



The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on the Earth

Contents

High Lights in the Life of Peter	2
The Dynamic Power that Transformed.....	2
The Black Horse and Its Rider	5
Lifting the Veil	5
Among the Aborigines	9
Miraculously Fed thru Prayer	9
Pentecost Among the Tribes	12
Revival in Western China	12
Perfect Thru Suffering	13
Notes	12
Our Nineteenth Anniversary	14
The Hurricane in Miami	14
Remember the Missionary	15
Genuinely Healed of Tuberculosis	16
How the Lord Used the Printed Page..	16
From Our Missionaries	22

An International Monthly Magazine

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

High Lights in the Life of Peter

The Dynamic Power that Transformed Him

Sermon by Dr. Chas. S. Price in East St. Louis. III.



HIS afternoon I want to show you the various steps, the series of events, in the life of Peter, and then show you how God will take any broken vessel and develop him; give him strength and grace to climb the mountain peaks of Christian experience such as he has never known before. We read in Matthew 4:18: "And Jesus, walking by the Sea of Galilee, saw two brethren, Simon called Peter, and Andrew his brother, casting a net into the sea; for they were fishers. And He saith unto them, follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." In the calling of Peter, the Lord saw the man He could make of him—He saw in the rough, illiterate bundle of humanity that belonged to the fisherman on the Sea of Galilee, Peter on the Day of Pentecost; a bundle of unlimited possibilities; talents that were asleep; a nature that had to be stirred by the Lord's own loving hand; a disposition that had to be fired by a personal contact with the Lord. He saw in Peter the fisherman, Peter the man filled with the Holy Ghost, Peter the hero of the cross standing four-square for the Gospel of his Lord, and in later years filled with such dynamic power and glory that he shrank from no opportunity of giving out the Holy Spirit's truth. It was a long way from the first day to the last day; many things had to happen, many lessons had to be learned; there were many set backs and many heart breaks, many tears and impulses, but in it all and through it all we can see the providential leading of the Lord and the guiding hand of God, molding and shaping this disciple.

We find first of all, Peter the fisherman, a bundle of possibilities, hearing the call of Jesus, "Follow Me." You need not have an understanding of philosophic truth in order to appreciate the saving grace of the Lord Jesus Christ. I believe that following Jesus in itself is the greatest experience anyone can have. We may delve into such wonderful sermons as the Sermon on the Mount and get our eyes away from Jesus Himself and forget to follow Him. Then all our knowledge will come to naught and all our efforts will be in vain. You may have a limited understanding, but if you follow Jesus He will lead you to the goal at last.

Jesus is not merely the Truth Imparter. He is not merely the Way-Show-er and yet if you want to know the truth you can find it in Him; if you want to know the Way you can find it in following Jesus. He does not come as a teacher and put certain rules down on the black-board; He does not put down the Sermon on the Mount and say, "If you will measure up to that you will be a Christian," but He says, "I am the Light of the world, he that followeth Me (not a teaching, not some truth—you will get all that as you follow Jesus)—he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness but shall have the Light of life." It is the contact with a personal Christ; it is the union of the human heart with the Divine, following after the Galilean which will bring you the joy and will eventually lead you to that upper room where, like Peter, you will be endued with power from on high.

You remember when Philip was converted he went and found Nathanael. He didn't go around and give out a few hand bills; he didn't distribute some literature and say "We are to have a class discussion on this new idea," but he said, "*Nathanael, I have found Jesus.*" That shows the power of a life that has come in contact with Divine life. For fourteen years I was the empty pastor of an empty church but when I came in contact—not with the *teachings* of Jesus (I had them for fourteen years but I couldn't understand them because I didn't have Christ) but when I found *Christ*, I found everything. The Bible became an illuminated Book and the glory of the Lord shone from every verse.

"Follow me and I will make you fishers of men." I have never known any fisher of men who did not first start to follow Jesus. Peter did a wonderful thing! He didn't try to drag his boat with him, or to carry his heavy fishing nets over the sands of Galilee and over the Judean hills. He left everything behind. When you come to the altar and begin to follow Jesus, leave the world behind; have nothing more to do with the things that dragged you down. If you want to know the trouble with the world today you will find it in the fact that our people in the churches do not have the salvation that has taken every desire of the world out of them. A group of ministers came to me one time and said, "Do you have a sermon on card-playing or on theatre-

going?" and I replied, "No I have none. I never bother about that part of it for if we get our people through to real salvation we have solved the amusement question; the desire for worldly things will automatically drop off." I do not believe it will do you any good to come to the altar and promise the Lord never to dance, never to attend the theatre or play cards anymore. After the revival meeting is over there is what we call a reaction, and those people who are not willing to wholly follow the Lord will begin to slip back.

"Follow Me." Oh the voice of Jesus sounding down through the ages, above the turmoil and strife and din of this sin-cursed world! There is all that you need for body, soul and spirit in Jesus and if you will follow Him He will lead you the way that He led Peter. Later on we read of Peter walking on the water. As the night came on they were thrown into that semi-darkness that comes on the water. Perhaps the moonlight was streaming down, but anyway at the fourth watch of the night Jesus came to that little band, walking on the sea. Many people today say this is just a figure and means that we can walk above our troubles but I believe that He actually walked on the water; that He walked over one wave after another—those boisterous turbulent waves. When the disciples saw Him they thought they saw a spirit and they were afraid. Have you ever known people who were afraid of the first signs of the supernatural? Have you known people to run when they saw the manifestation of God? It is supernatural when a man is born of the Spirit; it is supernatural when a man is healed by power divine; it is supernatural when a person is baptized in the Holy Spirit. You take the supernatural away and you take out the very foundation on which humanity is built. Peter asked the Lord for permission to go out on the water and I can see him as he climbs out of that boat; he has his eyes on Jesus Christ and pays no attention to the rolling waves for he is still following Jesus. But suddenly he gets his eyes off Jesus and looks at the water; he becomes afraid of the wind and turmoil of the water and he cries, "Save me Jesus, or I perish." When he got into personal contact with the Lord again he was able to walk on the waves. As long as you keep your eyes on Jesus all the waves of trouble and sorrow can never engulf you but the moment you get your eyes away from Him and on your troubles, on the wind and the storm that moment you begin to fall. There is no need

for backsliding. Keep your eyes on the Lord and you will be singing victory seven days in the week and fifty-two weeks in the year.

The next in Peter's life was his confession. The Lord did not ask him the moment he stepped out to follow Him, just what he thought of Him. The sinner who first comes to the altar does not have a full conception of the truth as soon as he is saved; all he knows is that he has been cleansed and is following Jesus. So after Peter had been following Jesus for some considerable time the Lord put before him the very important question, "Whom do men say that I am?" and the reply was, "Some say You are John the Baptist, some think You are Elias and others think You are one of the other prophets." Supposing Jesus would come to East St. Louis or any other city of the United States and ask that question—I would have to say, "Jesus, some people say You are a great philosopher; many say You are just a great good man who lived in the days of long ago." The Pharisees and Saducees of that day had come in contact with the teachings of Jesus but they had not learned to *know* Him and "no man can call Jesus Lord save by the Holy Spirit"; no man can understand the truths pertaining to the divinity of Jesus except he has come in personal contact with Him. "Whom do *you* say that I am?" "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God." Thereupon Jesus made a pun of Peter's name and said "Upon this rock will I build my church," but Jesus did not mean upon the man Peter. What He meant was that He would build the church upon his confession. No church under the heavens has any right to use the name Christian, or usurp the name of our Lord that does not believe that Jesus is the Son of the living God. How can we take the Name when we do not believe in His divinity!

I believe that when the angel came to Mary and said, "Thou shalt call His name Jesus for He shall save His people from their sin," that angel was a divine messenger with a divine message; and when Mary gave forth that wonderful magnificat, "My soul doth rejoice in the Lord for He hath regarded the lowliness of His hand-maiden, for great and holy is His Name," I believe that Mary was speaking under the direct inspiration of the Holy Ghost. I believe that messengers came from another country far beyond the reach of sun, moon and stars, a place which we call Heaven, and said to the frightened shepherds, 'Fear not, for unto you is born this

day a Savior which is Christ the Lord." Either this Bible is all true or it is the most colossal collection of lies that has ever been put before an unsuspecting public. Either Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary, and is the Son of God, or we might as well throw our Bibles into the stove and ask God to look down in mercy and furnish us with the truth. The world may disbelieve, and ministers may tear this Word to pieces and go around, as they do in these days, as angels of light and tell me that the Word of God is not true, but in spite of it all the Word stands and the voice of God is still sounding in human breasts. It is God's own inspired Word which I am standing on today, believing everyone of its promises and accepting at face value everyone of its statements. If there is any doubt in your heart today you cannot get it out by studying. You can read volumes of books on the subject and find yourself deeper in the morass than before; but if you want to know the truth you can find it in this Book; if you want to see the Light it is to be found here; if you want to know the Way hear Him say, "I am the Way the Truth and the Life." He is the only door to heaven; the only Emancipator of a fallen race.

"Follow Me." We see Him now in the judgment hall. In fulfillment of prophecy He is standing a Prisoner in Pilate's Judgment Hall. Over yonder is Peter warming his hands. Pilate is looking at the mob as they shout, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" The priests are going around among the crowd egging them on to "Crucify Jesus and deliver Barabbas." They spit upon Him and railed at Him and at last they led Him out and placed upon His brow a crown of thorns; upon that fainting, bleeding form, a purple robe. Men of old, how could you do it? Don't you know that He never hurt anyone in all His life? He, the Man who healed the sick! He, the Man who laid His hands upon the children in blessing! He, the One Who raised from the dead the daughter of Jairus! Ah it is the same in East St. Louis today! Though you were to raise the dead some people would not believe.

At last they drag Him away down the road. But how about Peter while all this was going on? "Peter, you remember what you said to Jesus? You remember that testimony you gave when you were in the flesh and not in the Spirit, "Though all men forsake Thee, yet will not I." Now he is too busy warming his hands to go and be of any comfort to His Master. "But, Peter,

He is all alone. You ought to be willing to die with Him." Then a little maiden came and said, "I know you, you belong to that Man's followers." "No I don't," Peter had his eyes off Jesus again. "But you do know Him. You come from the North country; your speech betrayeth you." Peter got angry, swore and blasphemed, and instantly the cock crew and Peter went outside the wall and wept bitterly. "Ah, Peter, you have bartered away your chance of heaven! He will never forgive you now. You are lost, eternally lost. You *better* go outside the wall and weep."

What has happened this morning? The birds are singing just a bit brighter than at other times and the trees are clapping their hands and the sun is shining more radiant than before. A woman came, one who had been saved from sin, and she is terrified to find the empty tomb. "They have taken away my Lord," she said as a Man in white stepped up to her. She, believing Him to be the gardener, says, "Sir, if they have borne Him hence, tell me where they have laid Him."

He looked at her and said, "Mary." "Jesus! Jesus! Is it You?" "Yes, it is I. Don't touch Me. But go and tell the disciples—they will be happy too. And don't forget Peter. Poor Peter, I love him just the same."

Over the mountains and down the garden comes Peter. He loved the Lord all the time. He and the other disciple went to the sepulchre and there saw the open grave and the long grave clothes, but Jesus was not there. Could it be true? Peter's heart must have been almost broken. But at last he saw Jesus and I believe he just fell at His feet and wept and wept and asked the Lord to forgive him. And as he arose he must have said, "Jesus, I'll never do it again. I love You and I want to tell the Story." "But Peter, don't go yet. I know you believe in Me. But I know you have your old impetuosity back. Don't go to tell the Story yet. You need something that you do not have. You need that which will help you to stand when the mob taunts you; you need something that will help you when the adversary of this world comes upon you. You wait in that Upper Room in Jerusalem and after I am ascended I will send upon you the Holy Spirit. But don't you dare to preach until you are equipped." I have known wonderful preachers who after they rejected the Baptism of the Holy Spirit seemed to have lost all their power.

The Day of Pentecost was fully come. They were all of one accord. They had waited for ten

days. They didn't take it just in blind faith. Sometimes I have seen people work along the altar and someone will go along, laying hands on the seeking one and saying, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost," and the people get up with nothing more than they had before; they didn't feel any change. You ask them about it and they say, "I have taken it by faith." Well, if you have an experience that you cannot feel, when you lose it you will never miss it. I believe in staying ten days if necessary, ten weeks or ten months if He doesn't fill you before.

See the great crowd gathered. The disciples are on fire for God; there is James praising the Lord and Philip is talking about going down to Samaria to hold a revival. The crowd gathers around in great astonishment; someone says they are crazy. Have you ever been called crazy? I have; I have been intoxicated but not with the wine of this world, for it was the wine of the Kingdom. Peter looks at the crowd as they are scoffing and jeering; he goes to the window and says, "Men and brethren, we are not drunk as you suppose; it is only the third hour of the day. But this is that which was spoken of by the prophet Joel." He didn't hand them any sugar-coated sermon but told them that they were the men who had killed the Savior. What boldness here! Peter had been endued with power. Peter had been filled with the Holy Spirit.

Peter and John pass the lame man at the Beautiful Gate and the poor fellow cries out as he has done for years. "Money, please," But Peter says, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have —," "What have you got, Pe-

ter?" Listen, he had the dynamic power of the Holy Ghost in his heart. This was the man who had run away from a little waiting maiden but he is saying now, "Silver and gold have I none but such as I have give I thee," and suddenly the man jumped up and ran into the temple, leaping and praising God. You say, "Yes I know all about that, Dr. Price, but don't you know that the Apostolic days are over and that the power is lifted from the church? Don't you know that the power died with Peter, and Matthew, and Mark and Luke and John? Don't you know that the gift of healing has been taken away? At the end of the Apostolic period this all passed away." Give me chapter and verse, please. I have made this call from coast to coast and no one has ever dared to answer. If you can show me the chapter and verse proving your statements, I will never preach it again. Do you know what we have done? *We have said that to cover up our evident failure in reaching up to the standard.* In the First Century, in the Tenth, in the Eleventh, and thank God, right in the Twentieth Century, the Word comes to His disciples, "Ye shall be endued with power after that the Holy Ghost has come upon you." There is a place where you can get filled with the Holy Ghost. God give us more men of the type of John Wesley and of Peter Cartwright; more men like Finney and General Booth. Their ministry was one of power. They took into the darkest places the spirit and power, the dynamic power of Jesus and the Holy Ghost. . We can do the same if we will determine to reach up to God's standard for the church and every individual today.

The Black Horse and Its Rider

Lifting the Veil upon Coming Events

Pastor Philip Wittich in The Stone Church, Sept. 12, 1926.



WHEN our Lord Jesus Christ was opening the third seal, the third cherubim gave the order for the black horse to come forward; the other two horses, the white and the red preceding it. John saw the black horse and its rider and heard one of the elders give the command, "Come and see." The rider had a pair of balances in his hand, and a voice came from the throne, "A measure of wheat for a shilling, and three measures of barley for a shilling." The command also came forth not to harm the oil and the wine.

The white rider is the power of the Gospel

coming forth in judgment. The judgment over an apostate world is preceded by the spiritual judgment over a lukewarm church. After God has attempted to win His church by the gracious invitation to fully surrender to His Son, Jesus Christ, He will terminate the wooings of the Gospel and usher in the judgments of the Lamb. What the Gospel could not effect at the close of the Church Age the judgment that God shall send in mercy will accomplish in the seven years of tribulation; for judgment will begin at the house of God. I. Peter 4:17.

After the white horse and its rider comes the rider on the red horse, having a sword in his

hand and speaking of war and bloodshed. And logically the next horse must be the black horse. I say logically, because the Bible connects blackness and darkness with tribulation, wrath, punishment, and also with famine. So we ask the question, What does the black horse signify? I quote to you Joel 2:2, reading the last clause of the first verse: "For the day of the Lord cometh, for it is nigh at hand; a day of darkness and gloominess, a day of clouds and thick darkness, as the dawn spread upon the mountains." Joel speaks here of the day of Jehovah our King; the King James version says, "the day of the Lord." By custom Sunday is sometimes spoken of as the Lord's Day, but this is not scriptural. The day of the Lord is a day of judgment, "of darkness and of gloominess." When the Jews kept the Sabbath, it was not a day of gloominess, and when the Christians gather together we do not expect darkness and judgment, but sweet communion thru the power of the Holy Ghost, as we worship the living God. If you will look up the subject of the "Day of the Lord" you will find it is never connected with God's dealings with the saints, but always with the people who have rejected the Lord. We have the "day of Christ" when our Lord takes home His anointed ones. Paul uses that expression in connection with the "hope." He exhorts the Philippians to be faithful, that He which hath begun a good work in them will perform it until the "*day of Christ*." That day is a day when the Messiah shall come down as a Bridegroom to take up His Bride at the end of the Church Age. Matthew 25 clearly teaches that. The wise virgins never looked for judgment; they looked for the Bridegroom, and that always suggests the thot of tender love.

But we read in Joel that the day of the Lord shall be a day of darkness and a day of the wrath of God. When we obey the Gospel we do not meet Jesus as our stern Judge, but as our tender, loving Lord.

The "black horse" does not speak of the tender Bridegroom coming to take home His Bride, but of the Lamb of God sending out that which represents judgment and famine. Zeph. 1:15 says, "That day is a day of wrath, a day of trouble and distress, of desolation, of clouds and heavy darkness, of trumpet and alarm." That is all that is said about that day of the Lord; there is nothing cheerful about it, but a day when the wrath of the Lamb shall be poured out upon the world, upon those who have rejected the blood of the Lamb.

In Jer. 14:1-6 we have a picture of tribulation; also in Lamentations 4:8, 9; 5:10, and Job 30:30. In these passages the black horse represents great famine that shall come upon the earth. It is true that we have hundreds and thousands that are scarcely ever free from famine. In India the famines never cease, but this condition is not universal. When the Lord Jesus Christ sends forth the black horse, it will not only be India that will be affected, but the whole world; in other words, famine with all its horrors will be felt in every land, and we of the United States who at the present time are revelling in plenty of good food, and living comfortably, will also feel the coming of the "black horse." We will not be spared those terrible punishments that will come upon the earth.

Then, beloved, we see that this rider has balances in his hands; balances to weigh food. The scarcer the food the more you are apt to weigh it. In Lev. 26:26 you will find a very striking passage on that point: "When I broke your staff of bread, ten women shall bake your bread in one oven, and they shall deliver you your bread again *by weight*; and ye shall eat, and not be satisfied." That was the introduction of a special punishment to the Jews. There God predicted to the Jews what would happen to them. Famines happened in past history and will happen again in the Great Tribulation; they will not strike the Jews alone, but the whole earth.

The Lord tells Ezekiel the prophet (Ez. 4:10) to undergo certain sufferings in order to illustrate practically what sufferings will befall the Israelites for their rebellious attitude toward the Lord, "And thy meat which thou shalt eat shall be by weight, twenty shekels a day; from time to time shalt thou eat it." So we see that there will be such a scarcity that people will measure by weight things which years ago were never measured that way. We are rapidly drifting toward that condition. In 1913 I bought ten bushels of potatoes at 35 cents a bushel. That was before the war. This past winter we paid 90 cents and \$1 a peck. A government official has stated that food-stuffs have gone up 65 per cent since the war. Everything that God has predicted for a certain time will come to pass. How we would have laughed years ago to see the grocer put vegetables on the scale! I do not want to make things blacker than they are, but when the Lord speaks about a "black horse" it is pretty dark. The record says that the rider had balances in his hand and that speaks of scarcity of food. In times of abundance people do not put things

on the scales or in a measure. You read of Joseph who was gathering in grain in the seven years of plenty, and that they ceased to measure the wheat as it came in. But the fact that things will be measured out in the tribulation shows that food-stuffs such as we need for our daily living will be very scarce.

Now let us hear the measure that the Lord gives here. He says there will be a measure of wheat for a shilling. That word in the Greek is, according to our own measure, a pint and a half, a *choenix*, says the Greek, for a shilling. A Jewish shilling, in our present money, is worth 17 cents, and in the days of Christ it constituted the wage for a day laborer. You read how the Lord sent out His laborers and gave every one a shilling. Since the shilling, or, as the Greek calls it, *denarius*, is the working-man's wage in the Great Tribulation, a working-man can buy for his day's wage only a pint and a half of wheat. If you grind that into flour it is barely enough for a man to live on; and if the man has a family it means starvation.

You know why the wages are going skyward. Twenty years ago when a man received two dollars a day he was well paid. Now he gets \$10, \$15, and \$20, and then thinks it not sufficient pay. Why? Because prices for food, clothing, and living have gone sky-high, and in order to be able to live, wages have to rise also. So when the Lord speaks of a *denarius* buying only a pint and a half of wheat. He wants to convey the thought that a working-man will not be able to buy more than a pint and a half of wheat for whatever day's wage he receives in the days of the Tribulation. Even if he would get ten and fifteen dollars a day, he could buy no more than a pint and a half of wheat. And of barley, which is the food for the poor, a man will be able to buy only four and a half pints with his day's wage. Where will the money come in for rent and clothing? I believe the Lord thru these two facts has raised the veil to show us the terrible conditions that will prevail. Then, while this shall happen to the wheat and the barley, the command goes forth that there shall be no harm done to the oil and the wine. You may think that to be very strange, but it is not. Oil and wine are products of trees, while barley and wheat must be sowed every year, and God will cause such a scarcity of grain it will take a man's wages to buy enough to live on, not to speak of supporting a family. The oil and the wine are no necessities; you can well afford to do without them; they are luxuries.

The staple articles of food for the poor will be so scarce that they will starve by the millions, while the rich will revel in their luxuries. We have seen this during the war; the poor were cut down and the rich had an abundance.

It doesn't matter much if a rich man pays \$10 for a sack of flour, but what would a poor man do if he had to pay such prices to feed his family? The famine will first strike the poor, but the rich will live high. During the World War the poor people were compelled to buy Liberty Bonds and the poor boys had to go across to France to lay down their lives, but the rich at home became exceedingly rich. Before the last war we had 4,000 millionaires in the United States, and now, according to government report, we have 40,000. During the Tribulation the poor will become poorer, and the rich richer; however the time of suffering for the rich will be *at the end* of the Tribulation. James tells us that in the fifth chapter, 1-6, "Go now, ye rich, weep and howl for your miseries that are coming upon you. Your riches are corrupted, your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days. Etc." Here you have a picture of the great Tribulation. God's mills grind very slowly, but they grind exceeding fine.

But there is one thing remarkable about this vision that John had. There was a voice in the midst of the four living creatures. Whose voice was heard by John? You have the answer in Rev. 5:6, "In the midst of the throne and of the four living creatures there was a Lamb standing, as it were slain." You understand now the Biblical expression, "the wrath of the Lamb." It is the Lamb that died for sinners, the Lamb that saves, but when the Lamb's grace is over, the wrath of the Lamb shall be felt. The voice is not from the cherubim, nor from the twenty-four elders around the throne; it is out of the midst of the cherubim where the Lamb stands from whence comes the voice, "A measure of wheat for a *denarius* and three measures of barley for a *denarius*." It is the Lord Jesus Christ that will send these judgments. Nothing will be done on earth unless it is decreed in heaven, and now since Christ has gone to heaven to sit on the right hand of the majesty of the Father, the Father has laid everything at the feet of the Son. It is the Son that gathers in His believers; it is the Son, thru the Holy Ghost, that gets them

ready for His coming, and it is the Son who will judge the rebellious ones. *We have to meet Jesus!* There is nothing in this world that is insignificant in the sight of the Lord. Not even a hair falls from the head, or a sparrow from the roof without the knowledge of the Father. The things that shall come to pass on the earth are things that have been decreed by the heart of the Father and of the Son, and executed by the Spirit. We complain about the high prices and wonder how things will end. We can see the decree of these going forth, in the book of Revelation.

Message in tongues with interpretation:

I am now gathering my own. I am gathering my jewels. I am gathering my filies, my true ones who have been washed in my blood, those who love my name and obey my commandments. I am gathering them fast from all the corners of the earth; from the East and the West, from the North and the South. In the land unknown to you I have precious ones, and when I come they shall see me. And ye who are ready shall see me. I am speaking to you. Will you listen? It is the voice of the Lord, the voice of your Shepherd, the voice of your Lover. Be ready! Scorn not these words. Do not despise prophecy. Let your hearts be prepared for my coming. Be ye ready! Be ye ready, for you know not the hour when I shall come! I want to gather you with me. I want you to get away from the terrible times that I shall send upon this world. I want you to separate yourselves from the things that defile, from the things that hinder you from going with me. Some of you are tied to the things of this world, and if I would come today some of you could not go. Let me loosen you. Let me take out of your heart all the affections for the things of this world, and let me put in affections for me, and you shall desire the day of my coming as a bride desires the day of her bridegroom. Heed ye! Heed ye my message!

It may strike you as strange that the Lord would punish the people on earth with famine, and yet when we look at it from the divine standpoint it is nothing but the logical act on the part of the Lord Jesus. Jesus tells us in Jno. 6:5 that He is the Bread from heaven; He is able to sustain us and to keep us, body, soul and spirit. But the fact is that men, in general, have rejected Jesus as their bread from heaven, their nourishment, their sustenance, and they have gone after other food, and now God is touching man at his weakest point. To be killed quickly is not connected with as much suffering as when one has to die slowly by starvation, and the Lord says, in other words, you have rejected me as your Bread of Life, therefore I will take the perishable bread from your bodies and let you suffer.

You do not desire me unless you suffer from the food you are now lacking.

But I am so glad the Lord has made provision for His true believers. You know what He says; that we should not be occupied with these three questions, What shall we eat? What shall we drink? Wherewithal shall we be clothed? for that is the way the Gentiles do, but the command is to "seek first the kingdom of God and all these things shall be added unto you." The more we become occupied with Jesus our heavenly Food, the more He takes care of our bodily needs. The people who reject Jesus have to suffer in their bodies.

Is not the study of these four riders a great warning? I believe that God is now speaking especially to His own people. How must you and I who know the Lord, feel if we do not escape but be compelled to go thru the coming terrible Tribulation. The question of making a living is a very serious question now. It used to be that a man would be able to support his entire family; the father of a home would support seven, eight, and ten children, but now we have only small families and almost every member is forced to work for a living; even the daughters are obliged to work as soon as they grow up. It is because of the pressure of sin and the curse on this earth, which pressure will be intensified when the black horse is racing over the earth. But the apostle tells us that we should raise our heads for our redemption is drawing nigh. So let this afternoon's service with its message be an incentive to all of us, that we look away from the things of this world, and *look to Jesus*. He tests us, as I found out in my own life. Years ago I was greatly tried, not only in body but also in finances. I went thru very great trials. For ten days I lived on only ten cents a day, and for seven years I supported my family, wife, and three daughters, on \$11.50 per week. God tests us, but I am a living witness that when His testing time is over He begins to reward us. He only wants to prove us whether we are true or not, and when we remain faithful the shackles drop off; the gate to the lions' den is opened and the Daniels walk out.

These seasons of testings are very helpful to our spiritual life. When God's visitation was upon me I was brought nearer to Jesus and learned to feast more on His Word. Those seven years of testing in a little town in Ohio have been the means of enriching me in Christ, my Bread, and of teaching me more of His Word. I do not say

that I am now a graduate, but God certainly gave me some good helpful lessons. I learned to put no confidence in myself or in others, but to put all my confidence in the Lord Jesus who has never failed me. *He will never fail you*, and if any of you are not ready to go with our Lord Jesus, I ask you *not to delay getting ready*. If

you realize that you have not the joy nor the power of God you would like to have, remember *He is right here to deal with you*. Jesus wants to fill you and to keep you filled unto His coming before the terrible "day of the Lord" shall dawn upon a Laodician Church and a God-forgetting world.

Among the Aborigines of Australia

Miraculously Fed in Answer to Prayer

Miss Mary Ayers in the Missionary Rest Home, Sept. 1, 1926



WHEN I was a young girl twelve years of age, I was converted and became a little missionary. A missionary used to take me to the cannibals and I would hold their black hands and teach them to write, "God is love." That is where I got the missionary spirit, and I praise the Lord it has never ceased. I can say to the glory of God, I haven't once swerved one iota from my devotion to the Lord. No one has ever found me weeping and saying the way is too hard. I have learned to know God as a God of power and might, and when everything failed I had the God of hope within me.

While I was going to school my mother and father suddenly died and I was broken-hearted. I thought everything was going from under me, but God hadn't gone. When you have nobody then you begin to praise God in a new way. I remember crying and praying, and how the Lord appeared in my bed room and laid His hand on me. I said, "Oh why did You take my precious mother? Whom have I got now? I will drift into the world if You do not help me?" Then He laid His hand on me and said, "Ye have not chosen me but I have chosen you." "Oh Jesus," I said, "have You chosen me? I have no ability." Then He said, "I have given you the gift of love." I said, "That is no use to me. I do not know its worth." He said, "Faith, hope and love, but the greatest of these is love. I give you the gift of love."

I thought I would like to be a missionary among the child-widows of India. That seemed very romantic. I wrote to the Missionary Training Home asking to be trained and the head lady lost the letter. I waited and prayed and nothing came of it. Then I concluded that God didn't want me to go to the training home at that time and looked to Him for the next step. Then the Lord spoke to me, "The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto thee from the ground." I looked

it up and found it was in the story of Cain and Abel. I told the Lord I didn't understand it and if it was for me He should make it real. I closed my Bible and went about my work. But one day while I was praying the Lord said to me, "The aborigines in the bush are your brothers. The aborigines' blood is crying from the ground to me, and you are your brothers' keeper. I want you to go to them." I promised the Lord I would go. My business was to decide and it was God's business to open the way. If you never decide you cannot expect God to undertake. Don't say, "I hope to go." You will "hope to go" to the end of your days. When your will is fully in the will of God and you are called to the mission field, the door will swing wide open.

I wondered how I would get to the aborigines. I went to the minister and said, "I am going to the aborigines. I have a call." I thought he would be delighted but he said, "Oh you are too young!" "But God has called me," I said. He said I needed training, etc., etc. He put a hundred obstacles in my way. I prayed that if God wanted me to go to the training home to make them answer my letter. One day I met a young lady who said, "I want to go to the aborigines." "So do I," I said, "let's go." How we were to get to those blacks, God only knew. We heard that we could get a cheap passage third class, but nobody would give the money. They were not like you kind people who give so willingly. But God sent along a poor-looking person who was glad we were willing to go; and who helped us.

We reached there and began to labor for God. After we were there a while this missionary died and I stayed on for a short time. Then I felt I could not stay longer. I was ill and broken-hearted, and I had to endure such hardships. You have no idea of the hardships. We slept under the trees with the blacks, and oh the things they ate!

After this young lady died I called the people together. In every tribe there is a king and a

queen and the natives travel in tribes. The aborigines are the lowest people on God's earth next to the pigmies in Africa. They are like wild animals and yet God called me to these people. I am glad that He called me, and I do not know yet why He led me away from them, but He did.

I said to the king and queen: "My friend is gone and I am going back to my home and see if I cannot get a man to come up here. It is too hard work for a woman." And the old king said, "Oh Nanning, you going to leave us, too?" "Yes, king, I must go. I cannot live here alone," I said. "We will be kind to you and look after you," he said. I told them I would go and get some men, but he said, "No, we do not want men. We want you. You love us." They cried like babies. They have very musical voices and they are naturally gifted. They followed me for miles waving their red handkerchiefs, saying, "Oh Nanning, do not leave us." Then I heard a voice saying, "Nanning, we will pray you back. We will ask the Big Spirit on Top to make you come back." That voice rang in my ears all the time I was away.

When I got to the city a missionary asked me to work among the Chinese; there were many Chinese in that city. I said, "Any place where I can preach the Gospel." I taught them for awhile, but one night I awoke hearing, "Nanning, we will pray you back." "Oh Jesus," I cried, "do not send me back. I like teaching these Chinese." Again I heard the voice, "We will speak to 'Big Spirit on Top' to send you back." I felt I had to come to a point of decision, and if this was of God I might as well obey Him because my life would be a failure if I didn't. I got out of bed and prayed, "Jesus, I cannot go. It is too hard, but if You are calling me, You must make me willing to be made willing." That was His business. I yielded; that was my part. I got into bed and was soon fast asleep, and when I arose in the morning the Holy Ghost had operated upon me. He is a wonderful Operator. I said, "Oh, I believe I will go back! Poor old king! Poor old queen! I'd like to go back today." That day I got a letter: "Nanning, we are weeping for you. We are talking to the Great Spirit on Top." I told my friend I was going back to the aborigines, but she tried to dissuade me.

The Lord supplied me with money and sent the clothes. I did not need any money with the black fellows, and when the clothes wore out I felt God could send me more. I set out and when

I got back, how those dear old blacks greeted me! Jesus gave me a love for them and they knew it. The king said, "We talked all the time to the Great Spirit on Top." They had child-like faith. If we are child-like in our faith what we ask for will come to pass. I told him that the Lord woke me up one night and told me they were as sheep without a shepherd." He laughed and said, "I knew Jesus would speak to you."

They have a superstition that if anyone dies the evil spirit will enter him, so they flee for their lives; just pick up and leave for another part. I told them that I was alone and I expected them to look after me. "If you go away," I said, "I will never come back again." So they promised to take me with them when they left. They got little boats and took their families, their dogs, and me. We sailed all day until it was night. Then I said to the king, "You had better stop. It is dark and the sea is rough." So they pulled in their little boats and said they would make my house first. The little boys went and gathered sticks and logs and they built a fire to keep away the jackals. They made me a little bark hut where you could creep in and lie on the sand. We had supper together and after that I would read the Bible and pray with them all. After that it was time for me to go to bed. All around were little boys who were to watch my hut. During the night they had to poke the fire and keep it burning. The aborigines have big eyes and very soft, curly hair, and I can see yet those big eyes looking at me as they poked the fire. In the morning the king said, "Nanning, the dingoes (Australian dogs) have come and stolen our food. What shall we do?" I said, "We can pray." A voice within said, "You have been preaching about a wonderful God. How about practicing it?" I said, "Let us pray to God and He will help us." We could not buy anything and had to go two or three days' journey. After we got down on the sand and prayed I was impressed to go down on the beach and pray, so I went off alone. The king's son who always looked after me, a Christian young man of seventeen, said, "Nanning, I am going, too." "You go that way and pray, and I will go another," I said. We went, and I knelt down and prayed, "Oh God, now show your mighty power and send us food."

While I was praying I heard a voice saying, "Do you want any bread?" "Yes," I answered, "it is the very thing we want," and here in a boat was a white boy with a load of bread. I called to the aborigines, "*coo-ied*" to them to bring my

purse. We scraped the money together and bought all the bread we could buy. I asked the young man with the bread, "How did you come here?" "Oh," he said, "we have been trying to come here for two days but the sea was rough. The wind was so strong it was impossible to go across to take the people over there some bread, and I said, 'Perhaps that white lady might want some.' Who are you with all these blacks?" "I am a missionary telling them about Jesus," I replied. He said, "Why don't you come to the whites and tell them about Jesus? We haven't anybody." "I will come to you," I said. "Where are you?" He told me they were living in the wilds.

Then the king's son *coo-ied* to me and he had a string of fish. "Where did you get them?" I asked. "The same place you got the bread," he said. He prayed like I did; I got bread and he got fish. It pays to pray. He told me as he sat praying by the rocks, he heard something and thot, "That sounds like a fish." He stopped praying. Sometimes you have to stop praying and go to work. The porpoises chased the fish right into the rocks; then the tide went down and left the fish in pools of water, and the Holy Spirit led him right to the place where they were. He had a knife in his pocket and cleaned them and put them on a stick. We both knelt down in the sand and thanked God for what He had done to let the people see that He was God. We went back and said, "Come and dine, here is bread and fish." Then we ate and I got the Bible to read to them. Do you think I would let one boy stay away from prayers? No, indeed. We read where the Master fed the multitude. If you feed somebody else you will not backslide. If you cannot preach, go and pray with some one. Get out and you will have greater blessing, greater power and greater joy. "The liberal soul shall be fat." That means not only liberal with your money but with your service.

The next day we had to travel all day thru the bush. They drank water from any place, but I didn't. It was dirty and green, and the tigers drank it. I told the boy to get me some water and boil it first. We traveled until three in the morning and I said, "I cannot walk any more." I had nothing to eat and had no more strength. So we stopped and made a fire, and as they all gathered around the fire I wondered where I would sleep. I said to the boy, "You had better get me a stone. Jacob had a stone for his pil-

low." So I slept on a stone underneath a tree. I was so tired I fell asleep, forgetting all about the snakes and dingoes and everything.

The next morning the young men asked me to go and see them send a telegram. They wanted a tribe to come up to them. They got three long poles and filled them with grass and leaves, and lighted them. Then the white smoke ascended into the heavens. The different tribes are always watching if any are coming to fight. They said after awhile the people would come in their boats, and, all of a sudden, there were a dozen boats. The people in them wanted to know who I was and what I was doing there. So our tribe told them we didn't want to fight but wanted to tell them about Jesus and that the "Great Spirit on Top" had told me to come to them. They took us to their place in boats, and built me a little house. We stayed there ten days and had meetings with these people. I left a young man there to preach to them. It was wonderful how they responded. You could wake up at two, three, and four o'clock in the morning and hear them singing hymns. They had meetings day and night. It was a real revival.

We came back to our home and then I went to the white folk and had an open-air meeting and one young man put up his fist and said, "Many a time I fought you black people but I will not fight you any more. God sent this missionary to us and she made the way clear. Now I have taken Jesus. Many a time I have gone to that hotel and drank that cursed drink. I will pray for you (to the hotel keeper)." When he finished they said, "He sounds so true and earnest, do you think he has religion?" "Yes," I said, "he has Jesus in his heart." "Is he like this all the time?" they asked. "Yes," and you would be, too, if you would give up sinning." Then I preached to them.

On our way home we had to go thru the bush and it was pitch-dark. The aborigines took some stringy bark from the trees, which they lit and made into torches. That is the way they lighted us thru the bush. The little boys would tie the bundles and pass them to the next one, singing hymns all the way thru the bush. Sometimes the grass was away up to my shoulders, but they would go thru and tramp it first. That night I slept in the sand and we went home the next day.

Some white boys came from twenty-four miles away. The natives thot they had come to fight but I asked to talk to them. I asked them why

they came; whether they wanted to hear about Jesus. They said, "We heard you had a wonderful church here, and that the natives sang wonderfully. A young aborigine came up where we are and he told us how you get people to heaven and get them saved, and we thought we would like to have a look at you." I had never been there but this young aborigine had told them about Jesus and had sent them down to me. They came on horse-back thru the bush. A Roman Catholic father came down with a gun. "I am going to shoot you," he said. "What are you going to shoot me for?" I asked. "Now my son will never go to the priest, and says this is all bunk about praying to Mary." I put my hand on his shoulder and said, "The blood of Jesus will cleanse you, too," and before I knew it I was preaching to him. So the miner found Jesus and became a worker for Him.

God wonderfully used me. I had to bury the white people who died and bury the blacks; help to make the coffins, and do many hard things. I was only a young girl, but the Word says "He is made unto us wisdom," and if we lack wisdom we should ask of God. I built a house and God showed me how to do it. Missionaries are living in that house today. God sent these young men out into different places and they preached the Gospel. I taught them as much of the Holy Ghost as I knew about at that time, and they went far into the interior and gave out the Gospel message.

Later the Lord brought me away. I praise God that He enabled me to meet hardships so that I can sympathize with others. God afterward led me to India and I worked among the soldiers during the war.

Pentecost Among the Tribes



THE following account from Bro. and Sis. McLean working among the Tribes people in Yunnan Province, Southwest China, is thrilling and will inspire missionaries who are longing to see results:

"Those of you who have been standing with us in the Lord's work here will rejoice to learn that a real Pentecostal revival has broken out among the Lohch tribe at Ming-tz-shan. It has been going on now for about ten weeks and seems to be growing in power as the weeks go by. About sixty have received the baptism of the Holy Spirit according to Acts 2:4, and last Sunday (June 13th) thirty were at the altar for the same purpose.

"You will be interested to know how this revival began, as it was not the result of our planning, but the Lord Himself began and is continuing the blessed work. We were having a little test in our work among the Tribes people, and one evening at the close of the meeting the Holy Spirit moved our young evangelist, Li-keh-san, to announce a week of early morning meetings, beginning about 4 A. M. We were all of one mind and realized in a special way the Lord's presence in our midst.

"After these early morning meetings began, Mrs. Tao, the wife of one of our workers, heard an angel (we concluded it must be) singing a beautiful song and exhorting her not to forget the words. They were words of exhortation for us to gather together quickly, exert ourselves to watching and prayer, the Holy Spirit was given at Pentecost, put off the old and put on the new, etc.

"At the end of the week of prayer the Lord began to work, and at the Sunday evening meeting our evangelist Li was under deep conviction and made a full confession of his sin and shortcomings. Tao went out into the courtyard and broke out weeping; then came in and confessed her sin of unfaithfulness to her husband and asked all to forgive her. Other confessions of sin followed and the power of the Lord was present in the meeting. Li-keh-san called me to come and pray for him and as I laid hands on him, the power of the Spirit came upon him and he shook for sometime, coming thru speaking in another tongue with the interpretation. He was the first to receive the baptism and it is wonderful how he has gone on with the Lord and is being used of Him. He has the vision of what Pentecost is and preaches it with all the energy of his being. I have never seen a greater transformation.

"Mrs. Tao was the next to receive and the Lord has given her a special ministry in prayer and shows her many things. Among others who received was a very wicked man who was nearly killed in a big row which they had last year. I noticed one evening as he came into the meetings that there was a change. He was very humble in spirit and when we went to prayer he began to confess his sin and the power of the Holy Spirit came upon him. He came thru to a wonderful baptism and has been a changed man ever since.

"Much prayer was made for the big Sunday meeting. After we sang Li-keh-san arose to give a message from the Word, but broke down weep-

ing before the people, exhorting them to repent and obtain happiness. When we went to prayer two young men broke out in loud crying, and were literally convulsed with weeping for about an hour. After making a full confession they received joy and peace and one broke out speaking a new tongue.

"I have never seen the power of the Lord so present as on the following Sunday. We gathered in the chapel about two hours before the meeting and had a blessed time in prayer, when the whole company broke out again and again, singing and praising the Lord. There were about 200 present and when we asked how many wanted to receive the baptism, the entire company sprang to their feet, their hands uplifted. The Holy Spirit fell upon the people and the scene which followed is beyond description. Some were shouting for joy, others weeping over their sins, one young woman was singing a song in the Spirit. The Spirit of God came upon a young man and he sprang to the platform and with all the energy he could muster, exhorted the people to repent and obtain happiness. This continued for about an hour. We shed tears of joy at this glorious visitation and many of those dear tribes people are coming thru to a real experience in the Lord.

"At the beginning of the revival two of our workers, Elder Tang and a young Loheh man who was helping him, were returning from one of our new stations which had just been opened. On the way they heard of the revival at Ming-tz-shan how people were confessing their sins and receiving the gift of the Holy Ghost. This young man, while a professing Christian, yet had not truly repented and the enemy tempted him not to confess his sins as it would bring disgrace on him, but the first meeting he attended great conviction of sin came upon him and he wept aloud, making a clean confession of sin, including adultery which is the besetting sin of young and old among this tribe. Peace and joy came into his heart as he asked the Lord to forgive him, and the next day the Lord baptized him.

"At one village where they began to seek this gift some began to oppose, and one man took it upon himself to stop the meetings, telling them they were crazy and that he was going to have peace and quietness. The Lord soon ended his opposition for in a few days he took ill and on the morning of the third day he suddenly died, which made a deep impression on the rest, some of whom came forward and repented of their op-

position.

"When the church members at Mein-ning heard how the Holy Spirit was poured out at Ming-tz-shan, seven of them came up with our native helper. One of these had just been baptized, and could not sleep the whole night because of the joy of the Lord. The next day she received the gift of the Holy Spirit. As the Holy Spirit comes into their hearts and lives, they have one testimony and that is that the coming of the Lord is very near and the Holy Spirit is being poured out to prepare us for that coming. They do not consider that a man has really repented unless he has given up his wine and tobacco. The wife of one of the church members who had been using tobacco very liberally, one day heard some supernatural singing on the top of their house. She was frightened and felt it was a call to repentance, so went and told her husband who destroyed all his pipes and tobacco and was an applicant for the baptism. The Lord is showing us that it is His purpose to pour out of His Spirit upon all the tribes people of this Province. While thousands have been baptized in water, yet very few have any experience of salvation in Christ. The Lord is putting a real spirit of prayer on us and you in the homeland can help us mightily by your prayers."

Perfect Thru Suffering

God would never send you the darkness
If He thought you could bear the light;
But you would not cling to His guiding hand
If the way were always bright.
And you would not care to walk by faith
Could you always walk by sight.

'Tis true He has many an anguish,
For your sorrowing heart to bear,
And many a cruel thorn crown
For your tired head to wear.
He knows how few would reach heaven at all
If pain did not drive them there.

So He sends you the blinding darkness,
And the furnace of sevenfold heat;
'Tis the only way, believe me,
To keep you close at His feet.
'Tis always so easy to wander
When our lives are glad and sweet.

So nestle your hand in your Father's,
And sing if you can as you go;
Your song may cheer some one behind you,
Whose courage is sinking low.
And what if your lips do quiver,
God will love you better so.

—Unknown.

* * *

We have about 50 copies "FOREGLEAMS OF GLORY" by Miss Sisson which we can sell for \$1.30 while they last. This is one of the choice books. A new edition has been called for. Order now.

The Latter Rain Evangel

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

Subscription Price

TO ANY PART \$1.25 (5/6s) 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.

¶ Contemporaries wishing to copy any article from this paper will kindly add "LATTER RAIN EVANGEL," Chicago, U. S. A.

¶ A red cross on your wrapper signifies that your renewal has been received.

¶ A cross opposite this note means your subscription expires with this number.

Notes

Our Nineteenth Anniversary

THIS is the Anniversary month of *The Latter Rain Evangel*. As we begin our nineteenth year our hearts are filled with gratitude to God for having kept His hand on the paper all these years, in the midst of pressure on every side. It has not been a great financial success, but we believe that in the archives of heaven there will be evidences that it has been successful in bringing souls to God; in lifting heavy burdens from fainting hearts, carrying the message of healing to the afflicted and oppressed body and inspiring God's children to give the Gospel to the heathen. This is the success we crave for it in the coming years.

We are glad that God does not measure success according to man's standard. The name of Thomas Hooker is scarcely known in history, save that he was a Puritan exile, but his godly influence and piety led to the conversion and consecration of John Eliot, "the apostle to the Indians," and the father and founder of modern missions in America. Eliot's life and work moved and molded David Brainerd, James Brainerd Taylor, Jonathan Edwards, Adoniram Judson, etc., etc. When the books are opened not only Eliot but Thomas Hooker will share in the rewards of those worthy pioneers and their followers.

So it is a comfort to us amidst the pressure of tests and trials to believe that thru the influence of *The Evangel* some valient soldiers will carry the Gospel to earth's dying millions, and that we and our readers who make the publishing of the paper possible, will share in the results

of their labors.

As the winter opens, supply your friends with helpful, spiritual reading matter. Send them a subscription to *The Evangel* and let it be a monthly visitor in their home. It is said that we remember 85 per cent of that which passes thru the "eye-gate" and only 15 per cent of that which is taken in thru the "ear-gate." From this it would seem that what we read is more readily retained than what we hear.

If your friends are unsaved God can use *The Evangel* as a medium of their salvation. Help us spread the Gospel in this way. If our readers would send in just one new subscription when they renew, what a lift that would give us! Let this be one of your avenues of doing personal work.

The Hurricane in Miami

THE service at the Tabernacle was over. The last soul had left the altar, and gone home. It was Friday night, with a cool breeze blowing through the rustling palm trees. The papers had given warning that a hurricane was approaching Miami, but few bothered to take the warning seriously. However, two or three of us knelt in the sawdust just before shutting the last door, and committed the people who had been present, and the Tabernacle, into the hands of the mighty Lord. We pleaded for them all the sheltering protection of the precious blood. Then home—but not to sleep!

The wind, which had been gradually rising higher and higher, had reached a great force by 12 o'clock. There was a peculiar color in the sky. Not exactly moonlight, yet a strange glow of some kind. I went down to the beach about this time, and found here and there little groups of people gathered and talking laughingly and jokingly about the storm.

"It will not be much," they said. "There have been other storm warnings before, and nothing ever came of them."

The wind was now a gale that lashed the waves into leaping lines of white foam and flying spindrift. I went to the hotel where I was staying, at Miami Beach, and found that everyone was up and dressed. About one o'clock in the morning the wind had reached hurricane force, and the waves were being dashed across the street. Suddenly, with a roar like thunder, the hurricane had become a combination twister, cyclone, and tornado. Waves from the Atlantic began to pound against the hotel front, and in a few minutes the whole door, porch and front wall came smashing, crashing into the lobby. Some of the men caught hold of the panic-stricken and screaming women and crying children, and we made our desperate way through the back door, out into the night. I had about half-a-dozen women and children hanging on to me, and as we stepped out, the water was up to our waist, and racing along like

a mountain river. Inky-black darkness, relieved only by lightning, and a most peculiar kind of blue fire-balls! Trees and telephone poles were crashing all around, and the noise and confusion of falling buildings and collapsing roofs added to the wild horror of the scene.

We were carried a block by the wind and waves, until we managed to catch a palm tree on a corner, and found an open door in a big stone hotel. Many were gathered in the lobby from homes all around, and some folks who never prayed before prayed now!

Automobiles and trucks flew past the window, and soon all the windows were gone and the waves and driving, shrieking rain were flooding every corner of our shelter. The building across the street caved in with a roar. One man went suddenly mad in our midst, and tried to kill some people. Hell seemed to be let loose! And in the storm, and darkness, and awful turmoil, may I add a word of testimony, humbly and gratefully. The peace of God, passing all understanding, filled and thrilled me! Only once before has this unearthly feeling of absolute peace been so definitely vivid, and that was also in a storm, in mid-Atlantic, when the captain told us the boat was sinking, and that there was not a chance of escape. Well, praise the Lord, the religion of Jesus Christ is real, and the knowledge, given by the Holy Ghost Himself, that the blood does cover, is the most precious thing in all this world of change and loss.

To return to our story. About seven o'clock, after a night of wild confusion and turmoil, the wind abated. Then came the real tragedy and disaster. Everyone, thinking the fury of the storm was spent, began to return to their ruined homes and apartments to try and salvage clothes and valuables. When the streets were thronged with people, looking at the scene of desolation, the second storm struck suddenly and without warning. Roaring along at what observers estimated to be 180 miles an hour, came the terrific tropical hurricane. What had gone before seemed as nothing to this. Great numbers were killed and injured before they could regain shelter. Glass and rocks flew thru the darkling air, filling the streets with death and debris. For two hours this great storm raged with a force and continued fury that seemed incredible. It could not be described, the effect that this tremendous rushing wind had on the cowering people. They seemed numb and dazed and paralyzed with astonishment and awful fear. The elements poured out their wrath, and the storm king rode through all this section of Florida with spurs of death.

Saturday afternoon the wind had abated, tho still high, and people began to come forth from their hiding places. What a scene burst upon their sight! Whole streets flat. Cars everywhere upside down. Wreckage, piled high in all directions. Boats washed far up the streets, left high and dry.

Sunday dawned bright, clear, and utterly beautiful after what had been. A handful of us gath-

ered in the Tabernacle in the afternoon to praise God for deliverance, and pray for those in sore distress. The hearts of all were very full, and there were few dry eyes as we listened to tale after tale of miracles of heroism, courage, and deliverance. God was very real. The ends of the Tabernacle were all gone, part of the roof, and the gallery and choir loft. But in the old sawdust, hallowed by memories of the many who found Christ there in Raymond T. Richey's recent great campaign, we all joined hands in a circle, and sang down a very cloud of glory and blessing.

Although many of the flock here were injured, only one was killed, as far as we know up to date. What a wonderful thing it was that many precious souls were saved here in the recent campaign, who may be now in the actual presence of the Great King!

Dear Friend, another great storm is coming on this old world. The awful storm of God's out-poured wrath upon a world of Christ-rejecters. Happy those who know what it means by personal, definite experience to be under the shelter of the Blood of Jesus. In the cleft of that Rock is eternal safety and rest. On the bosom of the Lord no storms can hurt nor tempests harm. Fly, sinner friend, and rest not till you KNOW that you are saved, through simple child-like trust in the Crucified, Risen and Soon-Coming Lord. Praise His great Name! Hallelujah! *Fred Johnson in Full Gospel Advocate.*

Remember the Missionary

THIS is the time for the home friends to remember the dear ones on the mission field with their gifts if they want them to reach the field by Christmas. Send them useful, practical gifts. One missionary said that she appreciated the little extra notions we put in a package, such as needles, pins, thread, etc., as much as the more expensive gifts, for in some countries these little notions are imported and cost a great deal.

We asked one of our missionaries if she tho the little gifts we sent her were worth the duty she had to pay, and she writes:

"Oh if you could but realize what happiness the Xmas box brings to us and how useful and practical we find each gift, you would not allow such a question to pass thru your mind. As to the duty it is very little, for you know how to price each article at a low, reasonable price. We are so fortunate to have such thoughtful and kind young people in the homeland. Missionaries belonging to other denominations tell us they never get anything like this. One missionary told us of receiving a large box from the homeland on which she had to pay an exorbitant amount of duty. Upon opening same she found it contained nothing but old magazines which had seen

many years, and some old clothes not even fit for natives. This is only one of many tales we hear from other missionaries along this line."

It requires a little thot to send useful and yet attractive gifts, but we do it for our friends at home. How much more should we give a little

thot to those who are working for God in the hard places of the earth. Send their gifts early before the rush at home.

Gifts of money will be gladly sent off by us. Do not wait until December to send your Christmas offering. We will forward promptly.

Divinely Healed of Tuberculosis

How the Lord Used the Printed Page

Miss Freda Hugh, 210 W. Jackson St., Freeport, Ill.



O you know, friends, that three weeks ago today I was lying up there in the gallery, a very sick girl, doomed to death and today I am standing here praising the Lord for His wonderful healing power. Before I give my testimony I want to thank you for your faithful prayers and intercession. I shall never forget the love and compassion of the saints in Stone Church.

When I came to America in July, 1923, I was far from the Lord. My religious life was more than dead; I had no desire to pray or to read the Word of God. I believed in a social Gospel only and was willing to do my best for the uplift of humanity as a trained nurse. I soon found out that the modern American church life corresponded wonderfully to my ideals and I counted myself happy to start a new life in this broad-minded atmosphere of worldly Christianity, after I had escaped, as I thought, the narrow ideas and dogmas of our Methodist Church in Switzerland. Unfortunately my father, a very godly Methodist minister and greatly used by the Lord in saving many hundreds of souls, died when his children were at the age when they most badly needed spiritual advice; and it did not take very long till I slipped fast into the world. But thank God, the Divine seed that had been sown into my heart during my childhood, had not been altogether destroyed. Deep down in my soul was an intense longing for something real and better. I never was satisfied and, praise the Lord, my Savior was not satisfied either. But He had to use very strong means to bring this stubborn lost sheep back into His fold. My dear father's and mother's prayers followed me over to America and I soon experienced the drawing, saving power of the Holy Spirit. I remember once when I attended a moving picture show in one of the largest theatres in New York, such a terrible empty and miserable feeling came so suddenly over me that I broke out in tears, and trembling all over, my friends had to lead me out of the hall as quickly as possible.

After I had been in America only one year my health broke down completely, undermined through homesickness and overwork in hospitals. One morning in June, 1924, I woke up to the fact that I was spitting blood, and with it came the terrible realization that I was the victim of

that dreadful disease, consumption. The X-rays in the physician's office showed both of my lungs badly affected and the doctor advised me to go home to Switzerland, which practically sounded to me, "Go home and die." How I dreaded the idea of going home a sick girl, as I had started out for America well and full of enthusiasm only one year before. I could not understand then why all this misery had to come on me after having used my strength for suffering humanity.

In my despair I decided to take a rest cure in the country and then apply to my brother for help. How he could help me I did not know as he was a student at the University of Chicago at that time, and busily engaged in examinations. I had not seen my dear brother for two years and the news of my sickness caused a severe shock to him. However, he was willing at once to care for his sister and the Lord showed him the way out. My brother told me afterwards that before my sad letter reached him he was on the point of running away from the Lord. He had almost completely lost his faith in a personal God through his studies at the universities; he was disgusted and disappointed in a dead Christianity, in a powerless Christianity, and had decided never to go back into the ministry again, though he had been a minister for some years. He remembered the day when he said to the Lord: "Lord, if Thou art the same God now as Thou hast been in Bible days, reveal Thy power to me. I want to see Thy glory; I want to see realities not only words. If Thou art the God of the Bible then Thy Word must be true: 'The kingdom of God is not in words but in power.'"

And the Lord heard his prayer in His own peculiar way. My brother had planned to provide a home for me in the Western mountains and to take a teaching position in some college. He wanted to escape the ministry, yet the Lord had planned differently. One morning when brother applied for a college position a call came to him, unexpected and unwanted, of a large shephardless congregation in Wisconsin. "But," said the presiding elder, a good friend of ours, "you have to decide in two days." It was God's call to my brother, and in his discouragement he met the call and thru his obedience the Lord was able to prepare him more and more for the revelation of His power and glory.

In October, 1924, I reached my brother in his

new charge, B——, Wisconsin. I hoped to be able to keep house, but alas, the Lord had other plans. To find out the condition of my lungs I underwent a thorough examination. I was in the hospital only two days when severe hemorrhages set in. I also had to undergo an operation and when finally after five weeks I left the hospital it was with a considerable loss of blood and bitter tears. I was doomed to bed for nearly half a year from thence. Now the question was, how to get a housekeeper. It was hard to find help in the country but again the Lord provided. A dear lady of our congregation told us of a relative of hers who would be in many ways the proper help for us. She said: "My relative is a dear soul and a hard worker only you must be careful not to engage in any religious conversation for she has very strange ideas on this line."

The very day when a dear old mother went with my brother to search for Mary in a nearby city they found her unemployed and looking for another position. Thank God she accepted ours, and He had a wonderful ministry for her in our home which she worked out faithfully according to her light. Mary started her service right away. Without saying a word she gave me little tracts concerning Divine Healing. The first one, I remember, was entitled, "The Discerning of the Lord's Body." What an absurd idea, I thought to myself, to claim that one has only to believe in the atonement of Jesus and be healed by just applying in faith, i. e., eating the broken body of Jesus when taking the Lord's Supper! Why this almost seemed blasphemous to me, or at least fanatical. I had never heard such a thing before! I had been brought up with the idea that Jesus died only for the remission of our sins, and that we have to bear the penalty of our sin as our heaven-sent cross, and also that we have to wait patiently for the redemption of our bodies till after death; and I firmly believed these church-wide teachings to be in full accord with the Word of God. I said to myself, "You have to be careful not to converse with Mary about religious matters. She certainly must belong to those Pentecostal folks against whom your own father warned his flock when he was still living." (My father had written a pamphlet against Pentecost in 1910 when the Movement was still very young in Switzerland and unfortunately many false doctrines and disorderly elements had crept in undermining the genuine work of God). Dear father, if he could only live now and witness the wonderful growth and blessed ministry of the true Pentecostal Church, he surely would be preaching the full four-square gospel, from the pulpit.

As I write these lines, the thought comes to me: Surely dear dad in Heaven has been praying all these years that the Lord might bring his own children into Pentecost some day to make good where in blindness he has failed. Today his prayers are answered, glory to God!

With these thoughts, I put the tract aside. Mary

furnished others but they all were laid aside. But I observed Mary very closely in all her actions and tolerated her stoically when she came in my room with the Bible under her arm to read the Word of God to me. Praise the Lord that His Word did not come back void! In the quietness and solitude of my sick room I had ample time to think; and the Lord's voice spoke softly to me thru His Word and good Christian papers. My dear brother became so hungry for spiritual realities at that time that he sent for all the leading fundamentalist papers he could get and did not rest until he found the proper food for his hungry soul, which had been starving despite the "modern" ideals stuffed into his head at the University. I also became so hungry for the Word of God that I could hardly wait till the next periodical arrived. I remember well the day when I was so overcome by the Spirit of God which spoke to me thru one of these papers, that I said to myself, "This is real life and I want to have it no matter what it may cost." I crawled out of my bed, dropped on the floor and cried out to God for the salvation of my soul and the Lord was just and faithful to His promises and accepted me as His child.

At that time, in the early spring of 1925, I was physically very miserable, suffering from extreme nervousness. My food seemed to turn into acid, poisoning my whole system, and restful sleep had become an unknown thing to me. I was tortured by fearful dreams in which I had to fight for my life with all kinds of wild beasts. Often I woke up screaming. One day Mary said, "Don't you know that the Lord will heal you? It is not His will that you should suffer like this." I said, "Mary, who gives you authority to speak so to me? I certainly know the Lord has power to heal but how can you know that it is His will to do it in my case? Does not the Bible teach us clearly to accept everything out of the hand of God and not to murmur against His chastisement? I am sure the Lord has sent me this misery to punish me for my sins and I will patiently wait until He delivers me in one way or the other."

Mary then tried to explain to me Isaiah 53, but I was utterly unable and unwilling to accept it from her viewpoint. My church had taught me that Isaiah referred to spiritual disease, i. e., sin only. Poor Mary, oh, how oft I disputed her! How stubborn I was to yield to the truth! How blinded! Often she tried to convince me by reading thrilling testimonies of Divine Healing. Once she told me about the marvelous manifestations of the Holy Spirit in different revival campaigns, but in vain. "All this," I said, "is no proof to me at all that this is from God. It might just as well be from the devil because the Scriptures tell us in II. Thess. 2:9 that in the latter times Satan shall work great miracles and signs and that we ought to be very careful not to be deceived. I ordered my father's pamphlet from Switzerland to prove to Mary that she was

wrong. Poor soul, she was at the end of her wisdom but she stood firm and said, "I am glad to be on the safe side." Every effort to convince me seemed to have been in vain but the Lord had other means to open my eyes.

One cold morning during the winter at the break of day as I lay quietly on my bed, my eyes closed but conscious of my surroundings, suddenly the door of my room opened and in stepped a tall man, clothed in black from head to foot. Slowly he approached my bed and as he came nearer a horrible fear seized me. I became as one paralyzed, wanted to call for help but was unable to move my tongue. I could not discern the face of the horrible man but was fascinated by his black flaming eyes which seemed to pierce my soul. The dark creature turned to the window pointing towards the cemetery, then left the room as silently as he entered. The thought flashed into my puzzled mind: This is death in person! I was almost certain now that the Lord would take me soon but altho His child, I was afraid to die.

A few days later a dear brother of mine who had gone to the glory land ten years ago, appeared to me in a dream. My eyes were blinded by the radiance of his snow-white garments; his face was shining with glory and beauty. "Sister dear," he said, "will you not come home? Father has such a wonderful home ready up yonder." "Oh Walter," I cried, "how I am longing to go but I am ashamed of my empty hands. I have nothing to bring to the Savior, not even one single soul. I have not deserved any heavenly home. No, I cannot yet accept the call. But oh, Walter, go home and tell the Lord to spare my life and give me faith so that He can touch me with His healing power." With a radiant smile my brother disappeared!

The next morning I grasped eagerly for the despised tracts and began to study them with earnestness. But oh those deep-rooted prejudices were so hard to overcome! I studied and reasoned almost day and night without any faith springing up in my heart.

One day, Mary offered to call the Pentecostal preacher from a nearby city to anoint me and pray over me according to James 5:14, but I was afraid he might hypnotize me, and then I thought "What will people say if a Pentecostal preacher would come to our Methodist parsonage? Yet I was longing for relief of my sufferings; I was so tired and weary. On a beautiful Sunday morning Mary went to attend the services of her Pentecostal assembly in the nearby city but before she left she came to me and said, "Now, child, tell me do you really want to be healed?" "Mary, how can you ask such a thing? You know I want to get well." "Then will you allow me to make a request for prayer in your behalf in our assembly? We shall pray for your healing at three o'clock this afternoon and you pray here at the same time." I shall never forget how

when the appointed time had come I went down on my knees all trembling. "Now," I said, "I am just wondering what will happen this afternoon. Surely something miraculous and wonderful." In spite of my fear, I was obedient and kneeling for three hours, I pleaded with the Lord to heal me, but there was no change. When Mary came home I asked her, "Did you really pray for me?" "We surely did; but we prayed not only for your healing but also that you may become obedient to the Lords' will and do what He asks every believer to do, to be baptized in water and in the Holy Ghost." Of course this was again like a cross-word puzzle to me. First of all I could not see the necessity of being baptized again, having been baptized as a baby, and then this Holy Ghost baptism with speaking in other tongues. What a mysterious thing! It was something I was afraid of. "No, Mary, I cannot believe that the Holy Ghost acts in such a queer way. I never want that experience and I want you not to speak about it anymore." Such was my categorical answer.

In May, 1925, Mary gave me a book entitled, "Christ the Healer," by F. F. Bosworth. "I have prayed over this book and asked the Lord to bless it to your heart so that you may find the Light thru it," Mary said. Oh hallelujah; it was just what I needed! a clear explanation of the great fact of bodily healing thru the atonement of Jesus Christ. I almost swallowed the book, so hungry had I become for the truth, and suddenly the light broke thru the darkness. So overwhelming was the Light that I dropped on my knees, broke out in tears and began to praise the Lord for His wonderful salvation for soul and body. How happy I was! Oh how happy to know that it was for me, even me!

"O Lord," I cried, "If You have carried my disease to the cross then I do not need to bear it myself and I accept You as my only Physician now." I stepped right out on the promises expecting my healing at any moment.

For a long time past my physician had advised me to change climates and my dear brother had made application for a change in the West, but I knew it was a sacrifice for him. He was so anxious to finish his studies in Chicago. I prayed earnestly for God's guidance and when next the Presiding Elder came, my answer was ready. To his and my brother's great astonishment, I asked him to kindly provide a change for my brother in Chicago with the possibility of attending the University. "But what about you?" was his question. "Oh, I am going with my brother to keep house for him." "Really? Chicago air is not what you need," the Elder said. "I have accepted the Lord as my Physician and He is able to heal and keep my lungs even in Chicago," was my reply. "God bless you, daughter, and keep you firm in your faith. But it is a very sacred thing to ask the Holy touch of Jesus. It requires a full surrender to Him," said the minister. And I was willing to surrender as far as

I had the light. Camp meeting came and the opportunity; I went to the altar and consecrated my life to the Lord, and His service. Never had I dreamed then that the Lord had something far better in store for me than the healing of my body. His ways were mysterious and His thoughts were far higher than my thoughts; but I had promised to follow Him all the way.

The Lord took me at my word, but instead of healing He admitted severe tests and trials. Shortly before brother went to the Conference I had a severe relapse and suffered greatly. "You are a fool," said the devil. "You will never be able to live in Chicago, it will be your death." "Never mind," I said to brother, "in Jesus' name go and accept what the Lord gives to you." In August, 1925, the Conference appointed my brother to a congregation in Chicago. Now was the time for me to step out in full faith and to lean entirely on the everlasting arms. I said farewell to physician and remedies and stood firm upon the Lord's promises. "Lord," I prayed, "I am Your case from now on, and You have to take all the responsibility for me." And He did, praise His Holy Name!

When we were almost ready to move, a telegram came: "Your appointment is Freeport, Illinois." "What does this mean? This must be a mistake. Our appointment is Chicago!" Perplexed and astonished we hurried to Chicago to find out what the trouble was. We learned that at the last minute the pastor of said congregation had refused to move. We could not see the Lord's will in our new appointment at all and it was only obedience that brought us there. But soon His hand was revealed in everything. My heavenly Physician strengthened me so far that I was able to do my housework and assist my brother in his ministry. But in my first fire and enthusiasm to work for the Lord I overstrained. I broke down again and was ailing more and more. It was only my faith in the Lord's promise which kept me up for many months. The tempter became very active and my weak body was a good object for his fiery darts.

Just at that time a dear friend of ours, a minister, urged me in a letter to seek my healing in the wonderful climate of California. He had even made arrangements for me in a preacher's home in Los Angeles. "It is all right," he said, "to trust in the Lord but often He heals us thru means of nature. This might be God's call for you and I wish you would obey." Oh what a severe temptation for me! But if I went people might say that the good air out there cured me and then my faith in Divine Healing would be shaken. And I was so eager and jealous for God's glory.

For many days the fight was terrific, but, praise God, He gave me victory and I refused the offer. My sufferings became more and more severe. I was perplexed that the Lord did not touch me, and searched my heart. Satan told me it was my own fault and an awful fear seized me. "Broth-

er," I cried, "I cannot stand this any longer. I am on the point of giving up. Something has to be done. Why is it that the Lord does not heal me after I have stepped out in full faith?" He tried to encourage me but altho he himself had come to believe in Divine Healing, he never had experienced the power of God before and we thot there was not a single soul in our congregation we could speak to about this. "Oh Lord send me somebody who can advise me as to what I must do!" was my despairing prayer. And the answer came in an unexpected way.

Shortly before Christmas, my brother happened to call on a church elder, a very consecrated Christian. "Brother S. do you believe in Divine Healing?" he asked. "I preached a sermon on Divine Healing last Sunday," "Oh glory to God," shouted the good man suddenly, "my prayers are answered; I have been praying for eleven years that God would send a minister into this community who would preach Divine Healing. I am so happy I could shout from the house-top." And then he told my brother how eleven years before when he and his wife were on a trip to California they witnessed marvelous healings in a Pentecostal mission and that he and his dear wife had been healed many times since in answer to prayer. "But," said he, "when we came home and told our people about these things they just laughed and mocked at us; and we had to go thru bitter trials because of our belief."

A few days later this dear brother called at our home, and soon we were engaged in telling each other's struggle. How happy I was to empty my heart and to find complete understanding and sympathy. And it was high time that my Heavenly Father provided. For now began a time of terrible struggles, not only with my own self but also with the powers of darkness. Satan was stirred; he knew that I would find a stronghold in these new friends, and he wanted to prevent this victory by every means. In one accord my dear brother and this elder anointed me and laid hands on me in the Name of the Lord Jesus and again I expected healing at once. But no answer came from God. Heaven was like brass, darkness in and around me. "Do not get discouraged," Bro. S. said, "I know positively that the Lord will answer. This morning in a vision I saw your sick lungs on one side and your healed ones on the other, as clear as the day." "If you are so sure about that," I said, and almost stamped my foot, "I shall have my lungs examined tomorrow." "Poor girl! She is not ready yet for healing; she has to get down, and humble herself before the Lord can touch her," my friends said on their way home.

Oh how can I describe the distress of my soul when I went to sleep that night! "Oh Lord," I cried, "reveal thyself to me in some way or I will lose my faith in Thee and sink down." And the dear Lord, full of compassion, heard my desperate cry but in His own way. He took me

gently by my hand and led me to Calvary. That very same night I went thru my soul's Gethsemane. In a dream I saw myself stepping into a garden. Under the shadow of big old trees there sat a group of young people along wooden tables. I saw they were engaged in a church-picnic; they laughed, sang and chatted, were eating and drinking and seemed to have much fun. As I came nearer I recognized the faces of the young girls of my Sunday-school class whom I had been teaching and for whose salvation I was very much burdened. Slowly I approached the group when suddenly my eyes fell on a lonely Man kneeling on the ground, who seemed to be in great distress and agony. All at once I knew that I was in the garden of Gethsemane and that this lonely Man was my Savior. Quietly I knelt down at His side and leaned my head against His shoulder. He turned His pale, loving face towards me, opened His arms and said, "Come here My child, this is your place near to My heart. Now I will show you how I suffered for you." And then, oh, I cannot describe it, the sufferings and groaning and bloody tears of my Savior! I lay in His arms unable to move and had to witness how His dear loving heart was broken for humanity. And there only a little further away were my girls laughing and frolicking, not one seeming to care for this lonely Man on the ground. "Oh, can't you see how Jesus suffers? Are you blind?" I cried in agony. Again Jesus turned to me and said, "Can you see these hands and feet of mine? Tomorrow they shall be pierced with nails, as I go to the cross for you!" "No, no no!" I cried and sprang to my feet. "Don't go to the cross, dear Jesus; You have suffered enough in the garden; please do not go to the cross!" But already He had disappeared and from a far distance I heard the horrible sound of hammers.

When I awoke I was bathed in tears and cried again and again: "It is enough Savior. It is enough! Do not go to the cross." So overcome was I by this dream that I felt miserable for many days. Never before had I seen Gethsemane and Calvary as I saw them now. It was a new revelation of the cross to me. Oh, how small I felt in myself and how great and marvellous appeared to me the compassion of Jesus Christ! "O Lord, I am not even worthy to receive Your healing touch! Let me die with Thee! Let me die to my own pride and selfish nature," I prayed with a contrite spirit and humble heart.

When Bro. S. and his dear wife called in the evening they found me in tears. Their loving efforts to comfort me failed. All I could say was, "Oh, please give me Jesus," "I want nothing but Jesus." Can there be anything more blessed in this life than to become real hungry and starving for the Lord? And it was so wonderful that at the same time in the first days of the New Year 1926 my dear brother too came to the cross of Calvary and was truly born again.

Strange as it was, soon after this a deep long-

ing and hunger for the Baptism of the Holy Spirit came into my heart, growing more intense from day to day. I had no clear idea about this but began to read many tracts about the Baptism, although none of them could satisfy me. They all denied the manifestations of the Spirit and told me that I was baptized at my conversion and all I had to do now was to believe and claim it without expecting any evidence such as speaking in tongues. Naturally I became confused. Then I looked up all the Scriptural references and prayed earnestly that the Lord would baptize me in the same way as He did the disciples and saints in Bible days. So great was my longing that I even pleaded with Him not to heal my body before He had baptized me with His precious Holy Spirit. I was afraid I might forget the greater blessing if He healed my body first. When I pleaded thus a wonderful assurance settled down in my heart. I knew that my Father in Heaven had heard and accepted my prayers and would answer soon.

One day I said to my brother: "I believe if I could go somewhere, where the Power of God is manifested in a special way, the Lord would touch me there." "What do you mean by 'somewhere?'" he asked. "Oh perhaps I could go to one of those Pentecostal missions, but I am afraid to go alone. I read once that young girls and women with weak nerves should be kept back from such meetings because of the enormous excitement, but maybe it is not that bad and if you would come with me I would have the courage to go." "Oh, that is not necessary. I am sure the Lord can meet us here just as well as somewhere else," was his reply. I was glad for this answer because to go to those despised people would have meant the last step for me to take.

On and on I struggled but instead of improving I sank down more and more. After Christmas I noticed that my voice became hoarse and soon slight pains in the throat affected me. Thinking of a cold but never of anything serious, I was not concerned until the pains so increased that speaking and eating cost me much suffering. Suddenly a terrific thought seized me. I had all the symptoms of Tuberculosis of the larynx and as a nurse I was acquainted with the terrible consequences of this disease. What a strange addition! This was more than I could bear. I was heart-broken. "Something must be wrong somewhere. I want to know why God cannot hear me," I said to my friends.

Again the answer came in a dream. I was walking thru the streets of Chicago and I approached a church. A young girl stepped out and, waving her hands toward me she said, "This is a Pentecostal mission. It does not look very inviting from the outside but the inside is beautiful and if you come in you will receive a great blessing. We are a very despised people but wonderfully happy in the Lord Jesus." The next day the Lord asked me directly: "Are you willing

to go to those despised people?" I said, "Yes, Lord, I am." Then go and ask your brother whether he too is willing." "If this is the Lord's voice in you" Brother said, "I shall surely obey." "But now show us where to go dear Lord. We depend upon Thy guidance," we earnestly prayed.

Soon a letter arrived from dear Brother S. enclosing a program of Pentecostal meetings in Chicago. The same day the address of another large Pentecostal mission I had seen some time ago, suddenly flashed into my mind. Eagerly I examined my writing desk and found an old newspaper containing announcements of various churches in Chicago, including The Stone Church. "We pray for the sick, Jesus heals," was a part of that announcement. For almost two years I had kept this paper because it amused me to read the church announcements of one of the world's largest cities, and the Stone Church especially interested me then, for it was connected with the life story of a Pentecostal evangelist, whose biography I had been reading.

This was such a plain answer that the Lord wanted us to go to one of those places, that all doubt and fear vanished. But, of course, as soon as we began to obey the Lord the devil became busy too. When we fixed a time to go to Chicago unexpected hindrances crossed our plans. My sufferings suddenly became so intense that every movement of the larynx caused agony. Unable to eat, I became so weak that I could not leave bed anymore. Darker and darker grew the clouds around me. I could almost see Satan's cruel face and his mocking voice seemed to say, "Now I have got you and this time you shall not escape me any more. No use of fighting me any longer. Your time is up." "The Lord is able to raise me even from death and if you kill me now you do most harm to yourself, you old snake." I replied. When Brother S. called again he said with tears in his eyes, "My faith for your healing is more firm than ever. The Lord will give you strength for your trip to Chicago. But tell me now, dear sister, are you absolutely willing to go all the way thru with Jesus, even if He would ask you to be buried with Him in baptism? Since last night I am deeply impressed by the thought, that you should be baptized." "I am not only willing but eager to do the Lord's will," I cried. "I am so thankful for God's revelation and surely the Lord Himself will show me the way."

The next hindrance in our way was a terrible snowstorm; the streets banked high with snow. And no possibility was there to drive a car for many days. Then I sank down in such a distress that I asked my brother to take me to a doctor for examination. On the way to his office brother made the remark that he felt he was to hear my death sentence soon. "Never mind," I cheered him up, "so much more glory for God if He heals a girl sentenced to death." After examination I knew that my throat was badly ulcerated from tuberculosis and new X-rays showed also my

lungs in a worse condition than before. A holy quietness settled down in my heart. I was full of assurance that the Lord would heal me in Chicago. The nurse, who was sent by the doctor next morning, was opposed to my trip to Chicago but I told her I simply had to go. The next day, April 7, 1926, dear brother bundled me up in his car and rushed me to Chicago.

The first Pentecostal mission we came to was locked up. "Never mind, let us go to the Stone Church. It does not matter where we go if only His will will be done," we said to each other. In Stone Church we found the door open. Some friendly people extended to us a hearty welcome, and as it was too early for the divine healing meeting we went to call on the pastor, who, when he saw my sufferings, anointed me at once. But in my distress I could not touch the Master's garment then. At the end of the meeting a clear voice in my innermost being spoke to me, "Go and ask the minister to pray with you for the baptism of the Holy Ghost." I obeyed and had the promise from him that he would tarry with me after the evening service. I remained right in the church till then, a dear sister taking loving care of me. During the evening service I lay in the gallery and it seemed as if my sufferings had reached their climax. A terrible fear seized me. Satan's voice said clearly, "Now you have gone too far, you are here all alone. Those people can do with you just what they like. They are going to hypnotize you. You had better steal out some way before it is too late." "Do not fear," the Lord's voice whispered, "I have brought you here, not to give you a stone for bread; just trust Me." My Savior was holding me fast and finally brought me down into the little room where the pastor and his dear wife were waiting for me. When they prayed the Holy Spirit was brooding right over us. As well as I could with my dry lips and in spite of terrible pains I praised the Lord with the dear saints for nearly two hours. Suddenly at about 11 o'clock God's power struck my throat. I swallowed without any pain, while before I was unable to swallow my own saliva. Overcome by the sudden change, I cried "My pains are gone! My pains are gone! Oh it is almost too good to be true!" After about two minutes the pains suddenly returned with renewed force. It seemed to me as if a devilish hand had gripped my throat again. And surely this was his work for he was eager to rob me of the victory. Praise God that the dear saints did not let me go then! With new earnestness they surrounded me with their prayers. The Holy Presence of the Lord filled the whole room. A strange power came over me. My lungs started to heave, my chin to quiver, and my whole body was in a tremble. I was like one drunk and so weak that I fainted under the power of God, and fell over into the arms of the pastor's wife. I was scarcely able to move and the dear people had to almost carry me into the car. That night great waves of praises to Jesus rolled over me but my poor body

shivered from pains. The next evening the Lord gave me strength to attend another meeting in the church and a baptismal service was announced. "This is the Lord's call for me," I thought at once, and eager to do His will I asked to be taken as a candidate.

On the way home, dear brother tried to make me drink some malted milk, but I was unable to swallow it. Hungry and almost starving from lack of water in my body I held that bottle in my hands all the way home, but every breath was a praise to Jesus. In my heart was a voice singing:

I will not forget thee nor leave thee,
In my hands I'll hold thee, in my arms I'll fold thee.
I am thy Redeemer. I will care for thee.

With these words on my lips I fell asleep that night resting peacefully in the everlasting arms. I awoke next morning with an easy feeling in my throat. "Oh, brother," I said, "just watch me eat breakfast now! Oh how good it tastes after this long fast!" All morning I felt a strange power in my body. It seemed as if a heavy hand was upon me. My knees were shaking and I felt as one drunk. I had to hurry from the dinner table to my bed, the power of God came so suddenly over me. My lungs began to heave and fill with air until I thought I must burst. I knew, the Lord was touching them. My whole body trembled until the bed shook and for ten minutes I could not stop crying: "Glory to Jesus! Glory to Jesus!" My brother was on his knees bathed in tears praising the Lord with me. Oh that blessed Sunday, April 11, 1926. I shall never forget it all my life!

When my nurse called the next day she looked at me critically and said, "Well, how are you by this time?" "I am getting along fine," I smiled. "Yes it seems so," she said, "you must be much improved. Your voice is clearer and there is a remarkable change in your face. That trip to Chicago must have done you lots of good. Have you been taking a cure there?" "I certainly did," I laughed. "Well I do not blame you for consulting a good specialist there," she replied, "but you must tell me what he did with you. You aroused my curiosity and if I can learn something that will help my other patients I am eager to know." That curiosity was soon satisfied. The nurse was convinced of God's healing power and also that the age of miracles had not passed, as she had before believed.

With each day I improved, my pains gradually vanishing. A profuse expectoration took place, cleaning out my throat entirely. Within two weeks the last pains were gone and I almost forgot that I ever had a sore throat. On April 25 my brother and I went again to Chicago to obey the Lord's command and with joyful hearts we stepped down into the watery grave to be buried with Him in water-baptism. The following day brother also received the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. And at the same time the Lord filled me

until "my cup run over." I had been so grieved over the loss of my voice and now the Holy Spirit's voice sang thru me in new tongues.

Oh glory to Jesus for His marvelous love and compassion towards poor, unworthy me! How can I ever thank Him enough that He has saved my soul, healed my body and baptized me with His precious Holy Spirit! And all these blessings He has graciously bestowed on me in the space of one year!

From Our Missionaries

WE are continually receiving letters from our missionaries telling of money sent reaching them in time of great need. When Brother and Sister Timrud moved to Partabgarh we knew they would have large expenses, furnishing their new place, repairing, etc., and we recommended to a brother who asked our advice that he send them some money. We received a letter from Bro. Timrud a few days ago telling of what a God-send that \$25 was:

"We did appreciate this offering so much. I was alone in Partabgarh and had masons and carpenters repair the old bungalow. I had paid them off Saturday evening and was about to tell them not to come back the following week as I had practically nothing to live on for the coming week. Still before discharging the men I went in to pray and felt that God somehow would supply the need, and coming out from my room I told them to work on. Early Sunday morning the rain came down in great torrents but believing God's promise I went to the postoffice and there was your letter with the enclosed draft for \$25."

Mrs. Timrud has been very ill in the Mussoorie hills. She was first taken with influenza which left her with a weak heart. Then the doctor who had been called in pronounced it para-typhoid fever. She was confined to her bed for more than five weeks, but is recovering and Bro. Timrud praises God for sparing her life. We all rejoice that God has answered prayer.

* * *

Another missionary getting ready to return to China writes appreciatively: "Never did a \$75 draft look so big to us before, for we did need it to buy some very necessary things for the children."

* * *

Bro. and Sis. Shakley are rejoicing in having completed their new church. Mrs. Shakley says it was wonderful the way God worked for them; every bill was paid before the dedication service.

It is admired by everyone who sees it. The day it was opened it was packed to the doors, but they write they have plenty of room to grow. The Kroo people rejoice that they have a place in which to worship.

* * *

From Miss Ruth Erickson, Cape Palmas, Liberia, we have good news of a revival on her station:

"God is working, which is the best I have to tell you. Within the last three weeks seven have received the baptism in the Holy Spirit, while a number have been saved. The 'latter rain' is falling, and by faith I see victory ahead for Liberia.

"A week ago Sunday night during a shower of blessing when three of our girls were filled with the Spirit, I saw the walls of Jericho falling and I can never tell you what glory flooded my soul. For more than two hours we were lost in adoration and praises unto our precious Lord. The interest among the heathen people is growing, until the church which at one time seemed two large, just accommodates the crowds. The big town king is becoming interested and has attended services the past three Sundays. Pray for the salvation of this king Nyafu. Chief Tobla is a bold witness, never fearing to talk to kings or chiefs about 'this way' and God uses him remarkably. Last Sunday he prayed for a dying man in another town who was healed and immediately denounced all worship and had his jujus destroyed."

* * *

Mrs. Neely writes rejoicing over a road the governor of Liberia has built, the first road into the interior. It will mean much to the missionaries after following a one-man trail to have good roads in Liberia. The governor invited Mrs. Neeley and her co-worker, Miss White, to go on a tour of inspection to see this road in his Ford sedan, which she writes is beautiful and broad, giant trees on either side, some reaching as high as 200 feet in the air. On this trip they visited a town where a Christian king resides. "His life had been touched by the Gospel when he was a young man, but country custom and custom pride held the strongest sway and he wandered into sin. Finally the kingship fell on him and he made a vow to the Lord and turned to Him. Now he is king of the prettiest, cleanest heathen town it has ever been my lot to visit," writes Mrs. Neeley. "The Methodist missionary met us there and escorted us over the town. As we told them 'good night' we felt we had seen how Christianity

could not only clean a man's heart, but his house and even his town. All of this was but the result of patient seed-sowing."

* * *

Mrs. Mabel Anderson Pettenger writes of God's encouragement to them in their work in the Transvaal. After writing of blessing upon the Sunday School, she says:

"The women's work is also very encouraging. It has involved a lot of hard work and much prayer to get the women interested, but when things looked the darkest God stepped in in such a marvelous way, we knew it was He who was working in the women's lives. As I went from house to house inviting the women to the meeting and telling them about Jesus some would shun me; others would say they had no time to attend. On Wednesday several came without being asked. After the message I asked one of the women who I had felt was a Christian, to pray, and oh what a prayer! It was not the woman praying but the Holy Ghost praying thru her, causing us all to weep aloud and cry to God. I shall never forget nor cease to praise God for that meeting. Since then the women have been coming out and God has been working in our midst. In one meeting I asked those who wanted to be saved to raise their hands, and altho no one raised her hand, they all fell on their knees in unison, crying to God for mercy. They now testify how God is blessing their souls and how hungry they are to come out and learn about Him. One dear soul asked us to pray for her drunken husband. Another came one Wednesday and told us that her baby had been burned to death. To comfort her heart we told her that tho her baby could not come back to her, if she was saved she could go to her baby some day. She was much touched and cried to God, asking Him to have mercy and save her soul."

She writes of several baptismal services, to which some walked five miles in the cold and the rain to obey God.

* * *

Mrs. Geo. Kelley sailed for So. China on the S. S. Empress of Russia, Oct. 14. Her oldest little boy of eight wanted to stay in America with his grandmother, and his mother was praying for courage and strength for the parting. But one morning Junior came down and said that a voice had spoken to him saying he was to "go to China." After that he was perfectly willing to go.

CHALMERS OF NEW GUINEA

By Alex Small

A vivid account of the transforming work and martyr death of James Chalmers, a pioneer missionary on the Island of New Guinea, the second largest island in the world. Illustrated. \$1.35

"AND TODAY"

A miracle of healing and vision of Jesus.

10 cents

Some Good Books

TUNING IN WITH THE INFINITE, by C. B. Fockler. An attractive 80 pg. booklet on Divine Healing, with remarkable testimonies and miracles of healing. Price 45c.

QUIET TALKS ON THE CRISIS AND AFTER, By S. D. Gordon. This is a new book by this prolific writer, the result of 11 years of intensive study of European history and present conditions. He says, "There is a crisis heading us—a world crisis. It will be terrific in intensity, probably beyond the world war." He points out that this crisis is predicted in the Book of God, and will involve the world's leading nations and be terrific to the last degree, and apparently brief. The author covers the question from the outlook of the Bible and also from the present world outlook. Get this book if you would be informed. Price \$1.25.

LIVING GOSPEL SONGS AND CHORUSES. This is the book for your special meetings and prayer meetings. 99 Hymns of the best in Tabernacle Hymns No. 2. A marvel of cheapness: Manila, 15c each, \$12.00 per hundred; carriage not prepaid. Send for sample and you will want to order in quantity.

MEMOIRS OF CHARLES G. FINNEY, written by himself. The story of his conversion and call, and of his remarkable ministry. 477 pages, \$1.50



No. 4001, 10x13, 50c
Send for our Motto Circular
\$5.00 worth of Mottos for \$3.30
Your selection.

TRACTS

Demon obsession.
Master Piece of Satan.
Is God in Everything?
The Cost of Fine Needlework.
False Standards of Deep Spirituality
True Standards of Deep Spirituality.
The Unpardonable Sin.
The Promise of the Father.
The Great Battle of Armageddon.
The Translation of the Saints.
The Value of Tithing.
Morphine Tablets of Hell.
Discerning the Lord's Body.
Price on above: 3 for 5 cts., 12 for 20 cts.,
\$1.35 per hundred.
Someone Is Coming—35 cts. per hundred.

THE CLASH OF COLOR

By Basil Mathews
A Study in the Problem of Race. The United Society for Mission Study chose this fascinating writer to prepare this book on the race question. It is one of the new books that is attracting attention today.
Price, \$1.25

LIFE IN THE HEIGHTS

By J. H. Jowett
Devotional Studies in the Epistles. A missionary was asked, "What book has been the most blessing to you?" and the answer was, "Life in the Heights." In this volume on the epistles, "the master-preacher is at his best in keenness of discernment, striking application and beauty of illustration."
\$1.60 by mail

PRAYING HYDE

By Francis McGaw
Glimpses of the amazing prayer-life of a missionary in India, whose intercession gave him four souls a day. Order these and give to your friends if you want a revival in your church.
25c each
For Sale by

THE EVANGEL PUBLISHING HOUSE
18 W. 74th St. Chicago Ill., U. S. A.

1927 CALENDARS NOW READY

A Scripture Verse for Every Day.

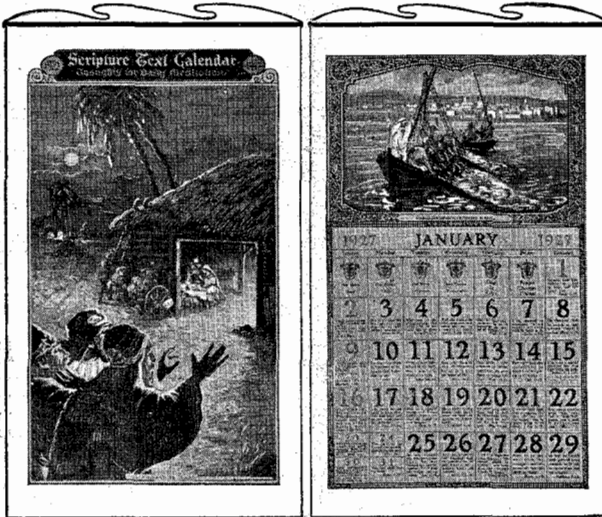
THE CALENDAR WITH THE BIG FIGURES

Place your orders early, before the supply runs out.

Hang a Calendar in every room.

Price: Single copies, 30c; 5 for \$1.25; 12 for \$3; 25 for \$5.75; 50 for \$10; 100 for \$17.

You can help this part of God's work by placing your orders with us. Orders promptly filled.



The Stone Church, 70th Street and Stewart Avenue, Sundays 11:00, 3 and 7:45; Tues., Prayer Service, 7:45; Thurs., Divine Healing, 2:30; Evening Service, 7:45; Young People's, Friday, 7:45.
Tel. Vincennes 8362
Philip Wittich, Pastor
7102 Stewart Ave.