



The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on the Earth

Contents

Light Breaking thru the War Clouds	2
How God Brought in the Chinese.....	2
Results of Preaching an Old-Fashioned Gospel	5
A Chinese Testimony Meeting.....	5
Finding Salvation thru Healing	9
Result of Fasting and Prayer.....	9
How God Transforms	11
Notes	12
Our Father Did.....	12
Darkness Before the Dawn.....	12
"With Persecution".....	12
Consequences of Unbelief.....	13
A Great Loss.....	13
News from the Harvest Field	14
Working Among the Slave Girls.....	14
Suffering for Jesus' Sake.....	15
Chapel Too Small for Africans.....	16
Honoring the Power of the Holy Spirit	17
Witnessing to High and Low.....	17
As in the Days of Noah	20
A Sign of the Times.....	20
Miraculously Healed of Spinal Trouble ...	22
The Futility of Human Remedies.....	22
Back on China's Soil	23

An International Monthly Magazine

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

Light Breaking thru the War Clouds of China

How God Brought in the Chinese for Training

H. E. Hanson, Pekin, China, in the Stone Church, Nov. 13, 1927



GR**EAT** changes have taken place in China in the last few years. We praise God for the signs of the Lord's Coming, which is becoming more and more apparent, and for the promise in Matt. 24:14, "And this Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto the nations; and then shall the end come." So we have something bright to look forward to. There are two sides to the cross—the glory side and the suffering side. God doesn't always keep us on the suffering side. He permits us to have a taste of the glory occasionally. So while the existing affairs at present are troublous the time is coming when the glorious Gospel of the Kingdom will have been preached to all the world.

We are just coming up to that at the present time in China. It has been very dark there for the last eight or ten years, but I believe the turning point is near. I saw by the daily papers a few days ago, that the Chinese Nationalists at Nanking passed a law proclaiming religious freedom. This action was submitted to the government by the Chinese Christian bodies in consequence of the anti-Christian agitation. They also instructed the militarists to evacuate the properties of the missions. This is good news for the China missionaries, especially for those in the homeland who have not been able to return to their field of labor. I have also noticed by the papers that the "Reds" are retreating from Hankow. While that is hard on the Chinese Christians and the civilians, for, when the army retreats they start to loot and pillage, it is one of the aftermaths of war, and it is encouraging to know that the Reds are being driven out and the Nationalists are taking possession.

It will not be long until another great war must take place. Chang TsoLin, the Manchurian war lord, will make one grand stand to hold his place. He has a half billion Chinese dollars at his command, and his influence is very strong. He can summon to the field from six to eight hundred thousand men, and there will be one great battle fought. But we hope it will be settled and a government established, so that peace and tranquility will rule at the present time, and if they can uphold international law

we pray that God will use the Movement to bring about peaceable relations in China, so this Gospel of the Kingdom will have an opportunity to be preached among that nation.

In China we have seen some of the things fulfilled that are mentioned in the 24th of Matthew—famine, earthquake and war. China has had her share of these, and if it is a punishment meted out by the Almighty, China has drunk her cup. And she will drink it to the dregs if she doesn't turn to God. May the time soon come when the Lord Jesus will be exalted in that land of darkness.

After we left here the great famine came, in the fall of 1920 and the early spring of 1921. I never could picture the awful scenes that met our eyes daily. Even to this day the effects of that famine can be seen stamped on the faces of some of the Chinese. Diseases set in, and other conditions that they have never outlived. It may take several generations to restore their strength. But many, through that famine, found the Lord. In our work in Pekin we took up famine work as an independent unit. We organized a little famine relief society of our own and we stepped out by faith, taking relief work for four months. I did this after talking it over with the official of the International Relief Society, and finding they could not see their way clear to permit me to preach the Gospel as well as to help them physically. We had the report that 10,000 needed help. We took in forty villages, and by the time we had our data and material ready and had moved into the famine district, the Lord started to send in money. We had an opportunity to preach the Gospel to over 10,000 people, and kept them alive for over four months. We used to preach to them for an hour and a half before we would give them grain, and they would sit there listening with eager ears.

For a long time we felt the need of training workers for the ministry, and at the present time we have a Bible School in North China which has an enrollment of sixty students. We could crowd in eighty if necessary. The white man will not be able to evangelize the regions beyond; therefore, we must give the Chinese a systematic training. We have two native workers who have graduated from the Bible School, and I have seen a wonderful change in their lives and ministry. There is a certain amount of responsibility they have received through that

training that has given them a single eye to the Lord's call.

We made this Bible School a union school. There are various Pentecostal affiliations in North China, missionaries coming from Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Germany, the United States, Canada and England. When dear Brother and Sister Needham were with us a short time we formed on the field the North China Pentecostal Missionary Conference, and through it God has cemented the missionaries of North China together. Seventy missionaries gathered together at that time. There were a number of missionaries out there who had very little support, and we have organized for mutual help. The native workers have also organized a fellowship conference among themselves, and they are taking an active interest with us in the Bible School and other avenues of the work. On the Bible School Committee we have two from the Native Conference, two from the Pentecostal Conference, two from the North China District Council and one from the School, which makes seven. The overhead expenses are being met altogether by the missionaries and the native workers. I remember the first conference we held regarding the School. There were only forty missionaries present, because of the war. We took up pledges for the running expenses of the Bible School for the next term, and among forty missionaries \$750 were pledged. I am sure many of them made their pledges in faith, but before the twelve calendar months were out God supplied their need and the School has prospered.

When I was with you before, I told of the need of a home in Pekin, where missionaries could come and stay while studying the language, and where we could have quarters built so as to be free from dampness, which caused rheumatism continually. Today we have our missionary home built in a very good section of the city, and it is nearly all paid for, an answer to your prayers as well as ours.

It is wonderful how the Lord works. One of our workers was brought in through prayer. His wife was greatly afflicted. They were both heathen at that time, and through a nephew I was called to pray with her. The next day the nephew came and said that his aunt was healed. Her healing was the means of bringing her husband to God. He came into the meeting and sat in the mission at the back. At the close he came to the front, knelt down and found the Lord. He has grown in grace and in the knowl-

edge of the Lord, and graduated No. 1 in the Bible School. He came right out of heathendom. Not only that, but his whole family have been born into the kingdom of God, and he is now stationed right in the midst of this famine district that we helped to feed, and doing good work for God.

Another one of our workers had diphtheria, and through the Lord healing him, his whole family have been brought in. Later on he prayed for a boy in a Mohammedan family who had a withered leg. God healed the boy, and that whole family have been brought to God. When one of a family gets saved it often brings in the whole family. One reason for this is that the sons never leave the father. The Chinese homes are built four-square, with a yard in the middle. The father chooses the north house, the elder son may have his choice of the east or west, and so on. When the sons marry they come and live in the compound with the father. That is the reason the Chinese are brought in by the families. So in this way the custom often works out for the furtherance of the Gospel.

I remember a lady who came to our house when we first went to China, fourteen years ago. She was prayed for and healed. I did not see her again for possibly ten years; then she came to our house and said, "Do you know me?" I did not. Then she started to tell me that the first year we were in China I had prayed for her and she was healed. She confessed that she had gotten cold and backslidden. I asked, "What is your trouble now?" She said, "My son has tuberculosis, and it looks as though he were going to die. Will you come and pray for him?" We went over, a Chinese brother in the Bible School and Brother Creamer of Tientsin went with me. Brother Wei, the Chinese brother, talked to the boy and he evidently was touched. We felt a deeper concern for his soul than we did for the healing of his body. After prayer we left him, and four days later the mother came over to our home and said that the boy had gone to be with Jesus. I said, "You should feel happy if your son has been converted." She said, "Yes, he talked about nothing but that from the time you left, and he died in peace."

The best part is yet to be told. The mother said, "I feel I must do something for God. I must stir myself up. At the present time I am matron of an orphanage here in Pekin (not connected with any Christian society at all, a philanthropic work by rich Chinese). I have charge of 160 girls. Would you come over there and hold

some revival meetings?" I answered, "We surely will." We went over and held a two weeks' meeting. During these two weeks there was no special interest taken in the messages by these young girls, from ten to eighteen years old, but evidently the seed was being sown. For several months we carried on meetings weekly, and it seemed to us a fruitless task and we were almost ready to stop going. But on Chinese New Year twenty of those girls came over to our home and wanted to greet us in Chinese fashion. They no sooner got into our courtyard when they broke out praising the Lord, and witnessing to the grace and keeping power of the Lord Jesus Christ. It was a glorious time. We never know how much good we are doing by witnessing for the Lord Jesus Christ. Here was one instance where we felt like giving up entirely, thinking we were wasting time, yet God was working continually. They went home, and it wasn't long until a real revival broke out among those girls. They were praying here and there, and studying the Word. Not long after there was another eight or ten converted, and just before we left we immersed forty-one of those girls in water. Since we have been away, another good report has come. There were, I understand, thirty more who gave their hearts to God, making seventy-one out of one hundred and sixty who have found the Lord Jesus Christ as their personal Savior. So we praise the Lord for the way He is working. It doesn't cost us anything to conduct these meetings except the few cents we use for the rickshaw. Sisters Ruth and Elizabeth Weidman, from the Cleveland Church, are in our home, and God has been using these two girls in prayer and for that orphanage work.

Brother Joseph is trying to get into the Boys' Orphanage with this Gospel, but he finds it rather difficult among the boys. The men who have charge are rather hard in their spirit; nevertheless, Joseph is doing his best and we are looking forward to the time when many of them will come to the Lord Jesus Christ.

In North China we have a number of carpet manufactories and other industrial work, and Joseph is asking to have meetings while they eat their dinners, not to take time from the working hours.

I have been through great testings in my body since being back this term. As soon as I reached China I was struck down with intermittent fever, which confined me for over forty days. I then had typhoid, and that lasted for forty days. Then after that I had the smallpox, and I had to go through that. The two sisters were at the

Language School at the time, and they felt led of the Lord to come over and pray for me. They didn't know it was smallpox at the time, but they and my wife prayed. While I was very sick, I could see thousands of demons around my bed, and between me and those who were praying. They were laughing and mocking. All of a sudden the spirit of rebuking came upon the girls and they rebuked the powers of darkness. I saw the demons leaving, and I had the witness in my soul that I should live. I praise God that He is able to keep and preserve His own.

But it is very hard to go through these sieges. I remember what I suffered at the time I had typhoid fever. Our well water was good and cool, and I didn't know it was polluted. I had never had it tested, and during our Conference the missionaries drank of our cool water. The result was that nineteen or twenty at that Conference took down with typhoid fever, but out of that total number only one, my beloved wife, passed on to be with the Lord. The rest of them were healed, and we felt we had much for which to praise the Lord. My present wife had typhoid fever also, but the Lord restored her.

The missionaries are believing that God will pour out His Spirit on China. She needs a visitation from on high. There, too, is Mongolia, with a little handful of missionaries among three million people. I do not know of one Pentecostal missionary in Manchuria. All these great fields are white unto harvest, but the laborers are few. Pray that if we cannot get missionaries the native workers will be able to go forth to gather in the grain, for the time is short. We expect to return to China in January. We long to be there to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ and fulfill the great commission of Matthew 18:19.

Many have asked us how we got along in the war. If we were to allow our minds to run along on a natural plane we would be greatly troubled, but we just go ahead with the Lord's work, as though there were peace. When the war was on in Peking, and the so-called Christian General, Feng, had Peking and the Manchurian war lord, Chan-Tsolin, attacked him, there was a line thrown around Peking, and for forty days and nights we were besieged and were prisoners, as it were. We could not get out, we could not buy any green vegetables. The aeroplanes were dropping bombs, and we were counted as sheep to the slaughter. But if we are prayed up and living close to the Lord, I do not feel that it would be so hard to die for Jesus' sake. We can say with Paul, "To live is Christ. To die

is gain."

My little wife had that shrinking in her for a while, but God took it out and put in a courage that was heaven-born. Other missionaries went through far worse things than we. The Swedish Holiness missionaries were in a city that was besieged four or five months, and they had in their school children of other missionaries and many Chinese children, but the Lord protected them. It was a real native city in the interior. They were kept by the hand of God, and not one of them was killed. Most of our Pentecostal missionaries would not have left their stations were it not for the orders from the American Consul. Some of the home friends have thought they should not leave their stations, but we have to be subject to the powers that be, and when

the American Consul writes and orders you to leave your station and go to the Coast you would better obey or they will send after you. We are obliged to comply with the law. Traveling is expensive, rents are expensive at the Coast, and missionaries deeply regretted they had to leave. Forty missionaries were huddled together in foreign flats in Tientsin, so living at the Coast was not pleasant.

I do not know of one Pentecostal Mission Station in North China that has been destroyed by the soldiers, but some of the denominational boards have suffered much damage; their property was looted and burned down. We are grateful that the work has been protected, as we think of the money that was sent from consecrated hearts.

Marvelous Results of Preaching the Old-Fashioned Gospel

A Chinese Testimony Meeting by Proxy

Miss Mattie Brann, Returned Missionary, with the Stone Church Young People



I AM SURE in The Stone Church you have heard many missionaries from all over the earth, and so tonight I do not intend giving a missionary address but would like to give the testimonies of some of our Chinese from Wei Hsien, North China, who are not privileged to meet you face to face. I am reminded of Peter who in the fourth chapter of Acts, said: "We cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard." And so tonight I shall tell you of God's marvels of grace among our brothers and sisters in China. I feel it has been my greatest privilege to have been there and to have seen God work in the hearts of men and women, boys and girls in South Chihli Province. So I just want to tell you of a few of the marvels of grace.

The first one of whom I shall speak is a man by the name of Djang. He was led to Christ in 1903, and is one of the oldest pastors in North China. True, he was saved in 1903, though he had but little teaching. He calls Miss Moberg, who has been my co-worker for seventeen years, his mother, and she was a spiritual mother to him. This man had a desire for the true God. He hadn't much of an education, and Miss Moberg had him study the dictionary. He was married, as most of the well-to-do boys are, before he had his tenth birthday. His wife was nearly seven years older than he, but that is the custom in our section of China. She persecuted him for several years, and how he fasted and prayed for her!

He often prayed, "Lord, You see my wife *must* be saved, and I will not cease to pray until she is. My house *must* follow You." Such prayer prevailed and she turned to the Lord.

When the Holy Spirit was so wonderfully out-poured in 1921 to 1923 in our station, he was away. He came back to set us right. He said, "How strange that my home church should go off in this heresy of speaking in tongues." The second night he was there he spoke in tongues all night. He had been working in a Presbyterian mission but after that night he gave it up and took eight dollars a month less in order to come to us. He has been our pastor ever since.

After he was saved he would call on his foster mother, but as often as he came she would revile him and would have nothing to do with the Gospel, because when her husband, who was a rich man, died, he refused to worship the departed spirit, and she said that no dutiful son would refuse such a duty. She said, "You need not put your face in our premises because you refused to worship for my husband when he died." So she persecuted him, but each time he came he would speak to her about the Gospel. In their home for several hundred years one room had been set apart as a shrine. They were demon worshippers, felt the demons and saw them, as they were often revealed in visible form; and there are hundreds and thousands of such cases in China.

One time after a number of years this young man came home. It was wheat-harvest time when he went to call on this old mother, and she was

walking up and down the court raving with the toothache. She said, "Now you have come, too. I don't want you." He said, "What is the matter, mother?" She replied, "I have had this toothache day and night. I have gone from one temple to another, called several priests; have done penance and gone through all the incantations, and haven't gotten cured." With a cry in his heart for help, he said, "Mother, I have a God that will cure your toothache." She said, "Son, if your God will cure this, toothache, I will serve Him and let all mine go. And if He is the true God, He can do it, because all mine have failed at this time." With his heart fixed on God, he laid his hand on that dear old mother and asked God to heal her, and with a snap of the finger the toothache was gone. She said, "Son, sit down and tell me about this God, because the minute you put your hand on my head the toothache was gone." All night long she listened to the story. The next day she came into the city and wanted the missionaries to come out and clean house.

Notice how the Lord links one chain after another. Her two sons and their wives were all in a demon cult, the deepest dyed spiritism. As they were going to clean house it meant to tear down all the idols that had been there for hundreds of years; incense had never ceased to burn there in all that time. In one room you could hear the noises of the spirits. The young woman said, "I used to make shoes for the old lady spirits and they would carry them off." The daughter-in-law said, "Mother, don't you think we had better hide some of these gods and if this new doctrine doesn't work we will have them?" "No," she said, "I have tried them long enough, and now we will try the real God to the uttermost." So they had a great bon-fire, and smashed up those which would not burn. This old grandmother ruled the homestead. There were several compounds of them, and she made her sons and daughters-in-law come to church. She ruled her family well and brought them all into the church.

Her youngest son, an educated man, had been cheating; a poor man died who owed them some money. He went to the widow and took a white mule for the debt. She knew it was unjust as it was more than was due them, but she was helpless. When he became a Christian he confessed his sins and made restitution, but this one sin included the whole family, so he could not confess this until the older brother became converted; so when he was saved they restored the mule; this was fifteen years later. They

paid out many hundreds of dollars making restitution.

We have work in three large cities and twelve towns in addition to the Orphanage, and the Chinese workers are carrying on this work under the guidance of the blessed Holy Spirit.

We have one young man, a Mr. Wang. I wish you could see the transformation in his face. As a young man he tried to follow the true God. He went to the depths in Buddhism and other demon cults. These other cults led him to torment his body, putting it through all sorts of abuses before he was sixteen years old. One of the abuses was, he was never to take a bath or change his clothes. No matter how soiled his clothing, he was to keep it on until it dropped off, though he was quite well-to-do. By the time he was eighteen he was so alive with vermin that his wife refused to live with him. One of the doctrines of Buddhism is that you dare not take the life of anything, so when these creatures dropped off he had to pick them up and put them on again. His wife sued for divorce and when she could not get it she committed suicide. Then her people took all his property, and all he could do was to become a soldier. During the famine, after years of service, he returned home.

In 1921 we opened up a station in his city. As our preachers were giving forth the Gospel, day by day, this young man heard it. He was intelligent and had quite a good education. In the fall of the year we were holding revival meetings and quite a number had come to Christ. One evening his nephew fell under the power of God. He was so overwhelmed with his sins and confessed his crimes in public. He said, "It was I who poisoned that man's horse. It was I that cut down that man's fruit tree; the only livelihood he had was an orchard of fruit." Then he said, "Uncle, forgive me. It was I who poisoned your horse, and people think I am such a good man." "I forgive you, my nephew," he said.

Then the uncle started out to confess *his* sin, telling how he had gone through all the stages of Buddhism and Taoism trying to find something to take away this load of sin, but when he heard the precious story of Jesus he said, "I have found something that put out all these and now I am a child of God." His face shone as he did it. He stands today in a large city near the Peking-Hankow Railway, the chief gathering place of the Boxers, and he tells them that he went to the depths but never found satisfaction until he found it in Christ. He has received

the baptism of the Holy Spirit and he and his little wife stand alone in that large city; giving their testimony to many people as they come in hundreds of thousands. He says to them, "Yes, you come to worship a shrine. I used to go there, too. It is only when you go to the cross of Calvary that you will get rid of your sins."

When I was home, in 1920, I asked the people to pray that we might get a teacher. Our Christians had wanted us to open a Girls' School. Miss Moberg and I felt we were not called to open schools for heathen children. Many do it. I do not criticize it; through it they get into the families, but we never could get hold of the children; we first had to start with the grandmothers. When we get them we have the whole family, for, as I said before, they rule the household. When I was home I asked the assemblies to pray for the grandmothers of China. We wanted the Lord to prepare the workers as the Christians were giving the money to build the school. We needed first of all an old lady who would be true. She was to be the gate-keeper. The Lord, through us, sent in funds to save many thousands of souls physically during the famine, as well as hundreds of souls spiritually, and we have a large company of grandmothers that the Lord has saved in answer to the prayers of God's people.

The first one was dear old Mrs. Wang, who came to us during the famine. Her heart was open to the Gospel and she is one of the dear old saints who has been our standby in the Girls' School all these years. Another we were obliged to have was an old man teacher. You cannot have a Girls' School without an old gentleman, and to find one that is a Christian and filled with the Holy Spirit is difficult. For many years we did not know of one we could call. At the close of 1921, after we had opened these schools, every place available was filled with little piles of bones, that afterwards developed into beautiful children.

We continued to pray that God would give us an elderly man teacher. When the Holy Spirit was poured out and the power of God so manifest in our meeting, one night an old man came who had been a teacher in the government school. The famine had caused the school to be closed and he came down to hear the gospel. We have a translation of the Bible in the Mandarin, but being an educated man, he had made fun of it. He was a Confucian scholar and a Buddhist, but he was brought down because he

had no way of making a living. As he came into the room he felt a strange power there. He had seen many under demon power, and at first thought this was the same thing. The Chinese are very familiar with demon power. This night three arose, and, under the power of the Holy Spirit, pointed a finger at him, saying, "Old gentleman, repent! repent!! repent!!! Your days are numbered unless you repent!" He came and threw himself at my feet and said, "I have been a bad man, I have smoked." "No, no," they cried, "repent of your sins! Repent of your sins!" He went out of the room, and after three days and nights he wept and cried to God for forgiveness for making fun of the Bible. "It was the Holy Ghost that convicted me," he said. "It was the Holy Ghost that pointed the finger at me and told me I must repent." So he gave his heart to God and was filled with the Spirit. All these years he has been standing at the head of our Girls' School.

He had five sons and, before his conversion, he thought that the thing to do was to give his oldest son to become a Buddhist priest. If they once become that, they must continue for life. When the old man was converted he got a burden for his family. We took three of the youngest into the orphanage; one boy was living with his mother, who was in their village home. He had sold the soul of his eldest son, and had no idea where he was; he hadn't heard from him for two or three years, for when they once give a boy to the priesthood they are taken off to some secluded spot. We started to pray that God would send him home, and it wasn't three months until this sturdy chap came to his mother's home. He said to his mother, "Where is father? What is the matter?" His mother said, "He has become a Christian and is teaching school up at Wei Hsien." "A Christian? What is that?" he asked. She explained to him and he said, "Oh, those foreign devils! I have heard about them. I must go and see my father." His father was glad to see him. He praised the Lord and asked him what made him come home. He replied, "I do not know. I had to steal away during the cover of night. I was so miserable and homesick I had to come." In two months he was converted, and today he is one of our evangelists. It is the power of God that works in China as well as elsewhere.

I'd like to talk to you about the Bible class of grandmas, those who have been so recently out of heathenism and Satanic power.

One, a Mrs. Djang, had been converted for

two years, and her only son made fun of her. Finally she was instrumental in her daughter-in-law becoming a Christian, and then she became very ill. Our people went and prayed for her and she became better. In a few weeks they came and told us that she had been lying in a state of coma; didn't recognize anybody or didn't speak. Before she went into this state she made her son promise that he would give her a Christian burial, and not take the heathen way of trying to call the spirit back, telling him, "When my Spirit leaves this body it goes to my Savior."

The next day her son called the pastor and elder, saying that his mother would very likely be in her coffin before they reached the city, because everything was ready. He asked them what a Christian funeral would be like, as he had no idea. These two men walked back with him, telling him how a Christian funeral would be conducted. Two Bible women also went. When the men reached there the yard and the house were full of relatives. The old lady was lying, seemingly in death. The pastor went in and spoke to her. He laid his hand on her head and spoke, saying, "Grandma, do you know me?" She opened her eyes, very much to the surprise of the relatives. Then he saw a bottle of sesame oil, which is used for food, on a table beside the bed, and he was impressed to anoint her. As he put the oil on her head and prayed, she suddenly jumped to her feet, praising the Lord. She told of a vision she had of heaven, giving the picture as it is in Revelation, of the beautiful city and the place God has prepared for us. She preached for two hours on Scriptures that she did not understand because she was very deaf and had very little scriptural knowledge. Our Bible women waited for a few hours, wondering, after the excitement had subsided, if she would really die, but at sunset she was eating heartily. She has been coming to the church ever since, and that has been two years ago.

One of our outstanding characters is one of our deacons, Dr. Wang. As a boy he was in a mission school. Then he went to Africa as a young man, to make his fortune in the gold mines, and while there he found the Savior in a Pentecostal Mission. On returning to China he went to work for an American missionary doctor, and was under her, first as cook in the home and then as her assistant in the hospital for several years.

When he saw others in that mission; not living like Christians, he fell into sin and went to cheating when he did her buying. He assisted her in her operations, and she permitted him to perform

minor ones, but when they registered doctors and nurses at the hospitals he came to our city and opened a drug store with a clinic, attending our meetings. After he was there a few months and saw the changed lives of our Christians and the consecration of our missionaries, the spirit came upon him in mighty conviction and he was reclaimed from his backslidden condition. When he saw Miss Moberg, with her white hands, dig down into the sores he was greatly touched. He saw he had to make restitution of several hundred dollars to this doctor, although she had now left China. After that he and his wife both received the baptism of the Holy Spirit, and he is now one of our deacons and a great blessing to the church.

When the army was stationed in Wei Hsien, one of their officers was severely wounded. The army surgeon failed to locate the bullet and hearing that this Dr. Wang prayed to the true God, they sent for him. He went and told them that he was a servant of the Most High God; that he had no ability of his own, but when he prayed to God He answered. So in the presence of a yard full of soldiers and the superior officer of this wounded soldier, he asked God to guide him to the bullet. Immediately after the prayer he put his finger right over the bullet, put in a probe and it shot out like magic. They all exclaimed, "See how his God answers prayer!" Another time he was called hastily to a man who had tried to commit suicide. He had cut the jugular vein and the windpipe. The doctor ran with some tubes which he put in his throat and sewed up the wound, at the same time praying that he might live at least until he heard the Gospel and was converted. It was in the hottest weather, but he kept him alive five days, until he was saved. Then the man died.

At another time he was called to a village to the home of a very rich and influential old gentleman. He was told that all Chinese doctors had tried and failed; none could heal him, nor diagnose his case. They said, "So we have sent for you as we understand you have a miraculous power." Dr. Wang got on a donkey with his medicine case, and as he rode along he said to the Lord, "I am truly a servant of Thine, Lord Jesus. They say I am a man of miraculous power. If I can only have that power and, *your name* be glorified, it will be enough." Then it came to him how, when Jesus went into a room He took Peter's wife's mother by the hand and bade her get up, and the fever left her. On his arrival at the home the yard was full of relatives

and friends. The sick man was propped up, apparently drawing his last breath. The relatives rushed to his side saying, "Whatever you do, do quickly." He answered, "I cannot do anything quickly. I cannot do anything of myself. I must first tell you of Him whom I serve," and he gave him a good, gospel sermon of some length. Then he felt the power of God come over him and said, "Lord, I do not know what is the matter with him, nor what to give him, but You are here." And taking the man by the hand, said, "Lord, You raise him up for Your glory." The man arose and has been well ever since.

One of our evangelist's cousins had a cancer on her breast for years. She had been under treatments with Chinese doctors and witches and had steadily grown worse. But this evangelist and his mother finally prevailed on her to send for Dr. Wang. When he arrived the medicine that the Chinese had put on the cancer had so eaten in that she was bleeding profusely. He tried to staunch the flow of blood with cotton, but it seemed that she was going. These three

cried mightily to God to stop the blood, as she wasn't saved. The flowing of blood ceased. The doctor came by and told me of the incident, and he said, "Now we are praying, and the evangelist and his mother asked me to come by and ask you to pray." I confess I didn't have faith to pray for her healing, but I did pray that she might live long enough to hear the Gospel and be saved, for from his report it looked to me as though she would be dead within twenty-four hours. But, to my amazement, in less than a week she walked three miles to my compound. Her breast was healed over as smoothly as my hand, but she still had one great sore on her forehead. She came in and took me by the hand, thanking me for praying for her. I had prayed for the Lord to be glorified, but I was surprised to find her as well as she was. Then she asked me if I would kneel down and pray for this wound on her forehead to be healed. We all prayed most earnestly for that, and it formed a scab and dropped off. She has remained healed ever since.

Finding Salvation thru Search for Healing

Mrs. Fannie B. Smith, 574 N. 17th St., San Jose, Calif.



WHEN my husband was in business I used to ride a horse quite a good deal. I was thrown from a horse and badly hurt, especially my spine. From that time on, for months, I could not lift my head from the pillow or turn it either way. I had just gotten over a siege of typhoid fever, and I crossed the continent in that condition, taking with me four kinds of medicine. I had been sickly all my life, but this was the climax. After we got west I went to an osteopathic doctor at Paw Paw, Michigan, but my spine was so bad that just his touch would cause me to scream with pain. He said it was so inflamed he could not work at it. I became much worse under his treatment, then I went to a Chiropractic. After that I had the very best medical care. One lady doctor said she could not possibly do anything for me; that usually when she worked with anyone new flesh would come, but my skin and flesh were as though they were dead; there seemed to be no life there. I had been in this condition four or five years, and weighed only ninety pounds.

I also had internal trouble so that they said I could not live. They wanted to remove my organs, but my heart was so weak I would not be able to live through the operation. Altogether

I had over three hundred chiropractic treatments, all to no avail.

Then I heard of Pisgah Home, and of people being healed, but for two years I fought going there. Finally, one day there was a cripple girl on the trolley, and I commenced to talk to her about chiropractic treatments, but she said to me, "I never walked until I went to Pisgah Home, and I have been improving ever since. I have been able to work since." "Oh, tell me where it is," I said, "and I will go, too!"

The next Sunday I went. I felt so badly when I reached there I had to lie down on a bench with my head in a lady's lap. Finally, we got up to go, but the lady I was with said, "I believe I will stay until they pray for the sick." I stood beside a stout lady and said, "May I lay my head on your shoulder?" I had no more than said that, when I became unconscious. That was all I knew for a few minutes, but finally I realized there were people around me. They picked me up and carried me to the altar and Dr. Yoakum prayed for me. Then I asked them to pray for my back, which was in constant pain from a broken-down kidney. As prayer was offered, instantly the pain was taken away. Then Brother Tom, the Superintendent of the Midnight Mission, asked me if I really loved the Lord and

knew Jesus. I stiffened up and said that I was a member of church. But I knew they had something there which I didn't have. He went away. I can see him now, walking along with his head bowed, praying. Such conviction came upon me! I knew I was a sinner, and that I didn't know Jesus. I said to this brother, "I do want to give my heart to Jesus." I had been a church member since I was nineteen years old, but in the last two years no one could have been more worldly. I realized then that I was a sinner. He helped me over to the altar; they prayed and I prayed, and I knew that Jesus washed my sins away with His precious blood, shed on Calvary, and that I was His child. Such love came into my heart for Jesus! That night they wanted me to stay there, but I felt I could not stay, with three in a bed and five in a room, so I went home, but by doing that I lost a blessing, for at three o'clock they had a love-feast and a little meeting.

Then came a longing in my heart to go back to Pisgah and stay awhile, and while there I was taught to pray for everyone but myself. I was given to read the story of Dr. Yoakum's healing, and as I read it there came such a cry into my heart for the Lord, and I said, "Lord, You are no respecter of persons. If You can heal Dr. Yoakum like that, You can give me a perfect healing," and I commenced to pray for everyone I knew, and then I lifted up my voice and commenced to pray for myself, and I heard a voice saying, "*Thou art healed!*" I arose, not only healed in body, but a new creature in Christ Jesus. There was a deeper work done than at the first.

After that we left California and returned to my home in New Haven, Conn., traveling four thousand miles. I went those four thousand miles without a headache or a backache, something I had never been free from in my life before. I was told there was a Pentecostal Faith Home in Bridgeport, Conn., and I went down, but just before going I got a little blind boil on my arm. I hadn't yet learned to trust the Lord for everything, and in some way blood poisoning set in and my arm pained me. When I got there my arm commenced to swell and grow worse.

The condition of my arm kept me at the Faith Home, and there I received the teaching on the baptism of the Holy Spirit. I heard Brother Jamieson, of the West Indies, speak on this subject. I said, "Why people receive the baptism of the Holy Spirit who do not speak in

tongues." "Well, sister," he said, "I only stand on the Word of God. I will not argue with you." That night he spoke on the tenth chapter of Acts, and I thought, "If Cornelius needed this baptism, surely I, a little worm of the dust need it." And I prayed, "Oh, what can I do to receive this fulness and my healing at the same time!" The answer came back, "Fast and pray." I did not know what it meant to "fast and pray," but I heard a man say that, while the rest ate he went off and prayed for his wife and in three days his wife was saved. So when the others went to their meals I went to prayer.

This was on a Monday night. On the following Wednesday night the power of God came upon me, shook my hand and shook off the rings. I heard the brother pray, "Yes, Lord, shake all the pride out of her." I resented that, and after the meeting was over I said to him, "Brother Jamieson, I am not proud. What made you say that?" He said, "I didn't say anything to you." Then I told him what he said. "Well, sister," he said, "if the shoe fits, wear it. You go to your room and pray, and let the Lord show you whether you have pride or not." And the Lord showed me the pride that was in my heart, how my father and husband told me that I was proud, and I cried unto Him to take it out of my heart. The next night I was too sick to tarry, but the following night I went to my room and cried unto the Lord, "How much longer have I to wait for the fulness of the Holy Spirit?" And the answer came, "Tonight, my child." I believed it was God speaking to me, and I commenced to praise the Lord. Before this I had never been able to praise the Lord in a meeting, but now such praises rolled out I could scarcely stop. I went down stairs into the meeting, and at the close I went up to the front and praised the Lord. I said to Mr. Jamieson, "I wish you would ask God to heal my arm and take every bit of pride out of me." I did not mention the baptism, as I had the witness of that in my heart, but he called Brother Personeus to help pray with me. I lifted my lame arm up as best I could, and then as I lifted my face to the Lord I found myself sinking into the arms of Jesus. And how He blessed me! The holy laughter just poured forth. Then all of a sudden supernatural singing burst through my lips. I had never sung in my life, and didn't know one note from another, but others said the music the Spirit sang through me was very, very sweet, and that I afterwards spoke in two different languages. When the power lifted I was so

happy in Jesus and so lost in Him that I could not sleep all night, but just lay and praised Him. The Lord shook my sick arm until it seemed to me I would lose it, but I was healed. The next day the corruption ran out of itself and the swelling went down and my arm was well.

Since then I have had many precious experiences. One night I was awakened up out of a sound sleep, and found myself speaking in tongues in a loud voice. I was under a deep anointing of the power of God, and when the interpretation came it was, "*Jesus is coming very soon! In such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh. Be ready! Be ready! I say unto you, Yield up your all and be ready.*" Can you realize the solemnity of such a message coming in the dead of the night? Surely His coming must be soon. I wept as the realization of it swept over me.

Taught of God

I'D LIKE to tell you about one of our Liberian boys, William. I used to say to him, "William, why don't you give your heart to God?" He didn't have time for God. He wanted to make money. So he went down to the Coast and while there God saved him and filled him with the Holy Ghost. Then he thought he ought to have a Bible. So he went into a Catholic Church to get a Bible. The power of God came on him in there and he broke the chandelier. But he was so happy he said, "I do not care if they put me in prison. I will have plenty of time to pray." You never saw such a changed man. He used to say, "After I got saved I was big man no more, but Jesus was big Man." He made money and gave it out to poor people.

The master got him out of jail, and said to him, "William, you go to work." But William said, "Massa, I no get strong for work. I just get strong for pray." "Then," said the master, "you better go home." William said afterward, "It wasn't man sent me home; it was God." His people thought he was getting crazy. He went to one of our missions and said to the missionary, "I want to go to school and learn to read God Book." The missionary thought he was too stupid and William came to our mission. He said to Mr. Perkins, "I want to go to school and learn to read." Mr. Perkins said, "You can stay one moon and if I like your fashion and you like my fashion you can stay longer." We said, "Now, William, in the morning we have prayer and Bible study and when our teacher teaches

the young children you can study, too." He went about a week and came over and said, "This A B C it make my head ache. What time am I going to read Bible." I said, "William, when prayer and Bible study are over, you come to me." So Mr. Perkins found some magnifying glasses and a big print Testament, and I said, "Now William, we shall begin at the 14th of John." I would have him read it six or seven times. At first he could read only two verses, then he read eight or ten. In the meantime if I thought of something like a parable, like Jesus said, "I am the Door" I would tell it to him. In a little while William was going out to preach. We went through the fourteenth chapter of John, finished the book and came back to the beginning. We had just two chapters left when William was taken from us.

One day we wanted to move our chicken house. I went to the door where William was and he was praying. I went away thinking, "We had better get someone else to move the chicken house. We have one man who can touch heaven." His face shone with the glory of God and he said, "I no fit to tell it." William and Peter, another one of our boys, went to Hooyah where Miss Erickson is now. They went into the town and prayed all night and the heathen people prayed with them until about four o'clock. Five men and five women were saved that night, and the revival has been going on ever since.

God wonderfully used William. He was strong and fearless to denounce sin. We think he was poisoned. At one of the mission stations a leper woman was healed and God wonderfully worked. The heathen put away their *jujus* and then they got them back. William talked against it and told them it couldn't please God; that He was the One to worship. Then they ate their "chop" in that town, and it looked as though they put poison into his. They went off then, but William became very sick. When they got to Blebo he died. He was a great power for God. When we talked to older men they always said, "I no fit to learn Book." Now they could not say anything for William didn't know the Book, but God used him.—*Mrs. John Perkins in the Missionary Rest Home.*

If you have not much time at your disposal, do not fail to profit by the smallest portions of time which remain to you. We do not need much time in order to love God, to renew ourselves in His presence, to lift up our hearts towards Him, to worship Him in the depths of our hearts, to offer Him what we do and what we suffer.

FRANCOIS FENELON.

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Notes

Our Father Did

THAT Christmas Day, if you were God

And that was your son on that stable sod,

Wrapped for death with its sin-cursed sting,

Would you have made the angels sing?

Would you have sent a lovely star,

To guide the wise men from afar,

While weaklings did what haters bid?

Our loving Heavenly Father did,

—Paul Rader.

Darkness before the Dawn

GREAT fear fell upon the heart of King Herod when the unexpected visitors from the East, the magi, came to Jerusalem asking, "Where is He that is born King of the Jews?" Men hail with joy the birth of a king, but "Herod was troubled." "The steps to his throne were wet with the blood of his best-loved wife, his sons, and the flower of the Jewish nation," and now, an old man with a deadly disease, sitting alone in his palace, the news of the birth of a King filled him with jealous terror. And he, who had murdered every one whom he suspected might supplant him, demanded to know where the Christ should be born.

But the Hope of the world, supernaturally born, was supernaturally protected. In God's great plan this Babe of Bethlehem, His Son, was to become the Man of Sorrows, the Christ of Calvary, the Savior of the world, and though Herod in jealous fury murdered all the infants of Bethlehem, God's Son was safe and unharmed.

Dark indeed were the days that preceded the coming of the Light of the World. Great heathen

temples had been reared in Palestine by King Herod, encroaching not only on their sacred soil, but stealing away the hearts of the people from the true God. A heathen temple had been built at Caesarea Philippi and another in Samaria. Great statues were erected representing Augustus Caesar as Jupiter, and temples to the gods, Jupiter, Neptune, Hercules, etc., abounded all "attended by heathen priests and imposing sacrifices."

Today, in the darkening shadows preceding the Second Coming of this Savior, heathenism is making inroads into the Christian nations. Heathen temples are being reared in all the large cities by the sun worshippers, the followers of Bahaism, and other demon cults. The land for which the Pilgrim Fathers forsook all to establish a Christian government, is being desecrated by edifices that defy the God of heaven and trample under foot His Holy Son.

Men's hearts are failing them for fear as they hear the rumbling of the on-coming chariot of the Antichrist with his Satanic cohorts. But as the humble shepherds were comforted by the "Fear not" of the angelic host, so today the humble little flock, the Simeons and the Annas, find comfort in the words of their blessed Master who says to them, "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom."

So with the eye of faith we look away from the darkness that precedes the dawn to the time when the Sun of Righteousness shall brighten this earth in regal splendor; when the kingdoms of this world, which have been ruled by the arch-usurper for nearly six thousand years shall have become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ. "And He shall reign forever and ever!"

"With Persecution"

THE New York and other daily papers have contained items of deep interest to believers in the Full Gospel, to the effect that Dr. John Roach Straton of the Calvary Baptist Church is holding Divine Healing meetings and praying for the sick.

True to the history of those who try to build up, Dr. Straton has met with the Sanballats and Tobiahs who are trying to hinder him from building up broken bodies and repairing the breaches that Satan has made in countless lives. The American Association for the Advancement of Atheism is fearful lest its cult be in danger. They know that when people realize the mir-

acles of the Bible are true and are being repeated today, they will not be able to ensnare them in their net. So they have sought to have Dr. Straton arrested for praying for the sick under the threadbare charge that he is "practising medicine without a license." How zealous some are for the law when it is to their advantage! The antidote for atheism and modernistic teaching is to see the power of God demonstrated by the healing of the sick, the opening of blind eyes and causing the lame to walk. Practical demonstrations of the power of God along these lines will do more to convince men and women that the Bible is true than thousands of sermons or books on the subject.

Dr. Straton is the author of several books on Evolution, but the manifestation of the power of God in his meetings will build up faith in the living Word and destroy unbelief far more than arguments or debates ever could. The reason Satan tries to hinder the teaching of healing is because it opens the door to the soul. On the Day of Pentecost 3,000 were converted by the power of the Holy Ghost, under the preaching of Peter, but when the lame man was healed at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple, 5,000 souls were saved. Unbelievers saw the mighty miracle which had been wrought and glorified God. If healing brought men to God nineteen centuries ago, it will cause them to turn to Him today. There would be fewer atheists if ministers of the Gospel preached a present-day Savior for spirit, soul and body, in the power and demonstration of the Spirit.

There have been a number of healings in Dr. Straton's church, among them Mrs. Straton, the wife of the pastor, who testified to the fact that she heard running water some distance away for the first time since she was a child.

Last summer Dr. Straton's son received the baptism of the Holy Spirit in his father's church, which caused quite a sensation, and was noised abroad. Dr. Straton has been a great power for the uprooting of evil in the city of New York, for which he received a great deal of persecution. His new step will not lessen his persecution, but he is in the company of the saints and martyrs of all the ages. "They that live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." May God use him more than ever and give him grace for every trial.

Consequences of Unbelief

"The Lord Jesus predicted in connection with His second coming," writes the editor of the Sunday School Times, "that 'as it was in the

days of Noah, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be.' The Mississippi Valley flood of last summer was tragic, but the convictions of a personal observer were that the chief cause of the loss of life and movable property was "blind, old-fashioned unbelief."

"The report comes from the New England flood district, of a woman in a Massachusetts town, the only one who lost her life there, who 'heard the warning but hesitated, and before she could leave her home the water struck it and she was swept away.' A business man in the same place 'saw his savings of nearly \$20,000 wiped out in a twinkling as the flood hit his place.' He says, 'There was a terrible roar to the water as it rushed down upon the town, and there was hardly time to grab a hat. Mills, stores and houses were carried away almost like chips, and we had to rush for our lives. Railroad tracks were torn up and twisted. At another place the damage was estimated at \$1,000,000. A paper mill was washed away at a loss of \$200,000. A steel bridge went down. White River in Vermont, rose thirty feet in twelve hours, carried away four bridges, and wrought a million and a half of damage. It is time for God's people to abide in Christ, seeking His refuge and protection; and it is time for the unsaved to turn to Him for salvation. 'For as in the days that were before the flood they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark, and knew not until the flood came, and took them all away: so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be.'"

The article on page 20 is striking and deeply significant.

A Great Loss

A VERY promising young man has just left the battlefield. Bro. Edgar Personcus, who spent a short term in Africa, and has since been teaching in the Bethel Bible School, Newark, N. J., passed away on Oct. 31st, after an illness of a few days from diphtheria. He leaves a wife and three little girls. He belonged to a missionary family, having a brother, Charles, in Alaska, and a sister, Miss Mattie Personcus in India. His sister-in-law in Alaska writes of the loss:

"He was such a splendid young man. It seems so hard to understand why he should go, but we must say, 'Thy will be done.' Just before he died he had a wonderful vision of the throne of God, and saw the Father, Son and Holy Ghost upon the throne. He exclaimed to

his wife, 'Tell them the Holy Spirit is a real Person and is on the throne with the Father and the Son.' One of the young men from our mission here is attending the Bible School at New-

ark, and he says all the students feel the loss of Bro. Edgar very much, and that his ministry among the students will never be forgotten." May God comfort the hearts of his loved ones.

News from the Harvest Field

THE Missionaries who have been obliged to be at the Coast on account of the war in China have not been idle. Mrs. Nettie D. Nichols, held in Shanghai, writes that "a revival is now in progress in Shanghai. Scores and scores of Chinese and foreigners are daily gathering together for special meetings being held in the Martyrs Memorial Hall. Denominationalism is being lost sight of, and the Lord Jesus is being lifted up. God sent along a colored Holiness missionary who was returning with his three children from India where his wife recently died. He was on his way to the States to put his children in school and then go out in the work, but after leaving Hong Kong one of his boys was taken ill with a very high fever and the ship's doctor demanded that they take the child off the boat at Shanghai and put him in a hospital. Then after the child was well he could complete his journey. The poor brother prayed and cried mightily to God but all to no avail. He had very little money in hand and knew no one in Shanghai, but he had one Friend, the Lord Jesus. After getting the sick boy placed in a hospital he looked to the Lord to inquire regarding this strange circumstance, and the Lord told him He had need of him in this city. The child soon recovered and neither the ship's doctor nor the doctor in the hospital could understand what was the matter. It was God bringing this brother here to begin a revival. He is blessing and souls are saved at every meeting. The work is still going on and we are believing God for the 'floods.' Bro. Flacks is on his way for meetings next month, if our Lord tarry, and we do not know how many more the Lord may be sending to reap the ripened grain. We hear reports of revival fires breaking out in other places, and our hearts are encouraged to praise for the great and mighty things He has promised.

"The work in the Home at Ningpo is going on nicely and we are believing God for revival fires to break out there also."

Working among Slave Girls

Mrs. Mable Hensley writes from Hong Kong, of a new work God laid upon their hearts:

Before my husband and I returned to China

God made us to know very definitely that things would not be as they once were and we would have to work differently. He showed us the great need of getting Gospel tracts, Testaments, etc., out among the people; also the need of personal work here in Hong Kong.

We have been preaching on the ferry boats, on the streets and have been distributing thousands of tracts and have met with much encouragement. Sometimes after handing out tracts we are met and asked where a Bible can be gotten. And often they ask where they can go to hear about Jesus.

Eight years ago God began to speak to me about the slave girls of Hong Kong. I prayed much but as I had just arrived in China and didn't have the language I could do naught but pray. As time went on the burden grew. When I returned from America, four months ago, I found my husband who had arrived a year before had rented a flat only two blocks from one of the big red-light districts where there are hundreds of slave girls who have been sold into the brothels, there to suffer at the hands of wicked men and women. As I stood on our veranda and looked down one of these streets so brightly lit up, with the girls dressed so gaily and saw thousands of wicked men going and coming, I realized that this was only one district, and as I thought of the dear girls there for whom Christ died, my own mother heart was touched, for I am the mother of two beautiful little girls who in a few more years will be young women such as these who have been trapped and held for a life of shame, and I felt as if something must be done; that to do efficient work we must have a Rescue Home on the order of the Door of Hope in Shanghai.

One afternoon I attended a prayer meeting at the home of Mrs. Jaffray to pray and plan for this work. God laid it upon the hearts of the Child Welfare Association to open a Rescue Home for these girls. At an All-Day Bible and prayer conference, especially for this purpose, fourteen were present, five of whom were influential Chinese women, one connected with the Y. W. C. A.

Miss Schultz and I visited the district and gave out 1,000 tracts, speaking to a number of girls. We were greatly surprised at the way we were received, even by the mistresses of some houses who begged us to come again and preach to them. Again we went, and after being asked to come in, one of the girls came to me and said, "Do you know where you are?" "Yes," I replied. She asked me again and I assured her I

knew. Then she asked, "Do you know what kind of women we are?" I said, "Yes, but that doesn't matter. We have come here to preach the Gospel and to tell you that Jesus loves you. Would you like to hear it?" Then they all chimed in, "We would be extremely happy to hear." So we preached and sang. A great crowd gathering outside the door also heard. How our hearts burned within us as we preached the love of Jesus to these poor, unfortunate creatures!

We passed on to the next place and asked a young girl if she had ever heard the Gospel. "Yes," she replied, "all my people are Christians. My father taught me the Gospel and how to pray." We wondered what sad story this girl might tell if she were not in the presence of her mistress, who, of course, would not allow it. We presented her with a New Testament and she at once began to preach to the other girls. Shortly afterwards we saw her again in one of the houses nearby preaching to about a dozen girls. Our prayers shall follow this one as no doubt those of her parents do, until she is rescued for Jesus.

Then we came to a beautiful girl who seemed afraid to talk to us until Mun Che, our native woman, got the old mistress interested. Then she began to ask questions and as she did the tears flowed. She had never heard the Gospel, so we gave her a Testament and promised to return.

"Here came another asking for some literature. Can it be possible that she is one of those poor slaves, only a child of fifteen or sixteen, with such a winning smile?" Yes, it is too true. And how glad she is to hear the Gospel for the first time and to receive a Testament, which she tucks away very carefully into the little hidden pocket of her shaam. As we leave them there are ties on our heart-strings which were not there when we started out. One dear girl said with tears in her eyes, "I am so glad that somebody loves us enough to bring the Gospel to us. We didn't think anybody loved us." We assured her that Jesus did. "Do we Christians love them as we should?" I am made to ask myself. May God use these few lines to stir us up.

The Marks of the Lord Jesus

The following account of preaching the Gospel in Peru is a little late in being published, but we give it to our readers to give them a glimpse of what it costs our missionaries to preach the Gospel in that land. Mrs. Leif Erickson writes:

"Perhaps you would like to go with us and witness the first Christian baptismal service held in Huaras. While we have a number of believers we have only two that we felt were ready to be baptized. About fifty of us gathered at the river and sang the songs of Zion. Those to be baptized gave their testimony and Bro. Cragin read from the Word of God. While we were singing I heard a commotion behind me; a

drunken Indian was trying to carry away my guitar case. Someone threw a big stone at my husband but it missed his head about twelve inches. We saw many Indians gathering at the bridge about a block away and it was rumored that they were waiting to stone us on our return.

"It began to rain as Bro. Cragin was baptizing. I put my guitar in its case, none too soon, for the stones fell fast and faster in our midst. We hurriedly picked up our books, umbrellas, etc., and started, scarcely knowing which way to go. I told the little girls to run and they started off. We afterwards heard that the young men had helped them to escape. Sister Cragin tried to follow them but the mob gathered round her so that she couldn't. The Indians surrounded Bro. Cragin and we saw that the blood was streaming down his face. They had cut his ear and his head behind his ear. They hit him with stones many places and beat him with a club; left him unconscious once and would have continued stoning him but for some of the brethren protecting him.

"Sister Cragin tried to face the Indians, thinking it might help, but it did no good. Some way they got her hair down and pulled her to the ground. With help she got over a wall to a hut but they followed her. They called her a Protestant devil. She finally made her escape while they were still crying, 'Give us those books.' They wanted to burn them. They told us the priest sent them to kill us and they surely meant to do it. My husband got up on a big rock and tried to speak to them, but they would not listen. They cried, 'Thou art a Protestant.' They hit him in several places with stones while others were pulling his trousers to get him down. Then, crash! came a big stone on the side of his head, cutting a deep gash above his left eye, denting in the bone and fracturing it. He fell flat to the ground and I ran to him, shouting at the Indians. He managed to get up but left his hat, Bible and umbrella. We ran across ditches, thru the fields and over the walls, meeting one of the young girls and one of the brethren; also a friendly Indian who showed us where to go. I was so weak (perhaps from fright and from running in the high altitude) that I could scarcely make it, but we sought refuge in a deserted hut. There we prayed to the Lord for our safety and that of the others. We did not know how soon the Indians might come and find us. Hipolito found the same hut we were in. He had received a cut in his head trying to defend Sister Cragin. Other Indians came and reported that some of the others were killed; also that the children were thrown into the river, but they were safe in some hut, praying for the rest of us. Soon we were told that they had sent for the soldiers and we felt a little easier though we knew not what might happen to us before they came.

"A little girl came and told us of a farm to which we could go, so we set out in the pouring rain, with fear still in our hearts lest we should

meet the Indians. By this time Leif was very sick yet we ran as fast as we could. We met Bro. Cragin and some of the others, but they knew nothing of Sister Cragin and the children. When we reached the farm my husband had to lie down. They sent men to search for the rest and we all waited at the farm until the soldiers came. The children did not receive a scratch. Some of the women were hurt and some of the native brethren received wounds in defending us. It was a miracle I was not hit.

"There were about 150 who attacked us, men and women, and the women fought as hard as the men. When the soldiers came they stoned them, too. My husband had to be carried home, nearly two miles, in blankets; they sometimes dragged him in the water and let him bump on the rocks. When they reached town, some of the soldiers said they must take him to the governor; others said to the jail and another to the hospital, but they finally brought him home. The doctor came and took stitches in his wound as well as in Bro. Cragin's. There were seven wounded ones, and all have suffered some, but my husband's case has been serious. He was almost delirious and has been in pain half the time. Praise God, there seems to be some improvement and we are continually looking to the Lord for his healing. The doctor says it will take about twenty-five days. All rejoice to be able to suffer a little for the cause of our King. We can now understand a little of what Paul and the early Christians had to suffer for their Lord."

Chapel too Small for Africans

Blessed news comes from the Hooyah tribe, Liberia, of the working of the Lord. "We had the dedication of the new church," writes Miss Erickson, "the 7th of August. It is a real nice building but I regret that I did not try to build a little larger, for with the increasing interest among the people it will not accommodate them all very much longer. The people of Hooyah are truly hungry for the Gospel, and I think, almost without exception, someone is saved every week. Last Sunday three boys cried to the Lord for salvation. One heathen woman was blessedly saved the Sunday before.

"The week before I went on a little preaching trip, as we call it here. I held three meetings in the village on Sunday. The Lord wonderfully blessed and the heathen turned out to the meetings. A number of young men and their wives have been saved and two of them were baptized in the Holy Spirit. It was a real inspiration to hear them pray and testify among their people. We feel that our labor is not in vain in the Lord as He gives us some precious fruit out of the awful heathen darkness."

Mrs. Helen C. Derr writes from Dhond, India: "The Lord has been blessing here in a marked way. We held a real Pentecostal Convention here for ten days and many were much blessed. The Lord is doing a real work among the people on the compound. We have a school of over a hundred and fifty boys and God is touching their hearts. Several were baptized in the Spirit a while ago, and this past week God has baptized five of the older boys, one master and three preachers. Others are seeking earnestly and the Head Master is very near the baptism. Praise Jesus! He is being glorified and lifted up in these hearts." Mr. and Mrs. John Norton have charge of this work at Dhond.

* * *

Mrs. Esther Harvey writes: "We are a large family in Nawabganj now. The Sugars who worked with us for four years are back in the work again. Mr. Sugar is starting an Industrial Work with the boys and will have motor mechanics as well as carpentry. We need to teach the boys trades whereby they can earn their living. It is very hard for Christian boys to get work, but they can earn a good living by trades like these. The McKelveys are also with us and a Miss Tomaseck, a trained nurse. Now another missionary, a Miss Frandsen, has joined us. She worked for six years in the Salvation Army in India, and will help in the office and with spiritual work as well. Miss Nethery, who has been with us for four years, is getting married and we will lose her."

* * *

From one of Miss Madsen's letters we learn of the consecration and zeal of two missionaries who have recently associated themselves with the work in Barquesimeto, Mr. and Mrs. Vetter. They are stationed in El Tocuyo, and have opened a new work in Quibor, ten miles distant. Not being able to afford the hire of an auto they walked to Quibor leaving there after the evening service, about 9:30 and reaching home at 4 a. m., more than six hours with only seventeen minutes' rest between. This sounds like the days of the pioneer Methodist preacher. May God reward them for their faithfulness by giving them many souls. A young Porto Rican and his wife have just been added to the work at Barquesimeto. He is a live wire, full of zeal and enthusiasm and on fire for God.

* * *

Bro. John Richards writes from Duivelskloof, So. Africa: "Since coming to this district in January, 83 souls have come to the Lord. Of these, 60 attend the services all the time and many have been changed from lives of deep sin. Their em-

ployers tell us of their changed lives. Many of their faces which had such an evil look on them, have now been transformed by the Holy Spirit.

"At our Potgatersrust Station recently, after a short evangelistic campaign, 34 souls came to the Lord. In the whole district there we have about 200 members and 46 attending school. Our native pastor, Petros Langa, an uncle of the chief, is also conducting a Sunday School. Since May 41 converts have been baptized in water in that district.

"I have just returned from a week's evangelistic tour of the outlying district, accompanied by our native evangelist, James Mokhadi, and one of our converts. On the whole trip we ministered

the Word to about 500 people, many hearing the Gospel for the first time. At the end of the trip 78 souls had come to Jesus, including two petty chiefs.

"Our work is increasing continually, and we will be unable to carry on the work properly here unless we have reinforcements. We are having to labor day and night in order to keep pace with it all, but God gives us grace and strength to do it. While we are needing many native evangelists, we would especially ask you to pray at this time for three native workers and two native teachers for this district. Join us in prayer for consecrated workers and the means to support them."

Honoring the Power of the Holy Spirit in a Revival

Witnessing to the High and the Low

Miss Zelma Argue in the Stone Church, June 7, 1927



YOU will find in the sixteenth chapter of John, eighth verse, the strongest reason why I believe in the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

I have had some experience in revival meetings with my father during the past few years, have had a number of meetings with those who have been out in the fore-ranks of the soul-winning forces, and I have found that the secret back of soul-winning is the power of the Holy Ghost. To explain more fully what I mean I will say: I never had the opportunity myself of going through a Bible course. I have gone to a Bible School a few weeks at a time and I know there are splendid systems worked out how to deal with a soul and lead him in a reasonable and logical way to become converted, but I have found something more wonderful than that. When the power of the Holy Ghost sweeps in in that unexplainable, mysterious way, it doesn't take a lot of logic and reasoning. It is as the Word says, like the wind; you cannot tell "from whence it cometh or whither it goeth." It is the power of conviction borne in by the Spirit. When a real Holy Ghost revival starts you can speak to a person about his soul; he may not give you any encouragement but the Holy Spirit has already dealt with him. You do not need to try to prove the Bible when the Holy Spirit begins to work. There sits the man or woman trembling under conviction, and the Spirit of God has already proven that salvation is real and has driven home the truth that some day that soul must meet the Lord. That is why I honor the power of the Holy Ghost in a revival meeting.

I had the honor of speaking with one of the greatest soul-winners of this country. It was just a little confidential conversation. He knows the people I fellowship with, and while he himself does not stand with us he understands a great deal about the Holy Spirit. He said to me in confidence, "Do you know if I have people who have the baptism of the Holy Ghost around me I can take a meeting and put it right over the top, with souls coming through at the altar, but if I haven't that spiritual atmosphere I find it hard to get results." What was he admitting? The logic is all right, beautifully worked out sermons are splendid and have their place, but oh it takes the power of the Holy Ghost to sweep in and get hold of the hearts of men and women! It is God's Spirit that brings them face to face with eternal issues.

I believe in Holy Ghost preaching and I pray that the dear Pentecostal people will never lose the vision which came with the outpouring of the Spirit in recent years. I hope we will have better music, young people with their instruments, better preaching and better expositions of the Word, but above all else, let us never lose the heart of our message, the power of the Holy Ghost. The churches will have more accomplished singers, finer buildings, their men will have gone to universities and seminaries, but what are these things without the power of the Holy Ghost?

I was holding a little meeting in Gary, Indiana, sometime ago, and a brother asked me to go and see a new church that had just been built. Judge Gary said to the Methodist people, "You raise any sum that you can to build a church and I

will duplicate that sum. So the people of the church raised the sum of \$500,000, and Judge Gary was as good as his word and duplicated the sum, and they built a church of a million dollars. It was beautiful to behold. I have never been to Europe and seen the beautiful architecture there, but if this world should go on for ages this would be considered one of the finest structures in America. It was built within and without of beautiful, solid marble, of Gothic architecture. The interior was sustained by huge columns of solid marble or granite. As we entered there was a beautiful Gothic arch, but I was surprised to find the main auditorium seated only 1,000. If we had a million dollars to build a church we would build to accommodate a large crowd, would we not? Down in the basement there were several dozen beautiful oak tables with oak benches on either side of the tables. On the second floor we saw the pastor's study and the Sunday School room. On the third floor we saw the beginning of a gymnasium; it apparently continued for two floors in order to get a high enough ceiling. We went to another floor where we saw a number of lockers. Then we saw a little winding stair-case going up to a tower; we thought perhaps we would find there a little prayer tower, a little holy place where one could get alone with God. So after we had gone through all the other floors we wended our way up this stair-case where we felt we would see the surprise of the whole thing, and indeed it was, for up there we found *shower baths*.

As we went to the mission that night and saw the altars full, we wondered if in that magnificent structure the altars would ever be filled and the chancel railing stained with tears; we wondered if the sinners would come to be forgiven and have their garments washed white; whether the Christians would have their hunger satisfied by Jesus or whether the feasting would all be down in the basement; whether young men and women would come there and grow strong in the exercise of faith, or whether they would just seek strength for the physical in the gymnasium: whether the power of the Holy Ghost would ever permeate that atmosphere or whether there would be a form of godliness without the power.

Those who have seen the power of God work in their meetings will never be satisfied to worship where He is not, no matter how grand the edifice. What a joy it has been as we have gone from place to place, to see God work in power! I remember a campaign we had in the city of Ottawa, Canada, and what wonderful miracles were

wrought in the name of Jesus. I remember particularly a sixteen-year-old girl brought in who had spinal meningitis when an infant and had never walked. She was brought to the meeting day after day, and each day we could see her grow stronger, and finally she walked all the length of the aisle. When she was first brought the muscles of her limbs were absolutely useless, just hung lifeless, but there she was walking. What was the secret behind that and similar miracles? It was the power of the Holy Ghost. In that meeting strong men wept as they told us they were awakened upon their beds and told to arise and pray. I love to see the power of the Holy Ghost work. I would not discount the beautiful, we all love it, but we'd rather worship God in a tent or a tabernacle with the power and presence of the Holy Ghost, than to be without Him in the grandest structure ever reared. The early disciples went out and preached in the power and demonstration of the Spirit, and I am old-fashioned enough to believe we should follow in their steps. I believe the Lord wants us to go forth as flames of fire, preaching the truth in the power of the living God. Then He will work with us, "confirming the Word with signs following."

I have so many times regretted that godly men who know the Word and are able defenders of the truth have so little understood our Pentecostal Movement. Some years ago a man stood in one of the prominent pulpits of this city and took great pains in denouncing this work as of Satan. I happened to be passing through the city a few weeks later and another, a great man of the Bible, was about to speak upon the subject of "Speaking in Tongues." I had read this other sermon and the false assertions, and my heart was pierced. Oddly enough the Spirit of God came to me and said, "You are expecting to hear Dr. So-and-So. You have papers explaining the Pentecostal message; why not send them to him and write him a little note?" He was a man in whom I have great confidence, and as I meditated to see if it were truly the leading of the Lord, I felt it was, and I wrote a little note to this effect: "I understand that on Sunday afternoon you are to speak on the subject of "Speaking in Tongues." I understand that from your pulpit Dr. So-and-So insisted that all this work was of the devil. We know that we are not of a different Spirit than you are, but of the self-same Spirit. We are sorry that you do not understand us but a few years ago a number of people saw the great tide of spiritual darkness that was sweeping in; they fell upon their faces and

cried to the living God, and in response to their cry, God sent the baptism and power of the Holy Ghost that will be sufficient to enable them to meet these last days of darkness. We believe it was in answer to prayer. God has placed in the church the different gifts, wisdom and knowledge, faith, gifts of healings, etc. No one claims that the gift of knowledge has been removed from the church; no one claims that the gift of wisdom has been removed. We see no Scripture that any of the gifts have ever been taken from the church, etc." That was a plain letter for a little being such as I to write to a big D.D. I went on Sunday to hear the message, and I confess my heart was fluttering, and I could feel my cheeks growing near the color of my hair as I sat down. The service opened and this dear man of God read the Scripture from I Cor. 12 and a few verses from the 14th, and he commented on this order: "Here we can plainly see from these Scriptures that speaking in tongues is in the Bible and has been placed in the church." Then he went on to say that three things should be observed in regard to this gift; one was that it should be given to God; another, that not more than two or three messages should be spoken in one meeting." I thought, "If you only knew how our leaders have endeavored to carry that out." I have known my father to hold up a whole meeting to line folks up with the Word of God. Then this dear man of God said with trembling voice, "I received a little note yesterday, though I didn't mean to speak about the Pentecostal people,"—and then he got out that little note of mine and read the whole thing. I was so overcome I had to bow my head to hide the tears. Then he uttered this statement on this very platform where three weeks before a Doctor of Divinity had said we were of the devil. He said, "I do not just understand all about these people, but as far as I can see and understand (and he spoke with considerable emotion) there seem to be two branches. One, I confess, is very radical (and I suppose we would all agree to that) but among the other more careful ones are some of the most choice saints in all the world." I sat there and wept and said to myself, "Oh thank God, the Holy Spirit is bearing witness in his heart that we are all of the same precious blood!" Then he went on, "I am afraid fanaticism gets in. I tell you if there is any place where evil spirits try to work it is where the Holy Ghost is working. You never find the devil working in an old dead church, but let the Holy Ghost work and the devil is there." That we all know, and when we

see a little wild-fire we know there is a real fire, that the devil is trying to counterfeit.

I was talking to an outstanding figure not long ago, and he said to me, "I had the privilege of talking to a great leader when he lay dying and he said to me, 'I have missed it. I had my opportunity, but I hesitated, I held back, and while I held back, my people ran in ahead of me. I have missed it. I might have gone in ahead and led them'."

I believe as we draw near to the coming of the Lord all who purpose to stand on the whole Bible and the blood of Jesus Christ will be brought closer together. As the forces of Antichrist combine and grow stronger God will draw the spiritual people together.

I was down in Arkansas one time; my father had preceded me to see that everything was in readiness for the campaign. One night the deacon's wife said to me, "Would you like to go out in the mountains? There is a little mountaineer meeting going on." I said, "I truly would," and we jumped into a little Ford and finally came to a little house of worship up on stilts. The men were in their overalls, the women bare-footed; all over the floor there were quilts spread for the babies and you had to step carefully. The message went forth. Then came the break. I thought I wouldn't help in the after service as I was visiting, and I stood looking on. Then came another break, and I said to a young boy seventeen years of age, "Will you not give your heart to Jesus tonight? He is calling you, I know." I spoke to him about my brother who started out to work for God when he was sixteen; I thought that would help him to a decision. As I talked on, that fine big, seventeen-year-old mountain boy went down the aisle to the altar. Then I stepped to a thirteen-year-old and said, "Is that your chum?" "No," he said, "that is my brother." He followed his brother out and knelt there too. Some one said to me, "Sister, that woman sitting over there in black is the mother. She is crying for joy."

Then came someone else and said, "Do you see the woman who got happy and danced across the front of the building? That is the wife of that man over yonder. She has been praying for eighteen years for his salvation. Won't you go and speak to him?" I thought I had done well, had gotten two to the altar, and now they were asking me to go and pray for that hard one. I said, "I will look to the Lord about it." I felt the least I could do was to speak a word for the

Lord if He would help me. So I spoke to the brother just as wisely and carefully as I could, "Brother, are you a Christian?" He answered, "Nope." "Are any of your family Christians?" I asked. "Yes," he replied, "my wife is a good Christian." "Have you children?" I asked, and there I saw I touched a cord. "Do you see those boys?" he said. "They are my sons. I have others; they are in the city and doing fine." I said, "Do you want your children to go your way or their mother's? If they go their mother's way they will have eternal life. If they follow you, you know the consequences." He said, "I want them to go their mother's way." Then I said, "Brother, will you come to the altar and stand alongside of your wife?" No, he would not do that. I felt discouraged, but the Spirit of the Lord prompted me to speak another word, and I obeyed as best I could. I said, "Brother, I am just a stranger here. I have never been here before, and I do not expect ever to come again. The auto is waiting outside for me. Will you not kneel down here and let me have just a word of prayer with you and then I must go." He was willing to do that. I confess I was praying two prayers, one with my lips, and another with my heart. He told me he wanted to be a Christian, but didn't feel any conviction, and so I prayed along that line, that the Lord would not let him sleep until he gave himself to Him. We arose and I left.

After one of the meetings in the town where the services had been going on, a lady met me in the aisle, "Do you remember a man by the name of Wilson?" I hadn't remembered the name. Then she said, "Do you remember praying for a man in Liberty Grove? Do you know the most peculiar thing happened. He went home and went to bed, but he could not sleep all that night. He went to the table but could not eat." Then I got excited, and remembered my prayer.

I said, "Go on." "He went out in the corn field," she said, "but could not get his mind on his work. He came in but could not eat his lunch. At five o'clock that afternoon up went both his hands to God in the cornfield, and down he went on his knees. He said, 'Oh Lord, I will surrender right now. I cannot hold up any longer. Forgive me for these years of hardness.'" That man was fully saved. It was the convicting power of the Holy Ghost that saved him, not reason or logic. When the Spirit of God comes He brings conviction and reproves the world of sin. The power of the Holy Ghost on a meeting is the only thing that convicts. I have seen it times without number. I have seen a meeting continue all night long, under the power of the Spirit. The people could not get away.

I remember dealing with a young girl mightily under conviction. I went home. When the clock struck twelve I had to get up and pray for that girl. Is God faithful? In the morning the doorbell rang and there stood the dear young girl I had prayed for at midnight. She didn't know why she had come, but I knew. The Lord and I had a little secret. She said, "I work in the laundry over here and I get out at five o'clock. Will you come and see me in my room?" I went, and I said to her, "Dear, you asked me to come to see you because you were sorry you hadn't given your heart to God last night. You want to be a Christian right now, do you not?" We knelt down to pray and she was saved and received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. She joined the orchestra and got her brother to be a Christian. What do these things mean? If we will use the Word of God and trust the power of the Holy Spirit, He will water the seed sown and cause it to bring forth fruit. When the Spirit of truth is come He will bring conviction. And God works with us, confirming the Word with mighty signs and wonders and divers gifts of the Holy Ghost.

As in the Days of Noah

A Timely Article by Edward Marshall in the Sunday School Times



AFTER spending six weeks in four States in the flooded area of the Mississippi Valley, I have come to the conclusion that the chief thing that caused the loss of life and movable property was plain, old-fashioned unbelief.

Unbelief destroyed living, active faith in the word of authority. Government and State bulletins, giving accurate details of the approaching danger, were frequently posted by accredited

engineers. Telegraph, telephone, radio, and special messengers carried the word everywhere. I saw people read the bulletins and then step back and express the opinion that the statements had been issued to "scare folks." One man later said, "I read the bulletins and had my goods all packed to go. Then my neighbor came home and said he didn't think the water could reach our houses, so I unpacked. Now my place is flooded." This man neglected the authorized warning of men

who knew, and, trusting the false message of a man who guessed, he lost. Forsaking God's Word and trusting human reason brings spiritual disaster, which is worse than this.

With some, unbelief took the form of indifference. A farmer was repeatedly warned to flee, but always turned a deaf ear, because no flood could be seen. He retired at night as usual and slept. A scouting band of cowboy rescuers saw his cattle and drove them away to safety without consulting him. Later the waters surrounded his home. In the night a rescue party came in a boat, awakened him, and took him away. A colored woman was told to pack her things quickly for the truck. Said she with supreme indifference, "Why should I pack up my things? I don't see no water." Soon the water arrived, and she became frantic with fear. The terror that comes as an after effect of unbelief is overwhelming.

Unbelief caused some to scoff. A merchant told me that he drove out to the home of a farmer friend who lived in the danger zone. He begged him to leave his farm and come to live with him until the danger had passed, but the farmer refused. He looked up at the sky and said sarcastically, "There ain't enough water up there to cover my farm." Another scoffer defiantly said, "I can drink all the flood that's coming." In a few days they both watched the flood mock their helplessness. How like this are those who scoff at the Judgment, and neglect God's salvation!

Unbelief made some obstinate. A young officer who was deputized to rescue people told me of one man who refused to leave his home, though it was already surrounded by water, and that they had to bind him and put him in the bottom of a boat. Another man refused to allow his family to be taken away, and the officers had to overpower him before they could rescue his wife and children.

Procrastination was very general. A young man informed me that he was sent out to bring in a farmer with his family and goods. When he arrived, the farmer told him to come back in the afternoon. He made a second trip, but was told to come in the morning. When he went the next morning he was told that they were not packed up yet, and was asked to come the following day. The next day he went in a boat, and found the house flooded and no man in sight. Thousands of people in the Mississippi Valley now understand from experience why procrastination is called a thief.

In New Iberia I came close to the flood. In the

afternoon I lectured for the Red Cross to an anxious audience. In the evening the water had risen five feet more in the bayou. At three o'clock in the morning I was aroused by the fire whistle, and found that the water had risen farther and cut off access to the station. The driver of the hotel bus refused to take me there, so I had to secure a high army truck to get through the swirling waters. The next day I read in the papers that four thousand people had waited until the last minute to leave and were trapped.

Unbelief developed a false self-confidence. I drove through one town that the flood had wrecked. A merchant in another place told me that they had sent autos and trucks to the little place as soon as they heard that a certain levee had broken. They warned and begged the people to come away to safety, promising them every assistance, but the villagers laughed and said, "Oh, the flood will never break through the barricade we are building." They ordered every store closed, and told every man, woman and child to come to the river. Old women held sacks while youths filled them with dirt. Men carried them up to raise the bank and hold back the oncoming waters. Their pride was aroused and they resented being told that their feeble efforts could never master the fifty miles of flood which was on the way. They thought they were brave, but those who knew the truth called them foolish. In a few hours the flood did its deadly work, and once more a self-confident people abandoned their tower of Babel. Thousands of people are rejecting God's spiritual warnings today and building false barriers which will be swept away at the Judgment.

Unbelief caused many to be so contented that they did not inquire about the danger. I stood by the river bank in a small town with a wealthy man and his wife who were well along in years. Across the swollen stream stood their beautiful house on lower ground. We watched the water rise, swirl angrily around the porch, and enter the first floor. Said he, "They tell me the water will rise three feet in my parlor." That estimate had been posted for many days at the Red Cross headquarters only two blocks from their home, but they failed to believe it, and now had to watch the filthy water spoil their household effects. Their years of plenty and safety had developed in their minds a feeling of perpetual security which made the engineers' prediction seem like an idle story until they saw it fulfilled. Such has been the tragic experience of millions in spiritual things.

Unbelief tried to be optimistic and profit by the flood. When riding through Morgan City by train, I saw a row of negro houses where the water had covered the yards and stood about six inches over the porch floors. At one of the houses a negro woman sat in a chair on her porch in muddy water. With a small pole and line she was hoping to catch any fish that might happen to find its way into her yard. She ignored all warnings concerning her own safety and that of the contents of her home. She risked the loss of all

for just a fish. She must have been driven out soon after, for the water buried that section of the town, according to the newspaper reports.

Jesus once said: "O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken." Human nature is the same today. Unbelief is just as natural to the human mind, just as subtle and fatal as it ever was. Only those who trust the infallible revelation of God's Word will be safe in the coming Judgment.

Kalamazoo, Mich.

Healed of Spinal Trouble after Years of Suffering

The Futility of Human Remedies

Testimony of Rev. Amos Oyer, Pastor of a Baptist Church, Lima, O., in the People's Tabernacle



I PRAISE God for the privilege of testifying to the saving and healing power of Jesus Christ. In June, 1904, I was saved from sin through the precious blood of Jesus Christ, and since then I have been serving God to the best of my ability, to win souls for Christ.

On Nov. 2, 1907, I sailed for British East Africa, and labored there in missionary work for four years. During the third year of my ministry there I contracted spinal trouble, caused perhaps by the constant climbing up and down the large hills and mountains. The trouble seemed to start quite suddenly and from the very start there were many nights when I could not sleep. In September, 1911, I returned home from the mission field and spent four and a half years in school, always hoping to regain my health sufficiently to return to Africa. My condition constantly grew worse; sometimes I had to skip my classes, not being able to walk, and many a night I could not sleep.

After graduating from the Northern Baptist Theological Seminary, Chicago, I entered the evangelistic field for several years, hoping to regain my health and return to Africa, but my hopes of ever being well again began to fade.

In April, 1919, I located in a pastorate near Peoria, Ill., where my condition grew alarmingly worse, and it seemed as though I would become an invalid for life. I suffered indescribable agonies, day and night. There were times when I could not lift my eight-pound baby out of his crib; no one but God knows how terribly I suffered. Once I went to our family physician who gave chiropractic treatments, and after a treatment I had such severe pain that I lay on the table for two hours, not being able to move hand or foot. Finally the doctor had to give me a

morphine tablet to ease the pain so I could go home.

One day while in my study, suffering excruciating pain, viewing the grim past and the seemingly hopeless future, everything seemed to turn black before me, and the devil whispered, "Go and get your razor and cut your throat, and end all this torture." I tried to raise up in an effort to follow this advice, but as I did so I felt a hand on my shoulder and heard an audible voice saying, "My child, what are you thinking of doing?" It was God holding me back from such a desperate step.

While in a pastorate at Gilbert, La., we spent a vacation at Bluffton, Ohio, and my condition became worse than ever. I had an X-Ray taken of my spine here in Lima. The following week I went to Chicago to a specialist and had another X-Ray taken. Both of these revealed a curvature of the spine, an ankelosis of three of the cervical vertebrae, and anterior condition of the third lumbar vertebrae with active inflammation. The specialist in Chicago said that there was but one kind of treatment which would give me relief. I marked that he said "relief," but he didn't say cure.

In March, 1925, we moved to Lima. Here I took electric treatments for a year and a half with only temporary relief. There were times when I was scarcely able to be on my feet. In January, 1927, I went back to the doctor who took the X-Ray of my spine several years before. After viewing the one he had made, also that made by the Chicago specialist, he made another thorough examination of my spine, and informed me that there was absolutely no cure from a human standpoint. He advised that I be put into a plaster cast for six months or a year which would cause the whole spine to grow into a solid bone. This

would relieve me of the terrible suffering, but would leave me a cripple for life. I was stripped of the last vestige of hope of getting well by any human help. I had tried fourteen doctors, took many kinds of treatments, electric, osteopathy, chiropractic, massage, sweat-baths, etc., etc., all to no avail. During the last six years I swallowed over seventy pounds of Epsom salts, besides all the other medicines.

It does not seem possible that a human body could endure such pain and agony as I suffered and yet live. There were times when I could not stand, nor sit, nor lie down; every position was torture and agony to me. If I would ride in my auto for fifteen or twenty miles I was scarcely able to get out of the car. Every jolt of the car was torture and at times I thought I would lose my reason.

Many times I went before my congregation on Sunday when I was not physically able to preach nor hardly mentally competent. I would drag myself through the service in abject torture, and often when I had finished my sermon I was scarcely able to walk out of the church.

It was in January, 1927, that I began to pray earnestly that I might be divinely healed. The thought of having to suffer the rest of my life weighed heavily upon me. Often I wished that I might die and rest from my sufferings. I prayed for many months for healing but didn't seem to get anywhere. I knew Christ was able to heal me but did not know that He was willing and that healing was in the Atonement, and therefore had no basis for my faith. On Aug. 20, 1927, the Lord sent Evan. F. F. Bosworth to our home. After about two hours of conversation, in which he explained the Scriptures along this line, I was convinced beyond the shadow of a doubt that when Jesus Christ died upon the cross He bore our sicknesses as well as our sins. (Isa. 53:4 Heb. trans.) "Surely He hath borne our sickness and carried our pains." When I saw this wonderful truth in God's Word I accepted it by faith. We knelt in prayer, and while on our knees, God like a flash from heaven, sent His healing power into my body. I felt His power go from the top of my head to the base of my spine. God gave the death-stroke to my disease and instantly the pain was gone. When Christ's healing power struck my body I could hear it go down my spine as well as feel it. It was a sizzling sound just like when two electric wires come in contact. I arose free from that terrible disease which had caused such intense suffering for so many years.

Dear friend, can you imagine the overwhelming joy that came into my heart? After eighteen years of suffering the most untold agony, not to be described by any human tongue, to be instantly delivered, was almost beyond comprehension! That night I went to bed and slept like a baby, the first night of real rest for many years. It is now about three months since I have been healed, and I have had more rest in those three months than in fifteen years before. I can now ride with comfort and enjoy it, whereas before I dreaded every ride because the jolting of the car caused such intense suffering. Before my healing every step I took meant pain and excruciating suffering; now I can walk with ease and comfort. Before, I often prayed that I might die; now I am praying that I may live long to tell the wonderful story, not only of Christ's saving grace, but also of His healing mercy. Such joy I have never known! It seems I have been walking on air ever since my healing, and I sometimes hardly know whether I am still in the body or out of it. To God who alone is worthy, be all the glory!

Back on China's Soil

Mrs. George M. Kelley writes jubilantly of blessing in South China: "The Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad. Mr. Kelley, Mr. and Mrs. Perdue and Mrs. Hensley have visited some of the stations. At Ngau Piu Leung the Lord is pouring out His Spirit upon the school and church. In three days eighteen were baptized in the Holy Spirit. God had already prepared the hearts of the people; even before the first service one of the teachers received the Holy Spirit's baptism.

"After Mr. Kelley had preached on Monday night on the soon coming of the Lord, a spirit of prayer gripped the people, so that they prayed all night and nearly the whole of the next day. Such conviction of sin! Such crying out to God, and truly the glory of the Lord came down. The pastor, a young Baptist preacher, received such a precious baptism, and when the missionaries had to leave on Wednesday afternoon the Lord was still working.

"We have permission from the U. S. Consul to return to Sai Nam again to live, which is surely in answer to prayer. We are so happy, for these months in Hong Kong have "tried" our souls, but we have learned in a new way the value of prayer.

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29 And O'phir, and Hāv'i-lah, and Jō'bāb: all these were the sons of Jōk'tan. B. C. 2347 from thence did the LORD scatter them abroad upon the face of all the earth. 1 Chr. 1. 4.

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multitudes marvelled, saying, It was never so seen in Is'ra-el.

34 But the Phār'i-sees said, He

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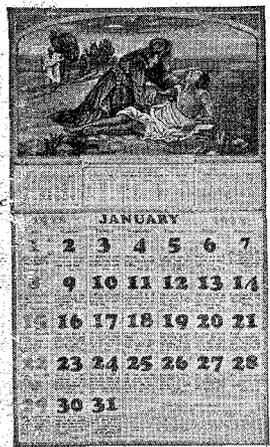
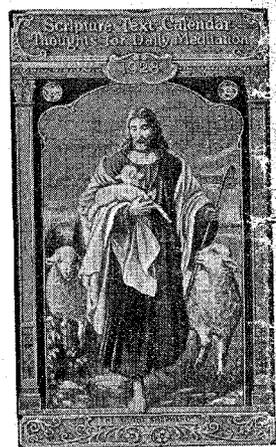
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