

# The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

## The Lesson of the Sinking Vestris

**F**EWER marine disasters have excited greater comment and query than the sinking of the Liner, Vestris, with the loss of one hundred and eleven lives, mostly women and children. The investigation as reported by the newspapers revealed three important facts analogous to the present condition of the world:

1. The crew did not believe they were doomed. Those responsible, those in authority today, will not admit and face present conditions—they know not that modern civilization is doomed.
2. The Captain delayed the S. O. S. signal till too late. Thus today there is no repentance by those responsible since the World War. The nations turn not to God but to pleasure and preparation for war. The god of this World sees to it that no general S. O. S. be sent heavenwards.
3. They spent precious time and energy for hours bailing the liner with buckets instead of getting passengers ready and into the life-boats. See all the efforts being made today to keep this sinking civilization afloat a few minutes longer, as if it were not plain that the World is doomed! Denominations that have lost their spiritual power and vision may attempt to stay the floods of wickedness pouring into the hold of this sinking World Steamer with their buckets of good works, reformaton and social enterprise, but God calls us who know the real lateness of the Hour to launch the Lifeboats of Salvation and get every soul saved that we can, and away from the floundering hulk as fast as possible.

Jesus said, "Work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work." It only serves Satan's purpose to get valuable and indispensable Christian faith and energy sidetracked to bailing! Only a Captain who has lost all sense could command a crew to bail a huge liner out with buckets whilst mountainous seas pour in.

Christian! Get them into the boats and away! Witness! Preach! Pray! Warn! Compel them to come in! Every minute counts! And as to the ship, it cannot be salvaged. It must go down! But we shall go up!

W. E. B.-C.

Ask Ye of the LORD Rain in the Time of the Latter Rain

Three Million Facing Starvation, See Page 22

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**Man's Pottery or God's**

THE CHURCH has her faultless machinery of pulpit and pastorate, home-training and theological school. The State erects great universities and sets running the golden wheels of scholarly culture at which preside the skillful hands of great educators. But all of these never yet moulded one apostle or turned out of human clay one true man. The shelves of man's great pottery stand today full of choice wares—polished porcelain, hand-painted with oriental designs and occidental art—brilliant and costly products of education, rated at the highest market price, graceful and ornamental, the pride of nineteenth century scholarship. Yet how often the Divine Potter passes them by, and takes instead a rude, crude lump of earth from the slime pits, full of flaws and defects and shapes it beneath His own hand as He wills. Then He puts it into His furnace, and in fires of hot trial bakes it into hardness and firmness, and glazes it with an unearthly lustre. Man's fine delicate wares cannot stand the fire, and crack with harsh handling. God's earthenware may be called common, but hard blows will not break it, and in fierce flames it only takes on a new glory like the face of Him whom John saw in an apocalyptic vision.—A. T. Pierson.

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It was a crude lump of clay, an ignorant

Chinese woman with the sentence of death upon her; a shapeless mass of disease from which all human hope of deliverance had fled. But the Divine Potter saw a vessel He could mold and use to His honor, and He sent a humble Bible woman with a message of hope to this wasted form. The Holy Spirit penetrated the darkened soul. She was saved and healed and immediately became a witness for Him.

So ignorant she could not even tell when the Bible was upside down, but she closed herself up in her room, asking her husband not to disturb her until she came out. After three days she was able to read her Bible. God had taught her. Her life is one wholly given to intercession and personal ministry. So insistent is she in prayer that the native pastor complained to the missionary he could not sleep for her praying. The missionary might well have made the same complaint, but when souls swept in through her nights of prayer what cared he to be kept awake! A great revival came to the city of Canton through *Cheung Sz Sham's* nights of intercession. Miraculous healings have occurred as she has prayed for the sick and the demon possessed. The rich and the poor, the high and the low, the intellectual and the beggars crowd the Mission Hall to have this "Holy Ann" of South China tell them of Jesus the Saviour of men. Missionaries sit and wonder

at her faith and marvelous simplicity. College professors would give all their learning to have that power which the Divine Potter has vested in that crude clay, but they must learn her secret—to be *always* clay, always *in the Hand of the Potter*, to be molded as He wills. No task is too menial, no errand of mercy too commonplace, no spiritual battle too prodigious for the clay that is always in the hand of the Potter. Such is *Sz Sham*.

### Live Fish Swim Up Stream

DEAR LATTER RAIN EVANGEL FAMILY:

Greetings to you from the heart of England. You have noticed the beautiful new front page cover plate of the 1929 Evangel. The words, "Days of Heaven on Earth", so artfully chiselled into the granite, have been ringing in my heart. Such were the days of the New York Glad Tidings Convention! It was with difficulty we restrained our tears as hundreds of waving handkerchiefs bid us a sincere farewell to the strains of "God be with you till we meet again". At parting from Brother and Sister Brown so little was said—we felt too deeply! But what shall I say of the scene at the wharf! The outlines of that vast liner loomed high and mighty in a solemn darkness pierced by the lights of a thousand portholes. Everything was hubbub and hurry until finally on deck we eagerly searched for and recognized smiling, familiar faces—and immediately the singing started. Chorus after chorus charmed the parting multitudes to sympathetic hearing. Their harsh cheering, the loud joking, catcalls and ribald songs all died a natural death as the volume of Christian praise swelled ever stronger, and additional batches of young people came running up in haste. "Oh come let us adore Him," the Campaign favorite, "By faith the walls of Jericho fell", the warrior's battle cry; "Oh! I want to see Him, Look upon His face", that beautiful lilting Southern melody; "When my cup runneth over with joy", and many more! What singing! Unafraid, jubilant, vibrant with testimony! I was immediately surrounded with a host of appreciative fellow-travellers.

A kind steward secured and helped me stand on a chair, and we had a few parting shots of high-tension preaching. The response was such as to melt our hearts and we wept at the thought of that great future day when all the saints will be "home-coming". Then one hundred open Bibles were upheld as we sang,

"I'm bound for that beautiful city,  
The Lord has prepared for His own,  
Where all the redeemed of all ages  
Sing glory around the White Throne."

Our heads were bowed and we prayed—for those listening on, for the work to continue, for the young lambs newly brought in—the deep throbbing siren of the monster ship interrupted us—and as the gap slowly widened, "Till we meet, Till we meet at Jesus' feet", resounded across the waters. The S. S. *Berengaria* slowly turned its prow eastward with 2600 souls aboard.

Opportunities were now made to order. So many crowded about us with as many questions. Said a New York Opera singer, "If we had such a spirit in all Protestant churches we should not suffer from empty pews." We witnessed the power of Christ to save. A business man exclaimed, "Well! that sort of religion is worth having. I have never seen anything like this in all my travels." We retired to the salon and until early morning we were lost in an engrossing and thrilling conversation with no lack

of an audience. The next day at dinner table we were handed a Radiogram signed "The King's Soldiers" with just four words, "Live Fish swim upstream," reminder of a campaign slogan.

After the stormy period which had sunk the *Vestris* and stranded the Celtic, the ocean was remarkably quiet for the time of the year, and everyone seemed about. One night we had a company of Dutch bulb-sellers returning to Holland for the Christmas holidays, listening to the Gospel most attentively until 4 a. m. Another evening we were praying with a first class passenger that he might surrender his life to Christ. Then we had a whole crowd of unbelievers to fence with, and they were finally silenced by the edge of the Sword of the Spirit. We were not alone on board. There were other true Christians there and we soon gravitated toward each other. Commissioner Whatmore from Australia, on the way to the Salvation Army High Council called together because of the sickness of my uncle Bramwell Booth, listened attentively to the story of modern Pentecost. Then there was William Fetler of Riga, Latvia, whose work we hope to visit briefly on our way to Russia. All languages and nationalities seemed present among the passengers and midst the clamour and carousal of a never-ceasing round of revelry and pleasure I thought, Oh how many aching hearts and sin-ruined lives! Practiced to see beyond the mask of their hardened faces, we felt the stark emptiness of it all, we sensed their soul-hunger and gladly ministered the verities of "so great Salvation."

Prince George, on board with us, is honored by a convoy of warships which surround the ship as we approach the Solent. Southampton looms out of the fog. Still more witnessing in the non-stop train that swiftly bears us to London. There on the platform, beautiful as Moses of old, strong as the aged oak, veteran of a thousand storms, tender as a nurse with children—my father, with a father's blessing and a father's kiss. And what a welcome home after sixteen years! We kneel in prayer and praise to God for the mercies that make such a privilege twice sacred.

More later. I stop to wish you everyone, tho late, the most victorious year of your Christian experience.

William Booth-Clibborn.

49, Highbury Hill,  
London, N. 5, England.

### The Coming Prophetic Year

"I use a five-year 'Line a Day' diary. With the end of 1928 I will have filled my present diary. I was planning for a new diary with which to begin 1929, when suddenly I was conscious that the 'still small voice' was speaking to my listening heart. I love to hear His voice. 'When you will have filled up the new diary, five years hence, it will be the end of 1933; the next year will be 1934, which is the next great prophetic year, according to the Scripture.'

"The coming prophetic year! Does it indicate that the Lord's return is really at hand? How should it affect our next five years of missionary service? On what lines should we concentrate in view of the fact that we are drawing very near to the end of the Age? . . . In view of His soon coming; 'what manner of persons ought we to be?' (2. Pet. 3:11). What special work would He have us do? Upon what line of work should we concentrate? Ought we not to focus sharply

upon the all-important and essential lines, and cut out all secondary, unimportant time-wasting, money-consuming work?"—*R. A. Jaffray in W. W. C. C.*

\* \* \*

The old Barry Avenue Mission, which has been the birth-place of many precious souls, has moved into its new home, 3142 N. Racine Ave., Chicago, now known as the Lakeview Assembly of God. It is a commodious building, beautiful in its simplicity, with a large prayer-room and other convenient appointments. Bro. B. M. Johnson, who has been the pastor of this Assembly from its beginning, says they have a good field and the outlook is encouraging. Souls have been saved practically every week since they have moved into their new quarters. A recent evangelistic campaign with Pastor Frank Lindblad of Seattle, Wash., was well attended although the weather was the very coldest. The prayer-room was nightly the scene of much blessing. Sinners touched heaven and were made new creatures in Christ Jesus and saved ones received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. An All-Night Prayer Meeting preceded a day of heaven on earth, and souls were reclaimed and born into the kingdom.

### An Appeal for South India

MISS CONSTANCE EADY, with two friends from Yercaud, South India, recently visited the States for the purpose of getting some missionaries to locate in South India. She feels that South India, with its crowded population, is greatly neglected so far as the Pentecostal message is concerned, there being only about twelve Pentecostal missionaries in the whole of that part.

She spoke of the large city of Madras with a population of over 500,000; this city has a large English-speaking population, the Anglo-Indians, thousands of whom work in the railway shops. There is also a large Indian population, both Hindoos and Mohammedans, yet as far as is known, there is no full Gospel work done in that city.

"The churches have schools for education, plenty of social life, yet when you speak of real, spiritual work," said Miss Eady, "they do not understand what you mean. I visited a big school for girls in Singapore; the girls are taught the regular course of study, yet they have only ten minutes devotionals in the morning for the day. They go into the school heathen, and come out as they go in, heathen." What a contrast to the school that the sainted Mary Lyons founded, Mount Holyoke Seminary, Mass. During the six years of her superintendency *not one graduate left Mt. Holyoke unconverted.* Seventeen of her

former pupils became wives of foreign missionaries, and hundreds married ministers and assisted in Christian work in the West. Mary Lyons had a passion for souls, but sad to say, many who go to the mission field are not even saved themselves. How could they be the means of salvation to others? "The husbandman must first be partaker of the fruits."

But the needs of South India: In the Chevroix Hills where they grow hundreds and hundreds of acres of coffee, there are many thousands of coolies who work on the large coffee estates, to whom no one is preaching the Gospel.

"At Cochin on the West Coast, there is a large community of white Jews. They meet in their synagogues, which are beautiful. We went in and they were teaching the young men to read the law. We heard that they also have sacrifices. It is said their ancestors came over to India in the First Century when Thomas came to India. There are black Jews there as well, but they are not allowed inside the synagogues. They can go on the porch and sit there."

Miss Eady tells a very interesting story of how God led her to open *The Hebron Missionary Home* at Yercaud, and of the blessing He has made it in that vicinity. As a result of a convention a number were saved and five baptized in the Holy Spirit, one a nurse in the General Hospital at Madras. She now has Bible classes with the other nurses. A young girl of eighteen, whom the Lord baptized in His Holy Spirit, has since gone to England to be trained in a Bible school. Three English ladies, who make their home in Yercaud the greater part of the year, received the Baptism of the Spirit at the close of the convention and have a burden for the work at Yercaud. An Austrian count was also saved and baptized in the Holy Spirit. He had a deep hunger for God, and after the Lord satisfied him, he would say, "Isn't it wonderful?" Besides these of the better class, there were some of the Indians who were saved and filled with the Spirit.

Miss Eady is asking the Lord for twenty-five missionaries for South India. As she sees the thousands working on the plantations with no one to give them the Gospel, she sends out a call to intercessors to pray for that neglected field.

South India has been the scene of great revivals. The Pentecostal outpouring in the Telugu country in 1878, is one of the marvels of missions, and has been compared with the first Pentecost at Jerusalem. At Ongole souls were saved with such amazing rapidity that in eighteen

months more than 10,000 were baptized and added to the church. Also in the Tinnevely district and other parts of South India in the same year, it is stated that 50,000 turned from idols in twelve months, so great was the power of the Holy Spirit.

The people of South India are simple folk,

many of them Syrians, who are easily touched by the Gospel. We believe from the reports that have come to us from time to time that South India is ripe for Pentecost. Many have become Christians in name and if the Pentecostal fires start to burn who can tell what a spiritual conflagration might sweep over that country.

## Divine Healing, the Advance Agent of Salvation

### When God Confirmed the Word

A Sermon by Frank Lindblad, in the Lake View Assembly, Jan. 17, 1929



HE teaching of Divine Healing is one of the precious doctrines preached and practiced in the Early Church. We find by the Scriptures that the healing of the sick was the means of opening the way for the preaching of the Gospel in many places. Take for instance the time Peter and John went into the temple and saw the lame man lying at the gate of the temple, unable to move. In the Name of Jesus of Nazareth the man's feet and ankle bones received strength and he was able to walk and praise God. The people ran together by the thousands for the man was over forty years old, and they wondered by what authority he had been healed. Peter told them it was faith in the Name of Jesus, and this opened the way for the Gospel to be preached to five thousand men, who became believers.

Philip went down to Samaria and preached Christ to the Samaritans. It was not his eloquence, neither the clearness of his theology, nor his beautiful rhetoric that convinced them, but they gave heed "*hearing and seeing the miracles which he did*." For unclean spirits, crying with a loud voice came out of many that were possessed with them: and many taken with palsies, and that were lame were healed." All in that region were touched by the Gospel. Later we find Paul at Ephesus and the Lord worked so marvelously that from Paul's body aprons and pieces of cloth were taken and the people were healed. And in Jerusalem the power upon Peter was so great that the sick whom they brought were healed by his shadow falling upon them. So it has been in every age of the Church. "These signs shall follow"—but "*those that believe*," those who believe the Gospel or belong to the church. "In my Name," Jesus said—not in the name of the church at Jerusalem, or the name of the Bishop at Antioch or Ephesus, but in the Name of Jesus: "In My name shall they cast out devils; they

shall speak with new tongues;" and in His name they shall "lay hands on the sick and they shall recover,"

A noted divine came to Seattle and he preached a sermon on Healing, proving that it was for the Apostolic Age and not for us. A dear old sister said as she went out, "I see clearly that it was for the Apostles' day and not for us." There was a woman in the rear who had been wonderfully healed of a cancer on her liver and other terrible disorders. The Lord appeared to her on her bed and instantly healed her. So she walked up to this minister at the close of his sermon and said, "You say this is for the Apostolic days? What will you do with my healing?" And she told what had happened to her. "I haven't time to talk to you," he said. It is one thing to say healing is for the Apostolic Age, but what will they do with the hundreds and thousands who are being healed today through the Name of Jesus? As long as people are witnessing everywhere to Jesus Christ being the same today, the argument which would relegate healing to the Apostolic Age is absolutely refuted.

Over in France, after the war was over, they said nothing could be raised on the ground which had been the seat of the World War. They would not let the farmers settle there, but said, "We will have to get damages from the Germans." Some American tourists made bold to go on to the forbidden territory, and they came back saying, "We never saw such clover fields in all our lives, clover four and five feet high!" When the French found that clover was growing on the hill, they said to the farmers, "All right, you can go and plow your fields." So when they tell us that healing is not for us, we can bring thousands of people who have been healed. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved," Jesus says. Does He add, "in the Apostolic days?" He does not. Then let us increase it. "He that believeth and is baptized for the first 300 years, shall be saved." That is not right either.

Is it possible that it means, "He that believeth and is baptized as long as the Gospel is preached, shall be saved?" Is that what the Lord meant? The light is dawning. Shall we then say, "He that believes in the Gospel, these signs shall follow him for the first hundred years only?" If belief in the Gospel and water baptism produces salvation during the whole dispensation, for two thousand years, then belief in the Gospel *produces healing* for two thousand years. We cannot accept *salvation* for the whole period and limit *healing* to the first few hundred years. The same Holy Spirit that convinces men and women of salvation, has worked through the two thousand years, wherever this Gospel has been preached, and the same Holy Spirit has caused the signs to follow the believers.

You ask, "How is it that some folks have the signs follow and others do not? They are all believers. Why do the signs not follow all of them? I have been a Christian for eighteen years and they do not follow me." "And I know a preacher over there, and no signs follow him." Let me ask you one little question. How do you believe? That is the crux of the whole matter. What was it Jesus said? "O ye of little faith!" Is it possible that there are varying degrees of faith? Yes, some have more and some have less. You receive just what you have faith for. If your faith rests only upon fundamental truths for salvation, that God will apply the blood to your soul, salvation will be the result. Unless your faith goes beyond that point, you will never get beyond salvation. As our faith enlarges, the power of the Holy Spirit in our lives increases, and as His Presence increases, greater activities of the power of God occur in us and around us. When you had "little faith" you received little, and as your faith increased, you received more from God.

I remember when I was in Ashland, Ore., and pastor of the First Brethren Church, where I preached for several years. I went out into the mountains and preached in the school houses and folks were saved. I went over into a certain school house to preach, and there were a number of infidels there. One came to me at the close of the meeting and said, "I believe you are an honest preacher. My father used to belong to the old Atheistic Society, and he gave me a question to ask you. Open the Bible at the last chapter of Mark and find that verse." I read, "These signs shall follow them that believe, etc." "Now," he said, "you claim you are a believer. Why do

these signs not follow you?" Just imagine an infidel asking a preacher that question! I want to tell you that that infidel squelched me as clearly as if a steam roller had run over me. I thought to myself, "That fellow knows his Bible better than I do." I began to scratch and said, "Isn't that strange? I have never seen that before." I was claiming I was a believer, and the signs did not follow me.

I cannot tell you the whole story, but one night I was staying in a home along the Rogue River. I was sleeping in the attic; the river was roaring and the rain beating upon the roof. I was reading the Bible, before going to bed, and I said, "Lord, give me a verse." And just then the words stood out on stilts, "Ask what I shall give thee." I got down to pray, and said, "Lord, I am pretty young. I want You to make me a big preacher. O Lord, give me a big church, etc." You know how they pray. I prayed away like a bishop. The next night I was standing holding my Bible, and without any attempt on my part, it came open of itself, and here was the same verse. This time, instead of the verse being on stilts, every one of those words burned like a flame. They were on fire: "Ask what I shall give thee." I said, "That is strange. I suppose I didn't ask right before." And I prayed twice as long. The third night I had the same experience, and I knew God was talking to me. So I said, "Lord, I haven't asked as I should." He said to me, "Can you find any reason why 'these signs' should not follow you?" "All right, Lord. Give me them all." Later I went back into the woods to find the man who had made the challenge. I had believed before, but my faith was not sufficient to bring about certain results.

In Mark 16:18 we read, "They shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover," and James 5:14, says, "Is any sick among you let him call for the elders of the church, and let them pray over him anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord. And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up." Here are two definite methods in the New Testament. In the passage in James you will notice that the sick one is to exercise faith. He could not very well call for the elders unless he had faith in at least some degree. Here I would give a word of warning. Do not run and pray for everybody whether he has faith or not. That kind of praying destroys your own faith. If the sick one is conscious he must call for the elders. If it is a child or one who is unconscious, that is another matter.

I was asked to call on a man once and he said when I came, "When I want a preacher I will send for him." The last case I was asked to visit of this kind, the man had a cancer. I was asked six times to call on him. I said, "Did the man himself ask for me?" "No." "He knows my telephone number," I said. "All he has to do is to call and I will come. But if he hasn't enough faith to look up the telephone number I do not see that it is any use to bother." It tells us in the Scriptures, "Cast not your pearls before swine." Healing is a precious thing and you cannot cast it before people who have not given themselves to God. In my enthusiasm I have prayed for people who did not seek my help, with all the intensity of my being, but prayer did not avail because the conditions were not met. If you are here tonight only because somebody persuaded you to come, there is no use in coming up for prayer. You, yourself, must exercise faith. "The prayer of faith shall save the sick and the Lord shall raise him up."

I want to tell you of a most peculiar case of healing. It happened in a church in Southern California. This church believes in anointing with oil. A woman was found with cancer. She made several trips to Los Angeles where they took out pieces of tissue and put them under a microscope. One day when she went they said they had found cancer in the tissue, and two of the best physicians of Los Angeles said, "We must operate or you will be dead in two months." She went home and told her family. Her sons said, "Mother, you must be operated on." She said, "I do not want to have an operation. I can just as well die without an operation." But they insisted, "Mother, for our sakes submit. Our consciences will bother us the rest of our lives unless you do." She said, "On one condition I will go to the hospital. If you will get Bro. So-and-So and the deacons of the church and have them first anoint me for healing, then I will go." They had no faith, but they got these men to please their mother. She said when they anointed her that she felt something give way on the inside. She got up next day and went to the hospital. They took her to the operating room and brought in the man who was to do the operating and he looked over the woman, saying, "Where is the cancer? Are you the same woman that was here the other day?" The other man brought out the samples of tissue and as they examined the woman there wasn't a speck in her whole body. He said to the other doctors, "What

is the matter that you trick us in here to operate on a well woman?"

I will tell you of some cases under my own observation. In a city in Washington, while holding some meetings the power of God was very pronounced and one evening I announced prayer for the sick. Two years before we had a meeting there and eleven out of twelve were healed. This was two years later, and the power of God was present to heal. There was much curiosity in the meeting, and I used the deacons of the church to help me pray. They didn't have the baptism, and the preacher wasn't even in favor of the baptism. But we anointed these people with oil and some fell to the floor as though they had been shot. Some had visions of the Lord and others wonderful blessing in their souls. One evening the 'phone rang and some one said a sister was dying with heart trouble and asked if I would come if they would come and get me. I told them I had to preach the next day, but they insisted on coming. The snow was blowing and it was very cold. When I got there I found the woman sitting in a chair breathing very hard. Her heart was going so fast that her pulse was above 160. Her clothes were shaking and she told us that every beat was like the stab of a knife. She had these attacks before and the doctor had said if she ever got another as bad as that she would be a dead woman. This attack was far worse. I said to her husband, "Have you any faith?" And he said in Swedish, "Lord, help my unbelief." He threw himself on the floor and cried like a baby. In the back was a bedroom where were two children who had been wailing, "Mamma is dying." I said to the man with me, "Eric, have you any faith?" He said, "Well, I believe that God can heal her." I said, "So do I." At first it was like praying for a concrete wall. Then the power of the Spirit came upon me and I rebuked that evil spirit. Instantly the pain in her heart stopped and she jumped out of the chair and ran into the bedroom, saying, "Children, Mamma is healed." I called her back and had her sit down. Her heart was still beating abnormally. We held her pulse and continued to pray, and in five minutes her pulse went from 180 to 77.

The next morning she was in church, but that was not all. She came back two nights later and said she had always had an enlarged heart; the doctors had said it was at least three times its normal size, and it felt to her just like a large lump. She asked us to pray that her heart would

become the right size. We prayed and she was prostrated under the power of God. The lump went away. Two months later she was taken ill, and her husband said that Jesus healed her once, He could heal her again. Her relatives objected, and one telephoned for the doctor. While the doctor was on the way the Lord healed her. He took her pulse and found it 82. He got his instrument and listened to her heart. "What has happened?" he asked. "Jesus healed me," she said. He looked at her very incredulously, and said, "I want to tell you something. You have had leakage of the heart all the time I have known you. Now every valve in your heart is closing with a click as regularly as in a child, and your heart is perfectly normal." I have known her since 1923 and she is still healed.

There was another case just as remarkable. A woman had had two operations which had cost a great deal of money, and now the doctor told her she had a tumor and that it would have to be removed at a cost of \$700. He said he didn't know whether she would pull through or not, she had headaches continually, and had to be in bed the most of the time. She was in a meeting and God baptized her in His Holy Spirit. One night while in bed, the Lord said to her, "Why do you not ask for healing for your tumor?" She had never received any healing in the meeting, but several nights later the Lord said to her, "I am about to heal you now," and she felt something ripping; the tumor was pulling, but no pain. It was as big as two fists and passed from her body. The next morning there was a big hollow where the tumor had been. Her husband said, "I cannot figure out by what process that was removed." It wasn't a natural process, but supernatural, and it didn't cost him \$700, either.

I was in Minneapolis holding a meeting, and a man came in, ashen in color. After the service he said, "I want you to pray for me." "What is the matter?" I asked. He said he had ulcers of the stomach. We anointed him with oil and he felt a shot go through him; he put on his hat and went out. Three weeks later I saw him come in again. At testimony time he got up and smilingly said, "Do you not know me? I was down on the street walking down Franklin Avenue one day, and a voice said to me, 'You go up into that hall. There are some people there who will pray and you will get healed.' I came up and you prayed for me. Immediately I began to recover. I had not eaten solid food for three months, and scarcely anything for three weeks. I went down to

the restaurant after prayer and ordered a double portion of ham and eggs and ate it all. I feel fine."

At another meeting there was a woman who had ulcers of the stomach. She thought it was cancer. We anointed her and prayed, "Lord, take away these ulcers and put twenty pounds of flesh on this woman." Some weeks later she said, "Bro. Lindblad, the Lord took away my ulcers, but He added only fifteen pounds to my weight."

I have told you these instances so as to quicken your faith and make it real. Healing takes place in many different ways. Some times you pray for the sick and the power of God, like lightning, goes through their bodies. I have seen them prostrated for several hours. I have seen others who, when prayed for, never felt a thing; some times the healing came several days or a week later. Some have had to stand altogether by faith; they still had pain, and still had every evidence of disease, but by standing on the promises they were fully delivered. God is not limited in His operations of the Spirit. "The prayer of faith shall save the sick and the Lord shall raise him up."

### A Yielded Instrument

SOME little time ago, a Chinese boy of twelve years old, named Ma-Na-Si, a boarder in the Mission school at Chefoo, went home for the holidays. He is the son of a native pastor.

Whilst standing on the door step of his father's house he espied a horseman galloping towards him. The man—a heathen—was in a great state of perturbation. He eagerly inquired for the "Jesus-man"—the pastor. The boy told him that his father was away from home. The poor man was much distressed, and hurriedly explained the cause of his visit. He had been sent from a heathen village some miles away to fetch the "holy man" to cast the devil out of the daughter-in-law of a heathen friend. He poured out his sad story of this young woman, torn by devils, raving and reviling, pulling out her hair, clawing her face, tearing her clothes, smashing up furniture, and dashing away dishes of food. He told of her spirit of sacrilege, outrageous impiety and brazen blasphemy, and how these outbursts were followed by foaming at the mouth and great exhaustion, both physical and mental. "But my father is not at home," the boy kept reiterating. At length the frenzied man seemed to understand. Suddenly he fell on his knees, and stretching out

his hands in desperation cried, "You, too, are a Jesus-man; will you come?"

Think of it—a boy of twelve! Yes, but even a lad when fully yielded to his Savior is not fearful of being used by that Savior. There was but one moment of surprise and a movement of hesitation, and then the laddie put himself wholly at his Master's disposal. Like little Samuel of old he was willing to obey God in all things. He accepted the earnest entreaty as a call from God. The heathen stranger sprang into the saddle, and swinging the Christian boy up behind him, he galloped away.

Ma-Na-Si began to think over things. He had accepted an invitation to cast out a devil in the name of Christ Jesus. But was he worthy to be used of God in this way? Was his heart pure and his faith strong? As they galloped along he carefully searched his own heart for sin to be confessed and repented of. Then he prayed for guidance what to say and how to act, and tried to recall Bible instances of demoniacal possession and how they were dealt with. Then he simply and humbly cast himself upon the God of power and of mercy, asking His help for the glory of

the Lord Jesus. On arrival at the house they found that some of the members of the family were, by main force, holding down the tortured woman upon the bed. Although she had not been told that a messenger had gone for the native pastor, yet as soon as she heard footsteps in the court outside she cried, "All of you get out of my way quickly, so that I can escape. I must flee! A 'Jesus-man' is coming. I cannot endure him. His name is Ma-Na-Si."

Ma-Na-Si entered the room, and after a ceremonial bow knelt down and began to pray. Then he sang a Christian hymn to the praise of the Lord Jesus. Then, in the name of the Risen Lord, glorified and omnipotent, he commanded the demon to come out of the woman. At once she was calm, though prostrate with weakness. From that day she was perfectly whole. She was amazed when they told her that she had uttered the name of the Christian boy, for she had never heard of it or read of it before, for the whole of that village was heathen. But that day was veritably a "beginning of days" to those people, for from it the Word of the Lord had free course, and was glorified.—*The Kneeling Christian.*

## My Personal Testimony to Pentecost

### How "the Rest and the Refreshing" Came to Me

Evangelist Wm. E. Booth-Clibborn in the Glad Tidings Tabernacle, New York City



FEW days ago, on November the 28th, it was twenty years since I received the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. On this trip to England you will find me at the first opportunity going like Jacob of old, back to my "Bethel," and I will call that little room in Mr. Bristow's house at 33 Tormount Road, Plumstead, London, "El Bethel," for one score of years of labor and ministry in the Western World have only brightened the vision and confirmed the glories that there flooded my soul. Oh! it was none other than the house of God to me! There I'll bend the knee and re-dedicate my life to this full revelation, this Apostolic Gospel!

It was not my doing that I should have been the first of the Booth family to have received this glorious Latter Rain experience. There is always a background to every liberty we enjoy and for every special privilege there must be preparation. Very often we owe a great deal to others. My parents wished to go on with God in the light of His revealed truth; that is why, in 1902, they left the Salvation Army to

which they had both devoted the best years of their prime. It cost them something to part with a work that had grown to such proportions under their commands in France and Switzerland. We will not enter into the reasons why they left; they were many and well defined as far as the more advanced truths are concerned. My parents wished the best to be obtained spiritually for their ten children; and God rewarded their faith by sending Pentecost to our family when we were free from all sectarian influence and independent of any organized Christianity. Oh! what a refreshing this Spiritual visitation proved to us all. It reminds me of the words of Isaiah 28-10, which I have chosen for my text tonight: "Precept must be upon precept, line upon line, here a little, there a little, for with stammering lips and another tongue, will I speak to this people, to whom he said—This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest; and this is the refreshing." When do you truly rest? When you have ceased from your own labors! When do you cease from these? When the Holy Spirit labors through you! When you have a Comforter, in the Great "*Paracletos*," which means one

sent alongside to help, to accompany, a comforting companion. Christ promised His disciples He would send them the Comforter, the true Holy Ghost refreshing and rest. Ah! what a terrible servile drudgery most Christian experience is!

We were living at the time at Westcliffe-on-Sea, a seaside resort on the estuary of the River Thames, forty-two miles from London. Father came in one Saturday and said, "William, I want to take you to London to attend a meeting tonight. A wonderful people have recently arisen and are holding meetings at Mrs. Cantel's. Will you go?" I said, "Well, father, I cannot go! You know mother made me promise I would do my best to pass this exam. I have failed in so many. If I succeed in passing this Cambridge University examination it will be only by cramming. No, I don't dare to go." Father said, "Well, we will go only for the week-end, returning Monday morning." "Oh," I said, "Mother will hear of it—and I have to study my Julius Caesar, my history and geometry—it all needs my attention—Oh! Father, I don't think I can go." Father continued, "William, I want you to come, it will be a blessing to you. You know you have not been the same boy you used to be!" At this I dropped my head. I knew it was true. I had been converted three years before that, and a real miracle my new birth had proved, instantly revolutionizing my whole being. A life of praise and prayer had followed midst all the persecutions of my schoolmates, and many trials; God had borne me above it all, and I had lived an overcoming life I had not thought possible. My Bible had been my constant companion, but now spiritual desire was waning and for a year or so the joy of salvation had departed. Oh, you know all the symptoms of backsliding! Every one of us have experienced them more or less.

At dinner father again spoke to me, "God is sure to bless us William. He might fill you with the Holy Ghost; you had better come with me tonight." "Father," I said, "I would like to go, (anything would be welcome to get away from that hard school work) but you know I promised mother." He said, "William, if you go I promise that if mother should say anything about it I will take all the blame." "Well, that's different," I said. "If you promise *that*, I'll go," and ever since I have blamed Father! Hallelujah! I love my father. Under God, he had been the means of my conversion and helped me in the first steps of my Christian life.

As we went to London there was no one in the compartment save father and me and as soon as we were on our way, father began to touch on my life and to show me where I was failing. I admitted all! The presence of God came into that train as father prayed God to bless the trip. Mrs. Cantel's seemed to be a very small mission. It looked very much like one of these small stores you see in some American towns. There was nothing pretentious about it. A simple, little platform, and the hall hardly able to hold more than 200 at a crush.

As we came in, the people were singing and I noticed immediately that their eyes were closed and hands uplifted. Their tears were flowing, tears of gratefulness, tears of real humility. It is wonderful to see the people of God broken up. Many of us have too much of our religion in our heads and not enough in our hearts. I knew that the Spirit of God was there from the moment I entered—but these people were acting queer. Isn't it strange that all great movements in their early days had their peculiarities? If *we* could only become proper, if *we* could only behave ourselves, if *we* could only be just so-so—decent and in perfect orderliness like in a graveyard! God's people throughout the ages have had a peculiar way of doing things. There was peculiarity in the Welsh revival, in the early Salvation Army—and in every movement, at its inception—the Methodists, the Baptists, the Presbyterians; every one of them had that strange something that characterized them as being peculiar. I love the impromptu, the unexpected, the miraculous, and that manifestation of the Spirit of God that stamps every true revival! When the Spirit of God has His way, when He is Lord, everything is different and replete with charming novelty. With God nothing ever becomes stale, everything is continually fresh. In the life of Christ nothing was standardized. Oh, the monotony of copy-written form and practice! How many churches are cursed with it!

Of course, I was all ears and eyes—it was the first meeting of the Pentecostal people I had ever attended. Some times it is not the sermon that converts people—it is the atmosphere. When hundreds of true Christians come together for worship, we feel God in the very atmosphere and preaching as a consequence is easy and effective. In that meeting I felt that every eye was on God, but I was not one with them because of my heart's condition.

God began to talk with me about those old

times when we walked together, when His arms were around me, and when for months I had lived victorious over sin, guided by His Spirit. Once a soul has tasted that life it is spoiled for everything else; and if that soul backslides and then gets into a hot meeting, you know that God has got him, for many memories are re-awakened.

A woman who was sitting in front of me started to talk in a language that was very strange. Father knows several languages and I nudged him and asked him what language she was speaking. But father said, "Do not disturb her. Keep still." After a while a man behind me started to talk in an unknown tongue. Everybody was so happy, praising God and singing songs about the blood; some were testifying and talking about being converted, and about being baptized with the Holy Ghost. How they did praise God for the shed blood of Christ!

The woman in front of me seemed overwhelmed and knelt in a heap on the floor talking in that strange language and weeping meanwhile. I knew what it meant to be in agony for souls. I had often had such wrestling in intercession with God, but I could not understand why she talked in that way.

I listened to the speaker, a Mr. Niblock, who with beaming face told how God had filled him with the Holy Spirit just a few days before. He preached a simple message, and it seemed as if every word was for me. Conviction came over me and my heart was heavy; heedless of what the preacher was saying I could think only of how greatly I had grieved my precious Saviour. So when the altar call was given I went up the aisle and knelt by a chair. I wept, and wept, and wept, from about ten o'clock until one in the morning. I could not stop weeping. I thought of how I had walked with God in that school. Oh! a thousand tender memories came to me, and all my spirit was broken up before the One whom I had betrayed. He had been true! He had never left me nor forsaken me; He had comforted me when the boys had cursed me, when they had blackened my eyes and split my lips as they heaped upon me blows and abuse for daring to preach to them in that dormitory; when they had taken my books out of my desk and scattered them in all the other desks to tantalize and torment me. For, from the night of my conversion I had preached to them. But now my testimony was dead, my heart full of guilt, my spirit heavy with worldliness—Oh! I wept that He should restore me! Father tried to comfort me,

but I could not be comforted. I said "Let me weep!" I continued to make my complaint to God wailing and lamenting my condition, and weeping until the hollow of that chair was one big pool of tears. There is a weeping which is in the Holy Ghost, a godly sorrow which grips the very core of our being and reduces us to an abject, absolute humility in which God may restore our souls. And oh! it is wonderful to have God deal thus with you! It was about 2 a. m. when we walked out of the mission and my soul was in abject misery when I thought of how I had treated the One True Lover of my soul. I knew He would take me back. It was the very fact that He would take me back after I had grieved and slighted Him so, that yet more broke my heart. There is nothing so grievous as the way some Christians treat their Saviour—so lukewarm, indifferent, irresponsible; no heartfelt religion, no true worship or prayer. Superficiality! A vascillating half-hearted devotion—all this with compromise and mixing with the world and its follies and pleasures!

Father said "Tomorrow we will go to Plumstead with an American missionary, Mr. Charles Leonard, and the meeting will be in the home of a man called Mr. Bristow, so I will have to wake you up early." We slept in the Cannon Street hotel, and I will never forget my first thought on awaking, about six o'clock: "JESUS HAS TAKEN ME BACK." My heart was all aglow with peace and rest, that assurance that only Christ can give! In the train I pulled out my Bible and had just started to read, when of a sudden I stopped to think how that old instinct had returned, the old craving for the Word of God. I could not restrain tears of joy and the rest of the journey, with a heart swelling with praise, I devoured the redeemed soul's only food whilst my tears fell on the sacred page. When filled with God's Spirit much of the Christian's living is Divine Instinct. There is no force nor compelling himself; it is natural!

At Plumstead we were soon seated with about 50 people in a small room at 33 Tormount Road, to which my mind has traveled back a thousand times. The morning meeting was simple and so devotional. Missionary Leonard told us what God was doing in the United States of America, how the blessed days of the Latter Rain had come and God had begun as at Pentecost to pour out His Spirit upon all flesh. Much of this was new to me but my heart was wide open and a great desire filled me to receive the Baptism of the Holy Ghost.

Now there was a boy with red hair in that crowd and boys you know just naturally drift together. So after the service I went up to him and said, "Hello, Ginger!" (In England school-boys commonly nicknamed a red-hair "Ginger"). We became friends on the spot. There was a small park in front of Mr. Bristow's house and we went out there together and sat on a bench. I asked him to tell me if he had received this experience. He assured me with great joy that he had, and opening his Bible proceeded to point to some of the Scriptures in question with many a "Praise the Lord!" and "Hallelujah!" When I get to heaven I shall look for "Ginger." Oh! what a lovely time we had on that bench in the park. The sight of his well-marked Bible, red, blue and purple, hurt me! It reminded me of how I had marked mine in times past when I had a marginal system whereby I could locate any text I wanted. "Where it is marked *blue*," said he, "it speaks of the Holy Spirit! It says here in Joel: 'And it shall come to pass that I will pour out of My Spirit upon all flesh,' etc., and here in the Acts 2-4, it was fulfilled and the Apostle Peter quoted this prophecy in his sermon—" "Yes, I have read that," I told him. "Now here," pointing to John 16:14, "is a Scripture about the Spirit of truth and Jesus praying the Father to send us another Comforter." Turning to the 26th verse he read, "But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in My name, He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance," etc. Then we looked at John 15:26 and John 16:7, "It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart I will send Him unto you."

To this day I have marveled at the wisdom and simplicity God's Spirit gave "Ginger" in talking to me. Many other Scriptures we looked up in the Gospels and in the Epistles. He explained how God Himself would witness the fulness and that I would speak with tongues as the Spirit would give the utterances; that He would speak through my mouth without an effort on my part, words of a language which I had never known. I asked "Do all do that?" Then he showed me that on the day of Pentecost they all spoke with tongues, and how the Corinthian church spoke with tongues because Paul said to them, "I speak with tongues more than ye *all*."

At night Mr. Leonard preached again, but I did not hear a word of that sermon. It is a wonderful thing to be right with God. I felt like a captive set free, whose chains had suddenly fallen

off and left him incredulous, hesitating, wondering! The sunshine of God's love poured upon my hungry spirit and I could not wait for Mr. Leonard to finish his preaching, I wanted to tell the Lord so much. You know when you have been away from a friend that you dearly love you want to have all kinds of time to spend with him heart to heart. The minute he said, "Let us pray," I was on my knees, praising God for taking me back. So many never get anywhere with God because their faith is not active, but merely passive. They are not stirred to take hold of God. Such an attitude comes naturally to a broken and contrite heart overflowing with rejoicing as mine was that night. I got so I could not stop praising God and the more I praised the more I wanted to. As this continued my spirit was gradually shutting itself in with Christ drawing nearer and nearer to Him and less oblivious to my surroundings. Oh! I just lavished all my being's adoration at His blessed feet and with the most extravagant terms of human language told Him my whole desire and thankfulness. Christ has 683 titles in Scripture; if you would repeat these only once it would keep you busy.

There are certain intimacies between the soul and Christ that seem almost too sacred to speak about—it is difficult to describe them! My spirit was so abandoned in worship and praise, my heart so filled and thrilled with the sense of His Power and Presence that the very foundations of my creation seemed to be moved. I wept for joy and I laughed for much weeping; praying flowed from me as a mountain torrent swollen with the melted snows. My whole nature was prostrated before its Creator whom I could see standing there so resplendent in glory, so beautiful in majesty and yet so tender as He seemed to smile sweetly and open His arms to receive me. Everything in me loved Him. I rose on wings of song to meet Him. Thus enrapt in a transport of God's glory and blessing I felt the Power of God sweep over me once, twice, and then again! My whole frame trembled as He coursed through me from head to foot. Oh! I knew this was the Spirit of the Living God—the very Source of all Life, the Creating, Sustaining Force of the Universe! The hallelujahs increased and my lips were eloquent with laughter, praise and melody. My flesh and bones, my very blood hungered for the stimulation, the energy, the quickening of this Divine Breath! Again and again He passed upon me and through me, the Blessed Comforter was coming unto me! My heart danced with bliss. My

voice rose to new heights of song—and on and on came the streams of Glory and Power. Ah! it was an outpouring, a flood, yes! A glorious inundation! And all this time (about two hours) my eyes were steadily fixed on Jesus. The Rose of Sharon! The Lily of the Valley!

Generally God does not baptize us all at once. He lets His glory and power pass in successive tides through the body—just a touch now and again—and as each current flows through we add praise to praise. The moment His power falls you will feel and know it! Oh! how I sang and shouted His praise for restoring my soul, and then shed more bitter tears at the remembrance of my many ingratitude. I had no thought about speaking in tongues—who would dream of thinking about such things *when the Lord Jesus Himself was standing there!* But I realized that my jaws were aching. No doubt the Spirit of God was endeavoring to gain control. We have all been so accustomed to using our own mouths it is novel to feel some one else seeking to do so. When two powers strive to manipulate the muscles of speech is it any wonder the jaws ache a bit? But this happened for just a brief time. Brother Leonard came over at this time and lightly laid his hands on me and prayed that I would yield to God. It was not very long until something let go and I was singing in a wonderful language words I had never learned, whose charm filled me with ravishing joy, and whose every sentence reached the Throne of God. Then I sang with greater delight. My Saviour was so near, and thus transported into the Heaven of His Love a happiness hitherto unknown was mine, a joy unspeakable and full of glory. I continued on my knees yet another hour intermittently singing and praying in this new wonderful tongue.

The relish and ecstasy of that blessing has never left me. My only sorrow was when they helped me to my feet and I realized, Oh! with such pain, that I could not go to be with my Beloved, that I must yet walk this vale of tears and sorrow. The awakening to the sense of the natural things about me after mind, heart and being had been so captivated and imprisoned by the power of God was a sweet torment. Oh! I did want so to be with Jesus. I felt suffering and death would be nothing if only I could stay under the smile of His face forever, raptured to the throne of His glory and never see this sinful earth any more. What pangs were mine as I sat at the midnight supper table with eyes closed and tears coursing down my cheeks! Then again I would speak in the language of the Spirit the meaning

of which my heart knew but too well! And sing and rejoice, laughing with a holy laughter untrammelled!

Listen! some of you here have fought the speaking in tongues. When God baptizes you I hope you'll not be able to talk English for a week—Oh! Glory! God can rub it into some of you! Oh! You just wait and see! I have seen thousands and thousands receive the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, some times as many as 260 in one campaign; often twenty and thirty in a night, and I have never seen it fail that those who receive the fullness speak in other tongues. Oh! do you not want to open your heart and receive this blessing? Ten thousand good effects result from this wonderful Baptism which God in the Latter Rain Movement is pouring all over the earth! The Heavens are opened, it is for you tonight. Oh! I can hear the pulse of your hungry throbbing hearts! I know you want His Spirit, His Will, His Power, His Love, His Joy, His Blessing! But what is best He is more anxious to give than you are to receive.

(To be continued)

### Practical Results of Witnessing

THE servant of God faithfully witnesses to the power of God to save and heal on all occasions. "I always ask God to let me sit by the side of some one on the train to whom I can be a blessing," said a consecrated evangelist. Sowing beside all waters. Bro. Jacob Feuerstein, returned missionary from Venezuela, tells of a very remarkable instance of being used on the train to bring blessing and healing. He was traveling from Des Moines to Grand River, Iowa, and getting into conversation with a woman who had a burdened heart, she told him of the sorrow that was weighing upon her.

Her brother-in-law, suffering from cancer, had just had an operation in Des Moines, and the doctors had said that there was no hope of his recovery. On his dying bed (as he thought) he gave his heart to God. As he rejoiced in his new-found salvation, he reached out for healing. Bro. Feuerstein assured the sister-in-law that God would heal him, as that was how He was manifesting Himself to people today. "Will you pray in your church for him?" asked the woman. He assured her he would and when he reached Grand River he asked for special prayer in the service that night. God answered prayer and the man was healed of the cancer. He came to the meetings several times and testified to the saving and healing power of God. He had a wife and six children, and there was great rejoicing in what

God had done.

Another healing that took place in Grand River at this time was that of a young lady who had lost her mind. She was taken to a private sanitarium and was there for several months. The parents, who had gotten cold, sought the Lord, and prayer was offered in her behalf by the church at Grand River. As she seemed to be getting

worse the parents received word she would have to be taken to the asylum for the insane. The church begged her parents to bring her home and give the Lord just one chance to heal her. They brought her home and she was very violent. It took two men to hold her, but much prayer went up for her, and she was fully delivered, clothed, and in her right mind.

## The Holy Spirit our Ribband of Blue

Our Spiritual Landmarks of God's Deliverances

Pastor Ben Hardin in the Stone Church, Sept. 30, 1928



**I** WANT to call your attention to some instructions the Lord gave the children of Israel in Numbers 15:37-41. They were to put upon the borders of their garments a ribband of blue. The first clause of the 39th verse reads: "And it shall be unto you for a fringe, that ye may look upon it, and remember all the commandments of the Lord, and do them."

That is one of God's little reminders. It was just a hem of blue on their garments, which was to be a reminder that all the commandments of God were to be kept and observed. I believe it is Sir Walter Scott who tells the story of a young man in his class at school. This young man was very brilliant; had a very clear mind and could readily quote dates in history, but he had a habit which was this: Just as soon as the teacher called for a date he put his hand on the button of his coat and he could recall the date. Some of his school chums played a prank on him, slipped into his room unnoticed and cut off the button. So when the teacher next called on him for some historical dates and the button wasn't there, he floundered, could not think of what he wanted to say. The button was just suggestive; it suggested certain things to him; by putting his hand on that button he was reminded of certain historical events.

God had given the children of Israel the commandments written on tables of stone, but commandments that are written on tables of stone are hard to keep. These tables were placed in the ark, and the mercy-seat was a kind of a lid or covering for them, so that they were out of sight. The cherubim over the mercy seat was symbolic; it hid the stony tables of condemning law, because the law condemned, and the mercy seat was over them as a covering. So that the people nor the priests never saw the tables containing the law. The mercy seat covered them.

It is hard to keep the commandments that are

before our eyes continually, and harder still when they are out of sight. I do not know what we would do today if God made the same demands of us that He did of the Israelites. But now, thank God, through Jesus He has written His laws in our hearts, and consequently they are not so hard to keep. When you really love Jesus you want to keep His commandments, for His love is written in your hearts.

Many times the children of Israel failed to keep the law and different instances of punishment are recorded in the Word of God. But different visitations of judgment did not impress upon them the necessity of keeping the commandments. They were just as neglectful after some one was severely punished as before. We read in this same chapter of a man going out to gather sticks on the Sabbath day. They were not permitted to kindle a fire on the Sabbath day. I wonder what God thinks of people today in the light of this chapter. Making a fire seemed a necessity, but what does He think today of men desecrating the Sabbath—football games, baseball games, people running hither and thither in their automobiles, reading the newspapers, going to theatres and dances. Tonight, on my way home, I will meet with scores and hundreds of young people who will be coming from the dance halls. And yet God says, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

This man had gone out to get some dried sticks; possibly he wanted to cook some food. They brought him to Moses, and Moses had him put in the ward until he could talk to God. And God said, "That man has broken the Sabbath day and dishonored it, and he shall be taken without the camp and stoned to death." They stoned him without the camp, but do you think that kept the rest of them from breaking the Sabbath Day? No, I suppose the next Sabbath they found some one else violating the law, because it was not written on their hearts.

God said to them, "You make a ribband of blue

and put it around the borders of your outer garments." It was not just to be on their Sunday clothes. Some people are pious only on Sunday. They look sanctimonious and say, "Praise the Lord!" and when they have their working clothes on in the shops and some one blasphemes the name of Jesus or some one in their homes speaks lightly of the things of God, they forget about their holy walk; but this ribband of blue was to be put on their working clothes, and God's message was when they saw this ribband of blue it would make them remember the commandments of God, to keep and to do them. That was a blessed reminder to them. Some one asked a Hebrew what command his parents most emphasized, and he said, "To wear the ribband of blue." They were more particular about that command than any other, because they knew every time they looked down at this ribband of blue it would remind them of their duty to God.

Now God has given us some reminders. You remember after the world was destroyed by a flood because of its wickedness, God said to Noah, "I will make a promise to you that I will never again destroy the world by a flood, and as a sign of that promise I will hang a rainbow in the sky, and every time you look at that rainbow it will remind you that there shall never again be a flood. I think of His promise every time I see the rainbow. God is a good sign-painter. He painted this bow in brilliant colors, and as I look at the blue, the yellow, the red and the green, I say, "Our heavenly Sign-painter has painted that sign." When you see that archway of promise, remember it is God's covenant that He will never again wipe man off the face of the earth by a flood. A brilliantly colored span of future promise hung on a bleak, dismal background of past judgment.

Now blue is peaceful. On a beautiful day the blue sky is restful and peaceful, but when a storm arises the clouds hide the peaceful blue and everything is confusion and turmoil. When they wore the ribband of blue and kept the commandments of God the storm clouds of His wrath were stayed and the peace and blessing of God settled down upon them. It is true that the old Pharisees, in order to seem religious, made that band twice its size and they would go about displaying their religion; they would make broad their phylacteries and assume that they were righteous. I have seen preachers who make a display of their learning in this way. I went to hear a preacher some time ago who read a great number of typewritten pages. He read sheet after sheet, and it sounded

to me as though he were reading the Declaration of Independence, it was very dry. The people squirmed and twisted; as I went out the door some one shook my hand and said, "Wasn't that a wonderful message?"

Now Jesus wore this ribband of blue. As a young man as He looked at this ribband of blue, what did it speak to Him of? "I do always those things which please my Father." What did the woman do who had the issue of blood? She saw on the border of His garment a ribband of blue, and she said, "If I may but touch the hem of His garment, I shall be made whole." And she reached out and touched the ribband of blue. Had she touched the garment of the Pharisee he would have rebuked her, but when she touched the blue fringe of Jesus' garment, He said, "Daughter, be of good cheer. Thy faith hath made thee whole." Just a touch of the hem of His garment!

Now the children of Israel were nearing the end of their wilderness wanderings. You remember the Red Sea separated the wilderness from Egypt. The leadership of Moses had passed, and God had turned them over to Joshua. They brought the ark down to the Jordan. Then He instructed the priests to bear the ark of the covenant and pass over, and told them that as soon as the soles of their feet touched the waters, they would separate. The priests stood in the midst of the Jordan until all the people had passed over. Then twelve men were instructed to take twelve stones from where the priests stood and carry them over on their shoulders and when they reached the other side of the Jordan they were to lay them down, and these stones were to be a memorial to their children. This was their "ribband of blue" to remind them that they were a chosen people, and that they were to keep themselves from the idolatry and sins of the other nations. They were to be a separated people, to know the commandments of the Lord and to do them. Often they would look at these stones and say, "These are a memorial of how the Lord parted the waters of the Jordan."

Every one of us have some landmarks, some spiritual landmarks of God's deliverance. We can point back to a hard place in our Christian lives where God planted a stone, where we crossed the Jordan and went over into Canaan. Many could testify to God meeting them in a time of crisis. One could say, "It was that time when I was very, very sick. The doctors had given me up when I called in the elders and got hold of God in prayer and He healed me." You can almost

feel the pain now as you think of it, but you waded through the waters of difficulty, saying, "Sink or swim, live or die, I'll trust Jesus," and when you got over on victory side, you said, "Here is my Ebenezer. Hitherto hath God helped me." "They that put their trust in the Lord shall never be confounded."

You remember how you wept and cried over an unsaved one and one night some one went to the altar; you didn't notice him at first, but on looking up you saw it was the one for whom you had long prayed. You remember that hard place of financial difficulties, when it seemed as though you were against the wall. You worried and fussed and fretted; you complained and planned, and then you remembered that you hadn't prayed. Then you dropped down on your knees and cried from the depths of your soul, "Master, carest Thou not that we perish?" And Jesus said, "O ye of little faith!" And when you went back and looked at the meal barrel, there was enough for another cake, and you set up a stone right there. I have had people say to me, "Brother, it was a real miracle. I cannot tell you how wonderful it is." "What happened?" I asked. "Why the water rolled back itself and I walked over dry shod. And when I got on the other side I put down my stone." Some of you would have been dead and in your grave this afternoon were it not for the miracle of healing you received at the Jordan. Some had tuberculosis, others heart trouble, cancers, etc., etc. Some would be in the Poor House having the county feed you, but God came on the scene. You just carried this stone of praise right over and dropped it down on the other side of the water. In Isa. 51:1, we read, "Harken to me, ye that follow after righteousness, ye that seek the Lord: look unto the rock whence ye are hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence ye are digged." Did you ever take a look down that pit and say "I was down there?" Every time I preach on The Prodigal Son I look at that young fellow who was down among the swine, who would fain have filled himself with the husks which the swine ate, but not one person offered him food—I looked down into that pit where that poor prodigal was wallowing. I was down there myself and when I look to the horrible pit from whence I was digged, it makes me take hold of God with a firmer grip, more determined than ever to go all the way with Jesus.

This "ribband of blue" upon the garments of the Israelites reminded them of God. He was trying to make it just as hard for them to break His commandments as He could, and every time

they were tempted to sin, they looked down at that ribband of blue and were able to withstand temptation.

While I am preaching there may be some one who says, "I wonder why we do not have those things now?" Do you know that God has given us something greater than this "ribband of blue?" When you are about to do something wrong what checks you? Do you look down and see a ribband of blue on your garment and say, "No, I must not do that; this ribband tells me I must live holy, be a clean and purged vessel?" No, the check that God put upon the children of Israel on the outside He has put on the inside of us. It is not the tables of stone, condemning law that is hanging over us that cries from Sinai, "Thou shalt," "Thou shalt not," but it is that blessed cry that re-echoes from Calvary when Jesus said, "It is finished." Not law, the law was finished, but *grace*.

"Grace is flowing from Calvary,  
Grace as fathomless as the Sea;  
Grace for time and eternity,  
Grace enough for me."

The Holy Spirit is a faithful Sentinel of God. If you listen to the Holy Spirit you will find Him faithful. Many times when trouble is ahead and you know nothing about it, the faithful Holy Spirit will prompt you to pray. He will warn you; a feeling of unrest gets hold of you, and you know definitely that God is trying to speak to you. If you will obey that prompting you will be able to avert a calamity. Thank God for that Ribband of Blue, that is not on our garments but in our hearts.

The garments of Aaron the high priest were fringed with blue. The breastplate and ephod were bound with a lace of blue. The robe of the ephod was made of blue. The signet with the inscription upon it, "Holiness unto the Lord," was fastened to the mitre with a lace of blue. These priestly garments of blue all spake of our great High Priest who came down from that vast expanse of blue, the heavens that so declare the glory of God. That Priest after the order of Melchisedec, who came, not to enter into the Holy of Holies once a year, offering a sacrifice first for His own sins and then for the sins of the people, but who through the sacrifice of Himself hanging as Calvary's bloody Victim between the blue heavens and earth entered in once for all, having obtained eternal redemption for us.

Now God has written His laws not on tables of stone, but on the fleshy tablets of our hearts, and if they burned every Bible on the face of

the earth, we would still have the Word in our hearts; we still have the Holy Spirit to bring His Word to our remembrance. Do we need to have the printed Word to know that His presence is with us? Many of the colored people in the South cannot read, but they are wonderful preachers. God has put His Word in their hearts and they read it from their hearts. "And it shall be unto you for a fringe, that ye may look upon it, and remember all the commandments of the Lord to do them." Thank God for the Word that is hidden in our hearts. If they burned every Bible on earth, there is sufficient of His Word writ-

ten on the tablets of our hearts to write another one. We would call on one brother to read the 23rd Psalm. And call on another brother to read the 91st Psalm out of his heart, and we would call on a sister to read the Sermon on the Mount. "Thy Word have I hid in my heart that I might not sin against Thee." If you touch the hem of Christ's garment, the blue fringe of His seamless robe, you can be made every whit whole this afternoon. For us, it is not the "ribband of blue" but the Holy Spirit within us that keeps us from the snare of the fowler and enables us so to live that we do not sin against God.

### News from the Mission Field

**G**OD has just poured out His Spirit in another gracious revival at Sharannager Mission, Nawabganj, India, where Mrs. Harvey is superintendent. We give excerpts from her letter:

"We can never praise God enough for what He has done for our people. There were fifteen definite conversions and some backsliders came back to the Lord. Fourteen were baptized in the Holy Ghost. One of the most remarkable conversions was that of a young woman who had gone into sin, but had been sent to us from another Mission. She was so obstreperous we almost thought we could not keep her, but we trusted God would get hold of her heart during our special meetings. One evening she got out of the zenana and went to the police station, making many false statements against the Mission. The newspapers quoted her and said we kidnapped women and children, etc. However, she was wonderfully saved and has confessed her evil deeds, and written many letters of confession. She is a changed girl. Another young woman, who went through the last revival untouched by the Spirit, had a real definite conversion. She had stolen a ring six years before from a girl in another school and had lied about it. The Spirit of God dealt with her at this time and she wrote confessing the theft and offering to pay for the ring, willing to go without food to make up the money for it.

Our zenana teacher, who came from the Methodist Mission, a dear, sweet Christian girl, was blessedly baptized in the Holy Spirit. Reared in a Christian home, she has done Bible work among the women, but when she saw God work she became very hungry, and one morning after the meeting was dismissed she said she could not go home as she felt she must meet with God. The tears rolled down her face as she prayed and

soon she was lost to all else but God. The Lord gave her a wonderful vision of the cross; we knew she was going through the sufferings of Jesus on the cross, as she said, 'Oh Jesus, I have been telling people about the cross for years and how You died for them, but I did not know I was so sinful and that it was all for me! Oh Jesus, I did not know that Your side was pierced for me!' She acted out the whole scene of Calvary, the tears streaming down her face. Those looking on were spell-bound.

"Zaida Delight, my girlie, has prayed so earnestly all summer for the old men and has wept over them. It is so hard to reach the old men, but when God speaks, something is done. One night conviction seized one of these men and he wept like a baby. Zaida's joy knew no bounds as she wept and prayed with him until he found peace. Another night the power struck another old man who fell to the floor, and calling on God for mercy found peace.

"I will tell you the secret of the meetings. The first week we had a prayer room in the zenana and another in the church; shifts of people who volunteered, prayed an hour at a time, day and night without a break. The women prayed in the day time and the boys and men at night. Another secret was the ministry of one of the women with a wooden leg, who received her baptism in the last revival. She has kept the victory and lived the life so God could use her. She has mothered one of the little girls who was saved, and has also been looking after the three babies. Often we would find her praying in her room. One day she fainted while giving a baby its bottle, and we felt she was weak through long fasting. She has had the ministry of intercession, and during these meetings the Lord gave her discernment; it seemed she could see what was in people's hearts as she prayed for them.

We took her off the baby work during the meetings and she gave herself to prayer. She prayed with one woman after another in the zenana until they got right with God.

"When we realize the blessed work the Lord is doing, we lose sight of the trials and financial burdens, but a famine is staring us in the face, and you can imagine what this means with about two hundred to feed. The Lord enabled us to buy in grain in the summer, but it is about at an end now. The wheat crop in these parts has failed, and has to be shipped in, so the price has doubled. I could not live under the burdens and responsibilities could I not roll them over on Jesus."

### Perils on the Mission Field

"The Mohammedan rebellion," writes William E. Simpson, on the Tibetan border, "has been the cause of untold suffering to the people of the Province. The most reliable information places those massacred and killed in battle at the appalling figure of between one and two hundred thousand. A large percentage were killed in cold blood, men, women and children. No warfare is so cruel as that of the followers of Mohammed. They seem to be without the slightest feeling of mercy or pity. Thousands have been brutally tortured to death with fiendish cruelty. Whole districts have been depopulated, and the end is not yet. The pestilence, typhoid, typhus, dysentery, and other epidemics that follow war have added their toll of tens of thousands. Refugees by many thousands wander homelessly in a condition of starvation, begging for sustenance. In addition to this the crops have been poorer than they have been for a generation. In some districts they were a total failure. It is estimated at this time that three or four million have the slow agony of starvation staring them in the face.

"But how we praise God that in the midst of all these horrors we have been untouched. I was away over four months this past summer on an itinerating trip among the nomad Tibetans. Robbers were far more numerous than they have ever been before in my experience. Once we were fired upon, and once I unexpectedly ran into a band of twenty-six who demanded toll. But the Lord protected us and we did not lose a single thing. We were able to visit six tribes where the name of Jesus had never been heard before. The Lord was with us and gave us many openings and opportunities to preach the Word.

### The "Practical" in Missions

We get a glimpse of the practical side of missionary life in an extract from Miss Almyra Aston's letter, who has charge of the baby nursery, Bara Banki, India:

"It is very chilly here now, and such a time as we have trying to keep so many babies warm without a stove or fire-place! When the sun is out I put the tiny babies' beds against the sunny wall where it is nice and warm; the big children, of course, can keep warm playing about. I will be so glad when I can get a proper nursery bought or built, but it seems my whole day is taken up doing the little details of life that are necessary, so I really have no time to get out and look around to try and buy land or property. But I feel I must do something before another hot or rainy season again. We are simply crowded to the limit here, and still the babies come.

"Miss Baird is out in tents this winter with some of the Christian workers, preaching to the villagers in the southwest end of this district, so all the burden of the baby work and the work in Barabanki has been very heavy on my shoulders, but when I feel the work is too much I remember that Moses did enough work to keep seventy men busy; then I do not think I am doing so much after all.

\* \* \*

Mrs. C. C. Personeus writes of lights and shadows in Juneau, Alaska:

"The last of August a dear young woman in our home received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, and in September, Evangelist Elbert Day of Everett, Wash., came to Juneau and we held two weeks' special meetings in one of the large dance halls. Souls were saved and some drawn closer to the Lord, and two more received the Baptism. God is using them in His service. Since then several who had been deep in sin and far from God have sought the Lord and our hearts have rejoiced to witness the work of the Holy Spirit.

"Every fall our work seems rather discouraging because so many go South for the winter. Nine or ten who came to the Mission have recently gone. It is hard to see any of our little flock leave for there are so few of God's people up here that we are like a big family. We also had a sad loss last month in the death of Sister Conn who was burned to death in her home. She was saved and baptized in our home and was married to one of our S. S. teachers. She at-

tended Bible school at San Francisco and graduated this year, and was helping here in the work until death took her. She leaves a husband and little son four years old."

\* \* \*

Miss Y. G. Malick, who has charge of a very promising work in Shweifaf, Syria, writes to a friend:

"In the school and orphanage I have over 100 desperately poor and orphan children besides teachers and other helpers. This is a faith work for which I look to the Lord daily to supply every need. A great deal of self-denial is involved. A few souls have been saved at the Orphanage and are being prepared as Christian workers. . . . We had a hard case in one of our larger girls who was possessed with an evil and obstinate spirit. Sometimes I could see the demons looking from her eyes. Oh how I dealt with her and had united prayer with others in her behalf. Finally, all of a sudden, she surrendered to the Lord and was wonderfully delivered and saved. Her brother was saved at the same time and both are standing true.

"The Lord is blessing in the mission station. A man who had drunk and smoked for 25 years received complete deliverance and the salvation of his soul.

"One of our Christian workers visited a man who had received a shock and lost the use of his right limb. She found him very bitter and blasphemous against God. He would not listen to God's Word. She patiently continued her visits, enduring his rebuffs until he could stand it no longer. He surrendered himself to God in full repentance and sorrow for sin, and after being anointed for healing he arose from his bed and walked the floor of his room. Now he is walking around rejoicing in his wonderful salvation."

### Preaching Amid Untold Hardships

From our missionaries in Poland, Brother and Sister G. H. Schmidt, we learn of the deep hunger for God in Europe:

"While on a visit in Volynia, Ukrainia, we witnessed scenes which will never be forgotten. How I wish I could show these meetings to our friends in America! There is a longing for God and a simple reaching out after Him which one cannot possibly describe. The thought swept over me again and again as we were in their midst, 'How poor and shallow is my worship compared with their fervent reaching out after God!'

"Dark Russia is surely open for the Gospel

and earnestly striving to find the blessing it offers. The workers among the Russians in Poland are very devoted missionaries. Coming from their own ranks among the peasantry, the Lord saved them and filled their hearts with a great love for lost souls, and without receiving any remuneration for their services, they have gone about for years preaching the Gospel and suffering untold hardship. We met a number of these precious workers, some of whom the R. E. E. M. is supporting now. Some had just come out of prison. They had to walk many miles, their clothing ragged, their feet weary. One is moved to tears to look at them. Without collars, hair unkempt, they stand up and begin to testify and preach, and then their poor clothing vanishes and you see these warriors in robes of glory. God's greatest heroes they are, through suffering made perfect."

### First Pentecostal Church in Singapore

OUR READERS will be glad to read this most interesting report from our two lone missionaries on the Island of Singapore, which is in the Straits Settlement on the Malay Peninsula. If you are not familiar with this portion of the world, get your geography and add this crowded colony to your prayer list, especially our missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil M. Jackson, who have a parish of 50,000 Cantonese. What God has enabled these consecrated workers to accomplish in getting a foothold is marvelous. Singapore is called the "cesspool of the world." Praise God for this standard that has been raised in this quagmire of sin, and may He enable our missionaries to dig many souls out of the filth and slime of this human cesspool to ornament the crown of our Saviour:

We are very glad for this opportunity to inform you of the prospects of this field and of giving various other information that we believe will be of interest to you.

Singapore, is built on a tiny green isle of the same name, which lies just off the end of the Malay Peninsula and nearly on the Equator, it is the capital of the British crown colony commonly called the Straits Settlements. This colony embraces the Province Wellesley, the Dindings and Malacca on the main land, and the islands of Penang and Singapore.

The opportunities here are excellent, not only in Singapore, but in the whole of Malaysia. Singapore has a Chinese population of 320,000. Near our house there is a community of 50,000 Cantonese and a village of some twenty thousand! In the former there is not a single mission; in the latter we have just recently established the first mission school and chapel. On the Penin-

sula there are hundreds of villages without a single missionary, and many mining districts that employ thousands of coolies, without a single worker.

The most discouraging thing with which we have to contend, is the high cost of living. It costs twice as much to live here as it did in China. With our present allowance it is impossible for us to meet our personal expenses; consequently we have been forced into debt to the extent of

\$100.00 (U. S. A.). We pay our language teacher \$20.00 (U. S.) a month, this comes out of our regular allowance. If this expense was eliminated we would be relieved of much of our financial burden. Perhaps the Lord will lay it upon the heart of some saint to provide this need. We will not engage a native pastor until our work can support one. In the meantime we will carry on the work.

(Continued on page 23)

## Stripped for God's Service

Doors Wide Open to the Full Gospel in South America

Jacob Feuerstein, Missionary from Venezuela, in the Stone Church, Nov. 13, 1928



HAVE not a sad story to tell but one which will bring joy and gladness to your hearts, to learn of the way God is working. While we sometimes shed tears, they are often tears of joy to see souls born into the Gospel light. "The people which sat in darkness saw a great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up." Matt. 4:16. Without a fully surrendered life to the Lord Jesus you cannot be a real Christian. God wants reality. He may never call you to preach the Gospel or become a missionary to a foreign land, but He expects every one to be a living witness for Him.

We were perfectly satisfied to witness for God in our little home in California until God stirred our souls about the regions beyond. We were both working for the Standard Oil Company; my wife was working in the office, and I in the automobile shop. When I heard God's voice I knew not what to do. We were helping in church services all we could. On Sunday afternoons when there was no service we had the young people at our house and prayed that God would raise up workers for the regions beyond. Many times the house would shake with the power of God, and you would feel the power as we went back into the evening service at the church. I will always remember how I prayed: "Lord, help me to do something great, something for You." Finally God had to speak to me and say, "Young man change your prayers a little bit." I was honest; I wanted to do everything I could, but the Lord showed me what I needed to pray was, "Lord, make me willing to do Thy will." It is not something great to which He wants us to aspire, but *His will*. I had prayed for months, "Lord, send forth missionaries;" but when it got a little too hot I said, "Lord, send forth missionaries but do not send me." Then I had to come to the place where I said, "Lord, make me

willing to do Thy will." I was afraid to say anything to my wife about the Lord's dealings with me, but one Sunday morning in church our pastor gave a call for those who wanted to consecrate themselves to the Lord Jesus Christ; it didn't necessarily mean "preach the Gospel" or "go to a foreign field," but it meant a fully surrendered life. Thirteen of his young people answered the call, and the poor man broke down and cried. It looked as though the Lord was going to take them all away. We all wept. We were just a small number, and thirteen of his best young people would make quite a vacancy. He knew it was God and said, "Yes Lord, take all of my young people, if You want to. We will get new ones." The Lord worked.

It wasn't long until that church had to be enlarged, and later it was torn down again until it seated a thousand people. When God calls one out He is able to bring in hundreds of others. I could keep my call from my wife no longer. That morning when we went home I said, "Dearie, I have been feeling for quite awhile, though I was afraid to tell you, but maybe the Lord wants us to sell out and go to the field." And she said, "Well, dearie, I had the same feeling but I was afraid to say anything." We were afraid of each other and we lived in the same house. But the Lord worked it out.

We were soon in South America, and we found we had many things to learn, among them the language and customs of the people. When we got into the hard places we found His grace-sufficient. We labored two years in Caracas. After being there three weeks I took a trip inland 500 miles, where never a missionary had been. I will not bring you a story of closed doors, but of open doors. What my eyes have seen and ears have heard would break a heart of stone. Those people sitting in darkness are waiting for the morning when light shall break through and someone shall tell them the story of the Lord Jesus Christ.

After two years we went into the interior, to Barquisimeto. This is the first place where the fire fell in Venezuela. And it didn't fall all at once; there were years of prayer and pioneering; Brother Bender was the only white man there. But God had spoken to him and he could put it off no longer. He decided it was no harder to die in Barquisimeto than in Caracas. Barquisimeto has a population of sixty-three thousand souls, a large number of whom are Indians; 85% of our people are ignorant, cannot read or write, 10% are the better class, and 5% the wealthy class. Brother Bender prayed that God would save the better class; as well as the "downs and outs," and one of the first men saved was the Judge of the Criminal Court. Not only the judge but his whole family were saved, and the first thing that happened he lost his job. But those simple people know how to pray. Many times when they pray I stand back abashed, they put me to shame. That man prayed, "Lord, You know I need to work, and that I want to follow Thee," and in a short time his job was given back to him. He has been saved about seven years and is one of the shining lights of Venezuela. I have seen that man preach the Gospel on the street with the tears streaming down his face, and the street so packed you could not get through. It is wonderful how God blesses and gives him souls.

After this man and a few others got saved they sent for another missionary and had some special meetings. They could not rent a place big enough to hold the people, so they started to build a church, which filled up at once. Bro. Bender started to preach from the first chapter of Acts. He believed that Pentecost would be just as good for people in South America as in North America. At the end of five years God broke through. Once as they were having a prayer-meeting there was a heavy silence on all. No one had a prayer or a song. Finally some got up and walked out. When they came back they said, "We went out to pay our debts and make things right." Then they knelt down again and wept. Then some went to others in the room and put away grudges, and all were melted down before the Lord. The meetings went on in power and you could not close them. One afternoon two ladies came to the service; they were the hardest ladies in town, and the power of God struck them and they began to preach to the people. They went out and invited in the people, and they came in, wanting to know what was happening.

Then one of the Christian young men had company from the country, ten or twelve people. They had never heard the Gospel, but as they came to visit him he got out his Bible and began to tell them about the Lord, telling of how he had been saved. Then he said they would get down and pray. Everything was very quiet for a time, and as he was praying, a young man suddenly cried out, "Lord, have mercy on me." Then another and another was struck with contrition, and the result was that everyone in the house that night was converted. When the young man saw those people crying out to God, he threw up his hands and praised the Lord, and received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. He was a young man twenty-two years of age, and the glory of God came upon him most blessedly. At the next meeting this young man walked in with his ten converts, and at the testimony meeting everyone wanted to speak first. The house filled and a policeman came in to watch the crowd, and a young man whom we call Zachariah was so anointed they heard him speaking in tongues. Everybody was crying, and the power of God struck the policeman back at the door. He went on his knees and cried to God for mercy.

In one of the next services seventeen came through in one night; in one week forty-two and in two weeks over sixty, and God is still blessing. To those who sit in darkness there shone a great light. Many men and women have been cleaned up from a life of shame and from the very depths of sin. South America has not only become an open door, a place of opportunity, but it has become our responsibility to evangelize, and tell those who have never heard the story of Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ said, "As the Father hath sent me, so send I you." Some say, "I do not believe in foreign missions." I do not either. I do not believe in the sight of God there is a foreign field. The world is the field. God wants men and women with a real vision of a dying world. Oh how necessary it is for us to arouse ourselves and say, "Speak, my Lord, for Thy servant heareth." It may not be in the mission field; God has many open doors both at home and abroad.

While Brother Bender was home on furlough we had a three-day convention at Easter time. One of the young men who had been saved was transferred thirty miles away, and they sent word for us to come over. He told us how he was there for several months, reading the Bible and talking to the neighbors who would come to his house. In a short time he had twenty-five con-

verts and sent for us to come over, Miss Winger, my wife and myself. It seemed as though the whole town turned out and many were converted during the meetings.

One night we asked two young men to speak, saying we would give them fifteen minutes each. You could not seat the people there were so many. I called upon one of the young men. He started to read and then his eyes filled and he started to weep. I was a little embarrassed and thought he would sit down. He tried to sit down and it seemed that he couldn't, and he had the whole evening service. When he was through his clothes were as wet as if you had poured water on them. When he said "Amen" seven people came out of their seats and ran to the altar. That was the first time I ever saw people run to the altar. Venezuela is open to the Gospel as never before. To those who sit in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up. There are calls coming from every side for workers. Pray that the Lord of the harvest will thrust them forth.

### War, Pestilence, Famine!

**N**O WORDS can describe the awful famine that is raging in Kansu and other provinces of North China. The following letter from Bro. W. W. Simpson, Minchow, was written Dec. 12th, after a trip where death and destruction met him at every turn. They are right in the center of a reign of terror:

"Your letter with the timely offering of \$200 for the purchase of grain for the famine sufferers, came Dec. 7th, while I was away at Kongchang opening a Home to receive 50 children to feed, clothe and train for God. Thirty children came in the day I left, and others to the limit of our capacity have doubtless come in by now. The country Christians are trying to exist by eating dry hulls, bark, buckwheat chaff and oilcake (refuse after oil is pressed out). Supplies of grain are exhausted and eight people died of starvation the night I was there, to my knowledge; doubtless many more of which I did not hear. Kongchang is only one of 80 districts in Kansu, some worse, some better off. Our evangelist in Anting writes that 70 per cent of the people in that county are foodless and must starve! If the Christians of America only realized the desperate need!

"On my way home, while yet 40 miles from Minchow, I heard that the Mohammedan rebels were coming. I hurried my horse, meeting

soldiers and police fleeing for their lives. Thousands of the people were hurrying east to escape the impending calamity. Many called to me to turn my horse's head and flee with them, but I said that my wife and children were in Minchow and I must join them. When I arrived I found the whole city in commotion, people with a little bedding and some food running hither and thither, undecided which way to go to hide from the approaching doom. I found my family and the 100 Chinese children and workers safe.

"Ominous reports continued to reach us of the cruelty of the on-coming rebels. We had about seventy poor children we were feeding, mostly girls, and we had no leading to leave the city. On Dec. 10th two brigades, about 6,000 mounted troops came and took possession of the city, occupying the inns and homes of the people. My son and I with Pastor Meng called on General Yea, who commanded the advance brigade, and he assured us that we and the people had nothing to fear; all who did not take arms against them would be unmolested. We undertook to quiet the people, but nearly every door was shut except our own. Even the postoffice closed and the postmaster took refuge in our building. The rebels looted all public buildings, smashing everything they could not carry away. I helped protect the property of other missions here in the absence of the missionaries. The next day the Commander-in-chief, a young man only eighteen years of age, MaChong-ying, with the main body of his army, some 10,000 mounted men, arrived. I immediately called on him and asked for proclamations to paste on all our buildings for our protection, which he granted. So far we are in perfect peace, but the Chinese have suffered terribly. I have had two escapes from threatened attacks by armed men who did not recognize me. When they found out who I was they desisted. The Word was literally fulfilled, "Touch not mine anointed," for they were ready to strike me, but did not.

"This morning, Dec. 13th, most of the army left to go east. A brigade is still here and they say another army of 10,000 is coming tomorrow. The route the rebels have taken is right through Central and South Kansu where most of our work is located. Only God can keep our Assemblies and saints from massacre.

"The great majority of the rebels surrendered to the government troops who were sent against them on being promised forgiveness, but these 20,000 cruel fanatics feared the promise was in-

sincere and started to lay waste the Province of Kansu and then join up with some generals in South Kansu, Shensi and Szechwan, who have not yet submitted to the Nanking government. They will, no doubt, succeed in destroying all food supplies so that both government troops and people will all starve together. The famine was horribly bad before. Now it is simply appalling. Formerly we could buy some grain. Now there is none to be found. What shall we do with the 150 children we have taken in to feed, clothe and teach? We have some grain here but it will soon go. Then what?

"Oh, pray for us, you good people at home luxuriating in plenty while liberally paid police protect your homes and families in perfect security! What do you know of danger or poverty? What do you know of squalor, misery and despair of gaunt famine augmented by marauding hordes of cruel, lustful, pitiless, fanatic Mohammedans led by a wild boy of eighteen? Can the horrors of the Tribulation Period be any worse? If we are not now entering that period where are we? My heart is sick and torn and crushed by what I see of the misery around me. If only we could do something to adequately relieve their sufferings we should be, oh, so happy. But what we do is not equal to a drop in the bucket. We have received some \$1500 for relief when we need \$15,000,000. What a horrid world in which to live! Let the fools who think the world is getting better come and take a look at Kansu. One glance of a half-blind eye would cure them of such nonsense. One wonders, how long will the last gasp of a dying race continue?

Please do all you can to make the needs known. Let no qualms of conscience prevent you from *begging* a little help for perishing China. I am past all feeling of shame for being a beggar now. Am I not begging people, who, compared to these miserable, wasted skeletons, are simply rolling in luxury and feasting on the fat of all lands, to give a few crumbs to feed the helpless children, of whom Jesus said, 'Even so, it is not the will of your Father in Heaven that *one* of these little ones should perish?'

(Continued from page 20)

On several occasions we tried to raise enough money from the homeland to build a mission school and chapel. We were not especially blest in these efforts, what little money we did receive we had to use to meet our personal expenses. With many financial problems facing us we felt

that there was only one initiative and that was to pray. For several days we spent much time in earnest prayer and it was not long until we received definite leadings from the Lord to go out among the local Chinese and ask them to help finance the building of a mission school and chapel. The first step we took was to ask the British Government to grant us a section of land for this purpose, this they did willingly. With this encouragement we set out on the task of raising funds. From the very beginning we found favor with the people because we could speak their language. Day by day we have gone out into the business section of the city visiting the different merchants with the result that they have given \$1600.00 (Singapore dollars) toward our work. The building will be completed today and the amount that the local Chinese have subscribed will cover the total cost of the building and furnishings. We expect to hold the dedication service Christmas day. Our hearts are overflowing with gratitude to Him who has thus blest our feeble efforts. The village where we are beginning work has long been a place of refuge for the most notorious criminals in the Straits Settlements. We believe that the Lord will change many of these wicked lives into channels of blessing.

Some months ago the principle of the largest Chinese school in Singapore offered me a position as Bible teacher in his school. He assured me that if I would accept the proposition he would give me liberty to preach and teach the full gospel. After a time of prayer I accepted his offer. There are over a thousand students in this school; over five hundred of these boys attend chapel services twice a week. God has given me a very precious ministry among the students. The first time that I let down my net for a draught the Lord gave me nineteen souls. Our hearts rejoiced with exceeding joy as we saw these boys lift their tear stained faces from prayer; new creatures in Christ Jesus.

In closing we thank you again for your love and kindness toward us. Please continue to remember us in your "Quiet hour of Prayer."

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