taking care of a furnace but I started in at the job and they encouraged me by patting me on the back and saying, "You are doing fine. Just see that you put plenty of coal into it." It was hard to learn the "ins" and "outs" and time after time I had to pray for grace to run that furnace. I begged them to get a janitor but they kept saying they couldn't afford one, that I was running it all right. The building had rooms above the mission which were rented out and included in these was the pastor's apartment so of course if I didn't look after that furnace properly I would freeze myself out. But I wasn't cut out to be janitor and I rebelled. I started to shovel the coal and kept the thing choked up with coal till people said it was too hot, and then after a while they complained that it was too cold.

I said I was sure that I was putting in plenty of coal and then they told me it didn't consist only in putting in plenty of coal. The brethren went down to see where the trouble lay and when they looked in they said, "Why, just look at the ashes!" I told them I had removed about a bucketful of ashes every morning but they said, "Why you ought to be taking out five bucketfuls instead of only one." They told me it was dangerous to have the thing choked up with ashes and then they pointed to a thing hanging on the wall. It was a funny looking affair and I had often wondered what its use was. One fellow took it and began to clean out the furnace real good and before long I had six bucketfuls of ashes to carry out. "Now," he said, "you have to see that this does not collect anymore. Use this poker often to clean out all the ashes." It meant hard work and no matter how hard I tried I couldn't keep my clothes clean. I used to put paper on the floor and I always wore overalls for I had to get down low to clean the thing out good. Oh this ash-removing business! Many a fire goes out because people will not humble themselves, and remove the ashes. They have allowed the ashes to collect; sins unconfessed and unforgiven which cause the fire to go out. We found when the ashes had been removed from the furnace that

the grate had been bent because the ashes below and the ashes above had gotten it red-hot and warped it. The new grate cost them \$68.00 but when I again begged them to get a janitor they insisted that I had to learn how to work it. Many of us will remove part of the ashes but we neglect to do away with all of them. We hold back from speaking out to God all that has taken place in our lives which hinders our spiritual growth. May God help us to remove all the ashes.

After a while there was a complaint that the tabernacle and even the rooms upstairs were getting terribly dirty. "Are you dusting?" they asked, and I said, "I surely am. I have often wondered what is causing all the dirt." A brother came down to see what the trouble was. He said to me, "How do you remove the ashes? Do you use the hose before removing them?" I said, "Of course not. I don't know what you mean." "Well no wonder. That thin dust scatters everywhere and you are ruining the looks of the place." He showed me the hose hanging on the wall, and that I must turn on the water before the ashes were removed, this had to be done in the morning when the fire was low. I didn't know what he meant by the fire being low in the morning but I watched him as he showed me how to sprinkle the ashes. Oh yes, we remove the ashes but we don't wet them. We don't weep over our sins. You need a little more water. Your heart is too hard. You will have to humble yourself a bit and weep a little more. There is need of more mellowness in our lives and I find that if we are broken up and contrite of heart, others will feel the reality of our confession and the reality of our religion.

I hated that furnace job and resigned, but they wouldn't accept my resignation as janitor, so I had to continue to do the best I could. But still there were complaints. I worked hard at it and I guess it was the first time in my experience that I ever wore overalls. It was humble work to watch that furnace. It is humbling work to watch the fire constantly; you have to wear overalls to remove the ashes. The priest had to wear a different attire when he removed the ashes. Then when he had finished that, he dressed himself in his priestly attire again and served at the altar. Many of us when we remove the ashes become careless. We pride ourselves on our Christianity. We don't weep or lament over our wretched condition, our carelessness and prayerlessness. We remove the ashes just like I did and therefore we cause a great deal of dust to scatter. We must use plenty of water, plenty of tears.

However, after I learned the hose trick which I found very convenient, there was still trouble about the fire, so they asked another brother to show me where the trouble could be. I had removed all the ashes and was using plenty of coal and there were new grates in but still there was no heat. I went downstairs with the brother and finally he asked me, "Do you ever clean the flues?" I said, "What are the flues?" "Don't you know what the flues are?" "No, of course I don't. I don't know anything about this furnace and you had better get another man to take care of it." Then he pointed to the little doors up high which I had been wondering about. He opened them and showed me six inches of soot and dirt which had collected because I had failed to clean out the flues. The brother explained to me how the flame came up the flues. He said, "When the flame cannot get at the iron because of the dirt, then of course you are wasting all your coal. You must clean out these flues. Bring me the flue brush," pointing to a brush which I had noticed but had never known its use. He used that brush and we took out three or four bucketfuls of that stuff.

Do you know why the fire on the altar of your heart doesn't burn and you are wasting energy? Because you load your mind up with all sorts of cheap reading material that clogs up the flues and they need to be cleaned out. We need to be transformed by the renewing of our minds. Many of us have dirty minds. We have soiled ideas; we read soiled literature, novels and such things, and then we wonder why we haven't any fire. Take the flue brush and let God clean you up.

In spite of all the lessons I had learned there was still trouble. I used to get up at four o'clock in the morning and as our meetings always lasted until late at night, I got very little sleep. I was losing my patience and felt more rebellious than ever. I called up the same brother and told him my predicament. He came and I watched him fire; he told me that I had too much draught. "Don't you know that too much draught will kill any fire?" As soon as he said that I saw a truth. "*Too much draught,*" I repeated. *Too much talking will put out the fire in your heart. The mouth is open too wide. Many Pentecostal people get blessed and then they talk and talk till the blessing is all talked away. Too much draught will kill the fire of God.*

Finally he arranged with me to come the next morning and asked me what time I got up. I told him at four o'clock. He laughed and said

that he could get steam up in five minutes at the most. "Well," I said, "You come along; I want to see how you can get up steam in such a short time." The next morning he came at six o'clock with his overalls on and we went down to the basement together. I said, "Now show me how you can get steam started in five minutes, as you say." He looked at the furnace surprised, and said, "Where is your fire?" I said, "There is no fire. It hasn't been started yet." "Well, no wonder it takes you two hours to get the steam up. Don't you bank it at night?" "Bank it? I don't know what you mean. Tell me what you mean by banking the fire." He said, "You have to pile it all up and then cover it over with ashes. Then in the morning you take this instrument and rake it over the coals like this, and in a few minutes your steam will be up. You must be sure to bank it the last thing at night. It's no wonder that you have used all the paper and wood. And I wondered why you were using so much coal." I couldn't see how keeping a fire going all night would be a saving of coal; I thought it was a waste of coal, but I asked him to teach me how to bank a fire.

Bank your fire the last thing at night if you want steam quickly in the morning. Oh, so many fail here! We go to bed just like an animal or a drunkard and never think of praising the Lord for the day He has given us, and for all the blessings bestowed.

Ah! should we kneel and pray earnestly for the coming day and its needs and the night to be blest by God's presence and power, then even in our dreams God could speak to us. And what a difference it would make in the morning. How soon would the fire burn and what a blessed, heartfelt glow of glory would accompany us the whole day thru!

That night I carefully fixed the fire according to all the instructions I had received, and I could hardly wait till morning came. I got two hours' extra sleep; then I went down, scattered the pile and eagerly watched to see if it would work. It did work and in five minutes I had steam. I had solved the problem. I could now get the flats above heated up before the people left for work; before that they always went away while the place was still cold. I thought, "No wonder it has been so hard." It is hard to keep a fire going when you don't know how. It is hard to keep it going when you don't watch it.

Even after that I had to call up the brother to explain to me why the furnace didn't burn right and when he looked in, he said, "You have too many clinkers. These are rocks that have formed from the little pieces of unburnt coal." Say, friends, I believe that is the reason for many of your fires not burning—there are too many clinkers. They won't burn. Stubbornness and an unforgiving spirit; something that God has pointed out to you time and time again. Perhaps it is a love of money or a love for clothes or jewelry which results in a hard clinker, and no matter how much coal you pile on, you will not have a good fire because it just sits there and clogs up the fire pot.

We got all the clinkers out and then the grate was clear, and from that day on, I knew how to run a furnace. I got to be an expert janitor both spiritually and naturally, and today I thank God that I ever had that experience. I used to pray that the Lord would send along a janitor, for I did so despise that job, but He never answered my prayer. I know now that He was teaching me a lesson, for I know much better how to keep the fire in my heart burning brightly; how to watch over it with a priestly jealousy.

The Working of God's Spirit in Poland

Earthly Strippings Tend to Godliness

Gustave Schmidt in The Stone Church, March 14, 1926.



I WANT to read a verse from the 1st chapter of First Corinthians where Paul says, "But we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling block, and unto the Greeks foolishness." When the Lord has burned His love and His grace into our hearts then we have a great desire to tell others about Jesus the crucified. People are hungry for the Gospel to-

day; the world is longing and looking for a Savior and especially have we found this true in Poland. I remember that when we were here four and a half years ago I spoke about the historical development of the Gospel of Christ in Russia, how the Lord had shaped the destiny of Russia, and now after these years of looking on the fields and the needs of Russia it is wonderful to see how marvelously the Lord has visited that land in the years since the war.

I haven't time now to speak about the development but I want to tell you something of that which we have experienced. It is wonderful to see how the Lord, through the wrath of man, has caused things to be so shaped that the Russians are more ready to receive the Gospel than ever before; and they have more spiritual power to withstand the persecution of the enemies of Christ than ever was known in the past. Today they not only believe in the church but they believe in a living Christ whose power they have experienced, whose blood has washed away their sins and who has helped them in their troubles. It is the same in Poland which was a part of Russia before the war. Poland has endured even more suffering and hardship than Russia because the great World War first waged there and as the Russians retreated they burned the villages and plundered the possessions. The soldiers said they didn't want to leave any comforts for the enemies behind so they pillaged and burned everything and the sight was terrible. In the evening the whole horizon seemed to be on fire as village after village was being burned and of course this left Poland in a terrible plight. The German colonies had been entirely burned and the Germans themselves had been driven away. When they returned after the war they found nothing but ruins.

We found that those who before the war had had no time to seek God, now in their misery and awful privations were more than willing, and the Lord visited them in a marvelous way. The fire of God came down upon them and although they never came in contact with any Pentecostal brethren, the Holy Spirit moved upon them even as in Pentecostal meetings. The people were very ignorant of the things of God and were not acquainted with His workings but God met them just the same. In one place where we visited they told us that the brother who was leading a meeting observed a few people "shaking" and he was much interested and wondered what it was. He began to pray that nothing strange should happen and while he was praying, someone fell from the chair. This caused him to be much frightened and he prayed more intensely and said, "Lord, protect us from any evil power," but while he was praying he himself began to sway and soon fell down from the chair and only after three hours did he come to himself. He was very much bewildered and asked where he was. They said, "You have done all kinds of things; you have been shouting and weeping and

praying and you spoke in a way which we didn't understand." It was the Holy Spirit speaking through him, and in quite a few places the Lord poured out His Spirit in that way.

When we came to Poland the second time we brought with us a great supply of old clothing for the poor, and we certainly had wonderful experiences with those clothes. I think we had about twenty tons and I want to say that the railroad companies shipped them free of charge and also the Steamship Company, which meant a saving of about \$500.00 in the transportation.

We praised the Lord for that saving. I haven't time to picture the terrible poverty of those people. Some of them were once wealthy; one brother, for instance, had saved for twenty years and had accumulated over fifty thousand dollars but during the war he saw it going down to nothing until one day he went to the bank to get his money out and found he had just enough to buy a suit of clothes for himself and a dress for his daughter. Many of them didn't have enough to buy a piece of bread, so you can readily see that conditions were appalling. Oh, what a time we had with those clothes! We have dried many a tear and clothed many a cold one, and I wish you could have witnessed the scenes when we gave them out. But of course they were finally exhausted and *then* it was that our hearts ached for the people. We received an official letter thanking us for giving clothes to four thousand people; in all we have given clothes to about eleven thousand. Some people walked for miles and miles to get to our place for some clothing and when there was no more they could not grasp the thought that we would send them away without giving them anything. Mothers brought their children and pleaded and came again and again. Finally one would say, "Just give my child something. Don't bother about me, just so my child can have some sort of a piece." One time my wife took my best suit of clothing and gave it away, but the Lord provided in a wonderful way and He looks ahead. It takes a package six or seven weeks to reach Poland, but the very next week after she had given away my suit, a package came containing two suits and one fitted me very nicely.

When we returned from any trip there was always a flock of children waiting for us at the Railroad Station. Somehow the word always got around that we were coming and those children would wait for hours and then would flock around my wife. I was more severe when I

knew we didn't have anything to give but they were never satisfied until they heard it from my wife, and many times she found a way. My wife often went around to visit in the homes; some were elegant houses but every piece of furniture had been sold, one after the other, in order to buy food. We found homes where there was absolutely no furniture and the people were lying on a pile of rags. After we had looked upon such sights of poverty and came home to sit down to eat, somehow we couldn't eat a thing. It almost choked us. All the poor people were always directed to our doors for they had the idea that an American is always wealthy and they cannot realize that there are any poor people in America today. Indeed, we wonder if there are, when we think of conditions over there. So this was a blessed work and many accepted Christ because we were able to comfort them by giving some clothing; many a poor sufferer has gone away with a thankful heart to Jesus Christ and to those who opened their hearts and sent clothes, and today they are still thanking you in America for this.

It was no doubt because we had gained the confidence of the people, that the Catholic priest got jealous and stirred up, for one day while we were sorting old clothes, two policemen came into the room. They asked, "Are these the clothes to be given out?" When I said "Yes," they said, "Well, these goods by the order of the Chief of Police, are confiscated and you are ordered to appear before him." They took me right along with them, and when I came before him he treated me like a criminal and accused me of being a spy and doing secret service work for my country. I knew of a police captain of the Polish forces who had been arrested on the same charges and he had been treated like a terrible criminal and sent to prison for six months. He was then found to be not guilty and was given back his position but he had suffered much in those six months. That is what the devil wanted to do with me. After a conversation with the Chief of Police he began to be frightened and let me go. The same two policemen brought me back home. Then the Chief of Police became one of our good friends. They had even sent detectives to see what we were doing but they couldn't find anything wrong so they were convinced that we were godly people and after that even though complaints came in from other cities, they never took any reports seriously.

We often took journeys to other cities but these

were very hard on us. Travelling here cannot be compared with that in Poland for you have marvelous comforts and palaces to travel in. When we start for a journey we go to the station about two hours ahead so as to be one of the first to rush into the car. The trains have little compartments with wooden benches and if you were so fortunate as to get a seat, it had to be kept throughout the journey, for the minute you left it, someone else would take it and you would have to stand the rest of the way. We have stood for twelve, fifteen and even twenty hours sometimes. The space between the benches was also packed. You cannot get a drink of water on those trains, not to speak of washing your hands, so we were almost black when we arrived at our destination. There we would find a farmer waiting for us with his wagon to take us the rest of the journey which took two and three hours for most of the villages are far from the railroad. Then when we arrive the people never think of our being tired. They have lived all their lives in the village and don't know what it means to travel. They think a missionary has a fine time and you don't dare to say you are tired. They entertain you all the time and would think you were impolite if you asked to be excused because you wanted to be alone. Of course there is no room you can have for yourself; you are right with the family so you cannot say, "Please excuse me. I would like to be alone." They are very kind and would do anything for the missionary but they live in such small quarters and in such poverty.

When the word gets around that a meeting is to be held, the people come and wait for hours. One time we arrived quite late for we had had a long journey, but they hurried us on and the man said, "Now hurry up, just wash your hands a little and take a cup of tea. The people have been waiting for two hours for you." I thought at first that it was awfully hard but we began the meeting and when the people commenced to sing and cry to God and weep for salvation, we forgot how tired we were, we forgot all about ourselves in thinking of these precious souls. You cannot have a meeting for only an hour and a half there; if you tried to have a meeting there like you do in America the people would be almost speechless and would think the missionary was awfully lazy. Many times when we close after three hours the people just sit and look at us. I look at my wife and she looks at me and then finally we start another song. After that we

look at each other again and then we sing another song and pretty soon I start preaching to them again. The people walk many miles to attend a meeting and when they get there they want to get as much as possible.

Oh, it is blessed to see the hunger these people have for the Gospel! One man who had been very rich showed us his farms, and said, "Before the war when everything was easy I wouldn't have walked a hundred steps to go to a Gospel meeting but today I am willing to walk forty and fifty miles to get into one. I was very rich before the war; afterwards I lost everything but I found Christ." Oh, what a wonderful change God has worked in the hearts of those people through their suffering! Thru the severe judgments God has opened the hearts of the people. The Greek Catholics had been very sincere but the Lutherans in Poland had become indifferent, they didn't care about church or anything pertaining to the Gospel, but through the judgments, through the years of the war, God has worked on their hearts and today many thousands of these Lutherans have accepted Christ and are praising Him for salvation.

We had marvelous meetings in the summer time, but in the winter it was hard to find a large enough place and the people's great concern was that the meeting should be made known too much and then there wouldn't be room for them. But in the summer it is very easy to get a crowd. Although they have no telegraphic or postal service, they know how to spread the announcements and they just write a letter on a piece of paper saying that on a certain night there will be a meeting. This letter is taken to a neighbor's house and that neighbor takes it to the next and so on, till in a short time that letter has been passed around to all the villages.

Sometimes the devil takes advantage of this. In one village a man who got the word thought we were false prophets so he wrote another letter saying, "I make it known that anyone who goes to this meeting held by these false prophets will be punished." Although he forbid them to go, they didn't heed the message and many came just out of curiosity to see this American against whom they had spoken so terribly. In one village four men were in a saloon discussing the great events in their neighborhood and one said, "There are false prophets in a certain place. They have deceived a number already and many have left the true faith." One of the men who had listened said, "False prophets! I have never seen

one and would like to go and see what he looks like." He came and sat near the door to be ready to run out if anything should happen. I preached that night on the power of sin and the power of salvation, how sin will drag a human being down into the very depths of misery; then I showed the possibilities in Jesus Christ, how He loves the poor sinner and lifts him out of his sin and misery. The man began to think, "False prophet or no false prophet, this man is telling the truth. I know I have terrible sins and it seems I am chained so that I cannot get rid of them. If God is Almighty He surely ought to be able to break these chains and free me. Our pastor never told us anything like that." And before the meeting closed he decided to try this thing out. He didn't want anything from the false prophet but he wanted God. When I gave the call he came forward with a number of others and as he knelt I came to speak to him. At first he was very shy but soon his heart melted and he cried out to God. The Lord heard the cry of that sinner and took him out of his horrible pit and into His own presence. He changed his opinion of the false prophet.

In other places they tried to do us harm. In one place fifty men came with the intention of beating us up and putting us out of business. As I was preaching the leader of this band came inside the door and then he suddenly stopped short. The Lord must have put a fear in his heart and he couldn't come any farther. The plan was that the leader should come in and start a quarrel with me, then the others were to come and beat us up. The men outside began to get impatient and came into the building but the Lord cast a fear over them and they pushed each other out and disappeared in the darkness. The son of the man in whose house we held the meeting had known of these plans but did not say anything as he was quite pleased that these false teachers were to be taught a lesson not to be so bold hereafter. But when he saw how God worked he thought there must be something supernatural in the meeting and the Lord began to work in his heart. Something told him that he was fighting against God and he was so restless he could neither eat nor sleep. Finally he got into such misery that he broke down and gave his heart to Jesus and became a real child of God. We just had a letter from him pleading for a chance to go to Bible School for some training. How I wish we had a Bible School in Poland to train about fifty pupils! They would be wonderfully used

of the Lord. There must be a Bible school where the people can be trained or the work will be very much hindered.

I want to tell you of a local work which we have in Poland in a city of about seventy thousand population. A number of God's children had been crying to God to send them someone who could lead them on in the Lord for they felt there was something more to be had. They didn't have victory in their lives and they began to be dissatisfied with their home church. They began to have prayer meetings but the pastor stopped them. Their hunger deepened and somehow they prayed until the crisis came and forty-nine members left the church because they were not free to seek the Lord. They had never come in contact with Pentecost but one day the Lord sent us over there and we preached in several of the churches. Then these people invited us to their place and we ministered unto them. Today we have about one hundred true children of God in that place; this number is comparatively small but it is due to the fact that we have no place of worship. We have a little hall that seats about eighty but it has been so packed that we have gotten in two hundred people. If we had a hall in the center of the city we could have an attendance of seven or eight hundred people at any time.

We also have a number of small branches where Pentecostal missions have been established and we have a number of young people who are very anxious to do the will of the Lord. Sometimes when we had meetings on Sunday afternoon from four to eight o'clock the young people would complain that I didn't give them enough time to pray. Many of them walked long distances home because they didn't have money to ride but they gladly did this. One time one of the young men who didn't have anything to put into the offering wrote on a slip of paper, "I have no offering but I give myself as an offering to Jesus." Wasn't that a wonderful offering! I have never had one so precious before. After that we observed him very much and found that he was ready and qualified for a place in the ministry so finally we took the step of faith and bought his outfit and sent him to London to be trained in a Bible School. Two days before he left, a letter from London arrived saying that a sister had felt impressed to pay board for a student for a year and we told her we felt the Lord meant it for this student. That was a wonderful answer to prayer for the Lord knew we couldn't send money from Poland. We hear that he is one of the best students in

the school and he will be a wonderful help in the work in years to come if the Lord tarries.

We have also undertaken the support of another brother in the Assembly. He worked eleven hours a day in the factory, receiving for this \$30.00 a month. In Poland food is about as expensive as it is in America and shoes and clothes are twice as high, so these people were not able to buy any clothing. Many of our people do not have one square meal a day but this never lessens their happiness in the prayer meetings, and we very seldom heard any complaint in their prayers. They wanted God to work in their lives and were concerned about spiritual blessings rather than the physical blessings. This man whom we are supporting was wonderfully prepared of the Lord. As we prayed for laborers for the harvest the Lord impressed us more and more that we should take this brother out of the factory. We felt we couldn't support him as we had to look to the Lord for our own support, but the Lord didn't excuse us so easily and He kept reminding us of this brother until we said, "Yes," to the Lord. When I asked him if he had a real call to the ministry he told me of wonderful experiences he had had with the Lord. He had visions and had a great burden on his heart for lost souls. For many a week he had prayed that the Lord would somehow enable him to step out of the factory so that he could devote his whole life to the work. When we told him that we were going to take him out and trust the Lord for his support he wept and shouted, he was so happy. I will never forget the precious hour when I took Brother Young out to the forest and there under a tree, dedicated him to the Lord's service. The presence of the Lord was so marvelous that I could never describe how precious that hour was. The day came when his support was due; we wanted to give him at least \$28.00 or \$30.00, as much as he had been getting in the factory, but no special money seemed to come in and we had just enough to carry us thru. So we were much concerned for we thought he would be so disappointed if right at the start the support failed to come. But when the day came that we were to give him the money, two letters came, one from America and one from England. In the first were \$15.00 and in the other were five pounds, which made more than sufficient to pay his support. It takes a letter four or five weeks to come from America but the Lord knew how to direct matters so as to get that letter there just in time. He never disappoints us if we keep in His will.

Since then we have sent two students to Berlin and one is in Springfield, Missouri. And now two girls are going to London from our assembly so we will have seven students in the various schools. The Lord is wonderfully using the brother whom we took out of the factory. He recently wrote of a journey he took in the different villages for two weeks and during those two weeks one hundred people were saved. I have thought many times how terrible it would be had we failed to obey God for then he would still be in the factory, and these souls would still be in darkness. Do you see how much depends upon our faithfulness, and upon your faithfulness? It isn't whether we are big preachers or not, but just whether we are faithful. If we are faithful wonderful things will take place in China, India and in Russia, and when we shall stand before Him it will not be in remorse or in shame because we have failed to speak to souls whom He wanted us to help. Many times since the Lord has saved me I have prayed, "Oh Lord, make me faithful to the limit, that every soul whom Thou dost want me to reach, will be brought to a knowledge of Christ."

Pray especially that the Lord will send forth laborers. We need fifty workers to take care of these various groups of God's children. We could open hundreds of more places if we had the workers. Let us pray that the Lord will do a special thing for Russia until His work shall be accomplished.

Making Deposits in the Bank of Heaven

Mrs. Gustave Smith.

YOU know in these last four and a half years I have been seen so much misery and so much poverty that it makes me feel like just a little bit of a human being. Before my salvation I was very proud and big in myself but God has changed me and I stand before you a new creature in Christ Jesus. What I am, Jesus made me. Sometimes I think, Is this really myself? Am I the girl who never thought of putting hands in dish water or doing any kind of work? I used to spend my time in using paint and powder for I wasn't satisfied with the image the Lord had given me.

I want to say to the young people, be thankful if you have a praying mother or father. I often wish I could have my mother just two minutes to say, "Mother, forgive me for all the tears I caused you to shed. Thank you for all the prayers you sent up for me." Jesus does satisfy. I had

everything this world could give and money could buy; the night I was saved I had eighteen large diamonds on my fingers. I was dressed up to the minute of fashion. I travelled with six big trunks, but praise God, these hands that were covered with diamonds have learned to wash and scrub, have learned to do all sorts of menial work. I have gone to many homes and cleaned up and when I have gone to the sick and the poverty stricken, I often say, "Oh God I thank You for giving me the honor to help Thy little ones." To me it is an honor for God to use me.

One day I came near a Polish house and outside stood a little girl crying, so I said, "Little daughter, why are you crying?" and she said it was because she was hungry. I really didn't have to ask her for her cheeks were so thin as she stood there freezing. I said, "Where is your mother?" "My mother is sick." "Where is your father?" "He is out looking for work." I asked her to come into the house with me and we went in. I want you to go with me into that room. It was terribly cold and they had sold piece after piece of furniture for food till nothing was left; the children were barefooted and half naked and the little boy two years old had a piece of wood in his hand chewing it. In the corner I saw something on a bundle of rags so I went over and there I saw the mother of the children. I thought at first she was dead. She had a little baby just a few days' old, nursing the blood of the mother. The mother was starving to death. I knew God had sent me there and it didn't take me long to clean up, tho I had to pray that the Lord would help me for my stomach was just about upset. Then I ran home and we took my bed and brought it there for the woman and we brought them food to eat. After that I felt I was the happiest woman in the world.

One bitter cold morning I was out on the street. I had my shoes and stockings on and also rubbers. I also had on my winter coat but was still very cold. I saw a lady coming toward me who had nothing but rags on her bare feet. I could see nothing else and it didn't take me five minutes to take my shoes and stockings off, and give them to her. She knelt down and kissed the snow I walked on. I put my rubbers on and ran home praying that the Lord would not let me take cold and He didn't.

We have gone many a day eating black bread and water but you know, it tasted real good and we thanked God for it. If you people have noth-

(Continued on page 22)

The Latter Rain Evangel

Published Monthly on the Fifteenth by
The Evangel Publishing House
162 W. 74th St., Chicago

Subscription Price

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

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

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Notes

A Call to Prayer

He prayed, shall we not pray?
The Man of Sorrow prayed,
With anguish heart and bloody sweat
The price for us He paid.

He prayed, shall we not pray?
Do we need prayer the less?
Shall we who follow in His steps
Fail Him here to confess?

He prayed, shall we not pray?
The Man of Sorrow prayed,
And now in heaven He prayeth still
Although in light arrayed.

He prayed, then let us pray
And to His heart-throbs thrill,
For only thus can we achieve—
His purposes fulfill.

—B. Surtees.

Coming Convention

The Eighteenth Annual Convention of The Stone Church will be held May 23 -June 6. Owing to the already overcrowded condition of the church, the probabilities are that the main meetings will be held in Normal Hall, one block north (69th and Stewart).

The blessing of the Lord is on the church and His Spirit is being manifested in our midst. Since the beginning of the year, forty have been baptized in water, and there is a steady growth among us. A number of marked healings have also recently taken place. We are expecting a number of God's ministers and missionaries to be with us. Plan to attend this meeting with the people of God.

* * *

A SISTER in The Stone Church asked for an anointed handkerchief for a cousin in Bristol, England, who had paralysis of the face. She said she was hideous to look at. She was a book-

keeper but was obliged to stay at home because of her disfigured face; attended the different watering places, but all to no avail. She prepared herself for healing, read the Scriptures and prayed, and as she retired she laid the anointed cloth on her face and eye that had given her so much trouble, in the name of the Lord, and in the morning she was fully restored.

* * *

A precious sister who has sent us 55 subscription for The Evangel, compared the territory she canvassed for these to a garden. She writes, "As one goes out for the first picking of beans, for instance, it is easy to gather them, but when this process is repeated four or five times, it requires more time to search for them; but choice beans can still be found. That has been my experience in searching for readers for *The Latter Rain Evangel*." This sister was healed while reading the paper, and shows her gratitude to God in this way.

* * *

Another interesting item comes to us from a new subscriber. She had been praying for three long weeks about a matter that greatly troubled her. Sick in body and spirit, she agonized that God would enlighten her. One day a woman handed her an old copy of The Latter Rain Evangel which contained just the article she needed to help her.

Pass on your old copies prayerfully. There is always something in each number to fit some one's needs. Be a channel of blessing to your friends and neighbors.

In Loving Memory

SCARCELY a month rolls by that we do not find it our sad duty to record that a Christian soldier has fallen in the battlefield. Just as the March paper was being made up, there came the startling cable that Mrs. Margaret Cantel, of London, England, had passed away on March 5th. We subsequently learned that she was taken ill on Feb. 28th with acute bronchitis. Prayer was offered for her unceasingly, but not until the day she passed away did the friends realize that her condition was critical. She peacefully entered into rest at 8:30 P. M.

The Missionary Home at 73 Highbury New Park, was established by Mrs. Cantel on the death of her husband in 1910, and it has been the means of blessing to thousands. The missionary en route to Africa and India, and other mission fields, being obliged to pass thru England, has looked upon this Home as a spiritual oasis, and

rejoiced in being able to break the journey and attend to necessary matters in such a spiritual atmosphere.

No one who knew the sacrificial life of our departed sister, as she spent it ministering to God's servants, would wonder that that life went out at the age of 49 years. The heavy responsibilities that continually pressed upon her, the meetings in the Home, the daily looking after the needs of the missionaries coming and going from their various fields (for they always found her a willing pilot), praying for the sick and afflicted who found her Home a place of deliverance, fasting that the demon-possessed might be delivered (and they were delivered) — these burdens all told on the temple of clay; and God said, "It is enough."

Just one instance comes to us of her devotion and love: "Take me in and put me to bed," said a returning missionary suffering with fever, who rang the bell early one morning. The missionary's parents lived in England, but they would have insisted on her having a physician, and so the missionary flew to this atmosphere of faith and prayer, and she was nursed back to health.

Because she was a succorer of many, she was greatly beloved. As we visited with her in England and Scotland in the summer of 1922, we found her name and her Home were household words. An aged saint, whose daughter had been marvelously delivered from demon-possession in that Missionary Home, told us that she never failed to pray daily for Mrs. Cantel and everyone who passed up and down those consecrated steps.

When her aged parents, Bro. and Sis. Fielden, living on this side the water, received the news of her home-going, they bravely said, "God makes no mistakes." How restful to know that! How it takes the sting out of a sorrow that is too deep for words! As one was mourning over what seemed an untimely death of a man of God, the Lord sweetly said to her, "I have taken him from the evil to come." So, while there is great sadness when those are taken whose places cannot easily be filled, we can rejoice that they are taken from "the evil that is to come."

Our sympathies go out to her precious son, Francis, just seventeen, so deeply bereft. His love for his mother was very marked, and we ask our readers to pray that God will comfort his heart. We also ask prayer for dear Miss Grunberg and Miss Kingston, Mrs. Cantel's faithful helpers, who have been unceasing in their labors of love. May God raise up someone to carry on that important work.

A Warrior Fallen

LETTERS from our missionaries in India are filled with sorrow as they record the death of Herbert H. Cox on Feb. 5th. He and his family were out in camp, thirty-eight miles from his station, Lakimpur. There was small-pox in the near-by village and he was taken violently ill so that he could not be brought back to the station. They telegraphed to Bro. Waggoner, but ere he reached the camp Bro. Cox had gone to be with the Lord.

He and his family were booked to sail for the States in March; he was in much need of a furlough, but was taking a final tour to give out the Gospel before leaving India. He died in the harness, witnessing to those who had never heard with his latest breath. Doubtless in the day of rewards there will be precious souls who first heard the Gospel message on his last earthly pilgrimage. His was the "corn of wheat" which fell into the ground and died for India's millions, and "much fruit" will be the result of his laid down life.

This was Bro. Cox's second term in India, going first under the C. & M. A. in 1910. He spent several years in the States before going out again, during that time holding a most blessed pastorate in Zion City, Illinois. He went back to India in 1919, with the full Pentecostal message, and in 1922 opened up the work in Lakimpur.

Not only the missionaries in India but a large fellowship in America and many countries mourn his death. God called him from the iron foundry and put His Spirit upon him, sending him forth to mould the lives of men and women. As a preacher of the Word he was among the best, and the loss to the work will be deeply felt. Our sympathies and prayers are with the bereaved wife and children. May God sustain them.

* * *

Sad news has also reached us of the death of the infant son of Bro. and Sis. B. T. Bard, and the 16-year old son of Bro. and Sis. A. Wingard, both of small-pox. These missionaries are stationed at Yy Tsi Hsien, Shansi Province, North China. God comfort them in their sorrow.

* * *

The Glad Tidings Mission at Sioux City, Iowa, are in need of a good pastor; they prefer one who has musical ability and a small family, and ask that he be free from hobbies. They have a good, down town location with seating capacity of about 200, a membership of about sixty. The Assembly will also be glad to have a good missionary occasionally. For further information write, Mr. B. Bogges, 1309 W. 7th Street, Sioux City, Iowa.

News from the Battle Front

TWO Japanese women came to the Juergensen home in Tokio, and asked, "Is the little missionary busy?" They had been to the meeting at the Fujimai Station the night before, and the Holy Spirit was drawing them. Marie Juergensen thought of her pile of unanswered letters, but she said, "No, I am not busy if you are seeking *Him*?" "Oh Sensei!" said one who had been to the meeting several times, "my friend has been weeping since she heard the message last night (the first time) and wants to know this Jesus. Will you please tell us some more?" "Gladly," writes the missionary, "was the old, old story of love repeated, and these two souls were blessedly saved. How happy we are to be here digging precious gems from the mire and mud of heathenism. And how wonderfully some of them shine! I wish that you might see them. I am sure you would feel as we often do, that every sacrifice made is very little when we count the reward it brings. *A soul!*"

* * *

From Laheria Sarai, India, Mrs. Jennie J. Mueller writes that they have at last re-opened the school for Zenana girls. It had been closed because of lack of funds, but they now feel that the Lord would have them step out in faith for this important work. They have one for Hindu and Mohammedan girls. The Zenana girls of the highest caste are brought to the school in closed carriages and taught by the Bible women who seek to lead their young hearts to Christ. All their homes are now open to the Bible women and God is working.

* * *

Our readers will be interested to know that Brother and Sister Frank Nicodem are now permanently located at Rupaidiha, Bahraich Dist., U. P. India. Our veteran missionary, Mrs. Denny, who has labored so faithfully all these years, sacrificing every ounce of her strength that India might have the Gospel, has turned this station over to the Nicodems. It is on the very edge of Nepal, and Mrs. Nicodem writes that there are great possibilities there for the boys' work that God has laid on their hearts. They have a chapel and school room, but have to put up a building for the boys to live in, which is their present need, and for this they ask prayer.

* * *

On February 12th Gordon Bender, who has recently gone to Japan, was united in marriage, to Anita Bruch in the Juergensen home in Tokio.

May God bless them as they together enter upon their blessed work of soul-saving in the land of the rising sun.

In His Name

A blessed report came on Christmas at Bettiah, from Miss Flint, but was crowded out of last issue. She writes of much blessing among the poor heathen:

"Three days before Christmas, across the fields from the Mission House, men and women began to camp under the mangoe trees. The men told us that beggars were coming from villages far and near, remembering that on Christmas Day at the Mission House grain and cloth would be given away. The night before some were sleeping just outside our gate, lying on either side of the road. I passed them when I drove to the station to meet the ten o'clock train, expecting guests for Christmas, and could hardly sleep for thinking of them lying out there in the biting cold. We could hear them coughing and the low murmur of voices, and the cry of a baby thru the night told us they were too cold to sleep.

"Why had they come so close? They remembered that last year there were but a few pieces of precious cloth, and they feared that others might get in before them in the morning and they be again disappointed. But thank God and the faithful ones at home, this year there was little disappointment. We were able to give out over 175 pounds of rice, and more than a hundred garments, shawls, blankets, etc. How I wish the friends at home could have walked with us up and down the long rows, just to see the joy that looked up into our faces! I will not go into details concerning the lepers, the blind, the usual gathering of misery and deformity, disease and suffering—anyone who has ever lived in a heathen land knows it all, and those who have never been here could not believe that such suffering existed. But thank God there are a few well-covered now; there are some warmed who have never before known anything but cold and misery during the cold season, and hundreds have heard the Gospel message and have seen a very practical demonstration of the Love that gave!"

* * *

"I wish I had time to tell you," writes Miss Mattie Brann, Bethel Orphanage, Wei Hsien, "of the many times the Lord has heard prayer and kept this little city when we have been surrounded by soldiers and bandits. The bandits are ever

present with us, and lately have surely been having things their own way since the soldiers have been away fighting, but I can only say, We have found all His promises true. Recently the Boxers have congregated in large numbers, calling themselves, 'The Big Knife Society' and saying that they have mobilized to put down the bandits and also, that it is time for their king to rule the world. When we know theirs is pure demon worship, we see how ripe the world is getting for the 'Man of Sin.' The villagers say they dare not undress or sleep for they know not what hour of the day or night either faction will come. They bring their little bundles and come in droves into the cities and say, 'Oh give us a roof over our heads that we can lie down and get some rest.' We keep the street chapel open and we have some who come and sit by the hour and listen to the Gospel story. Many of these people have never listened when workers went to their villages, too busy, but now they have nothing to do but sit and listen and we are glad that some are finding their Savior. Pray for the 160 baptized last year, and for all the Christians who are suffering much persecution. How we do appreciate your prayers!"

Miss Moberg, Miss Brann's co-worker, who has been home on furlough, was packing to return (in Brockton, Mass.) when she was stricken with apoplexy. She had three strokes. Miss Moberg has given her life for China, having been out since 1904—22 years. The Chinese are fasting and praying for her recovery. May God lay prayer on some intercessor in the homeland for this missionary's recovery.

* * *

Mrs. Mattie Neeley, who with her co-worker is at Cape Palmas, Liberia, writes of a severe test thru which they passed:

"The awful cloud that hung over us like a pall for so long, has lifted, and we see daylight once more. We have learned many wonderful lessons and God has become more real. We wept for joy when we received the offering from the church. I knew all would come out all right sometime, but oh the strain of waiting. Praise the Lord it is past! God is so faithful, so true, so loving. One day when we received one of your drafts we had nothing but bread in the house, and only a small bit of that. One of our neighbors was digging sweet potatoes, and he sent us in some, 'just for a treat,' he said, but we knew it was the Lord. Then a steamer came and brot one letter for us. It was yours. Every time we

were at the very bottom we found God there. Up yonder some day all who have helped us in the dark hour, will know."

Outpouring in India

OUR readers have been keeping in touch with the Pentecostal outpouring in India among the missionaries thru the columns of our paper. We give below some extracts from a letter from one of the missionaries who has received the Pentecostal baptism and is overjoyed in her new experience in God:

"Out here those of us who have gathered together from every mission and from all parts of India to wait on God for the fulness of blessing upon ourselves and on India, have seen each other only a few times, yet have learned to love each other so blessedly, and the bond which has united us all has been indeed a great one. God is moving on out here, and I thank Him that I am *in* the family.

"About fifty of us gathered in Lahore in the Punjab just at Christmas time, many of us to seek and tarry until we should receive the "promise of the Father," and others that we might know Him more and more and stand in prayer with the hungry seeking ones. God did glorious things in those days. Two were baptized and others were wonderfully anointed. They were days of heaven on earth. Just about a week ago we had word that in the school in Fategharh, thirty-six had received their baptism; six or seven of these were teachers who had come from other schools to the meetings that were then being held. One of our Alliance missionaries whose witness God is mightily using, went to conduct this week of meetings. God gave a burden of intercession to two or three, and they said the power surely came down like rain. In one day there were seventeen baptized.

"Truly these are wonderful days, and the fire is spreading. Just lately it seems to be almost going by leaps and bounds into many places. Today *The Latter Rain Evangel* came and we began to read it, one to another. The account of the Spirit's mighty working in Mexico and in South America stirred us so, and we could not help but add, 'Someone ought to write about India, too,' for the Spirit's work here is widespread thruout India, chiefly now among missionaries which naturally is spreading and having its effect upon the people of the land, too.

"I am out on tour now, and everywhere we go we are finding hungry hearts and people are

getting under conviction of sin and asking what they must do to be saved. Our workers tell me that never before have they seen God work as He has been working here this year. I have been crying to God ever since my baptism last hot season that He would send a mighty revival break in this district, and I am *believing* for it."

Let us not fail to pray for India, that the mighty convicting power of the Spirit of God may sweep thru her. Oh that we had more intercessors who would be willing to give themselves to prayer for the outpouring of the Spirit of God! Missionaries have told us that it was that this present outpouring was due to the fastings and intercessions of John Hyde, who burned out for God. The Spirit was outpoured in the very district where he poured out his life. May God give us more "Praying Hydes."

* * *

We are pained to record that the writer of the above letter, Miss Mae Doderlein, formerly of this city, has since passed away. She died on March 24th.

Need in China's Interior

BRO. W. W. SIMPSON, Minchow, China, writing regarding the work in Kansu and Tsinghai Provinces, feels keenly the need for more co-operation on the part of the Pentecostal people at home, in this large and important work. He writes:

"Because of the immense difficulty of reaching this field, over 2,000 miles from Shanghai, the expense and hardships of the journey, the rigorous climate and privations, the loneliness inseparable from residence in the far-away heart of Asia, with 2,000 miles of unbroken heathen darkness surrounding us on all sides, we cannot expect many missionaries from Western lands to share our toils. We have, therefore, from the beginning of the work depended very much on the help of our Chinese co-laborers, of which the Lord has given us many who are Spirit-filled, earnest and capable. Some who had been engaged in the work have proved unfaithful and have been gradually weeded out, but the Lord has raised up others to take their places.

"Since there have always been so few missionaries here, the work has given us little time for writing, hence the needs of the work are not well understood at home; consequently we do not receive that financial support which is needed in order that the work may not only be maintained in the places at present occupied but also extended over the surrounding regions. Our Chinese workers are not mere native helpers, but really missionaries themselves, going hundreds of miles into regions of different dialects and preaching Christ where no foreign worker has ever

been. Only Chinese preachers and Christians have gone to Peimakuan, 150 miles southeast of Minchow, preaching Christ in the power of the Spirit, but there are now 200 believers there, of whom many have received the Spirit as at Pentecost. No missionaries went to Weiyuen, Yenching, Yuchong, Hochow, Hsiku and Chang Chai Shihtan, until after our Chinese brethren had gone, preached Christ, healed the sick, cast out demons, and the Spirit had fallen in Pentecostal power. Our strongest Assembly, Kolung, 15 miles south of Minchow, with a membership of over 300, nearly all of whom have received the Pentecostal baptism, is entirely the work of a self-supporting Chinese pastor, Mr. Li, assisted by his elders and deacons, with one or two conventions a year in which the missionaries have helped with their deeper knowledge of the Word."

Appealing for support for his Chinese preachers, he writes:

"The foreign missionary in China has his own support from his own Assembly or friends, or Council, and also by means of letters and articles stirs up interest in his work, so that as his work enlarges offerings increase, but the Chinese preachers in Kansu are often one or two hundred miles away from home, among a strange people with no financially strong Assembly back of them, to which they can appeal for offerings. Apart from trusting God their only recourse is to appeal to the already overburdened and overworked missionary who may be able to visit them once a year to learn their needs and discuss the work, and the missionary forced to retrench wherever possible in his 50,000 square miles of field, has to break both his own heart and that of the Chinese preacher by saying he has insufficient funds to carry on the old work, much less for extending into new villages and towns.

"The Chinese evangelist, who goes into Tibet to preach the Gospel, of whom we have several, is just as much a foreign missionary as an American who comes to China to preach Christ. He has to learn an entirely new language, wear different clothes, eat different food, and adapt himself to manners, ways and prejudices of a different race. Are they not worthy of support from fat and favored America? We are not complaining about the above conditions, because we know it is God who led in the work here, and we are making use of these circumstances, as far as possible, to teach individual trust in God and develop self-supporting and self-propagating Assemblies, but we do want God's saints at home to know the facts and understand the situation so as to bear their part of the burden. We need help badly and we need it right now. The field needs \$150 per month for the missionaries and \$350 per month for our Chinese workers. The going on furlough of my son-in-law, J. H. Chenoweth and family, this year has resulted in the loss of about one-third of the monthly offerings sent to this field, whereas the work goes on just the same. Unless there is an immediate increase in offerings we shall have to dismiss several preachers

and close up work in several places. We have already been forced to close up our work in Lan-chow, the capital of Kansu, and two other smaller places, but we do not want to do any more re-trenching. My son is greatly desirous, too, of finishing the buildings at Labrang and Rongwo, the two temple towns he now occupies inside the Tibetan territory of Tsinghai or Kokonor, and also locate workers at Raja on the Yellow River and Lhamo on the headquarters of the White

Dragon River, far into the interior of this long-closed but now open country."

Bro. Simpson then gives a list of nineteen stations and the Chinese preachers in charge, stating that on an average \$8 per month will support a worker and his family, and \$2 pay the rent of the building on each station. Could you get better spiritual returns for your money than by investing it in these souls in the heart of Asia?

How God Led into Pentecost

William Faux, Springfeld, Mo., in The Stone Church, Feb. 21, 1926.



REMEMBER years ago when Pentecost first fell, how I turned against it. I couldn't see why people should fall down on the floor and have all these manifestations. I wasn't brought up that way. When I was in the seminary I was taught about the Bible but didn't let its truths be applied to my own heart.

I opposed Pentecost for about five years, but during that time I had sometimes read the paper published here, *The Latter Rain Evangel*, and I heard of how God was healing people; in fact, I had come into the knowledge of divine healing some years before when I myself was healed of catarrh. I was anointed by Dr. Wilson in the Alliance in New York and was healed, and my wife had also come into the truth of divine healing. Then one morning I was reading my Bible and I came across that verse in First Corinthians, "For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body," and somehow that struck my heart. I went to my wife and said, "It looks from what I read this morning that we are all wrong and that these Pentecostal folk are all right."

Then I began to read the paper, *The Latter Rain Evangel*, with new interest and I studied my Bible thoroughly to see if this was in the Scriptures. When I got through I was convinced without a doubt that this truth of Pentecost was scriptural. Then I began to study the subject historically and was convinced again that this experience actually took place in the First Century. Then I studied it from a doctrinal point of view because I wanted to be not only doubly but trebly sure, and again I was convinced without a doubt. About this time, I attended a Pentecostal Convention. I was rather surprised that I didn't get more of a reception on the part of the ministers in Pentecost, but I was told that I must first receive the Baptism and then I would be heartily received. At first that rather sat hard with me, but knowing that God works in mysterious ways His wonders to perform, I decided to

make the best of it and I sought the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. However, I didn't receive it then.

After a while word came that there was to be a World-Wide camp meeting in Los Angeles. As my wife read the announcement she said, "Wouldn't it be nice if you could go?" and I said, "If the Lord opens the way I will go," never thinking that such a thing would be possible. I didn't know anything about trusting God by faith and believing that He would answer.

A short time after, a little church in the East, not knowing a thing about our conversation, took up a home missionary offering. At that time I was engaged in home mission work in the Northwest, so this church decided to send me this offering and in sending it they wrote, that if I felt so disposed, they would be glad to have me take that money and visit Los Angeles and attend the special campmeeting there. I was up against it. Then a brother in my church said, "I will give you \$10.00 if you go," and a sister said, "If you go I will give you \$5.00." So I soon had enough to take me there, keep me there two weeks and bring me back home again. I was undecided about going and there was a real conflict on until I finally decided to go.

The next morning I started off; had to go in a row-boat first and then walk thirteen miles to the railroad station, reaching there about 12:30, where I took the train and reached Seattle about 7:30 at night. I had a little lunch and then while walking around on the street I heard a street-meeting in progress. I went there and then followed them to the hall and when I got there I found it said on the sign, "Apostolic Faith Mission." I listened to the singing and the testimonials and found them inspiring. The message was given and the invitation was made for sinners to come to the altar. I didn't go because I was saved but I stayed there to watch the proceedings. I thought this was Pentecostal and was glad for the privilege of being in the service.

After a time a man came and said, "Are you a Christian?" and I said, "Yes." Then he asked, "Are you sanctified?" and again I answered "Yes." He then asked me if I was justified and I told him I was. Then he asked, "Have you the Baptism?" and I said, "No, I am on my way down to Los Angeles to attend the Convention." He left me without a further word and I was grieved at the treatment.

The next morning I took the boat to Los Angeles. The first morning I was there the workers had a little controversy publicly in the meeting, which gave me a little shock. However, the following morning I went to the service and, to my surprise, I heard something that I had never heard in any other meeting, for the two people who had had these differences the day before, apologized and asked to be forgiven. I thought that was wonderful. Time went on and the messages went forth. I had never heard people pray together before and this I couldn't understand and often wished that only one would pray at a time so we could hear the prayer. Another thing I couldn't understand was how they all knew how to stop praying at the same time, practically. In time I learned to appreciate the real beauty in this unison. When I went into the prayer tent to seek the Baptism, somehow or other there was so much noise and I couldn't get adjusted to that condition, for it seemed the noise drove me far away from God. Finally, when I got to the end of myself and found I was helpless, I got so discouraged that I said, "I'll get up and go out and come back in an hour, for then they will be more quiet." I eagerly watched the people who came for healing, and saw a mother bring a daughter to be prayed for. The daughter was healed and the mother got saved as well as another woman. I had never seen anything like that before. But that afternoon I was as far from God as I could be and as I went out a sister said, "Have you the Baptism?" I said, "No," and she said, "Don't you want it?" I fell down upon my knees and in a few seconds the tears began to roll down my cheeks; then something struck me and I fell on the floor. I knew it was God. I was there from 4:15 till 10 o'clock that night and came through into a glorious experience of the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. I spoke in tongues for several hours; I shouted and shook and wept and cried. Everything that I had criticised in the Pentecostal people, I myself had to submit to, but I was glad to do it because I entered into a new realm and experiences which I have never for-

gotten. It has made a tremendous change in my life and in my ministry.

From that time on, God has been taking me through fires and through testing times and difficulties. I had never known what it was to live the life of faith. I asked God to lead me out and then the devil would put up a temptation. He said, "Now suppose you don't get anything for your services and the wife and the children have to go hungry." When the little ones cry for bread a father's heart goes out. I failed and had to ask God to forgive me. I failed God the second time and repented and went down again. Then I went out again, not knowing where I was going. I was like Abraham when he left Ur of the Chaldees when the Lord said, "Go to a land which I shall show thee."

Just before this I was led into a wonderful experience of Divine Healing; God had met us in many ways, but this was quite unusual. One morning I went down to the river to get an armful of wood and just as I got to the wood-pile the Lord said, "Go back and have worship before breakfast." It came like a clear voice from the sky. I dropped my wood and went to the house and said, "Let us have worship this morning before breakfast" and we had worship. We then sat down to our meal; we had porridge and I don't think I ever tasted better porridge, but we were scarcely through eating when the second daughter was taken violently ill and then another daughter was taken sick; then I came down. We found that some arsenic had accidentally fallen into the cereal we had been eating. It wasn't long till my wife fell over and her face turned coal black and I was at a loss to know what to do. With the intense suffering in my own body I was unable to help, and the children were suffering so that they couldn't do anything. As she fell over she felt her spirit going out of her body and just as the spirit was leaving the body the Holy Spirit brought this passage to her mind, "*If they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them,*" and she said, "Yes" to the Lord. As soon as she replied in that simple way, the spirit returned and she got up and ministered to the children. She asked the elder daughter if she didn't want to be prayed for and she said, "No" so we had a time of great conflict. That night as we were lying there suffering from the after-effects of the poisoning the elder daughter said, "Mother, I had a vision. The Lord came and said, 'None of you is going to die. You are all going to be healed.'"

I praise the Lord for that experience. It brings to my mind the great necessity of implicit obedi-

ence to the voice of the Holy Spirit and implicit obedience to the Word of God.

The Goodness and Severity of God

Essential Principles in a Divine Revival.

Sermon by Pastor Philip Wittich, Feb. 14, 1926.



THE third chapter of Jonah contains all the essential principles of a great revival, and in this morning's message I want to draw your attention to these. The first essential principle in a divine revival is *God*. God who sees the wickedness of man on the earth; no man can escape the all-seeing eye of God. He saw the wickedness at the time of Noah. We find in Gen. 6:5 the following record, "And Jehovah saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually." Do not imagine for a moment that because God doesn't send judgment right away He is asleep and that He doesn't see the sins of an individual or of a nation. Everything is bare and naked before the all-seeing eye of God; yea, the secret intents and purposes, the desires of our hearts are naked before Him. We cannot fly from God, no matter how we try; His eye is ever upon us.

In regard to Sodom, God said to Abraham (Gen. 18:20, 21), "Because the cry of Sodom and Gomorrah is great, and because their sin is very grievous, I will go down now, and see whether they have done altogether according to the cry of it, which is come unto me; and if not, I will know." God took notice of the repeated sins that were committed in that wicked city. When there is no repentance on the part of the wicked, then comes the storm of wrath and judgment.

We read in the first chapter of Jonah that Jehovah said to the prophet Jonah, in regard to Nineveh, that he should go and cry against it "for their wickedness is come up before Me." God saw that the measure of wickedness in the city of Nineveh was being filled to overflowing and ready for His wrath to be poured out. God has much patience with the sinner, but when he refuses to listen to the voice of God, merciful and mighty, then the judgments of God must come, or God would not be holy.

But this mighty God who is the most essential principle in a revival, is not only a God who sees everything, but He is a God who is moved with love toward the sinner. In the time of

Noah, God in His infinite grace spared that generation for one hundred and twenty years and gave them a chance to repent, sending out Noah to warn them thru his messages, as well as thru that strange action of building a house that would float on water, such as his contemporaries had never seen. They made it an object of ridicule and scorn, but Noah by preparing the ark, prepared an escape for himself and family, and by his action showed them that the wrath of God was coming upon the earth.

Again in regard to Sodom, God revealed His innermost thoughts to Abraham. He said, "Shall I hide from Abraham that thing which I do?" Gen. 18:17. Then He told Abraham that He was on the verge of destroying Sodom and Gomorrah. Abraham knew the wickedness of those cities but hoping that there might be fifty righteous souls pleaded that Sodom might be saved for that number. The Lord promised to save the city if there were fifty righteous, and even came down to ten, but there was only one righteous man in that city and that one was Lot.

We are groaning under the present conditions of this world. It is an awful thing to cast your eye even over this city and see its wickedness and its vileness running rampant. I doubt if it could have been any worse in Nineveh. And the conditions existing here, you will find even in the smallest towns and villages. Look at the nations of the earth! They have already forgotten the lessons they learned during the World War, and there is strife and friction in Europe in spite of all their efforts to form a League of Nations.

God has infinite patience; He doesn't will the death of the sinner—rather that he repent of his ways. He uses every means known to Himself to save a soul from hell. When I was a young boy, not understanding God or His ways, but hearing my father, a minister for fifty-two years, preach, I often wondered how it could be possible for God to send such judgments upon the earth as were predicted in the Bible, thru Daniel and Paul, and from the pen of John, that which is called "the Great Tribulation." Now I am praying, "Lord, send the judgments quickly that people thereby will be made willing to be saved." Our generation is not willing to be saved thru

grace; few are willing to listen to the Gospel; they are not willing to get down on their faces and cry out to God, so He has to send fiery judgments that will be poured out for seven years. And even then some will rebel and curse the God of heaven.

The story of Nineveh is a picture of the infinite patience of God. When Jonah failed, God sent him out again and said, "Go and preach unto it the preaching that I bid thee." Was that not grace? Beloved, we have here an incident in which God had pity on three million inhabitants. There were as many souls in Nineveh as there are at the present time in Chicago. If you know church history and know your Bible you will marvel at the way God is showing grace now in pouring out His Spirit upon all flesh. We haven't simply a revival here or there, but this outpouring of the Spirit is reaching and spanning the whole globe. You will find Pentecost on every continent and even in the Islands of the Sea. What is this outpouring of the Spirit? Nothing but a token of the great grace of God, so that people will be brought to repentance and escape His judgments, for no man can repent unless God gives him the power to do so. No man can believe unless God gives him power to believe; no man can be filled with the Holy Spirit unless God draws him, gives him power to empty himself and be filled with the power of God. No man can keep what is given him except it be by the Holy Ghost. This is a wonderful Movement but methinks as in the days of Noah the people are despisers of that which is of God. They are making fun and ridiculing the works of the Holy Ghost and despising God's gifts, even men and women who claim to be godly themselves. I would be afraid to put my finger on something that God has given to man. We hear Doctors of Divinity speak of "holiness movements" as something that people ought to shun. There is today the same spirit in the church as was in Israel at the time of Jonah, the spirit of fleshly pride.

The second essential principle in a revival is God's messenger. A messenger of God to be used in a revival according to our text must be a man who knows God. Jonah was a prophet but before God dealt with him he did not know the holiness of God that requires the death of the sinner in case he doesn't repent. The holiness of God requires two things; it requires the punishment of sin and on the other hand it requires the salvation of the sinner, and that was all accomplished on Calvary's cross. God's Holy Ghost

never winks at sin, never covers up sin, but He points His finger at the sin committed until the sinner is willing to be separated from it by the power of the blood of Jesus. I say Jonah didn't know God. If he had known Him in His holiness he would never have tried to run away from Him. He had no fear of God, for he was wilfully disobedient. If he had had the fear of God he would never have taken such a step. The fear of God will make His child do anything that He says, no matter what reason, timidity, or the devil might suggest to the contrary. The fear of God will cause God's servant to walk in the path of obedience. Would that men would fear God more than they fear the world. Fear God, and you will know Him as you never knew Him.

Jonah failed miserably and therefore in His mercy God had to send judgment upon His prophet. He had to let him be cast overboard into the sea; He had to let him be swallowed by a great fish and to stay there three days and three nights. It was then that Jonah realized what the wicked spirits in Sheol suffered without any one to redeem them. Jonah was on the very verge of being cast into the pit, and cried repentantly, "Out of the womb of Sheol, I cried, and Thou heardest my voice. For Thou hadst cast me into the depths, into the heart of the sea." Jonah had to undergo the repentance of a sinner, for when a man disobeys God, he is a sinner whether he has been saved or not. And if we saints disobey God we are the worst kind of sinners, for we know the will of God and *sin knowingly*. But when Jonah had the Sheol experience he cried out, "Salvation belongeth unto the Lord." In other words, after he had repented God helped him and gave him faith to believe that there was hope for him and that he would be delivered. When he cried out, "Salvation belongeth to Jehovah!" God spoke to the fish, and the fish spewed Jonah on dry land.

This is the experience of a messenger who is used in a revival. It must be a man or woman who has had the "Sheol" experience of Jonah. A man who doesn't know the depths of sin, the depravity of the human nature in itself, a man who doesn't know the wrath of God upon sin and doesn't believe in the mercy of God for sinners, is never fit to be on the platform and preach repentance. Real men of God are not turned out in our present day colleges and seminaries, but they are trained in the school of the Holy Ghost. The Holy Ghost will first convict a man of sin, whether he is a preacher or not; whether he is an

educated man or an ignoramus. And when the Holy Ghost succeeds in showing a man his utter depravity, and makes him feel he is in the belly of hell, then he can look to God and say, "Salvation belongs to Jesus." The more we realize we are lost, the more will we reach out for salvation.

The fish vomited out Jonah. In the mud? No, on dry land. When a man has seen his sinful ways and repented of them, whatever that "fish" may be, that circumstance, that binding of the devil that was used to bring him to himself, he will not be cast into the mud. His salvation is clean. He knows that he was lost and *now is saved*. The deeper our knowledge of sin and our own depravity, the greater can God exalt His grace.

Why is it that we have no revivals in the churches, and that they are getting scarcer and scarcer even in Pentecost? Because the man on the platform and the people in the pews are exalting their own works. They forget the miry pit from which they have been digged, and some never even have a real genuine case of conversion. They have conviction, shed a few tears, and feel sorry about their sins, but that is not conversion. Conversion means that you begin to hate what God hates of sin in yourself. It is then that God will open up the flood-gates of His love.

Jonah had to experience both the severity and the goodness of God (Rom. 11:22). When he took his lesson in severity then God revealed to him His goodness, and the fish had to dislodge him. Then that prophet was a fire-brand for God. He realized what it meant for a disobedient spirit to be separated forever from God, and he also experienced a precious deliverance thru the grace and mercy of God. Such a man can bring a revival.

This brings us to the third principle, and that is the message God has for the sinner. There are three elements in God's dealings with the sinner. First, a divine knowledge of his own, true, hopeless condition and depravity; second, a knowledge of the wrath of God upon sin and upon the flesh; and third, a vision of God's power to deliver a repentant sinner, not only from sins committed but from the *curse of sin*.

What was the sermon God had Jonah to deliver to the Ninevites? It wasn't very long. If we had more of these rescued Jonahs on the platform, we would also have the results as in Nineveh. It would not be the preaching of the modern pulpits, "Every man has something good in him and all he needs is to have it developed, etc." Neither are the methods used by the modern

evangelists the methods used by Jonah. In these days they make it very easy to be saved. God will never save you in your sins, but He will save you from them. This method of shaking hands with the evangelist and joining a beautiful church with beautiful music, and where the people look with admiration upon the man or woman on the platform who are only lumps of clay, is wicked. If you set your eyes on God you will never get them on man.

What was the message? "*Forty days and Nineveh shall be destroyed.*" Nineveh was a city of three days' journey. The circumference of that immense city, according to heathen writers, was over 600 miles, and Jonah walked one day's journey through the city. He could not get any farther, but while he was walking he repeated this one message of God, "Forty days and Nineveh shall be destroyed." If Jonah had gone the first time with his disobedient heart, there would have been no result, no conversions. The people would doubtless have chased him out of town or stoned him, but he came with the very expressions of the fear of Israel, the wrath of God. There was something in the appearance of that man, revealing the power of God upon his life that had its effect on the sinners in Nineveh. Such men bring conviction and salvation into the hearts of sinners.

"*Forty days and Nineveh shall be destroyed.*" Why forty days? Because that was the season of God's grace before His judgment would come upon the sinner. There is more in the number "forty" than most readers of the word might think. Forty is a multiple of 4 and 10; 4 stands for sinful man, 10 stands for closed history on the part of man and reckoning on the part of God. So the message was a message of judgment and condemnation: "If you do not repent now, your time is up. God's grace and patience are exhausted; His wrath will come in forty days."

Forty also represents another thot. It is the result of 5 times 8. Five is a number of grace, with which God saves us; 8 is the number of resurrection life into which man is led by grace. So the 40-day message out of the mouth of Jonah had in it two elements; judgment if you do not repent, and salvation and life, if you do.

Now we come to the last principle in the revival, and that is the attitude of the hearers. In the fifth verse we read, "And the people of Nineveh believed God." There was something in the hearts of these wicked men and women of Nineveh that Christ didn't find when He walked the earth. The Jews heard Him and they saw great-

er miracles than ever were wrought in Jonah's life. Jonah simply preached the message of judgment. The people saw not the man; if they had looked at him they would have found many flaws in him. It matters not who gives you God's message. If you believe it you will be saved; if you do not believe it, you will be damned. This Age is called the "*day of man*," because man sits in judgment and criticizes everything, even God. The Ninevites believed God, and repented. If you do not hear a fiery message now from the pulpit there is something wrong with the pulpit. And if you do not receive the message, there is something wrong with you. God commanded that men should repent everywhere. That is the first step a sinner should take in order that God may give him salvation. The message to Nineveh came thru a very defective man but they knew it was God speaking and their conscience accused them. What did they do? They put on sackcloth and sat in ashes. Men today sit in judgment over God and man and their hearts are filled with pride. The king of Nineveh also proclaimed a fast. Fasting is hard on the flesh. When a man fasts he abstains from food which is pleasing to the body; when people have a spiritual fast they deny the old flesh so that the Spirit may come forth.

Once when I was speaking of repentance I was asked, "Mr. Wittich, do you know to whom you are talking?" "Yes," I said, "I know only too well." Backslidden Christians get it into their heads that they do not need any repentance. They say, "I was baptized in the Spirit; I lay hands on the sick; I prophesy and am otherwise used by the Lord." But our Lord says, "Repent and do the first works, or else, I will come unto thee quickly, and will remove thy candlestick out of his place except thou repent." Rev. 2:5. We are only sinners saved by grace and *kept by grace*. Why is there this boasting? Oh the sinfulness, the wickedness, the foolishness of being puffed up!

The Ninevites proclaimed a fast and then they cried mightily unto God. And there is something else said about them: They turned from "their evil ways" and their violence, and hoped for God's mercy. You cannot hope for God's mercy unless you turn from *every evil way that is known to you*. If there is anything in your life that needs repentance, even after you have had the Pentecostal experience, you must seek God for deliverance from it. But He will not deliver you unless *you are willing*. The Ninevites put many Christians today to shame, because of their whole-hearted and genuine repentance. If we

would repent as they did, and ask God to take everything out of our hearts that stands between us and our brother, then we would have a revival. Do not pass judgment on your brethren, but sit in judgment on yourself. Pray, "*If there be any wicked way in me, Lord take it out.*"

People wonder why the Lord gave that heathen city such a revival, but it was because they met the conditions. God had mercy on the broken hearted. *We have the same God*. We have God's message and messengers to a far greater extent than Nineveh had. We have the full Pentecostal message which begins with repentance and points to perfection in Christ. If we humble ourselves before God and man in true contrition and repentance, then God will give a revival which will refresh the saints and bring life to sinners.

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(Continued from page 11)

ing else to thank God for, praise Him that you are living in the United States. Oh, if I had some of the money that people spend here on chewing gum alone and for the big flowers on their coat collars! I could feed many a hungry child over in Poland. When we arrived in England we didn't have much left for ourselves. Dear Sister Cantel, who is now in glory, just looked at me and said, "Oh, I understand!" There was a lady who had two diamond rings which she sold and used the money to buy me these nice clothes. So God wonderfully supplied. I thank Him for what He has done and am trusting Him for the future. It doesn't make any difference what I need, I can just tell Him! When I was married my husband had saved a few thousand dollars but we kept using from that to put it into four institutions which we were helping. And one day I went to the bank to get some money and the clerk told me that we didn't have a cent left in the account. Then I said, "Oh glory to God, we have put it into the bank of heaven and He will give it back!" He is a mighty God, a powerful God!

I am longing to go back to Poland and I ask you to pray for us two missionaries when we get back. We may not be able to accomplish much but we are God's servants and we will do what we can.

Babies and Marigolds

IN a native village stood a temple erected to one of the many gods of India. The image of the god within was made of clay and painted bright with many colors. Before this god was an altar and to this altar the people of the vil-

lage came daily to offer sacrifice and to bow in worship before this god. Just outside the temple by the village well grew a beautiful cluster of bright yellow marigolds. The bush had sprung up out of mother earth, the warm sun had kissed it, and daily it had received its needed supply of water when the little girls of the village came to the well with their earthen water pots upon their heads to be filled. So the bush flourished and grew and soon was covered with bright flowers. Ah, but the temple stood near! The god of clay within loved pretty flowers, so day by day the bright flowers were plucked one by one and taken into the temple by those who came to worship. The people gave the flowers to the evil-looking priest who was in charge of the temple and he cast them upon the altar in front of the god. Daily the priest sprinkled the flowers with filthy dirty water that had been carried from the sacred river, Ganges. The pretty yellow flowers began to lose their brightness and soon were withered and dead.

In a mud hut of the same village there was loud weeping and hearts were sad. A young man of high caste lay dead. Accusing eyes looked at the young wife of the dead, for the gods were displeased with her. Was not the young child in her arms a girl and was not this proof as well as the death of her husband that the gods were not pleased with her? Yes, yes, it must be, the god of the temple was angry with her, and to please him, to stop his wrath, she must take her wee baby girl to the temple and sacrifice her to the god there, in order to lift the curse from the house of her father-in-law. The beautiful bright-eyed baby must be given over to the evil-looking priest and she will be reared in the temple to be his slave girl which will mean a life of sin and shame! A little soul to be sacrificed upon the altar of the god! Surrounded by filth and abuse she, too, will soon wither and die.

The sad young mother holds her baby closely and large tears roll down her cheeks as she thinks of the future of her darling. As she sits thus and weeps she recalls that once when she was in the market place buying the daily supply of vegetables she had heard some of her country-women talking about a place called "the Mission" where little babies are taken in, clothed, nourished, and loved by some white ladies that had come from a far-away country. She would slip away with her babe when the night came and search until she found this place. She would find the Mission where little babies were taken in and cared for

and ask the white ladies to save her baby. So at midnight while the other women of the village were wailing the death cry out under a tree beside the body of her dead husband, she slipped out of the mud hut and disappeared into the darkness of the night.

The sun was just casting its first rays upon the Baby Christian Nursery. Dusky brown heads were beginning to stir and in the adjoining room the nursing bottles were being filled with milk. The busy day had begun. A faint little cry was heard just outside the door and opening it we saw a young woman sitting upon the ground with a small bundle in her arms. Seeing us she bowed her head to our feet weeping and saying over and over again, "Nourisher of the poor, at last I have found you," and then she handed us the bundle and we knew that it was another baby for the Baby-fold. Tears came again to the mother's eyes as we took the baby in our arms and she turned quickly to go away but we detained her and then she told us the story and finished by saying, "Keep her, kind white lady, and tell no one where you got her. I will return to my father's house whose village is far away. My parents know not of the baby and my husband's people will not trouble to look for me, for I am cursed by the gods." Again she ~~turned~~ to go but again we detained her. "Wait, tell us the babe's name." A shadow crossed her face and she was silent for a moment or two, then looking up into our faces, she said: "The day she came to me I named her 'Phulgendi,' but please, kind white lady, give her a new name," and the young mother was gone.

"Phulgendi." Ah, yes, we remembered then that when translated into English it meant "Marigold," the well known flower of sacrifice in India! Casting aside the dirty cotton rag that served the wee one for clothing as well as blanket, we looked upon the tiny face and breathed a prayer of thankfulness, for another little soul, another little life had been saved for the Master and for His service in dark, sad India.

* * *

The above is the story of our little Keoramoni who is just one of the precious little black diamonds that has been gathered from the filth and mire of heathenism and let shine for the Master in the Baby Christian Nursery. Seventy-four babes and small children have found loving friends and a welcome home here in the Nursery during the past years, and during the coming years by the help of our Lord we hope to be able

to gather in many more. Do you want a part in this great work? Shall we let the babies of India continue to suffer or shall we gather them in and save them that they may help save others? that they may be taught to bow in worship before our Lord Jesus, and love and serve Him who gave His life that they might live?

Three dollars a month will feed and clothe a

baby here in the Nursery. Would you like to stand for the support of one of those babies and let it some day be your representative for Christ in dark India?

We cannot continue in the fight against Satan for little souls unless you stand with us earnestly in prayer. We must have your prayers, dear ones, so pray.—*Olga Jean Aston.*

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