

# The Latter Rain Kvangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

## Melody in the Making

When you had to lay your instrument down  
Was your place quickly filled by another?  
And, that the music swept on just the same,  
Did it give a wee pang to discover?  
A sage of old a great truth told  
And the span of years can't dim it, —  
"Tho there be no music in a 'rest'  
There's the making of music in it."

This year has left me bewildered, confused,  
Of service its days empty—vain.  
I've been laid aside from the rush of affairs  
Oft times on a pallet of pain.  
I wonder if He wishes me to see  
His wisdom and love without limit?  
"Tho there be no music in a 'rest'  
There's the making of music *in* it."

There's a glorious symphony written by God  
For your life, as well as mine.  
We must ever watch the Master's Hand  
As He beats Omniscient time.  
Shall we forget, and pine and fret  
When He signals 'rest' for a minute?  
"Tho there be no music in a 'rest'  
There *is* the making of music in it."

He knows how long the 'rest' is.  
Why should it matter to me?  
While the Master directs the symphony,  
Then satisfied I shall be.  
I only yearn to fully learn  
Every change, as the chimes sweetly ring it.  
"Tho there be no music in a 'rest'  
There's the making of music in it."

Written by a South American missionary during an illness

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

The Latter Rain Evangel

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The Great Lake Geneva Camp

THIS IS THE GREATEST Fourth of July I have ever celebrated. I am sixty-four years old, and this is the greatest celebration I have ever had," said a man on the last great day of the Lake Geneva Camp at Alexandria, Minn.

There was no spectacular display of fireworks but the fire of God burned brightly in every heart, and instead of rockets, shouts of praises winged their way heavenward, as the Eighth Annual Camp of the North Central District of the Assemblies of God ended its eighteen days on the mount with God.

It was the largest attendance of all the years—6,000 people being on the ground altogether, and the capacity of tents and cottages was taxed to the utmost. The management had put up a number of new cottages and a new five-acre plot was filled with additional tents, and yet they were overcrowded. The seating capacity of the large Tabernacle was insufficient for the crowds and the management is expecting to enlarge it next year. Brother Lindquist said they had "growing pains."

The blessing of the Lord upon Lake Geneva Camp was truly spread abroad for ministering brethren came from a number of states. Among those who came from outside the North Central

District were Mr. A. G. Osterberg, Supt. of the Southern California District, Pastor A. A. Wilson, Kansas City, Mo., Evangelist W. F. Gierke, Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Carmichael, Quincy, Ill., Mr. A. F. Bell, Supt. of the Illinois District, and Dr. J. E. Purdie of the Winnipeg Pentecostal Bible School. The invited speakers were Dr. Charles S. Price, Dean William Evans, Springfield, Mo., and Mr. Paul B. Peterson, President of the Russian & Eastern European Mission, but many of the above-mentioned brethren were also used of the Lord in opening up the Word. It was the fourth meeting that Dr. Price had held in Lake Geneva Camp and the Lord greatly used him in blessing to many. One evening there were fifteen souls at the altar seeking salvation, remarkable since it was largely a gathering of saints.

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The Prayer Room was the spiritual workshop. Business hours began at 7 A.M. Here broken, ruined lives were mended, bodies beyond the reach of human skill were made as new because they felt the touch of the Master Workman. Crushing burdens were lifted here and sorrows too deep for words were whispered into the ear of the sympathizing Jesus.

(Continued on page 22)

# God Forges His Man for the Great Australian Revival

*The Struggles of a Soul Groping for Light*

Pastor C. L. Greenwood, Head of the Pentecostal Church in Australia

*The Stone Church was greatly privileged in having the ministry of Pastor C. L. Greenwood, head of the Pentecostal work in Australia; the two meetings in which he spoke will long stand out as great luminaries in the starry firmament of God-anointed services which have been our portion. The story of his personal experience, then how God led him step by step from personal work with individual souls into full service for Him, was all-inspiring and could not fail to instill a deeper consecration and a passion for souls in the hearts of the hearers. We are glad to pass on to our reading constituency these messages in three coming articles of which the following is the first.*



WANT to tell you how the Lord saved me and worked in my life and in doing so I may be able to tell you something of the work in Australia.

When I was very young my father died rather suddenly after a three years' illness. At that time we were very well off but being a large family and business not going very well after father died, it left us in rather straitened circumstances. An uncle of mine took me to live with him and I stepped into luxury and ease. Then when I was seven years of age my uncle decided to go to South Africa. Mother would not consent to my going and I was brought back home to struggle in poverty with the rest of the family. At the age of eleven I took things into my own hands, refused to be in subjection to anyone and very quickly I was out in the world of sin and shame. It was at the age of nineteen that I was first dealt with by the Lord.

One evening I and a lady friend were invited to a man's home for tea. Not knowing what was behind the invitation we went and after tea he suddenly said he wanted me to go to church with him. I went, not yet being awake to his purpose. I do not remember what was preached but I remember the packed church and as the preacher was making the altar call the man with me touched me on the shoulder and asked if I would go to the front. I said, "No" quite loudly and then was conscious that many eyes were upon me. The young preacher continued his altar call and suddenly I was moved upon and rushed from my seat.

When I came to the front the young minister came down, took me by the hand and said, "Young man, do you believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of the living God?" I said, "Yes," tho strange as it seems, I didn't even know that God had a Son, nor did I know that Jesus Christ died on the cross for my sins. All I

knew was that when Easter came around we would celebrate it by having four or five days' holiday, and when Christmas came I again looked forward to the holidays. I didn't know we were celebrating the birth and the resurrection of the Son of God. The minister gave me a good hand-shake, and we sang the doxology, after which the whole church filed around me and shook hands with me, trying to make me feel at home and encourage me.

I felt rather strange and knew I could not explain anything but I did have a desire to be good and that was as much as I knew. The minister tried to encourage me and I thought that perhaps I would be better. When morning came I remembered what I had done the night before, and with a real longing to be different I went off to work where there were two thousand men employed. It wasn't long before I realized that I had nothing to keep me from sin and before the end of the week I was deeper in the mire than ever. The next time I attended the church the minister singled me out and said, "How are you getting on?" I replied, "Fine." While I had been struggling the whole week against being a hypocrite yet I did not mention that. He said, "That is good, now your next step is water baptism." My hopes revived and I thought, "That is what I need; I know I will be better then." So I started off the second week with fresh hopes and desires to be good, but before the end of the second week I was worse than ever.

The following Sunday I went to church again and the same conversation took place and then the young preacher said, "Now next Sunday we will receive you into fellowship; come to the breaking of bread service and break the bread and drink the wine with us." Again I thought, "Perhaps this is what I need," and pinned my faith to it. My hopes revived again as I thought, "If I can only come to this table

and drink the wine I am sure I will be better"; but before the next Sunday came around I hardly knew what to think. As I went to church again I was tempted to think there was nothing in religion. I tried to make myself feel sanctimonious but I knew not how to pray. I thought that being received into the church would surely help me and when they passed the bread and the wine I took it as reverently as I knew how. After that I received my membership card and thought, "Surely I have it now." But the following Monday morning I had not been at work more than two hours when I found the whole thing was a sham; I had been through the whole ritual of the church and received nothing and all the time there was an aching in my heart and a longing for something, I knew not what. If someone had only told me the plan of salvation—nineteen years of age I was, and no one had told me about Jesus. The next eighteen months of my life were *the most miserable I ever spent*. I was very conscious of the fact that I was a hypocrite; I knew that my own family were looking on and ridiculing me. The more I strove to live right the greater became the conflict until, in utter despair, I gave up, and decided not to go to church at all. But having a young lady friend who was religiously inclined, I was pressed by her to go and for eighteen months I struggled on. For instance, I would determine on Saturday night, after being in the world and sin all the week, to go to church on Sunday morning, but before I could get out of the door I would be seized by the gambling demon and instead of going to church I would spend the whole day in gambling.

In that condition, unsaved, attending church occasionally, striving to yield my life to God but not knowing how, one morning I struggled to church, and when the service was in full swing a man rose to his feet to speak. In less than two minutes I felt something I had never known before; my being was thrilled to my very finger tips. I had heard the minister and the elders preach, but earnest as they were, I never heard anyone like this man. He didn't have much to say but what he said was right to the point and I discovered that the scriptures were being fulfilled in our very midst. When Jesus stood up among the Scribes and the Pharisees He spoke with authority and not as the Scribes. So with this man; there was something in what he said that gripped the people and made them realize that the presence and

power of Jesus were real. How I remember the burning tears flowing from my eyes! He said, "Just a few months ago I was lost in sin, I had a cancer of the heart; I resisted and persecuted my wife because she was whole-hearted for Jesus, but God broke down my rebellion, healed my heart, took the desire for the things of the world out of me and cleansed me from sin and delivered me from the power of the devil. Now I am free." I knew that was what I wanted and I sat there drinking in all he had to say.

No sooner had he sat down when one of the elders sprang up and said, "We don't want that in here," and had much more to say against it. Then another elder arose and said, "That is what my heart has been longing for." But a third elder arose and said, "No, we don't want anything like that in this church." Then the choir mistress cried out with others, "My heart is hungry for God and that is what I want." The entire service was moved upon and the result of that meeting was that eight received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit—all because one man dared to be true to God.

Now here were my difficulties: I was moved upon; I knew that what that man had was what I needed. He had come from the revival in South Africa. I was invited to this man's place later, and felt very strange as I neared his home. I was a very heavy smoker and decided I wouldn't let that man see my hands as they were stained with nicotine. So I had a long hour's talk with him out on the veranda with my hands in my pockets. Just as I was ready to leave he said, "Won't you let me pray for you?" and invited me to come inside. I thought there was nothing to do but agree so I very unwillingly went. Then he said, "Young man, you are a very heavy smoker." "How do you know?" I asked. "I spied the nicotine on your hands."

When I got inside I noticed there was hardly any furniture in the place. "Surely," I thought, "this man is not living in ease and luxury." I knelt against the table. How well I remember the chair and the table! There I was, trying to say prayers and not knowing how. I was kneeling with my head in between my hands when I felt him come across to me and lay his hands on my head. For the first time in my life I heard some real praying; it wasn't a long prayer either. With his big hands on my head he cried with a loud voice, "Father, in the Name of Jesus I rebuke this unclean nicotine demon.

Come out of him! Amen." I felt very strange for I had never heard anyone pray like that before. I arose from my knees and edged my way out as best I could with my eyes on him. As I reached the door he came over to me, and said earnestly, "Whatever you do, young man, do not try to give up smoking." When I got outside I said to my young lady friend, "I have heard some peculiar people but I have never heard anyone like that. He makes me feel so strange all over; he prays for me and rebukes me for smoking and then tells me not to give up smoking." I felt very strange indeed.

When I arrived home I was standing in front of the fire-place and thought I would have a smoke. I took a cigarette out of my pocket but to my amazement I found that the awful craving that had possessed me for years, had suddenly gone; and I want to say that I have never had a desire for one since. My introduction to this marvelous Movement of Pentecost had done for me in a second of time what I had been striving to accomplish for eighteen months. I have a brother, two years older than I and one day before this time he said, "We will wager five Pounds (\$25) that we will give up smoking." I agreed but soon after I found him around the corner smoking and he caught me at the same thing.

The next morning I was delighted to find that instead of lighting my cigarette to satisfy the usual craving even before I ate my breakfast, the desire had entirely left me. No one had said anything to me about salvation, yet I knew it was Jesus I needed, and that prayer had brought deliverance. On that very same day, instead of having a foul and filthy mouth, and wanting to break out with oaths and curses, I found it was easy to sing some of the hymns which I had learned. It was a delightful experience but I still did not realize what had taken place.

I went on thus for about a week and each day seemed to become brighter. What a wonderful experience after the fearful struggle! A week later I again met that man and said, "Listen to me, I haven't had a smoke since." He said, "I didn't expect you to." I thought he would say, "Well, good lad," and give me a pat, so I was rather surprised. But he knew it was God and not I who deserved the credit. Then he talked to me about my sins and how I could be delivered, not only from smoking but from all sin. I told him about my fearful struggles with the card table but added that my whole life

seemed changed, and he replied, "Of course it is changed; the Scripture says, 'If any man be in Christ Jesus he is a new creature,'" and began to unfold the Word of God. How well I remember that night! I went home and laid my head on the pillow and slept like a babe for the first time with a conscious knowledge that my sins were forgiven and that I had peace with God.

But the Lord had more in store for me, and this friend said, "Now young man, you seem to have grasped it." "Yes," I said, "It is all so wonderful!" Then he said, "But you are very sick." "Yes, I know I am" and I began to explain to him how my father had died with quick consumption; and at this time I was having hemorrhages of the lungs. Friends were telling me I had consumption. He said, "Have you ever read James 5:14?" I said, "No." So he opened his Bible and read it to me, "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." I knew Jesus had done wonderful things in delivering me from the smoking habit and that my whole life was so strangely changed and yet I didn't claim to have faith. He said, "Do you believe that?" I said, "Yes, I believe it; I don't understand but I believe it." Then he said, "We will pray for you."

I little knew what was about to happen. He told me if I would come on a Monday night he and his wife would pray for me so I went with the former experience still fresh in my memory. I went in and knelt down when suddenly the chair shook and started to rattle. I thought it very strange and looked across the table where there was a large man seeking the Baptism of the Spirit, tho I didn't know what that was. I got up and left the room thinking to myself that I was through with this thing but no sooner did I get outside when I felt a sweet drawing to return, so I went back. I took a good look at this big man, with his elbows on the table all looking so solid and steady, so I thought I would do the same thing but found that while the table did not move, yet my elbows would shake. Struggling to keep back this strange moving I opened my eyes and took a good look at the man again. Everyone was praying with closed eyes so I decided to cling harder than ever to the table but the more I tried the more

*(Continued on page 23)*

## Co-operation and Consideration Necessary in the Life of an Assembly

*Helpful Lessons from Paul's Admonitions to the Corinthians*

Dr. Charles S. Price in the Lake Geneva Camp



IN SPEAKING to you this morning on the twelfth chapter of 1 Corinthians, I wish to spend a moment in examining the background for I do not believe we will appreciate what the apostle is giving out until we understand the circumstances that necessitated the writing of such an epistle. The Corinthians were Greeks, very much given over to wisdom, to science and art. They lived on a plane mentally and intellectually above the other nations of the world at that time, and because of their temperament and disposition they had received the Gospel of the Lord Jesus in a little different way than the rest of the churches.

This is an epistle of admonitions, and Paul is very direct and very blunt in some of the statements that he makes regarding the conduct of the Corinthian Church. They did not have the trouble that the church at Ephesus had with the Judaizers and the legalizers. Nowhere in the epistle to the Corinthians and in none of his admonitory remarks does the Apostle state that they have given themselves over to heresy. He doesn't tell them that they have become possessed of a wrong spirit, or have given themselves over to the devil. He tells them of some wrong things they are doing, and of right things they are doing at a wrong time, and of good things they are doing in a bad way, and so he is trying to straighten out the Corinthian Assembly, and teaching them regarding conduct and the relationship of the gifts to their church services; also the individual positions of the members of the body.

The body of Christ is a mystical and wonderful thing. It is not easily comprehended. The individual becomes a habitation of God, the temple of the Most High, for in the Baptism of the Holy Spirit the Third Person of the adorable Trinity takes up His abode in the heart for the specific purpose of the bestowment of gifts and the operation and ministry of the Spirit Himself, to make us efficient in our own particular calling. The larger body, the assembly, is composed of individual believers with their individual gifts and individual possession of the one Spirit that possesses the larger body, co-ordinating and co-operating with each other, and the Holy Spirit is the Managing Director

of the whole enterprise, so that the work of the one body, which is the church, might be just as spontaneously wrought out and just as marvelously manifested as the operation of the Spirit in the individual body.

Then there is the collection of assemblies, the church universal throughout the world, the body of the redeemed. We have the individual body, the body that is known as the assembly, and then the union of assemblies into one body. But as we begin with the co-ordination and co-operation of the one body, my body, your body, hands, feet, eyes and ears, and as these members are necessary to a successful functioning of my body, so when we come together as a collection of individuals into one body, Paul is saying that the body, the church, should operate just as the individual body operates. Your hand doesn't go one way and your foot another. They work together, but each member operates in its own particular way.

Now these Greeks, given over to wisdom; were having difficulties because they were all leaders. Everybody wanted to be the head. They were all talking in tongues at one time, all wanting to manifest their particular gift, and the mistake was not so much that the gift was manifested, as in the *way* it was made manifest. They did not take into consideration the other members of the body, that they also had gifts that should be manifested. I am filled with the Holy Spirit, you are filled with the Holy Spirit, but there is not one Holy Spirit in me and another in you. The Holy Spirit in a meeting does not lead me to do one thing and lead you to do another. We are members one of another because we are members of the same body. That same intelligent Person, the Holy Spirit who has taken possession of my body, is dwelling in you. But if He is one and not a multiplicity, if He is possessed of a personality and intelligence, and if the Holy Spirit moves the body there will be the same perfect co-ordination and rhythm, and movement, and co-operation in the larger body as we have in the smaller, so that when you meet in your assembly you will worship as one man. There will be no clashing, nothing of the harshness that we meet sometimes when people get out of the Spirit and into the flesh. When you find peo-

ple, like these Christians were, possessed with a sense of their own importance, each wanting to manifest his own gift to satisfy his own soul, there is confusion. There should be no demonstration of a gift unless we have first given consideration to the rest of the body, and unless that manifestation will fit in with the work that the body is endeavoring to do. In other words, our self interest should be merged into the interest of the assembly. And I will go so far as to say that scripturally there is never a demonstration without a purpose, never a manifestation but what the Holy Ghost has something in view in the manifestation; there is never a service, if it is in divine order, but what God is attempting to do something in that service.

Now there are different methods of operation, and to be controlled by the Holy Spirit doesn't mean that we have to give away our judgment, our reason and our intelligence to such an extent that we become manikins. People sometimes get the idea that when the Spirit controls He pulls the wire and you jump. You are still possessed of your reason, your judgment, your power of choice, your volition. The very word "Comforter" in the original *Paracletos* means literally, "one called alongside to help." "It seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us" —not that the Holy Ghost was apart from them, but the Lord wants people to use their judgment. You take a preacher that just allowed himself to be swayed by emotions and didn't use his judgment in the conduct of a meeting, he wouldn't be very satisfactory. Your own judgment can become so sanctified by the presence of the Holy Spirit that you learn the lesson of co-operating with Him. The Holy Spirit does not coerce. He leads. He reveals truth; He teaches; He supplies knowledge you could not have. He brings inspiration. He gets it from God and pours it into your own heart, and you will speak as the Spirit inspires. But that doesn't mean you need not study the Word of God before you start to preach. A young preacher told me he would never use a note. I said, "Then you will never be much of a preacher." You may run along for a while, but when it comes to holding campaign after campaign, you will have to study. But in that you will have a divine Co-operator. You will have the Spirit of God to teach you and unfold to you the truth.

Now here in Corinth there was a body of Christians. I have no doubt if you had gone

into their assembly on Sunday morning, instead of finding a well-governed service, the leader engaged in trying to bring conviction to the unsaved, you would have seen one that was in confusion. One man got up and interrupted the one who was speaking. I do not believe the Holy Ghost will ever interrupt Himself. Supposing we were about to build a Tabernacle and we had a great crowd of workmen on the job. Here we have a pile of bricks, there a keg of nails and a lot of screws. The architect says, "Here are the blue prints. Follow the pattern." The electrician has served his apprenticeship. He knows how to stretch wires. The bricklayer knows how to lay bricks but he cannot stretch wires. If he tried to do it he would spoil the whole thing. The workmen start in and use the material that has been given them and the implements of their own particular trade. But they must co-operate one with the other. The electrician cannot say, "I will lay my wires before the bricks have been laid," and start to lay his wires on the ground. That will not do. The carpenter has to wait for the bricklayer, and the electrician for both of them. There must be co-operation in the work they have been called to do. And so in the government of every individual church there ought to be the same co-operation in the work. Supposing it is a service given over for the edification of the saints, a testimony service. There are certain manifestations in the Spirit such as tongues and interpretation that would be fitting in that service that would not be in another where there were unsaved. I love those meetings, but suppose we have hundreds of unsaved men and women in the audience and the evangelist is fishing for souls, I think it would be very unwise for that congregation to allow itself to hold a service just for its own edification. Sometimes in my own meeting I have had to set people in order because they tried to get people's eyes on themselves. When we have been trying to lift up Jesus it does not seem wise for someone to indulge in a demonstration that attracts attention to himself. It will not bring conviction to the unsaved. There is no hard and fast rule here, and if there was, the church would become a piece of mechanism, but we have wisdom and God wants us to use it for His glory, for He has given us a Divine Co-operator, a *Paracletos*, One who is called alongside to help us, One who will be there to give you the help you need and bless the thing you do at the right time.

"Now concerning spiritual gifts" —the apostle has gotten the other things out of the way. He had evidently been the recipient of a letter telling about things and he was greatly exercised, and took up these matters in their order. Then he comes to another subject, "Now concerning *pneumatica*," —that is, matters pertaining to the Holy Ghost. *Pneumatica* is a very broad word and covers a lot of territory, everything regarding the person of the Holy Spirit, regarding *spirituals*, and he tells them he would not have them ignorant regarding these spirituals. Then he tells them there are diversities of gifts, a number of gifts but only one Holy Spirit, "differences of administration but the same Lord, diversities of operation but it is the same God which worketh all in all." Not one saying he is of Cephas, and another, "I am of Apollos." It is not one Holy Ghost in one corner saying, "We will stand by our pastor," and another little crowd saying, "We will go and start a mission on the next street." Oh what people sometimes lay to the Holy Ghost! We set a very prairie fire going thru an assembly, started by our own self-will. The Holy Ghost does not work that way.

These Corinthians were commencing to follow human leadership. Paul himself established the church at Corinth and preached Christ in great simplicity; he determined to know nothing among them but Jesus Christ and Him crucified. Why did he say that to the Corinthians? Because they were proud of their eloquence, their arts and sciences. Paul said, "I came to you preaching the simple Gospel. You believed, you were all saved. Now what has happened to you? O Corinthians, is Christ divided?" There is only one Holy Spirit. But there are many manifestations, many operations, and each manifestation is needed in the conduct of the body. He says, "To one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom." Not everybody possesses that gift. "To another the word of knowledge by the same Spirit. To another faith by the same Spirit; to another the gifts of healing by the same Spirit," but we are all in the one body. One has the *word of wisdom* because his calling makes it necessary. You do not give a trowel to an electrician or a soldering iron to a bricklayer. Some people imagine they have all the gifts of the Spirit and they boast about it. Shall I tell you what a fanatic is? He is one who is saved and Spirit-filled—not backslidden, but one who lets his

enthusiasm run away with him to the extent that he tries to operate a gift he does not possess.

"Oh," someone says, "but every Spirit-filled believer has the gifts!" Who said so? Listen! It was to a Spirit-filled church Paul said, "Covet earnestly the best gifts." The gift of the Holy Ghost you get in the Baptism. Every saved man has the Holy Spirit but not in the sense of the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. The Baptism is the endowment of power by the coming in of the source of power, to anoint you for the ministry. To have the gift of wisdom and the word of knowledge does not mean that you do not need to study. "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." It isn't just a case of opening the mouth; one has to study and wait on God. But to study doesn't mean that the knowledge doesn't come from the Spirit of God.

"To another working of miracles; to another prophecy; to another discerning of spirits; to another divers kinds of tongues; to another the interpretation of tongues. But all these worketh that one and the self-same Spirit, dividing to every man severally as He will." Now what do we have? We have an assembly. Everybody saved and with a passion for the world to be saved. We want to bring our loved ones into the fold. The Holy Ghost says, "I will give to this one the gift of faith, to another the gift of healings, to another the gift of tongues." There is a need for every one of them. You need your hands, your feet; the ear cannot see and the hands cannot walk; the feet cannot handle things, but the members are all needed in the body. What is a perfect assembly? First, every member joined to every other member in love. No back-biting; that grieves the Spirit of God. No fault-finding, no politics, no wire-pulling; every member loving every other member, and every member being Christian enough to consider the other before he considers himself. Oh what assemblies we would have if everybody was like that! And then the exercise of the gifts! All at once? Oh no! I cannot build a house while I am walking down town. We would get into a mix-up, one walking backward and another forward. "I was led by the Spirit," one says. The Holy Spirit does not lead that way. My feet and my hands and my eyes act together, and I see what my hands have to pick up. The members of our physical body are all working

together because we have just one brain that runs this body. So there is only one moving, intelligent Personality in an assembly.

Now we come to an important point and that is this: In the manifestation of a gift the other people in a meeting should be taken into consideration. Let us ask ourselves, "Will this be for the good of a meeting?" "Am I to manifest this gift now? Is it needed at this particular time?" There are times in meetings when I could break out in tongues, but I do not do it. There are times when I get so happy I could jump, but how about the crowd who know nothing about the Baptism of the Spirit? I can hear them remark, "Say have you seen that preacher? He is crazy. I like him fine, but right in the midst of his talk he was doing a Comanche war dance." I have jumped but when I jump I want to do it at the right time. I do not want my jumping to defeat the very purpose for which I am jumping. And it all comes down to the question of motive after all. What are we aiming to do? We are fishing for souls. These gifts are not given to us just to make us feel good. If we use them for self-gratification before long we are the official speaker in tongues, or the official interpreter and then God will put us on the shelf.

Ah, let us get down at His feet and say, "Lord; I did not have any of this before I met Thee, and if Thou wert not here I would not have any of it now." Every man to his own gift, and every one in the operation of that gift, in the right way, at the right time. Let brotherly love continue. I honestly believe we have only begun to scratch the surface of our opportunities in Pentecost. One of the greatest needs of the Movement is that we get anew the vision of the lost.

Listen to the Pauline argument: "If the foot shall say, Because I am not the hand, I am not of the body; is it therefore not of the body?" The eye says to the ear, "Don't talk to me about your experience. You cannot see. You better go off in a little mission of your own." And so we have an eye mission, an ear mission, and a foot mission. Is that it? Ah no! "That there should be no division in the body; but that the members should have the same care one for another." Because there is one Spirit and our gifts are operated as the Spirit of God may lead, how blessed and sweet is that river of divine love that flows thru the whole assembly, uniting our hearts together and making us one in Christ Jesus! When you are tempted to say

something mean about another member of the body do not do it. Be the kind of a man or woman whom everybody is glad to meet and people will not want to run away from you. Give as much as you can of your heart's love and sympathy to every member of your congregation. Do not look down upon the uncomely members, some little sister who is not as educated as some of the rest. She is a member of the body, and perhaps the Lord will bestow upon her more abundant honor. You may think you will sit at His right hand when you get up yonder, but they that are last shall be first, and the first last.

I often think that we evangelists get a lot of glory down here, but some of you prayer-warriors, never seen in public, will have a place nearest to God when you get there. Do not be selfish, demanding your way and will. Sometimes the judgment of the assembly should be taken when it contradicts your judgment. I often listen to the advice of my brethren and find it a very good thing to do. Get away from the things that dig up strife, and love one another. Then trust God to fill you more and more so that your altars may be filled with souls. May He use you to bring men to the cross.

We are told to take the Word as a baby does milk. I have seen perfectly normal, healthy babies fade away and die in the loving fond embrace of the mother because the right formula of milk to sustain the babe's life could not be obtained. The simple cycle in the life of a babe is to take milk, go to sleep, wake up, kick and cry, take more milk, go to sleep again, wake up, kick and cry, take more milk. That is the simple cycle, but they grow thereby. Desire the sincere milk of the word that ye may *grow thereby*. It is pathetic to see a baby's growth stunted. How anxious the parent becomes! Nearly every home in which there is a baby has a pair of scales where they weigh the baby periodically. Daddy holds the scales and mother fixes the baby for the process. If the scales show a gain everybody is happy, but if there is no gain but a loss it is a matter of deep concern. I think God has scales, and I believe He is more deeply concerned about our growth than we ourselves are. We must desire the sincere milk of the Word that we may grow thereby. Without it there is spiritual famine, death.—*Dean Evans.*

## The Pulse of a Dying World

By Evangelist Wm. Booth-Clibborn

**No Limit.** Britain orders 1000 new fighting planes.

**Spies.** Those tried for espionage the last two years numbered 600.

**Nazi Ideal.** "Blood offering in war service is the first of social duties." —*Von Papen*.

**Lowest Yet.** The 1933 birth rate for the U.S.A. drops to 16.4 per thousand. In 1932 it was 17.4.

**Fascism's Faith.** Mussolini to his Ballini boy brigades: "Love the rifle, worship the machine gun, and do not forget the dagger."

**Bolshevist Borers.** Wm. Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, reported to President Roosevelt 16 communistic organizations at work in America fomenting trouble among workers.

**Lying Lips.** Dr. Dunbar Bromley in the *New York Times* of June 10 says perjury has become so general in American law courts as to taint and well nigh paralyze the administration of justice in the U.S.A.

**The Medical Bill.** American hospitals support a continued sick population of 3,500,000 daily. Medical attention costs the people around \$4,000,000 annually. Disease is gaining on the doctors in spite of all preventive measures.

**Drunken Driving.** The first four months' report for 1934 shows an increase of deaths in tragic crashes of nearly 1500 over 1933 figures; cause, intoxicated drivers. Daily events show the leaders, driving the destinies of the nations, to be drunk with a more potent liquor than beer.

**Guns and Mission Gifts.** Gifts to all North American Protestant Foreign Missionary Societies dropped 30% between 1928 and 1932, according to the secretary of the conference, Lesli Moss. The U.S.S. California guns cost \$3,057,844. This would pay a salary of \$150 per month to 1698 missionaries for one year.

**Dead Doctors.** Dr. Wallace, called to the home of Mrs. Weise in Los Angeles to treat her for heart ailment, dropped dead as he was administering a stimulant to his patient, stricken with a heart attack. The pulpits of the country are full of those who would endeavor to minister to sinful hearts who are suffering from the same disease themselves.

**Communist Monkeys.** Dr. Carpenter of Yale, having studied the habits of monkeys known as howling apes in Central America, asserts that "life is of the communal type among them." God instituted the family and it is to this day the main bulwark of

the nation. Destroy the family and you reduce human life to animal level, but communism would make apes ashamed. "Leaving the natural." Rom. 1:27.

**Cleaning the Screen.** The Roman Catholic bishops in solemn conclave in Cincinnati have banded themselves together and formed a "League of Decency" to purge the land of unclean movies, many Protestant organizations sympathizing and threatening boycott on filthy films. If the world could be cleansed of the "Great Whore" herself, millions would be freed from spiritual fornication twice as filthy before God, and they would learn the truth. True Christians are never seen "sitting in the seat of the scornful." Ps. 1:1.

**Fundamentalists at Fault.** The world's Christian Fundamental Association's resolution on war is: "We are convinced that Pacifism is nationally perilous and impracticable." The resolution does not differentiate between the converted and the unconverted. It condemns Pacifism for worldlings, but fails to explain that Christians may not bear the sword. As it stands, it only adds to the confusion. The association is not fundamentally Christian enough. In case of war, Fundamental pulpits will again recruit for Mars, and their preaching will deny "Love your enemies."

**Where are the Reapers?** Wheat that had been shocked from a 500 acre crop, was scattered by a violent wind. Liable to be ruined if exposed another day, the farmers in despair discovered a real friend in Methodist Pastor Aldrich of Franklin, Indiana, who, with the help of other ministers, called volunteers from their Sunday morning congregations and went out until all the scattered sheaves were reshocked. It would be good if many churches were to follow this example; however, not dealing with natural wheat, but with the fields that are ripe unto harvest, going out into the highways and byways and bringing them in.

**A Test of Tribulation.** Another startling foretaste of true tribulation terror is afforded by the gasoline situations on the whole Pacific Coast, caused by the tie-up of transportation facilities due to the general strike. The gas shortage has been threatened for two weeks, but all of a sudden 2,000,000 cars and trucks became useless. Fuel is not to be gotten, and at one stroke the modern methods of transit by bus and airplane are paralyzed. Thus again is brought vividly before us a picture of what the world will suffer by a general disrupting of its public facilities, in time of war. The centralization of those public utilities, such as steam, which in large cities is being purchased, piped underneath the street; and electricity, whose power lines are covering more and more of the surface of the land; fuel, especially petroleum, upon whose by-products the million motors of travel are dependent, and whose enormous storages cover acres, and whose pipes crisscross the whole continent; cooking gas, man-

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## The Get Acquainted Page

Conducted by Watson Argue

Presenting the Story of the Pentecostal Church, Windsor, Ontario.  
 Rev. J. Swanson, Pastor, Mrs. J. Swanson, Evangelist.

**T**HE HISTORY of the Pentecostal work in the beautiful Border City of Windsor is a very interesting one. Many and varied have been the experiences of God's people here. About thirteen years ago a few believers opened a mission in a down town section and began revival meetings under Evangelist James LeBrocq. God blessed the ministry of His servant and a work was begun. In a few months a fine company of saints were gathered together, but the road that lay ahead was rough and rocky and the enemy began to sow tares among the wheat. One thing after another happened to discourage and hinder their progress and it seemed at times as if the work would be completely destroyed, but a faithful few continued to pray and believe God.

Thank God for the Holy Ghost who strengthens and comforts us in the darkest hours. God's people in Windsor had many such hours. There were seasons

when they were without a pastor and Satan was busy sowing discord and strife; more than once the little church was threatened with rifts.

These were days of testing and trial to everyone, but godly ministers labored faithfully for Him and He honored and blessed His Word.

In 1929 we felt a strong desire to pastor this needy field. The desire increased until we knew it was a God-given con-

viction. After much prayer and waiting upon God the way was open for us both to come to Windsor. In the natural it seemed a foolish move, to leave a well-established church where God was blessing, and come to a church in such

condition as the work in Windsor was at that time, but we knew God was leading.

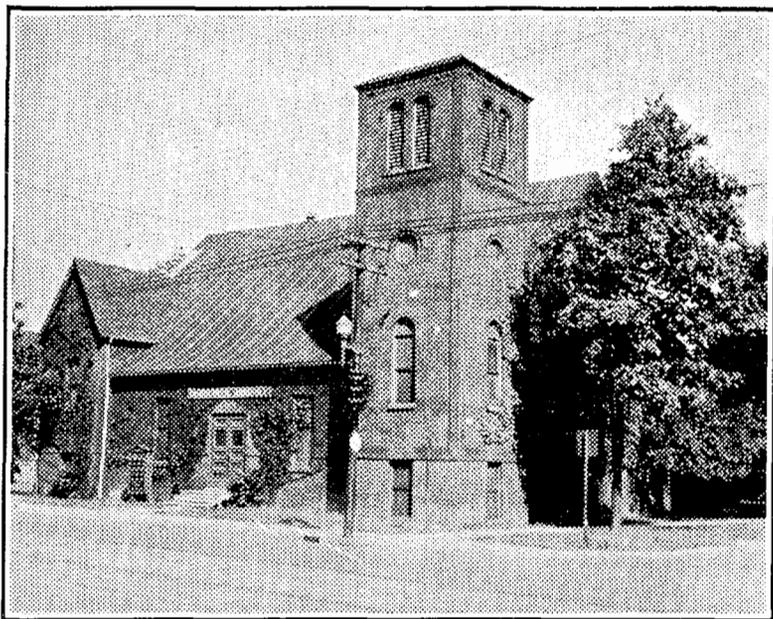
The first months were hard and seemingly little was accomplished, but the saints rallied around us and shouldered the burden gladly for their Lord. Then, in God's good time, He began to answer their



Rev. J. Swanson, Pastor



Mrs. J. Swanson, Evangelist



The Pentecostal Church, Windsor, Ontario

cries, and in the spring of 1930 He sent Evangelist J. N. Hoover to Windsor. For the first time in the history of the church it was filled with people. God wonderfully blessed Brother Hoover's ministry and the church took on new life and new vision. This meeting was the turning point in the life of the Windsor work, and since that time we have enjoyed a steady growth and almost a continuous revival. Many of God's servants have come to assist us from time to time and we thank Him for them all.

Our last revival, with Evangelist and Mrs. Argue, was a time of gracious blessing. Our present church building was inadequate to seat the people, so we rented a downtown theatre for the Sunday night services. At nearly every

service there was a response to the invitation to accept Christ, and 26 candidates were immersed in water baptism. The interest throughout the campaign was splendid.

A most encouraging and blessed feature of the work is the Sunday School. Five years ago it had an average attendance of 35 or 40. During our recent campaign it reached the total of 307.

We recently opened a branch work on the East Side of the city and expect to establish a permanent work with God's blessing. The future for Pentecostal work in the Border never looked more promising than now. We praise God for it all, take courage and press on.

Pastor and Mrs. J. Swanson.

## A Hindu Stage Artist Saved thru a Street Meeting

*Leaving a Life of Affluence to Follow the Lowly Nazarene*

Mrs. Esther Harvey, Nawabganj, U. P. India

*Many of our readers remember the remarkable story of Sadhu Sundar Singh, the Christian Sadhu who traveled all over India and parts of Tibet with the Gospel. The story of the remarkable conversion of another Hindu, sent to us by Mrs. Esther Harvey, shows the inestimable value of witnessing on the street. The little group of despised Pentecostal saints who sang for their Lord on the street corner have won for God a trophy who, if he keeps humble, will be a tremendous influence throughout India.*



EEVARATNAM was born of a Christian family who were Lutherans. He had a real gift for drawing and took a post as Drawing Master in a Mission School at five rupees a month. Later he went to a Drawing School and got his diploma, but they gave him only seven rupees a month when other drawing masters received much more. So he went to a Baptist Mission School where they gave him twenty-five rupees monthly and later increased it to thirty-five. He did painting, etc., and also received money from other sources. The mission did not like this and tried to force him to be baptized by immersion but he could not see immersion and did not understand why they insisted on his being baptized contrary to his faith when they kept even Hindu teachers. Because of the teaching on baptism he left the Baptist Mission and started out for himself giving entertainments. Some friends told him that if he went to England he would receive a great deal of money so he thought he would spend some months in the hills in order to see if he could stand the colder climate. While in the hills he gave entertainment in the Viceroy's home at the marriage of his daughter. The big lords and ladies told him to go to England so he decided he would.

By this time he was a regular genius at drawing; he could draw with his finger nails, his ears and eyes, nose and toes, while blindfolded. When he reached England some stage people got hold of him and had him sign contracts, etc. He was making good money and continued to advance in salary. When he first left India his father gave him a Bible which he always kept with him on the boat; not knowing anyone he had the Bible for his constant companion but when he got in with the stage people he locked it up in his trunk and never looked at it again. He learned to drink, smoke and gamble, and also went to horse races. He was rapidly amassing a fortune, receiving as high as five thousand Rupees a month salary. He had been promised more money if he would go to America so gave up his contract in England and was booked to sail for the United States. By this time he had become a famous stage artist and entertainer. He entered a contest at Oxford and there competed with many great artists of England. The contest was to draw with the feet, so he was blindfolded and drew with his feet while the others were not blindfolded. He received the prize and was given a title from Oxford. Later he showed his drawing to the King and Queen and they were pleased with him. One thing which impressed me was that

the King asked him whether there was anything written in the Vedas or other sacred books about artists; he replied that he did not know as he was a Christian and had not studied them. When he said that he was a Christian the King arose, shook hands with him and said he was very glad that he was a Christian. Although at that time Jeevaratnam was not a Christian at heart he was from a Christian family and believed in the Christian religion. He had many openings and gave entertainment in Y.M.'s and Y.W.C.A.'s for which he received large sums of money.

In two weeks he was to sail for the United States and one evening in Leeds he went out to mail a letter. It was a dull evening and not many people about but he heard singing on the street corner, was attracted and stopped to listen. He became interested and drew nearer. He said they were preaching the Gospel with full power and one after another testified under the anointing and it gripped his heart. The words which burned into his heart were, "*Where will you spend eternity?*" He said nothing to them but went home. He could not rest, his heart was in such a conflict and he shook from head to foot and wept bitterly. He had real Holy Ghost conviction; for three days and nights he could neither rest nor eat but remained in his room crying to God for mercy. Finally, peace came to his heart; he heard a voice in English, "Jeevaratnam, go preach the Gospel." He said he thought someone was making fun of him for he knew nothing about preaching. He looked all about to see who was speaking but saw no one. He started to pray again, and again the same words were heard in his native tongue. Again he looked about but found no one. He knew there was no one there who knew his language and then he realized it was the Lord speaking to him. Then he begged the Lord to talk to him but he did not hear the voice again so he thot of his Bible which he had hidden away for two years. He opened it and prayed God to speak to him through His Word. His heart was comforted and a great peace filled his soul. God had told him to preach and while he did not know how he decided to start at once, so he got out his *Dhoti* and shirt which he had brot from India, put these on and taking his Telegu Bible and song book, went out to the fish market to hold a meeting. He prayed much before he went. The children, seeing him in native costume followed him; he stopped in the market

and sang in his native language and soon got a crowd. He asked them if they knew Jeevaratnam and they said, "Oh yes, he is a very big man. Is he a relative of yours?" He said he could not lie as the Lord had saved him, so he started out to tell about Jeevaratnam in the third person, how he went to England to make money and how money was his ruin and made him forget God; how God had saved him thru the street meetings and for three days and nights he was so miserable he could neither eat nor sleep, and finally God gave him joy and peace and told him to preach the Gospel, and that *he* was that Jeevaratnam.

From that day he gave up his old life, his money and all, for the Lord. One day he was reading of how the disciples gave up all for the Lord, sold their lands, etc., and he felt that he wanted to do something. He felt if he were in India he had a little land he could sell, but he had given away his money now and had nothing. Then he thought of this string of gold medals, and felt if he kept them they might draw him back to the stage. So he went to church on Sunday and dropped half of the medals into the collection bag. The next day there were great headlines in the paper of how medals worth so much, belonging to Jeevaratnam were put in the collection bag at such and such a church. He said he knew this was not the way and felt ashamed, so he took the remainder and sold them to a goldsmith, giving the several pounds he received to the Pentecostal church, the people thru whom he found the Lord.

The time came when this man who had made thousands of pounds and who could go out even then and get fifty pounds and more for a single entertainment—this man who had had a big bank account and could write out a check for whatever he wanted, had come down to nothing. He rented a little room at ten shillings a week and lived there alone with nothing to eat. There was water in the tap and he would take a glass of water and pray over it: "Oh God, make this as Thy blood and give me strength from it to go out and work for Thee!" Then he would drink it in faith and go out and witness for the Lord and give out tracts. For three days he had nothing but water, then someone sent him a loaf of bread. He might have had plenty had he made his needs known, or had he demonstrated his art on the street corners, but he had given that up to preach the Gospel and was determined not to go back to it. When this

loaf of bread came he made it into five slices and prayed: "Dear Lord, for the past three days I have been drinking Thy blood and going in the strength of it, and now Thou hast sent Thy broken body and by faith I feast on it and receive strength for Thy work." He ate one slice each day for five days. God was testing him and he stood true.

He said he was like a mad man for the Lord. His old friends thought he had become mad, but he was true to God. The Pentecostal people learned of his needs, altho he told no one, and often he would find money in his pockets where someone had slipped it in secretly. Friends collected money to send him to Bible School, feeling the Lord had laid this on their hearts. At the same time he received word that his brother in India had died and his father called him home. Then a letter came from his wife saying two of his sons were on their death-bed and that he should come home.

He had his passport for America, and they had advertised thru the movies his coming to America. He did not know what to do. He felt if he went to India to his children they would be dead before he could get there so there would be no use to go and if his children died he did not want to go to Bible School. He heard the Lord had healed people in former days, so he prayed like this, "Oh God, if it is Your will for me to go to Bible School then please heal my children, and if they are not healed I shall go to America to fulfill my contract." The passport had come and the ticket had been sent. God saw his trouble and had mercy and healed the children. He soon got word that they were better and going to school. He went to the Pentecostal friends then and said he knew he was to go to Bible School and was ready to go. When in Bible School they gave him the sweeping to do. The friends in America cannot imagine what a humiliating thing this would be for any Indian and here was this man who had been a big professor making thousands of Pounds, but he said he did the sweeping and praised the Lord as he did it, and as he made the broom go and swept the rooms he prayed to God to sweep his heart.

After his Bible School training he came back to India as a faith missionary to his own people. God has wonderfully used him, especially in giving out the message of real salvation. He preaches constantly, in no uncertain sound: "Ye must be born again." He feels God has called him to be a Sadu. He dresses in Safron

robes as Sadu Sundar Singh did, very simply, and travels about wherever God opens a door and there preaches the Gospel. In several places the churches would not welcome him so he had big tent meetings and thousands came to hear the Word as well as for healing. His Sadu robes attract the non-christian. The people just flocked here to hear him and have him lay his hands on them in prayer.

On Sunday an old woman came and went forward when he prayed for the sick. She said she herself was not sick but her husband was and he could not come, so he had sent her to bring the blessing to him. He told her to go and get a vision of the Sadu, get his blessing and prayers and bring them back to him and he would be all right. The Hindu people fairly worship a Sadu and they would fold their hands as in prayer and listen to his words. Some have criticised him for wearing these robes but I admire him for it. It gets him openings where our workers could never go. He is surely a marvel of grace and a living testimony to what the power of God can do for a life fully surrendered to Him. When I think of what he was before, of the fame he had and the money he made, and see him now so very simple and humble with the faith of a child in a loving, tender father, I marvel and praise God for raising up such an one in India to go from north to south and from east to west to preach the full Gospel with power and signs following. God grant that he may ever be kept humble at the feet of Jesus where he can be used for His glory. I would ask all the American friends to pray for him that he may be kept by the mighty power of God for many years of service.

While with us he read the booklet I wrote about Mr. Harvey some years ago, and some of Mr. Harvey's experiences of how he had no money for the washerwoman and not having sufficient clothes to change he had to wash his clothes at night. So from that day our brother washed his own clothing. He said if a missionary could do that he felt he should.

His main work is in and about Madras, but when he gets a number of people interested in a town he has a little church established and asks a Pentecostal missionary to take it over. He has had many marvelous cases of healing in the South, lepers as well as others. He hopes to open a Healing Home where people with incurable diseases can come and receive teaching and prayer. He says he feels the time has come

*(Continued on page 23)*

## The Work of the Holy Spirit in Three Great Beginnings

"And unto All that are afar off"

Dr. J. E. Purdie at the Lake Geneva Camp

Scripture Lesson, ACTS 2:1-4.



IT IS VERY remarkable that the three great divisions of the Bible open with the work of the Holy Ghost. When I turn to the majesty of the creation scene I behold the workings and the movings of the Divine Spirit who came into the solitary darkness, brooded over the waters; and God said, "Let there be light, and there was light."

I am well aware that the great word *Elohim*, the Hebrew for God, has hid within it the great teaching of the Trinity, for it is plural; and that the Father is there as we understand the Trinity as taught by our Lord. Jesus Christ was there, for all things were made by Him. But our thought this morning is to see the Holy Spirit in that scene.

Then we sweep across the rolling ages and we are brought into what we call the New Testament. There the Gospels open with the Holy Ghost. It is the Holy Spirit that the angel said would overshadow the chosen instrument Mary, and bring into this world the Lord Jesus Christ in human form. It wasn't the man who had taken unto himself the Godhead, but it was the Godhead coming down and taking unto Himself the manhood.

Sometimes men say to me, "Well Jesus had a human father." But I answer, "If He is the result of the forces of nature, nineteen hundred years have rolled away and they have never produced another Christ. He stands out absolutely unique as God in human form, of the substance of His Father, begotten, not created, before the worlds were formed; man, of the substance of His mother, born in the world. Perfect God and perfect Man, of human flesh subsisting."

On that first Christmas morning there took place what is known as the birth of Christ. There was an indivisible union between the Godhead and the manhood, never again to be separated thruout the countless ages of eternity. The Holy Ghost brought about the incarnation, for He is the energy and the power of the Godhead.

So the great main division of the Bible opens with the Holy Ghost. And then I pass on from the scenes of the Gospels and I come into the book known as *The Acts*. Sometimes we

call it *The Acts of the Holy Ghost*, and it is. There the Holy Ghost is coming down and filling human temples. So the three great divisions of the Bible, briefly speaking, open with the Holy Ghost.

This morning we are centering our thoughts around this second chapter of *The Acts*, and I would like you to keep in mind the great 8th verse of the 1st chapter, which is the key to the whole book, "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you. And ye shall be witnesses of me, both in Jerusalem (that is at home) and in Judea and Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth." This book is charged with power. In Zechariah 4:6 it says: "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." Christianity is supernatural from beginning to end, from the birth of the Christ to the last act of His glorious and wonderfully unique life. All that God does He does by His Word and by His Spirit.

Now the Holy Spirit is not an influence, as a great many people think of Him. He is a real Person, having all the attributes of Deity. He is Omnipotent and Almighty. The angel said to Mary, "The Holy Spirit shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee: therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." Surely the Holy Spirit is God when He brings about such a wonderful event! Then the Holy Spirit is Omniscient. He knows everything. There is nothing hid from Him. He has all the qualities of personality; He is sensitive, He can be grieved. We are told in 1 Cor. 2:10 that He searches the deep things of God. There are many things with which we come face to face that we cannot understand, too difficult for you or me, but not too difficult for the Holy Ghost.

Then the Holy Spirit is Omnipresent, everywhere. "Whither shall I flee from Thy Spirit," asks the Psalmist. He fills the universe. Not in the sense, of course, that air fills space, because that would be pantheism, the thought that God is part of the universe and everything is God. But the Holy Spirit is everywhere in His energy and His power, and His glory. He is moving and working today in China and Japan, in the British Isles and Canada. He is moving in every part of the world as well as

here. How wonderful! Let us notice that both Christ and the Holy Spirit had a real definite advent into this world. Christ was seen in the Old Testament before He actually came in the flesh. I like to call them pre-incarnation scenes. One of these is in the 13th chapter of the book of Judges. In verse 19 it speaks about Manoah who took a kid "for a meat offering and offered it upon the rock unto the Lord. And the angel did wondrously, for it came to pass when the flame went up toward heaven from off the altar that the angel of the Lord ascended in the flame of the altar, and Manoah and his wife looked on it and fell on their faces to the ground. But the angel of the Lord did not more appear to Manoah and to his wife. Then Manoah knew that he was an angel of the Lord." That is one of the pre-incarnation scenes of our Lord Jesus Christ, coming in the form of an angel.

The Holy Spirit brooded over the chaos in creation, as mentioned before. He directed and guided the prophets. He came into the scene of our Lord's birth; the birthday of grace was on the first Christmas morning and the birthday of the Holy Spirit was on the day of Pentecost. He actually came and was poured out in divine glory; not incarnated in human form, but poured out and filling human temples.

The Bible is a progressive revelation from Genesis on to the end. It is not beyond revelation but it is progressive within the covers of the Book. Therefore in the Old Testament the people saw in the sacrifices, in the types and shadows in a wonderful, supernatural sense the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ. Then when we pass into the Gospels we have the advent, the birth, the appearing, the manifestation of God in human form. And then when we pass into the Acts we have the advent of the Holy Spirit. The acts actually happened with the coming of the Holy Spirit. The Holy Spirit came down because the Son had gone up. One went into heaven and the other came out. Jesus said, "It is expedient for you that I go away; if I go not away the Comforter will not come, but if I depart I will send Him unto you."

In the Gospels the Son is exalting the Father; that was really Christ's business to magnify, to unfold the heart of God to the world. Then when we come to The Acts, the Holy Spirit is exalting the Son. That is His business. You will notice in Jno. 16:13-15 Jesus says when He the Spirit of truth is come He will not speak of Himself, but will glorify Him (Jesus).

Now our present privilege is to be filled with

the Holy Ghost. Every believer has the Spirit with him because he is born again, but he is not filled. In the Book of The Acts we have power promised, we have power outpoured. There were 3,000 spiritually slain on the Day of Pentecost by the mighty power and glory of the Holy Spirit. Oh it was a wonderful scene when God pulled in His first net! 3,000 souls repented and believed that day. Oh sing thru all Jerusalem that Jesus Christ was born as a Babe in Jerusalem! Sing thru all Jerusalem that He was nailed to the cross for sinners! But that is not the end. Sing thru all Jerusalem that He is risen from the dead, the first-fruits of them that slept! Sing thru all Jerusalem that He ascended up to glory! Sing thru all Jerusalem that the Holy Ghost has been poured out and 3,000 souls whose minds were filled with opposition have been saved! And then a little later the number jumped to 8,000 and then the march, north, south, east and west took place and millions were emancipated from darkness.

This power of the Holy Spirit has never been recalled. The Apostle said, "The promise is unto you (you Jews) and to your children," and then with a mighty sweep he said, "and unto all that are afar off." Peter had to be convinced that the Gentiles had a part in this, and as he rehearsed to the Jews how the Spirit was outpoured on the household of Cornelius in Cesarea, they marveled that upon the Gentiles was poured out the gift of the Holy Ghost.

The Holy Spirit fell on the Hebrews in the 2nd chapter of Acts. He fell on the Gentiles in the 10th chapter, and the promise is "to all that are afar off," bringing it right down to this hour. How glorious it all is!

In Luke 24:49 Jesus says, "Behold, I send the promise of my Father. But tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high." Some few years ago in a certain Canadian city, I was speaking. At the close of the service a number of rather intelligent-looking people came up to me and said, "We have a minister in this city who is a Fundamentalist, and he has told great gatherings that it is wrong to tarry, giving as his reason that the word "tarry" does not appear in the deeper books of the New Testament, such as Romans, Corinthians, Ephesians, etc.; that the Lord's words were only intended to lead us up to the Day of Pentecost, and because they are not mentioned in the Epistles we have no right to tarry. Now we would like to have a talk with

you." I arranged to meet them the next day, and the Lord seemed to give me this thought: "I read in the first Gospel and in the second Gospel that we are to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. I do not find the terminology of the Great Commission in Romans, Corinthians, Ephesians, or Galatians, but because I cannot find it there in the words, 'Go ye into all the world, etc.,' I am sure we will not fold our arms and say the Great Commission of the Church is not binding upon us." They saw the reasonableness of it. I cannot think of my Lord giving a commission within the sound of human ears without giving the almighty, supernatural, divine overshadowing glory to carry it out until the breaking of the day.

Picture the march of the church down the ages with the anointing of the Holy Ghost! Picture her failure when she lost the anointing and was shut up and closed within the doors of darkness and ignorance and priestcraft! But oh when she came out again into the dawning glory of the light of the Sixteenth Century, and on, and on, and on into this day in which we are living, how glorious, how wonderful, how magnificent is the picture!

Today we have modern evidences of the working of His glory. May we travel back to the years 1900 to 1904; there were droppings of the latter rain. In 1904-05 a company of men and women were tarrying and studying the Word down in California, and as far as I can gather, it was on the 9th of April, 1906, they were all of one accord in one place, and God gave them a vision that the great doors of the church were to be swept back to the glory of the "upper room." And as they were praying they were thrown on their faces and they began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance. Then they discovered that the next evening the place was too small to take care of the crowds that came, and they had to move into another building. I read of an account that I am fully convinced is authentic, which stated that there was never a benediction pronounced for over ninety days—they were coming and going; ministers and missionaries were coming and putting down their umbrellas of prejudice and the glory of God was filling them. A Christian minister, Brother Barrett from Norway received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. He went to Sunderland, England, and told Rev. A. A. Boddy, Rector of the Church of England, about his experience, and

Mr. Boddy said, "This must be the latter rain. Now I want you to speak to my people. This is a spiritual church. We stand for the unadulterated Gospel." They received the Word and began to pray and as they were looking toward the throne the same thing happened that took place on this side of the water. They were prostrated on their faces and began to speak with other tongues. Some ministers began to question the operations of the Spirit, but not dear old Bishop Moule, who was called the saint of England. He came up to visit the church. Some ministers had told him he ought to look carefully into conditions, but he said, "There is nothing here contrary to the Word of God. In fact there is nothing contrary to the teaching of the prayer-book. I will never put my hand upon it. It is God." Men came from all over England, Scotland and Ireland and tarried in this place. There is a brass plate on the side of that church which reads, "This is where the fire of God fell in September 1907." The story of the revival fires spread thru Sweden, Norway, Germany and different parts of Europe, and across the seas to India and Africa, and now it has belted the world. They tell us that between five and six million people have been swept into the kingdom of God thru the falling of the "latter rain."

A certain Italian infidel in the United States who was very, very critical, dropped into a Pentecostal meeting. He said to his friends, "I am going down to see these fanatical people. They tell me they speak in tongues. I know four or five languages. I will tell you whether it is real or not." He heard the preaching and responded to an invitation to kneel. A few yards away a young girl, twelve years of age knelt, and as hands and hearts were lifted toward heaven God began to move. This little girl broke out in a tongue and the man was fascinated. She swept on and on, paragraph after paragraph, chapter after chapter in the Italian language. When the prayer was over he arose to his feet confounded. He rushed over to an attractive business man and said, "Tell me, who was that young girl? How many languages does she know?" "Well," he said, "she doesn't speak any language except English only as the Holy Ghost gives utterance." He went to another business man and received the same reply. Then he went to the young girl: "Do you know what you were saying?" "No," she said, "I didn't have the interpretation." He

(Continued on page 22)

## “Called, not only to Believe but also to Suffer”

*God Sending out His Last Call*

Paul B. Peterson at the Lake Geneva Camp

*“I am never going to murmur again,” said Paul B. Peterson, as he lived over again before a vast audience his recent trip to Eastern Europe, where he ministered to groups of Christians in dense forests, behind locked doors, and in the darkness of night without lights. Like the Covenanters of old the believers meet together in secret because of the bitter persecution. The zeal and enthusiasm of the believers in the face of great hardships and suffering made the blush of shame come to our faces that we had endured so little for the sake of our Master. This intensely fruitful work deserves the prayers and financial support of our readers. We shall be glad to receive offerings for these most worthy ministers of the Gospel, or they can be sent direct to the RUSSIAN & EASTERN EUROPEAN MISSION, 35 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill.*



THE RUSSIAN & EASTERN EUROPEAN MISSION is operating in fourteen different countries. We are working in Greece, in Jugoslavia, which was formerly Serbia and a part of Austria-Hungary; in Bulgaria, in Roumania, in Hungary, in Czechoslovakia, and in Poland; in the Free State of Danzig, in Germany along the western border of Poland, in Lithuania, in Latvia, in Estonia, and in Manchukuo, formerly Manchuria, and we are also sending help to our brethren in Soviet Russia.

At present we are supporting 125 missionaries, not counting those in Soviet Russia, who cannot longer preach freely because of conditions that obtain in that land. I just received a report from the field of the number who have been baptized in water among the Russians of Eastern Poland during the last two weeks of May. The total number is 697. And these are not baptized with a view of increasing numbers. Our missionaries put the candidates thru a very rigid examination, as the following story will prove.

One of the brethren said he got saved “thru his glasses.” He had been a great reader; as a young man he read everything he got hold of but the Word of God. When he became older his eyes began to fail and he had to purchase glasses. A colporteur had given him a copy of the Word of God, which he began to read, but with his weakened eyes he could read but little. But tho he read little he meditated much on what he read and came to believe in Jesus as his Savior. He made his way to a village, 28 miles away because he heard there was a baptismal service there. When they interviewed him and asked him to give a reason for the hope that was within him, his testimony was not satisfactory and they rejected him. That man walked the 28 miles home, a total of 56 miles

for the trip. Some months later he heard there was to be another baptismal service, so he walked 28 miles again. Not being accepted he walked home, which made 112 miles. I can imagine what you and I would have thought by that time. Later on he heard of another baptismal service, and again he walked the 28 miles. This time he was accepted; they were satisfied with his testimony. This made a total of 168 miles to obey the Lord in baptism.

We read in the Word of God that all who live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution. In the 9th chapter of The Acts of the Apostles the Lord told Ananias to go down to the street that was called Straight in Damascus, to pray for Saul the noted persecutor of the Christians. Ananias did not want to go, but the Lord told him he was a chosen vessel to bear His name before the Gentiles and kings, and that He would show him how much he must suffer for His Name’s sake. In Philippians 1:29 we read, “For unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him, but also to suffer for his sake.” It is easy to believe. In this country the Christians believe but endure very little suffering. It is natural that we shrink from suffering, but it is the will of God that we shall not only believe but also suffer for Jesus’ sake.

Many people think when they become Christians their troubles will be at an end, but I want to disillusion you, for “*all that live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution.*” I believe that persecution is in divine order, and that our brethren in Russia and Eastern Europe are suffering in the will of God. They go into prison in keeping with God’s will; they receive the lashes according to His Word, and thru this persecution the Word of God is spread abroad. Some people are greatly troubled about the persecution of our brethren in Russia, but

I fully believe that these brethren are suffering in divine order. You say I am harsh and unfeeling, and have no compassion on those who have been imprisoned or sent into the far North, away off into the wilds of Siberia and Turkestan, but such is not the case. These persecuted men and women have gone into these prisons and into exile with the Word of God, and thru their testimonies many have been saved, criminals and wicked characters who otherwise would not have heard the Word of God.

One of our good brethren, Nicholas Bobik, who formerly operated a restaurant in New York City, felt an urge at his heart, and taking his wife with him they visited Eastern Europe on a vacation. They preached to the people and hundreds of souls were saved. When vacation was over they came back to New York City and our brother went back to managing his restaurant, but he didn't find any pleasure in it. He wrote to us, "My wife and I feel we should return to Eastern Europe and give all our time to preaching the Gospel." They went. A few weeks ago Brother Bobik was arrested and put in jail. This dear brother found he had some work to do there. He didn't sit down and begin to weep. He started at once to witness for the Lord while his wife and friends were praying. At eleven o'clock at night he came walking into the house. He said, "I believe it was God's will I went to jail. If I had not gone those men would never have heard the Gospel, but now they heard and accepted it, some with tears in their eyes."

Another missionary of ours working in Jugoslavia, by the name of Mattias Baumgartner, was arrested a few weeks ago and put in jail. Immediately he saw there was a need. An elderly man came up to him when he learned that Brother Baumgartner was a follower of the Lord, and in response to his questions the way of salvation was made plain. The next day as they were standing around the stove warming themselves, this elderly man, without saying a word, dropped dead on the floor. Our brother came just in time to give him the message of life.

Yes, friends, it is in the will of God to go to jail. But that doesn't mean that we shall not pray for them to be liberated. Let us pray that God will use them in the prisons and in the places of exile; and then deliver them from the hands of ungodly men.

I want to tell you of one of the most remarkable characters we have in the work, Brother Stanislaw Niedzwiecki. He labors in White Russia, which is a part of Poland. Brother Niedzwiecki was born in Russia, came to this country as a young man. Having business ability, he set himself up in business in Denver, Colo., then went to Portland, Ore. He succeeded in accumulating quite a sum of money and later sold out and came to New York City where he planned to again venture into business, but while he was waiting he took it easy, saw the sights, and spent his money freely. However, at this time something went wrong with his right leg. It began to swell and caused him suffering. He consulted a physician but was not helped. He went from physician to physician without getting any relief. All the time his leg was becoming worse. It had swollen to nearly twice its normal size, but he could get no one to give him any help.

While in this condition his wife one day was in a near-by grocery store where she got into conversation with a Russian woman. She told her of her husband's condition, and this woman said, "I know a doctor who can help him." She quickly took down the address and going home said to her husband, "I have found a doctor who can help you." When she told her husband the visiting hours were from 7 to 9 in the evening, he said, "What? 7 to 9? That must be a queer doctor. All other doctors have their hours from 5 to 7." But she insisted the woman had said they were from 7 to 9. So Niedzwiecki got his cane and hobbled over to this place, 735 E. 6th Street. He looked at the sign over the door, walked down the hall-way and came into a red-hot Russian Pentecostal meeting. That was the kind of a doctor to whom she sent him. Niedzwiecki had been a Greek Orthodox believer in Russia but since coming to America he had forgotten all about it and had become an atheist. He looked around this room, saw the Russians raising their hands and praising God. Some testified and others prayed. It was all strange and new to him; he had never seen it on this wise.

If you want to reach the heart of a Russian you can do it in two ways. First, you want to pray from the heart and, second, you must sing from the heart. They were singing and praying from their hearts and Niedzwiecki was looking around wondering what it was all about. The woman who had spoken to his wife

saw him come in. She said, "This man wants to be prayed for for his healing." They brot him forward, he knelt on one knee and they prayed. While they were praying he looked around; then he got up and made his way out of the place in the same condition he was in when he entered. He told his wife of his experience. She said, "You do not believe in God," to which he responded, "No, you do not either, but if God can help me why should I not have help?" Quite contradictory, but that is the way we are. There are many who try to believe there is no God. Sometimes they get nervous prostration over it and some even lose their minds trying to believe it. Niedzwiecki was that kind. He had denied God but now he thought He ought to be good enough to help him. It is a wonder that God is so merciful that in spite of our unbelief, when we get in a hole He comes to our aid.

He went to bed. He had received no help. About midnight he awakened and the first thing he thought of was his leg. He felt of it but it was as bad as ever. He fell asleep again and at the usual time of getting up in the morning he got out of bed. He noticed it was so easy to crawl out, so felt of his leg, which was absolutely normal. God had done the work while he was sleeping. This man, an unbeliever, was healed, yet he wasn't saved. But the Lord Jesus healed people when on earth who had not yet believed on Him.

Niedzwiecki, out of sheer gratitude to God for what He had done, went back to the "doctor" and there he was saved and baptized in the Holy Spirit. Then the Lord called him to go to his own people with the Gospel message and he told his wife about it. Mrs. Niedzwiecki, who was born out there, knew what was ahead and she did not want to go. He said, "All right then, I will take my overcoat and go." As she knew her husband pretty well, she decided that she had better go with him. When they reached White Russia they were met by opposition as our brother at once began witnessing for the Lord. The people scoffed at him; they mocked him, but he knew God had sent him. He had gone to the field at his own expense and was supporting himself and his wife. As he preached there were some who believed and he took the most promising of the men with him and went out into the villages and witnessed for Jesus. He came to the village of Pieciuli and hearing that a preacher had come, a great crowd gathered around him. As he was speak-

ing the police came on the scene and asked him, "What are you doing here?" "I am preaching the Gospel," he said. "Don't you know it is against the law for so many people to congregate in one place?" he said. "I don't know anything about that, but this is my Father's land (he meant his Heavenly Father's). I am making good citizens of these people. Go away and leave me alone." If I had said that to a policeman he would have taken me firmly by the arm and led me to the first patrol-box. But Niedzwiecki is such an unusual character, the police didn't know what to do, so finally stepped back and he continued preaching.

Over on the fence sat a Communist. His name was Polubisek. He got on the fence so he could better see this fellow and hear what he was saying. As Brother Niedzwiecki preached this Communist was convicted of sin and today he is one of our missionaries out there in the Russian part of Poland. In that village of Pieciuli they now have a company of believers and a new prayer hall.

Finally in a certain village they arrested Niedzwiecki and took him before a judge. As he stood there someone suggested that he needed a lawyer. He said, "What shall I have a lawyer for?" "To defend yourself, of course," was the reply. But he answered that he didn't need a lawyer. He had been reading the tenth chapter of Matthew which says, "When they deliver you up, take no thought how or what ye shall speak; for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak." Niedzwiecki believed that and applied it to his own case. The only Advocate he had was the Spirit of God. And he was set free.

He has been arrested fourteen times for preaching and never has had a lawyer in pleading his case before various judges; no one but the Spirit of the living God has helped him. He has been set free all fourteen times; never has he been fined a *sou* or sentenced to serve a day in jail. But one day, after he had been arrested, he had to wait seven hours before his case was called and they kept him in jail. Do you know what he did during that time? Upon his entering he found he had a job on his hands for there were numerous law-breakers there, so he preached them a seven-hour sermon, and when he was set free he went back and shook hands with the men, some of whom had tears in their eyes as they bade him farewell, so sorry were they to lose their fellow-prisoner.

In White Russia he is called King Niedzwie-

cki. He is one of the uncrowned kings. He has supported himself and wife and other evangelists, but now for about five years our Mission has been supporting him. Through his own personal efforts he has won more than a thousand souls to Jesus. Then think of the many hundreds that have been saved through the ministry of those whom he has won for the Lord.

Yes, friends, it is in the will of God for His children sometimes to go to jail. It is in the will of God that you and I shall suffer for Jesus' sake. When there is suffering, then there are children being born into the kingdom. The birth-pangs of suffering bring men and women to God.

I had an unforgettable experience in Bulgaria which I wish to relate to you. In April of last year we came to the village of Merichleri. The believers had gone out to meet us but they had taken a different road from the one by which we entered the village. We saw them up on a high hill some distance away. A young brother hurried off to recall them. After our evening meal we went to the meeting hall which began to fill with people. They crowded in close together to make room for more. Then a brother came in through the crowd saying there were more people outside than inside. Brother Rahneff said to Brother Schmidt and me, "What shall we do?" We said, "Let us go outside." There were no moon nor stars. It was pitch dark. The brethren hung lanterns in the trees, and by the light of these lanterns we caught a glimpse of some of the faces here and there. It was cold and we put on our overcoats, but with bared heads Brother Schmidt and I preached to the people, and when the service was over some went back to the hall to pray and find Jesus as their Savior. We made our way back to the Bulgarian hut and as we were eating Brother Slavi Koradjoff, a converted robber and murderer came to us saying, "Brethren, we are going to have a baptismal service." "That is fine," we responded. He then startled us by announcing, "We are going to have it tonight." "Tonight? Half past eleven? Why tonight?" we asked. "Because tomorrow some of these people have to work out in the fields, and some of the sisters have husbands who are unsympathetic and will persecute them, so they must be baptized tonight," he replied. So we made our way inside the hut where the candidates sat on the clay floor and Brother Schmidt spoke to them briefly.

We then broke up into three groups and prepared to make our way out of the village, one company going in one direction and the others in other directions. No lights could be in evidence so altho I had my flashlight with me I was not permitted to use it. It was very dark. In the Russian villages there are dogs, but in the Bulgarian villages there are dogs and dogs and dogs. They snarled and snapped as we made our way through the village. The brethren said not to be afraid but I was not reassured for I had been bitten twice by dogs. The villagers were all asleep and when they awoke from the barking of the dogs they could not see us because we had no lights. We walked up and down blindly, absolutely at the mercy of these brethren. Finally we came to a little creek, the water in which was about two feet deep. Brother K. Tomoff, whom the people call an apostle, stepped into the water exactly at midnight and baptized one after the other. After one or two were baptized the water was thick with mud.

I had an extraordinary experience that night. As we walked along a feeling surged over me that absolutely took full control of me. The tears coursed down my cheeks and I said to Brother Schmidt and Brother Rahneff, "I feel so strange this evening." Suddenly the impression had come to me so strongly: God is sending out His last call to a dying world, so I continued: "When I witness such things as we have seen tonight, men and women listening to the Gospel in the darkness and being baptized under trying conditions, it stirs my heart." Yes, friends, I verily believe that God is sending out His last call. In view of what our brothers and sisters in Eastern Europe are enduring, what are we doing? They know they have been called, not only to believe, but also to suffer for Jesus' sake.

Just one word about Russia. There is still suffering there. Brother J. E. Voronaeff is in exile in northern Russia and Mrs. Voronaeff has lately been exiled too. Some months ago various believers were called before a tribunal to be sentenced. They sentenced the Baptists, the Methodists and some of other denominations, but waited with the Pentecostal folk to the last. When these came before the judge, he said to them, "You who are our *worst enemies*, will be sent to the worst places of exile." The judge made a mistake; our brethren are not their worst enemies but their best friends. But they want nothing to do with the Gospel

of love. Theirs is a gospel of hate. Our brethren were sent to the worst places in Siberia because they were true to Jesus. Pray for them, and for Brother and Sister Voronaeff. Sister Voronaeff is in Central Asia where she is suffering from acute heart trouble.

Our faithful fellow-believers in Russia and the countries of Eastern Europe have learned that unto them "it is given in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him, but also to suffer for his sake." They deserve our heart interest and earnest prayers.

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(Continued from page 17)

had to acknowledge it was a picture of his life. It was all unfolded chapter after chapter from the time he went into exterminating, black, degrading sin, event after event, the happenings of days, weeks, months and years were gathered into a message of about forty-five minutes, and every word was as clear as day, every syllable perfect. The man went home, tossed on his pillow thru the hours of the night under terrific conviction. He came back and God saved him. Later God filled him with the Holy Ghost.

In the city of Montreal there was an outstanding business man, the head of a large firm. He had been very vigorous, a fine physique, but his memory gave way and the doctors could do nothing for him. He could not sleep and was dissatisfied with life. Somebody directed him to the Rev. C. E. Baker, pastor of Drummond St. Pentecostal Church. I was holding a campaign there. Brother Baker said, "This man is coming in today and we will pray with him separately." We took him into a room and told him his trouble was demon oppression and asked him to co-operate with us. We rebuked that demon and got the man to accept the Lord Jesus as his Savior. He went out perfectly healed. I was back again in Montreal in 1932 for a ten weeks' campaign and I was told he was enjoying perfect health.

They were anointed with the Holy Ghost all thru the book of Acts. They were led into sanctification or a life of victory as set forth in Romans. This blessing is for everyone who has repented of sin. The things of the world have to be cleaned up and a whole-hearted, full consecration made to God. The moment you do that the Holy Ghost will fall.

(Continued from page 2)

It was at this hour that great cries of intercession went up to the throne for unsaved husbands, wayward boys and girls, and suffering loved ones. Homes and lives in five states will be different because of that morning prayer hour for eighteen days in the 1934 Bible camp.

At the close of the evening services in the Tabernacle, Business Hours in the Prayer Room were again resumed. Hundreds nightly crowded in to tarry for the Holy Spirit, and many received the endowment of power. How busy the Master Workman was, putting His finger on this sin, on that indiscretion, an unpaid bill, an acted lie! Like in the upper room of old the power of God so filled the cleansed temples that they glorified God in other tongues.

Methinks there was a Peter, a Thomas, and a Matthew in that company that tarried; perhaps a James and a Stephen who will lay down their lives for the Gospel. If Jesus carries we believe that from that Workshop ministers and missionaries in the making will go forth to stand in the places of those who are now bearing the burden and heat of the day.

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A strong feature of the North Central District is its aggressive bands of young men and women who are on fire for souls. The Christ's Ambassadors in the various states vie with one another in working for God. One group sponsors and finances a radio work, another group started to hold meetings in a certain town, and now from that small nucleus there has been formed an assembly of fifty charter members. Others told of work in jails and hospitals.

Pentecostal people are good givers. The total pledges for the year for the improvements and up-keep of the Lake Geneva Camp and North Central Bible School (Minneapolis, Minn.) were \$4,714.00. Total cash and pledges for World Missions were \$2,000.78 for the year. These pledges were limited to those who did not pledge in their own churches and to those who have no assembly. Sixty-five per cent of this money received goes to the support of foreign missions, and 35 per cent to develop the home district, opening up new works and helping them until they can take care of their own expenses. In this way many assemblies have been started and these in turn become home bases for foreign missions.

A number of ordination services were held when the Spirit of God hovered low and breathed upon precious consecrated lives.

Twenty were ordained to the ministry as elders, three were received from other organizations, thirty-seven were given licenses to preach and fifty-two Christian workers' certificates, making a total of one hundred and twelve who were examined and passed upon by the credential committee.

While it was not launched as a soul-saving campaign, there were at least thirty-five who professed salvation, sixty-seven were baptized in the Holy Spirit, and forty-nine baptized in water. These are going forth as an army of new recruits for Jesus, to work, to win, to sow and reap, till Jesus' come.

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*(Continued from page 14)*

when the Indian Christians should shoulder responsibility and learn to give.

Our people all enjoyed the messages of Bro. Jeevaratnam and numbers had a real touch in their bodies. The very last evening, after the meeting here, one of our deaf and dumb girls was stung by a huge black scorpion as she went home. She was screaming terribly and we had the women bring her to the bungalow for prayer. Her suffering was so terrible, her face drawn with pain. We prayed and she was relieved, and when the brother came and anointed her she was fully delivered. Since visiting the Indian Convention and our meetings here, Jeevaratnam is very hungry for the Baptism of the Spirit and asks for prayer that he might soon receive.

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*(Continued from page 5)*

I shook, making a desperate effort to hold myself.

Suddenly I felt someone's hands upon my head. There were those same hands. I felt so strange with this manifestation upon me and then I realized they were anointing me with oil. The moment that man poured the oil on my head I felt as if something was laying hold of me still more powerfully. Then, in a voice of authority, he cried out, "In the Name of Jesus Christ I rebuke this unclean sickness." I was having a fearful struggle before but when this man rebuked the unclean demon, instead of finding myself kneeling at the table I found myself flung across the room with my feet toward the door. When I struck the floor my legs started to kick, and I was greatly puzzled

as to what these strange manifestations meant. Then I gave one great kick and it seemed that my leg went out of the door. Had I not opened my eyes to see myself you never could have convinced me that my leg did not actually leave my body, for I was definitely conscious that I had kicked off something. With that strange experience, which must have been a demon leaving my body, something came off my chest into the handkerchief in my hand, and from that day to this I have never had another hemorrhage; I was perfectly healed.

Oh that we would go back to Bible ways! Think of that poor boy who was thrown into the fire and into the water by a demon (Matt. 17:15)! The demon power that takes possession of men and women is great but *all* power is given unto Jesus, in heaven and on earth, and if we stand on God's eternal Word He will cast out every unclean demon and give us the victory. What happened? The demon left my body in that way and I was perfectly free.

*(To be continued)*

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A BIBLE CAMPMEETING under the auspices of Wisconsin and Northern Michigan Assemblies of God will be held at Byron, Wis., Aug. 26 - Sept. 3rd. Byron is ten miles south of Fond du Lac on U.S. Highway 41. This Campground contains a large Tabernacle, a Dormitory hotel with accommodations for 150 people, and a number of cottages. Free camping ground, refreshment stand and store on the ground. Cafeteria. An ideal spot for a vacation, beautiful scenery, modern swimming pool, waterfall. Rooms reasonable. For prices write Rev. D. M. Carlson, Shawano, Wis. Rev. J. N. Hoover, Evangelist Gierke and other ministers and missionaries will be the speakers.

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*(Continued from page 10)*

ufactured in enormous plants; water systems as represented by impounding dams and immense reservoirs, are all weak spots in strategic points of attack by an enemy in war. Our whole citizenry are pitifully dependent upon these utilities, and these vast systems long declared as the most beneficial blessings to which our modern day has fallen heir, will be turned into curses when the destructive forces of war strike these nerve centers and millions in metropolitan centers of populations will find themselves caught as rats in a trap. Think of telephone and telegraph at a standstill. Imagine the whole underground system of sewerage pouring its filth and offal into yawning pits where streets once were, now blasted away by aerial bombs. Every single home will be cut off from the very necessities of light, fuel and water. San Francisco's suffering and civil war are but drops in the bucket compared to what is to come in the final time of trouble, for Revelation reads that every city shall be brought down and destroyed.



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**PSALMS 4:2**

2 O ye sons of men, how long will ye turn my glory into shame? how long will ye love vanity, and seek after leasing [falsehood]?  
Sē'-lāh.

Ps. 12.2; 31.6,18; 69.7-10.

**PSALMS 88:13**

13 But unto thee have I cried, O LORD; and in the morning shall my prayer prevent [come before] thee.

Ps. 5.3; 119.147.

(Facsimile of type showing corrected renderings in brackets and references after each verse.)

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