



The Work of the Holy Ghost

This is an inexplicable omission over the whole range of prophetic study that there is an almost total unawareness of the colossal work which may be expected to be done by the Holy Ghost in these times. Throughout the prophets no prediction of the Spirit's action is more precise, more positive, more lucid, more comprehensive than Joel's forecast of a double Pentecost—the Christian dispensation clasped at both ends, like a jewel, in a bracelet of miracle.

It seems probable that most people who are enjoying the Latter Rain, and who are even busy exhorting others to come within its downpour, do not fully realize, the scope they may expect the now fairly begun Latter Rain manifestations to cover. A consideration of them from the Scriptures, unaffected by any experiences that may come to mind, is attempted in this article.

All Flesh

The first great fact that God Himself emphasizes is the universality of the effusion "And it shall come to pass afterward that I will POUR OUT my Spirit"—not distil—but pour forth in great abundance (Calvin); not in dribbles, but in floods; not in isolated prophets, but in multitudes of assemblies: as Paul says, "the Holy Ghost which He poured out upon us abundantly" (Titus 3:6)—"upon ALL FLESH" (Joel 2:28)—that is, all without distinction, rather than all, without exception. Since "flesh" in the Scriptures is the opposite, not of race to race, but of mankind to God and to the spirit-world, what is foretold is a world-wide effusion. It comes upon all races, Jew and Gentile; both sexes, sons and daughters; all ages, young and old; all classes, bond and free: God exhausts Himself (I had almost said) by giving first His Son, and then His Spirit, to the whole human race.

A Future Downpour

Now we know, on the authority of the Spirit Himself, that at Pentecost, and in the miracle-gifted assemblies of the apostolic church, this vast prophecy found an initial fulfilment: "this," says Peter, "is that" (Acts 2:16): and so it is

applied both by Peter (here) and Paul (Rom. 10:13 to the "last days" in the sense (Heb. 1:2) of the Gospel Age. But the context of Joel, as well as Peter's own quotation, makes it certain that both ends of the Christian age receive the effusion. "It is not the first coming of Christ," says Dean Alford, "which interpretation would run counter to the whole tenor of the apostle's application of the prophecy:—but clearly, His second coming." For (1) Joel's immediately succeeding verse (3:1) fastens down the date to the Second Advent:—"for behold, IN THOSE DAYS, and in that time"—the epoch of the effusion—"when I shall bring again the captivity of Judah and Jerusalem, I will also gather all nations and will bring them down into the valley of Jehoshaphat." So also (2) Peter most remarkably changes Joel's "afterward" into "in the last days;" that is, the Spirit expounds (Alford) what He means by "afterward."

In this way the inference that the downpour is avoided: and instead of stopping the quotation at the judgments as our Lord did (Luke 4:19), when a vast epoch intervened, he links the downpour in closest association with the final judgments. The first Messianic effusion of the Spirit at Pentecost was the beginning of this fulfilment, and we, wonderful thought, are now in the last one. And (3) Joel, in this very chapter, clamps together both ends of the Gospel Age as the REQUIRING of maturing showers, both for seedtime and harvest. "He giveth you the FORMER rain in just measure, and He causeth to come down for you the rain, the former and the latter rain in the first month" (Joel 2:23). As Professor J. J. Given says: "This abundant rain is more closely particularized as the early or October rain, which, falling at the seed-time in autumn, promoted the germination and growth of the seed just sown; and as the latter or March rain, occurring a short time before harvest, matured the crops."

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FULL! FULL! FULL!

Evangelist Smith Wigglesworth

"Only believe! only believe! all things are possible, only believe!" Praise God, He has made all things possible. There is liberty for everyone, whatever the trouble. Our Lord Jesus says, "Only believe." He has obtained complete victory over every difficulty over every power of evil, over every depravity. Every sin is covered by Calvary.

Who are of the tribe of Abraham? All who believe in Jesus Christ are the seed of faith, Abraham's seed. If we dare come believing, God will heal, God will restore, will lift the burden and wake us up to real overcoming faith. Look up! Take courage! Jesus has shaken the foundations of death and darkness. He fighteth for you and there is none like Him. He is the great I AM. His name is above every name. As we believe we are lifted into a place of rest, a place of conformity to Him. He says to us as He did to Abraham, "I will bless thee and thou shalt be a blessing." He says to us as He did to His people of old, "With loving kindness have I drawn thee." Hallelujah! "He'll never forget to keep me, He'll never forget to keep me; my Father has many dear children, but He'll never forget to keep me." Believe it. He will never forget.

In the sixth chapter of Acts we read of the appointment of seven deacons. The disciples desired to give themselves wholly to prayer and to the ministry of the Word, and they said to the brethren, "Look ye out among you seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom, whom we may appoint over this business." And they chose Stephen (a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost) and six others. We read that Stephen, full of faith and power, did great wonders and miracles among the people, and his opponents were not able to resist the wisdom and the Spirit by which he spake. When his opponents brought him before the Sanhedrin, all that sat in the Council looked steadfastly on him, and they saw his face as it had been the face of an angel.

I see many remarkable things in the life of Stephen. One thing moves me, and that is the truth that I must at all costs live by the power of the Spirit. God wants us to be like Stephen, full of faith and full of the Holy Ghost. You can never be the same again after you have received this wonderful Baptism in the Holy Spirit. It is important that day by day we should be full of wisdom and faith, and full of the Holy Ghost, acting by the power of the Holy Ghost. God has set us here in the last days, these of apostasy, and would have us be burning and shining lights in the midst of an untoward generation. God is longing for us to come into such a fruitful position as the sons of God, with the marks of

heaven upon us, His divinity bursting through our humanity, so that He can express Himself through our lips of clay. He can take clay lips, weak humanity, and make of such an oracle for Himself. He can take frail human nature and by His divine power make our bodies meet to be His holy temple, washing our hearts whiter than snow.

Our Lord Jesus says, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth." He longs that we should be filled with faith and with the Holy Ghost and declares to us, "He that believeth on me the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father." He has gone to the Father. He is in the place of power and He exercises His power not only in heaven but on earth, for He has all power on earth as well as in heaven. Hallelujah! What an open door to us if we will but believe Him.

The disciples were men after our standard on the line of the flesh. God sent them forth, joined to the Lord and identified with Him. Peter, John and Thomas, how diverse they were! Impulsive Peter, ever ready to go forth without a stop! John, the beloved, leaning on the Master's breast, how different! Thomas, with hard nature and defiant spirit. "I won't believe, unless I put my finger into the print of the nails and my hands into His side. What strange flesh! How peculiar! But the Master could mold them. There was no touch like His. Under His touch even stony-hearted Thomas believed. Ah my God, how Thou hast had to manage some of us. Have we not been strange and very peculiar? But oh, when God's hand comes upon us, He can speak to us in such a way—a word, a look, and we are broken. Has He spoken to you? I thank God for His speaking. Back of all His dealings we see the love of God for us. It is not what we are that counts, but what we can be as He disciplines and chastens us and transforms us by His all skillful hands. He sees our bitter tears and our weeping night after night. There is none like Him. He knows. He forgives. We cannot forgive ourselves; we oftentimes would give the world to forget, but we cannot. The devil won't let us forget. But God has forgiven and forgotten. Do you believe self, or the devil, or God? Which are you going to believe? Believe God. I know the past is under the blood and that God has forgiven and forgotten, for when He forgives He forgets. Praise the Lord! Hallelujah! We are baptized to believe and to receive.

In making provision for the serving of tables and the daily ministration, the disciples knew who were baptized with the Holy Ghost. In the early days of

the church all who touched the work had to be men full of the Holy Ghost. I am hungry that I may be more full, that God may make choice of me for His service. And I know that the greatest qualification is to be filled with the Spirit. The Holy Spirit has the divine commission from heaven to impart revelation to every son of God concerning the Lord Jesus, to unfold to us the gifts and the fruit of the Spirit. He will take of the things of Christ and show them unto us.

Stephen was a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost. God declares it. God so manifested Himself in Stephen's body that he became an epistle of truth, known and read of all. Full of faith! Such men never talk doubt. You never hear them say, "I wish it could be so; or if it is God's will." No IFS. They KNOW. You never hear them say, "Well, it does not always act." They say, "It is sure to be." They laugh at impossibilities and cry, "It shall be done!" A man full of faith hopes against hope. He shouts while the walls are up and they come down while he shouts! God has this faith for us in Christ. We must be careful that no unbelief is found in us, no wavering.

"Stephen, full of faith and power, did great wonders and miracles among the people." The Holy Ghost could do mighty things through him because he believed God, and God is with the man who dares to believe His Word. All things were possible because of the Holy Ghost's position in Stephen's body. He was full of the Holy Ghost so God could fulfill His purposes through him. When a child of God is filled with the Holy Ghost, the Spirit maketh intercession through him for the saints according to the will of God. He fills us with longings and desires until we are in a place of fervency as of a molten fire. What to do we know not. When we are in this place the Holy Ghost begins to do. When the Holy Ghost has liberty in the body He waits all utterance into the presence of God according to the will of God. Such prayers are always heard. Such praying is always answered; it is never bare of result. When we are praying in the Holy Ghost, faith is in evidence and as a result the power of God can be manifested in our midst.

When there arose certain of the various synagogues to dispute with Stephen they were not able to resist the wisdom and the Spirit by which He spake. When we are filled with the Holy Ghost we will have wisdom. Praise God! One night I was entrusted with a meeting and I was jealous of my position before God. I wanted approval from the Lord. I see that God wants men full of the Holy Ghost, with divine ability, filled with life, a flaming fire. In the meeting a young man stood up, a pitiful object, with a face full of sorrow. I said, "What is it, young man?" He said he was unable to work, he could scarcely walk. He said, "I am so helpless. I have consumption and a weak heart, and my body is full of pain." I said, "I will pray for you." I said to the people, "As I pray for this young man, you look at his face

and see it change." As I prayed his face changed and he was in a strange way. I said to him, "Go out and run a mile and come back to the meeting." He came back and said, "I can now breathe freely." The meetings were continuing and I missed him. After a few days I saw him again in the meeting. I said, "Young man, tell the people what God has done for you." "Oh," he said, "I have been to work. I bought some papers and I have made \$4.50." Praise God, this wonderful stream of salvation never runs dry. You can take a drink, it is close to you. It is a river that is running deep and there is plenty for all.

In a meeting a man rose and said, "Will you touch me, I am in a terrible way. I have a family of children, and through an accident in the pit I have had no work for two years. I cannot open my hands." I was full of sorrow for this poor man and something happened which had never come before. We are in the infancy of this wonderful outpouring of the Holy Spirit and there is so much more for us. I put out my hand, and before my hands reached his, he was loosed and made perfectly free. I see that Stephen, full of faith and of power, did great wonders and miracles among the people. This same Holy Ghost filling is for us, and right things will be accomplished if we are filled with His Spirit. God will grant it. He declares that the desires of the righteous shall be granted. Stephen was an ordinary man made extraordinary in God. We may be very ordinary, but God wants to make us extraordinary in the Holy Ghost. God is ready to touch and to transform you right now. Once a woman rose in the meeting asking for prayer. I prayed for her and she was healed. She cried out, "It is a miracle! It is a miracle! It is a miracle!" That is what God wants to do for us all the time. As sure as we get free in the Holy Ghost something will happen. Let us pursue the best things and let God have His right of way.

All that sat in the council looked steadfastly on Stephen and saw his face as it had been the face of an angel. It was worth being filled with the Holy Ghost for that. The Spirit breaking through. There is a touch of the Spirit where the light of God will verily radiate from our faces.

The seventh chapter of Acts is the profound prophetic utterance that the Spirit spoke through this holy man. The word of God flowed through the lips of Stephen in the form of divine prophecy so that they who heard these things were cut to the heart. But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God, and said, "Behold I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God." Right to the last Stephen was full of the Holy Ghost. He saw Jesus standing. In another part we read of Him seated at the right hand of God. That is His place of authority. But here we see that He arose. He was so keenly interested in that martyr

Stephen. May the Lord open our eyes to see Him and to know that He is deeply interested in all that concerns us. He is touched with the feeling of our infirmities.

All things are naked and open unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do. That asthma, He knows. That rheumatism, He knows. That pain in the back, that head, those feet, He knows. He wants to loose every captive and to set you free just as He has set me free. I do not know that I have a body today. I am free of every human ailment, absolutely free. Christ has redeemed us. He has power over all the power of the enemy and has wrought out our great victory. Will you have it? It is yours—a perfect redemption.

And they stoned Stephen, who called upon God and said, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." And when he had said this he fell asleep. Stephen was not only filled with faith but he was also filled with love as he prayed just as his Master prayed, "Father, forgive them."

It is God's thought to make us a new creation, with all the old things passed away and all things within us truly of God, to bring in a new, divine order, a perfect love and an unlimited faith. Will you have it? Redemption is free. Arise in the activity of faith and God will heal you as you rise. Only believe and receive in faith. Stephen, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, did great signs and wonders. May God bless to us this word and fill us full of His Holy Spirit, and through the power of the Holy Ghost more and more reveal Christ in us.

The Spirit of God will always reveal the Lord Jesus Christ. Serve Him, love Him, be filled with Him. It is lovely to hear Him as He makes Himself known to us. He is the same yesterday, today and forever. He is willing to fill us with the Holy Ghost and faith just as He filled Stephen.

(Pastor E. J. Bruton asks us to announce that Brother Wigglesworth will be attending the Interstate Camp Meeting at Eureka Springs, Ark., from August 29 to Sept. 12).

GOD'S MYSTERIES

Who hath known the mind of the Lord? Or who hath been His counselor? As for God, His ways are past finding out. God's ways are as great and as deep as God Himself. "Who hath directed the Spirit of the Lord, or being His counselor hath taught Him?" God's ways are infinitely greater than man's understanding.

Who could have thought that Calvary, the death of Christ the Son of God, brought about by wicked men under the control of Satan, could bring salvation to mankind? Who could have planned that man, saved by death of Christ on Calvary, should be the undoing of Satan's kingdom, and that Satan's ultimate overthrow should be by the One whom he caused to be slain?

God's mysterious providences can all be solved in the light of the mystery of Calvary. The enigma in any department of life can be solved in the light of the enigma of Calvary.

Who by searching can find the mind of the Lord? We try to solve the problems, the why and wherefore of things taking place in our midst. You can solve them satisfactorily when you solve the mind of God. Who hath known the mind of God? No one!

Job's three friends thought they knew, and thought they could explain to Job God's mysterious dealings with him. They were utter failures. Job partly understood when he declared, "But now my eye seeth thee, therefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." But Job never fully knew in time the mystery of God's dealings with him. Paul realized the mystery of God's dealings when he said, "We see through a glass darkly." We see no better, we only know in part. We try to explain the mystery of God's providences, to fathom the depth of His infinite knowledge, and are as diverse in our interpretation and as far away and as foolish as Job's friends were when they tried to explain the why and wherefore of his losses and his boils. These friends' advice, counsel and explanations were grotesque in the sight of God; nay, they were sinful, and the victim of their remarks had to pray for these counselors. Job had to entreat God for them.

Man is always prone to explain God's dealings from his low standpoint. Man directs the sailing of the ship by the aid of the sun, but he dare not try to sail the sun, for if he did, the sun would scorch him. Guide your affairs in the light of the Sun of righteousness, but do not try to guide the Sun of righteousness.

As for God, His way is perfect! Mary, the mother of Jesus, had no question in her heart when John took her to his home, for he afterwards escorted her to the upper room to tarry, according to the command and the last utterance of the beloved Son of the Father. Had there been rebellion, question or doubt, she never would have obeyed the command. What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter.

The highest faith is to trust God in the storm as well as in the calm. Amen.

HIDDEN FRUIT

A man in Boston had a class made up of almost all college students, except one young fellow, from the country. And when the teacher told him to look up a reference in John, he turned to the beginning of his Bible. He did not know where to find it until the teacher helped him out. And those clever students laughed at his ignorance. That teacher had the spirit of the Master. He went down to the place where that green country boy was learning a business, laid his hand upon his shoulder, and said, "Would you like to become a Christian?" "Yes," he said, "I would." And he took Christ, and that was Dwight L. Moody. And that teacher never knew the magnitude of what he had done.

The Pentecostal Evangel

An Evangelical and Missionary Paper, advocating the Reception of the Holy Spirit as He was originally received on the Day of Pentecost (Acts 2:4).

Stanley H. Frodsham..... Editor
Chas. E. Robinson..... Assistant Editor

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PRAISE

"Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord" (Psa. 150:6).

The child of God gets blessing through the obedience of faith. We are exhorted and commanded to praise God. We may not feel like it; but the Word commands it and we desire it; then let us act, and see victory in faith, prayer, healing, and the Spirit's incoming. Oh, that men would obey God in praise. See the victory of obedience in praise in the little incident below. Pray. Believe. Give praise.

"I praise the Lord for victory. For one week our Grace was sick. We prayed and she improved, only to get relief from one thing and get sick in another way.

"Well, I prayed more than I ever did, but mostly in silence, as I am very timid. It seems as though it was born in me, for when I was a little girl at the table I would rather go hungry than to ask for food. I never would ask for anything.

"I have often prayed for the Lord to deliver from this, for it is a torment. So last night Roy told me that I must show some outward sign, that is, to praise the Lord aloud. Well, I knew very well that that was the way to do, but I justified myself by saying that I was timid, and if I praised Him in silence the Lord would hear me anyhow; that people were not all alike. Yet, at the same time I longed to be free.

"Well, we went to bed. I was all broken up to think the Lord wanted me to praise Him aloud, and I had such a fear, I said, 'Lord, I can't unless Thou dost help me.' The Lord said, 'Perfect love casteth out fear,' and commanded me to say, 'Praise the Lord' out loud and in bed. Such a struggle? The devil said, 'You will wake the children.' The Lord said, 'You say it and I will heal Grace.' The devil said, 'There is no use in doing it. She will die anyway,' and he went even as far as to show me the very place in the cemetery where she would lie. The Lord said, 'Say it and I will give you the confidence that Grace will be perfectly well in the morning.' I said, 'Lord, surely such a victory is worth winning,' and then I said, 'Praise the Lord!' pretty loud, too. Then the devil came again and said, 'Oh yes, she will be well for awhile, and then

she will have the piles as bad as ever.' I said, 'No! The Lord will take care of that,' and then I slept.

"In the morning Grace was well—perfectly well—acted as though she had never been sick, not even a stiff neck. Praise the Lord! I am going to praise Him aloud every day, and the victory will be mine, I was dumb long enough.—Mrs. Roy C. Arnold in "Household of God."

REVIVAL FIRES

"While I was musing the fire burned" (Psa. 39:3).

Gather coals together and you make a fire. Scatter coals, and the fire goes out. Centers of musing bring centers of fire. Contemplate prayer for revival and the fire burns.

Sometimes you see the smoke first and then the fire. Smoke is not pleasant; it irritates. But the flame warms. What do you do with smoky fire? You blow on it. The smoke blows away and the flame comes out. So it is in the spiritual. The smoke is smouldering, and disappointing and unsatisfactory. But let the wind come on it and you get a vehement flame. Don't despise the smoke. Encourage the fire underneath by blowing on it.

Ezekiel saw the marvelous privilege of prophesying unto the wind. The wind obeyed the prophet for it came at his call. Christ said, "The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so is every man that is born of the Spirit."

Christ did not say to His disciples, "You are powerless." He saw the great possibilities ahead when the mighty rushing wind was to come upon them. But He said, "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that He will thrust out laborers into the harvest." Ezekiel was a laborer. Pray for the multitude of laboring Ezekiels who shall command the wind. The wind stirs up a smoky fire into a burning furnace. Believe that you will get beyond the smoky stage and you will see and witness and know the vehemence of the Son of God.

Fires will cheer the children of God. Jesus knew all about that when He made the fire of coals on the lakeside to warm and cheer and comfort the cold, disappointed fishermen. The resurrected Jesus did that. He is the same yesterday, today and forever. He can make fires today to warm and cheer His disciples.

Right down through the ages there have been revival fires. Look for the fire. The fire of God's grace precedes the fire of God's wrath. Is He sufficient to send the same Pentecostal wind today? He can. He will. Amen.

PENTECOSTAL VISIONS

"And it shall come to pass in the last days...your young men shall see visions and your old men shall dream dreams" (Acts 2:17).

During one of our evening meetings I became conscious in my spirit that there was some hindrance to God's working in those present. Without in the least expecting such an answer as came to me, I prayed, "O Lord, show me what hinders Thee!"

At once a voice seemed to say in my ear, "Come, and I will show you." Then I seemed to be taken in spirit with Jesus into the air where I could look into the room and see the people kneeling there, myself one of the number. I soon noticed that the upper part of the room was filled with a vast number of large bees which looked to be about two and a half feet across their outstretched wings, having stings in their tails which were five or six inches long. I said, "Oh, see all those bees!" The Lord replied, "They are not bees. They are made to look like bees to you but they are demons." I saw that they were stinging one and another in the most terrible manner until nearly every one in the room was attacked, and was in dreadful suffering in consequence.

The Lord spoke to me again and said, "If you will look closely, you will see that they have their names on their backs." I looked and read these words on different bees: Fear, Envy, Pride, Dread, Doubt, Unbelief, the Opinion of Others, Lack of Love, etc. Jesus said, "These are the things that are hindering my work."

Just then at one side I saw what seemed to me to be smoke, and I asked, "What is burning?" He said, "Nothing is burning; I will show you what it is." Then I saw heaven opened and the throne of God with God Himself sitting on the throne. The smoke I had seen was rising before the throne, and the Lord said, "This is the prayers of the saints that rise as sweet incense before the throne of God." Then he told me to look into the room again, and this time I saw the bees falling dead, here one and there another, then in increasing numbers till they fell by dozens from the effects of the smoke. The Lord said to me, "Prayer is the power that will kill these bees, and so let Me have my perfect right of way in these hearts."—Laura Gardner, India.

WHEN I AM GRIEVED

When I am grieved and wounded—

I'll bend under the rod,

I will not speak to others,

I'll mourn to me and God.

And when I meet my neighbors—

I'll wash my face from grief;

They could not understand me,

They would not give relief.

When I am grieved and wounded,

I'll not complain to men—

I'll fast and pray in secret

'Till sunshine comes again;

The light from His marred visage,

Bruised, battered in my stead,

Peace for my smarting conscience,

Streams from His thorn-crowned Head.

The secret of His presence—

With flesh and blood shut out—

There I can tell my sorrows,

There ceases all my doubt.

No decorum is needed,

No mask upon my face,

When as a contrite sinner,

I come to Him for grace.

He does not judge me harshly,

Nor He misunderstands,

When towards me He stretches

In love His pierced hands.

And love—that's what I'm craving,

A bit of love sincere—

There's healing for my sorrow,

There's balm for every tear.

William Fetter

MIDNIGHT AND DAWN

Graduation Message by Miss Nina Mayfield of the Central Bible Institute

If it were possible tonight, I should like to have on either side a great canvas and upon them I should like to paint two scenes—the one a picture of utter darkness, which I would call midnight, the other an unspeakably glorious dawn. I would paint these that you might the better see the word pictures that I shall try to present to you.

I would have you to forget this beautiful auditorium, to forget those who are seated on either side of you, to forget the one who is speaking and allow your thoughts to travel back, back over the centuries and across continent and sea to the ancient land of Palestine at the time of our Lord Jesus Christ, for it is of happenings in this land that I wish to speak.

Behold with me this obscure picture, this darkly mysterious scene, shrouded as it is in the shades of midnight. So deep are its shadows that your eyes must become accustomed to its forbidding gloom ere you can see distinctly. Fix your gaze steadily upon it for a few moments. The heavy trunks of trees are becoming faintly visible. Do you see them? So dark, so twisted and of such an enduring aspect are they, that they appear to be carved from ebony. Above them spreads a crown of thick foliage now stirring darkly in the night breeze. Does the mystic curtain seem to be lifting a little? Perhaps it is the sickly light of the wan moon which is slipping from behind the clouds that makes more distinct the picture. The velvety boles of the trees are plainly visible now. But look! look! Far back in the shadows are figures moving. Look intently and you will see them. They are moving toward us. Can you make out their number? By peering closely I count twelve. Yes, there are twelve, but eight of them are halting—they are wrapping their outer garments about them and sinking down upon the damp grass. Four are advancing. Now three of the four have stopped. And one is advancing slowly alone. He is evidently their leader. He is coming nearer, nearer. Mark you the solemn majesty of His bearing; and note, as the full moonlight falls upon His face, the serene loveliness, yea, the sinless perfection of His marvelous countenance.

Such compassion, such nobility, such holiness, such humility, yet such power, such glory was never seen in another face, though now it is marked by some great grief. Listen, He is speaking. "My soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death." A wave of emotion seems to be sweeping over Him. He is dropping to His knees—now He has fallen upon His face in supplication. How dreadful is the anguish and suffering through which He is passing, sometimes kneeling, sometimes prostrate. The struggle seems beyond endurance. The dimness, the soli-

tude, the loneliness of His position, the stealthy shadows cast an icy chill over one. All of the power of evil seems to be lurking about Him. 'Tis a terrific struggle. Hear the broken murmurs of agony, "Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me, nevertheless, not my will but thine be done." Behold, an angel has suddenly appeared beside Him and seems to be strengthening Him. But ah, it is but for a moment. Again He is alone. He is praying more earnestly, and see great drops are falling from His face to the ground. Slowly He rises, weary to the point of fainting, and oh, so worn, so sad His face. He is turning to His followers for a touch of human sympathy, but alas, He finds them sleeping. Sorrow and weariness have gained the mastery over them. They can not watch one hour. Gently He reproves them and then adds, "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak."

Again He is coming through the shadows to the place of prayer, worn and weary. Again He has fallen upon the ground. The contest is not over. He is praying with deeper intensity than before. O blessed Jesus, our finite minds cannot grasp the awfulness of Thy suffering. Make clear! make clear to our vision! See, He has risen and is seeking again the longed-for human sympathy, but again He finds them sleeping. "Reproach hath broken my heart; and I am full of heaviness: and I looked for some to pity, but there was none, and for comforters, but I found none."

Once more He is leaving them. It is the third time. Will it be the last? Once more He utters the same agonized prayer. He has found His only consolation in communion with the Father. A soothing stillness seems to be resting upon Him, a heavenly quiet. The conflict is nearly ended, dear, dear, Saviour. Thou art victor!

How calm and gentle is the voice with which He awakens His disciples. "Rise, let us be going." How firm the step with which He goes to meet that which He knows lies before Him. The bitterness of suffering is behind Him in the shadows. Only the peace and joy of victory is now seen written upon His face. Listen! and you will catch the sound that has reached His ears. It is the sound of clanking swords and hurried tramping of feet. Torches, lanterns are flickering among the trees. Dark figures are now visible. A motley multitude it seems. And see, they are armed, some with swords, some with staves. Mark you the sinister face of their leader as the torch light flashes upon it. He is advancing hurriedly toward the Lord—"Hail Master!" And look, the wretch is polluting the lovely face of the Lord with kisses. The Lord is submitting to the indignity, simply saying as He passes, "Friend, wherefore

art thou come?" And then, "Judas, betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?" Leaving the traitor and advancing toward his followers, Jesus is asking, "Whom seek ye?" "Jesus of Nazareth," is the response. "I am He." Look! they are staring incredulously; they are going backward and falling to the ground. They had expected resistance, but here He whom they seek stands before them with infinite calm—the light of heaven is upon His face and peace upon His lips. What power is in His voice and what power is in His appearance as He stands before them fearless, unarmed, alone. While they are quailing before Him, He speaks again repeating the same question. Again comes the reply, "Jesus of Nazareth." "I have told you I am He. If therefore ye seek me, let these go their way." Look! the leaders have now seized Him and are binding Him. This last uncalled for and undeserved indignity has caused Jesus to ask, "Are ye come out as against a thief, with swords and staves? When I was daily with you in the temple ye stretched forth no hands against me; but this is your hour and the power of darkness." Now His enemies are closing around Him, and His disciples, including even bold Peter, are fleeing. The Shepherd indeed is smitten and the sheep of the flock are scattered abroad.

The mist of darkness is beginning to descend again upon the picture. It is becoming more and more obscure. 'Tis wrapped again in a gloomy shroud which the eye can no longer penetrate. As you are looking at its blackness, does a passage of Scripture come to mind? There is one in particular that is passing through mine. It is this, "Remember the word that I said unto you, The servant is not greater than His Lord. If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you." "If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you. If ye were of the world, the world would love his own; but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you."

But look! look! the mysterious shroud is slowly lifting again from the canvas. The dark outline of a cross appears, and see, see, there is an object upon it—a human form—a living, human burden hanging upon it in untold agony. Can it be that they have dared, that they dared to crucify Him—to crucify Him, whose holy majesty of face and form had caused them to fall to the ground in terror? Yes, 'tis the same marvelous face, but oh, how marred—marred with unbearable grief, bruised and bleeding. His fair brow is now pierced with a thorny crown. "His visage is so marred—more than any man and His form than the sons of men." And see, see, His hands and feet are made fast to the cross with cruel nails. Oh, the tortures of death by crucifixion—tortures that become every moment more unbearable, even more maddening. It is a living death. "They gaped upon me with their mouths, as a ravening and roaring lion. I am poured out like water and all my bones are out of joint; my heart is like wax; it is melted in the midst of

my bowels. My strength is dried up like a potsherd; and my tongue cleaveth to my jaws, and thou hast brought me into the dust of death. For dogs have compassed me, the assembly of the wicked have enclosed me. They pierced my hands and my feet. I may tell all my bones; they look and stare upon me. They part my garments among them and cast lots upon my vesture." O Jesus, help us to see Thee! But not a word comes now from His parched lips, for, "He was led as a sheep to the slaughter! and like a lamb, dumb before His shearers, so opened He not His mouth." All about Him is blasphemy, spiteful taunts, scornful and insulting insolence. "He saved others, Himself He cannot save." Hear the mocking, hateful voices of the Sanhedrists. "Let this Christ, this King of Israel descend now from the cross that we may see and believe." Even the two thieves, whose crosses are on either side, have joined in the hellish outcries. No accents of love, gratitude, or pity are reaching the ears of our dying Lord. Black, savage, brutal is the sullen stream of humanity which is passing before His dying eyes. But through all this torrent of infamy, Jesus is maintaining His kingly silence. Oh, the eloquence of that silence—even on the cross He reigns—this Prince of Peace! How infinitely high is He above the disreputable priests who brought Him there and the coarse, vulgar multitude surrounding His cross! Only once has His voice been uplifted and that was in prayer for His brutal and pitiless murderers, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

A strange gloom is beginning to settle down upon the awful scene again and it is accompanied by a sense of doubt and forebodings. This, together with the silence of the kingly sufferer, is telling on one of the thieves. Who knows but what he was at some time among the crowds of publicans and sinners who thronged Jesus? Who knows but what he had listened to His gracious teaching? Now he is filled with misgivings. Hear him rebuking his comrade's blasphemies, "Dost thou not fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly, for we received the due reward of our deeds, but this man hath done nothing amiss." Now he is turning his head toward Jesus, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." Will He, who has kept such perfect silence in the face sneering, spiteful insult, will He answer the humble cry? Yes, yes, His ear has caught the voice of prayer above the uproar. His dry lips are moving. Listen! for His voice is weakened through suffering, "Verily I say unto thee, Today shalt thou be with me in paradise." Ah, marvelous beyond words is this salvation which Thou art purchasing for us, O Christ, Thou blessed Lamb of God.

The dimming eyes of the Saviour are now turned to a little grief-stricken group which has crept through the crowd some little distance from the foot of the cross. Smitten dumb with sorrow and despair, they tarry there—helpless, hopeless, awaiting they know not what. His gaze is sorrowfully resting upon a woman, as

with the sword piercing her heart, she leans upon the arm of a young man. Again His lips slowly begin to move. What tenderness is in His tones. "Woman, behold thy son." And then, to the young man, "Behold thy mother." In the midst of His own anguish His thoughts go out to others, no place for self in His life.

The gloom, which was before noticeable, is now deepening. The noon-day sun is darkening. The whole heavens are swiftly blackening above the blood-stained city. It is not a natural eclipse, for the paschal moon is at its full. Strange, strange is this appalling mist. Is it a sign from heaven? The awful scene is enveloped in deep blackness. We can no longer see Him. What untold suffering He is undergoing for your salvation and mine during these hours of silence and darkness no human tongue can tell. He is drinking to the deepest dregs the bitter cup of humiliation. He is sinking from depth to depth of unutterable suffering. Even the Father has turned away His face. Out of the darkness comes the cry of unspeakable anguish. "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" Was there an answer?

Nearly six hours have passed. Surely the end of the agony is near; surely the debt is paid. Again comes a weakened cry, "I thirst." It is the only word of physical suffering which has been rung from Him in all these hours. The darkness is oppressive. The moments seem hours. Yea, each one seems a torturing eternity. Once more that sweet voice sounds from the gloom, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." And again, with a great effort, comes the last cry, "It is finished." "Finished His beautiful life; finished His earthly ministry; finished the work of redemption. Redemption! It is your redemption and mine; eternal redemption; redemption from the curse that fell in Eden; redemption from our inherent sinfulness, redemption through His shed blood, redemption of both soul and body. "for by one offering he hath perfected forever them that are sanctified." "Ye are bought with a price not of silver and gold," but "with the precious blood of Jesus, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot." Ah, we can sing a wondrous song which angels cannot sing, even the glorious song of redemption!

Look! look the earth is being shaken with a mighty earthquake which is splitting the rocks. Consternation is upon the people. They are smiting their breasts. Truly, "truly this was the son of God."

Let us look away from the awful picture—this picture of the blackest midnight the world has ever witnessed and turn to the other great canvas which is already streaked with the roseate tints of dawn. How hopeful our hearts are made when we remember that after the darkest hour comes the dawning.

Lighter, lighter grows the new canvas as daylight slowly, irresistibly dispells the shadows and lays rosy touches on all about. The olive trees are beginning to shimmer softly in the morning breeze and sunlight with silken turning of their innumerable leaves. The pure dew-washed

faces of the multitudinous flowers are smiling above the waving grasses of the field. But ah, you have not yet seen the central wonder—shall I say climax of this rare painting?—for I have held it to the last. Look at the side of yon slight eminence! See the rock hewn tomb—that tomb upon which all heaven seems to be pouring out her most marvelous light and beauty! Does it not speak to you memorable things? It is closely sealed. Note the guards grouped about its entrance. Is not this strange? This must be the tomb of some unusual personage. But what is happening? The whole scene seems violently shaken! 'Tis a mighty earthquake! What can it mean? Did you see that lightning-like flash? Look! look! 'tis a dazzling angelic being. He is at the door of the tomb. He is rolling away the ponderous stone. And what is happening to the guards—these representatives of Roman power? Where is their valor now? They seem stricken with terror and are quaking from head to foot, and lo! they are falling, falling as dead men, utterly helpless before this radiant creature. Who can explain these remarkable happenings? Think you that this stone was removed that the Lord of life might be released from His rock grave? Ah, no. He needed not that any should unseal His tomb, for see, it is empty! He has already arisen. The stone was rolled away that you and I might peer within and behold its emptiness.

Look away to the right. Who are these? A hurrying group is approaching. They are coming silently, but swiftly. What can be their mission? It looks like a small band of women. Yes, they are women. Note the sadness, the anxiety of their faces. Why, it is the same little group that we saw near the foot of the cross. But now they have caught sight of the angel. They are frightened. He sees them and is speaking, "Fear not ye for I know that ye seek Jesus, who hath been crucified. He is not here, for He is risen as He said." "He is risen"—oh, glorious message! "Go quickly and tell His disciples that He is risen from the dead; and, behold, He goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see Him; lo, I have told you." Note the expressions on their faces. Can it be true? Bewildered they stand for a moment, then obedient to the heavenly messenger, they hasten away in a tumult of rapture and amazement with the message of glad tidings, "He is risen! He is risen!" Ah, indeed this is a day of glad tidings. Shattered hopes are revived again. He whom they loved and whom they had supposed dead—He in whom was buried their fond hope of Israel's redemption—He is alive again! O Israel, know that thy Redeemer liveth!

How tranquil becomes the scene again. The guards have fled. The angelic visitor has disappeared. The low twittering of the birds does not offend, neither do the pure-faced flowers disturb the peacefulness of the scene. But look! There are figures entering the picture. They are running. One is outstripping the other—his hair swept back in the wind.

(Continued on Page Twelve)

CHILDREN'S CORNER

BEATEN FOR JESUS' SAKE A True Story

Mrs. L. was a little Chinese woman. When we first knew her she was very timid and retiring, and was not very intelligent; but she was most kind-hearted. She was in no wise as bright as dear, old Granny Wang. Granny would learn a verse of the Bible while poor Mrs. L. was wondering what we were talking about. It was real hard work for her to learn a verse, but there was one thing she set her heart upon and that was to learn to sing hymns.

Nearly every morning before breakfast she would be at the little chapel with her hymn book, and would stay until she had learned either a verse or chorus of a song. She could not read a single letter, and often while pointing to the letters she was reading she would have the book upside down. Neither could she sing a single note of music, but she would raise her voice the best she could, even though it was anything but musical. By the time we had finished a chorus, she would come along with nearly half a line to be sung alone. Her song of praise was beautiful to the ears of the Lord Jesus because He saw it came from a heart full of love.

For about a year and a half Mrs. L. was allowed to come to the meetings and learn about the Lord. Her husband did not care very much what she did as long as she had his meals ready for him on time. If she wanted to take down their idols from the walls, it was all right with him for he did not care what she worshiped. And so Mrs. L. took down the heathen scrolls from the walls and removed the incense pots from the table, and we had the joy of hanging Bible verses in their place.

Mrs. L. had two sons who had left home two or three years before this. They were soldier boys and had fought in some deadly battles, and she did not know whether they were dead or alive for she had never heard from them. But one Saturday night, while Mrs. L. was at prayer meeting, they suddenly returned home. No letter had been sent to say they were coming home, for the simple reason that they could not write; and if they could have written, neither their mother nor father could have read it.

The two boys looked around the home—the heathen scrolls were gone from the walls, the incense pots were gone from the table, and where were the brass and metal gods? What did it all mean? The neighbors were all too eager to pour out their pent-up hatred and tell all the terrible things that had been going on in that home, how the foreign devils (the missionaries) were often seen and heard holding meetings there, and their mother was heard praying and singing to the foreigner's God. The boys were so angry that they

tore down the verses we had put up, brought out what incense pots they could find, and hunted for some idols to put back on the table.

That Saturday night we were having a wonderful time in prayer, and Mrs. L. was in the sunshine of God's love, all unconscious of what was going on in her home. At 9:30 the meeting broke up and Mrs. L. went home. But before the chapel doors were closed one of her little boys (about seven years old) came running in—breathless—clutching hold of us—saying, "Come, come quickly, they are going to kill mother."

Torrents of rain were flooding the streets, but we waited for neither hat nor umbrella. We seemed to be there in a few seconds, but the door was locked and barred. My husband banged on the door. Thinking we were Chinese officials, they hurried to open the door. Sin and crime always make cowards of people, and by the time we got in the neighbors had fled to their separate homes. Mrs. L. was almost dumb and stupefied from what had happened. We took her home with us and kept her for several days, until we knew it was safe for her to return.

We asked her little son what had happened, and he told us that her two big boys, together with the neighbors, had decided to knock out of her all the foreign rubbish she had taken in. As soon as she entered her house that Saturday night they grabbed her and bound her. Then they began to beat her. But the little boy got away somehow—no one to this day knows how, for he is afraid to tell—and came for us. We asked Mrs. L. what she felt like when they were all around beating her and wanting to kill her. She said, "I felt nothing. I told them they could burn my eyes out and cut my heart out; but they could not touch my spirit for that was with God."

Jesus was very brave; and when He comes into our hearts He can make us very brave too, just as He made Mrs. L. brave. Ask Him to make you able to endure hardness as a good soldier of the cross.—Mrs. Leigh, adapted.

"GOD KNOWS ME ANYHOW"

A little boy—Franky—as he was called, cut off the pretty curls which had clustered round his head and had been his mother's delight.

To punish him for his mischief, the family agreed to pretend not to know him when he came to the table at meal time. (I do not think they were quite right in this, but such was the case).

"What strange boy is this?" inquired the father, as the boy extended his hand for a plate.

"Why, I'm your Franky, papa!"

"My Franky!" in apparent amazement.

"Nonsense! you needn't try any such game here! My Franky was a different boy."

Surprised, but not abashed, Franky turned to his brother, but his brother heeded him not.

It was fun for him at first, but as he made requests of one and another, and found no one, not even his mother, knew him, his fair, sweet face grew sober and long. No one talked with or petted him—they gave him his food in silence. Franky choked down his food—his face growing more and more pitiful every moment. At last he could endure no longer; he leaned back in his little high chair, and looked once again into each unanswering face; he saw no love, no recognition anywhere—he felt utterly alone. Bursting into tears, he exclaimed: "Never mind! God knows me, anyhow; and I wish some of you did!"

There were other eyes full of tears just then, and, in spite of his little shorn head, Franky was suddenly recognized by all. He was hugged to his mother's heart more tenderly than ever before, and a deeper love than Franky, with his beautiful curls, had ever known, sprang up in the heart of each for the sobbing child.

"God knows me, anyhow!" Franky remembered what many of us forget—that, whatever betide, God never fails to recognize His own. It is a comfort, indeed, sometimes to think of this. There are those who know us only when fortune smiles—who greet our uplifted face with cold, unanswering looks when the dark days come; but God's hand is ever outstretched to bless us. He is glad to know us—He is ever a loving Father to every one of His children, and He never pretends that we are not His own.

HEALED WITHIN AN HOUR

I wish to testify to the glory of God, of a healing God recently wrought in my body. I had fallen on a cement walk and hurt my knee to the extent that it became stiff, as the knee water hung in bags around the knee cap. For a moment I was fearful, then, like a flash, a holy joy came over me and I began to praise God. My neighbors all suggested getting a doctor, but I said I would trust God as I am His child and He will put nothing on me that is not for my own good. I prayed, bringing before God His promise and confessing my unworthiness, held the Bible and told God that I believed Him and went to work knowing that God had answered my prayer. Inside an hour, the knee water was all drawn back into the knee and it became normal and I could bend it and walk. Glory to God, how I praise Him! Please pray for me that I may receive all His fullness according to His Word.—Mrs. Chas. Ziebell, Granite Falls, Minn.

"Look! Do you see them? They are knocking the props from under yonder bridge! I suppose they want the timbers to rest firmly on the stone piers, which are now finished. God removes earthly props that we may rest more firmly on Him."

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How God Baptized a Methodist Preacher in the Holy Ghost

Pastor J. Narver Gortner at the Springfield Assembly

I was a member of the North Nebraska Conference. My wife had been a semi-invalid for several years. She had had operation after operation, and had been in the hospital several times. Though under the care of numerous physicians, no doctor could do her any good. We decided to go to California, thinking that the change of climate might help. She got better for a little while, and then went down to the very gates of death. Hours and days passed by, and we expected that almost any moment her spirit would take its departure to the other world.

Somebody said, "There are some people over here who believe in God." The prayer of faith was offered; God laid His healing hand upon my precious wife, and she was marvelously healed. For fourteen months she had lived almost exclusively on raw eggs and malted milk. When the Lord healed her she began to eat beefsteak, mashed potatoes and gravy, and everything she wanted. And she has been doing that ever since, and we have not had a doctor in our home, nor a medicine chest.

Among the dear ones who came to see us while my wife was lying at the point of death, was a sister who left a little tract. This sister had received the Baptism in the Holy Ghost. Somebody else left a copy of "Word and Work." I subscribed for it, and for "Triumphs of Faith." I read, one evening, Miss Minnie Abram's little booklet entitled, "The Baptism of the Holy Ghost," and just before going to bed, I knelt down and said, "Lord, I would like to have this blessed Baptism."

That night I dreamed a dream. I was looking off toward the west and saw a chain of mountains; I could just see the outline of them. It was dark. Morning seemed to dawn. The sun rose, and the rays of the sun fell upon that chain of mountains. The mountains remained just as dark as they had been before the sun rose; but there were two little foothills that shone like gold. I said, "What can that mean?" And the Lord seemed to say, "Those two little foothills represent two people baptized in the Holy Ghost and fire. The rays of the Sun of Righteousness are falling upon the big mountains just as they are falling upon those little foothills, but the mountains are not receiving and reflecting the rays." When I awoke I was sitting up in the middle of the bed, looking off toward the west.

I fell asleep again and found myself in a large room. The room was about half filled with rubbish; and I seemed to realize it was my duty to clean the rubbish out; so I was throwing it out through the doors and windows, getting rid of it as quickly as possible. Again I woke, and said, "What can that mean?" And the Lord said to me, "Your heart

is half filled with rubbish. If you want the Spirit of God to come in and take full possession, you must get rid of the rubbish."

Several years passed by, and I continued to preach the gospel of the grace of God, and to read such Pentecostal literature as came into my hands. I was the president of the Coast Side Camp Meeting Association, and in the fall of 1914 we had a camp meeting at Arroyo Grande. I was very tired at the close, and I said to my wife, "I'm going to pack my grip and go to Cazadero, and attend a few of the meetings of the Pentecostal Camp Meeting in progress there. I am going to see what these Pentecostal people are preaching and doing anyhow." I arrived there on Tuesday of the last week of the camp meeting. I think I should be willing to walk a hundred miles in order to be at another camp meeting like that one. Some time ago I learned that Brother Adolph Peterson of Chicago received his Baptism at that camp meeting, on the very same day in which I received. It was a marvelous meeting. It seemed that the billows of divine power swept back and forth over the assembly like the billows of the mighty ocean.

A short time after I had arrived on the grounds, one of the official members of a large Methodist church in Oakland, knowing that I was a Methodist preacher, called me aside and said, "Do you approve of that? do you set your sanction on that?" pointing to some things that he did not approve of and that I was not quite sure were in the Spirit. I said, "I am not going to tell you." He said, "Why not?" I said, "I know the Lord, and when I came to this camp ground I recognized the presence and power of God in this place. And if there are some things I cannot understand, some things I am not ready to put my sanction upon, I am going to neither criticize nor find fault. God is putting up with things that may not be in accordance with His purpose and plan; and He is saving sinners, and baptizing believers in the Holy Ghost, and so I am going to assume the attitude of the man who said that when he ate fish, he always laid the bones to one side. He did not try to eat the bones; he ate the meat."

Wednesday and Thursday passed by. Friday morning two sisters got into conversation about the Methodist preacher on the camp ground. There was a canvas between them and me. They did not know I was listening; and I could not help but hear. One said to the other, "Have you met that Methodist preacher on the camp grounds?" "Yes." "Well, what do you think of him?" "Well, he is quite nice, but he won't receive the Baptism." "What makes you think so?" "Why, he has too many things in his head." But thank God, it is possible for

God to get past the things in a Methodist preacher's head and get down into his heart and fill him with the Holy Ghost.

A sister came to me and said, "Are you seeking the Baptism?" I said, rather hesitatingly, "No." "I was going to invite you over to Sister Montgomery's cottage to attend a waiting meeting tomorrow morning," she said, "but if you are not seeking we don't want you to come. There is no room for mere on-lookers." I just looked at her and did not say anything. Presently another sister came to me and said, "Sister Montgomery has extended to you a special invitation to come to the waiting meeting at her cottage tomorrow morning." I said, "I will be there."

I went the next morning. And all the forenoon, with a number of others, I tarried before the Lord. The Lord was very graciously present. Two or three received the Baptism in the Holy Ghost before the waiting meeting came to a close. While I was conscious of the Spirit's presence and blessing, I was not baptized in the Spirit. I attended the services under the big redwoods that afternoon and evening, and it was about twelve o'clock when I went to my tent and committed myself to God, and retired for the night. I slept as sweetly as a babe until broad daylight. As I woke I was reminded of a passage of scripture that I had not thought of in many a long day, "Jacob went on his way, and the angels of God met him." I said, "Lord, the angels of God have met me in this place." God surprised me then and there. He opened the windows of heaven and the glory of God came down and flooded the tent, and my body was convulsed by the power of the Spirit of God, and I was filled with the Holy Ghost. And almost before I realized what was taking place, I was speaking in another tongue as the Spirit gave me utterance.

Among the words I spoke were these, "Loco faka." I should have forgotten those words had it not been for the fact that the devil (who is likely to be on hand at a time like that) said to me, "The interpretation is, It is all a fake." I said, "I know it is not all a fake. Why this is as real as sunlight. It is as true as God." I said, "I will tell the people what the Lord has done for me." The devil said, "You had better go a little slow." I opened the Word of God and the first passage my eyes lighted on was, "I will declare what He has done for my soul." The devil said, "That is very remarkable, but you just happened to see that passage. Listen to me—if you testify here among these Pentecostal people that you have been baptized in the Holy Ghost, you will have to testify to your Methodist congregation when you get home, and it may be that the Methodists will not receive your testimony. You may be put out of the synagogue." Again I opened the Word of God, and the first passage my eyes lighted on was that passage in which we are told that "many of the chief rulers believed on Him, but because of the Pharisees they did not confess Him, lest they should be put out of the synagogue, for they loved the praise of men more than the praise of God." I said, "That settles it, Lord, I will tell these people that

I have been baptized in the Holy Ghost." And so I did.

On the afternoon of that marvelous day, the last Sunday of that wonderful camp meeting, I went to Brother Smith Wigglesworth and said, "I have had spinal trouble for several years and have been a great sufferer. The Lord has baptized me in the Holy Ghost, I believe He is able to heal me." He anointed me with oil, laid hands on my head, and prayed for me; and I walked away. And the devil said, "You are in exactly the same condition physically that you were in before you were prayed for." But about a half hour afterwards I became conscious of a mysterious power that seemed to be working in my spine. The Lord seemed to be massaging it. And that continued for hours. A few mornings later, when I got up to a room in a hotel in the city of San Francisco, I tried to find a sore spot somewhere on my back, but I could not find one anywhere. The Lord had made me over physically. I went home walking on air. The first man I met at the station was a superannuated Methodist preacher. I told him what the Lord had done for me. He looked at me in utter amazement and disgust, and said, "I hope it will last." Praise God, it has lasted! When the Spirit of God comes, He comes to abide forever.

Some years afterwards, while I was pastor of another church, I became conscious of the fact that I was going down physically. That old spinal trouble seemed to be coming back. My wife said to me, "Maybe the Lord wants you to get out into the field as a Pentecostal preacher." I said, "The Pentecostal saints know how to pray, and I will go into Los Angeles to a Pentecostal Convention that is in progress, and I will ask the saints to anoint me with oil. And I shall be healed just as I was healed when Brother Wigglesworth prayed for me." So I went to Bethel Temple, and hands were laid on me and prayer was offered; but I was not healed.

A day or so afterwards I was in my room all alone and I said, "Lord, why have You not healed me? You have spoken very wonderfully through Your Word more than once. If You have any message for me this hour, give it to me through Your Word." Kneeling by a chair, with the Bible in front of me, I closed my eyes and put my finger down on a page. (I am not going to advise you to do this). I opened my eyes, and my finger was resting upon a passage of Scripture that I did not know was in the Word of God—"The great God who formed all things, both rewardeth the fool and rewardeth transgressors." I said, "Lord, which am I?" I told the people about it in a testimony meeting at Bethel Temple the next day, and when I said to the congregation, "I looked up into the face of God and said, 'Lord, which am I? a fool or a transgressor?'" a woman spoke right out in the meeting and said, "Both!"

A night or two afterwards, before getting into bed, I said, "Lord, I want to be in Your will. If You want me to step out in the name of the Lord, I want to step out." It means a good deal to step

out of a great church like the Methodist Episcopal Church, the greatest Protestant organization in the world. And it means a good deal to step out of the Southern California Conference. Last year 250 preachers residing in various parts of the United States, applied for admission to the Southern California Conference, and they could not get in because the places were all taken. I said, "If You want me to step out, I want to step out. If You have anything to show me, show it to me in a dream or a vision tonight." Some people think that a man who has dreams is a dreamer, and a man who has visions is visionary. I verily believe that God speaks to many people in these last days in dreams and visions. He has spoken to me many a time in this way.

Not very long ago, in the city of Los Angeles, I dreamed one night that I was in the back yard of my home, and I saw a number of plants growing in the ground. I saw a finger pointing to one of them, and I heard a voice saying very distinctly, "That is you." Then I saw a hand reach down and lay hold of the plant and begin to pull it up. The same voice said, "Let it alone. The Lord planted it, and only the Lord has a right to pull it up." And that hand relinquished its grip upon the plant it had begun to pluck up. I looked at the poor plant, pulled about half way out of the ground, and I said, "It will die; it has been pulled about half way out." And that same voice said to me, "It will not die. It will take root again. It will not even wither." If the heavenly Father has planted a plant, neither man nor devil can root it up. It is there to stay. Don't misunderstand or misinterpret me. I believe it is possible for a saint of God to backslide and be lost. But I do not believe it is possible for any man or any devil to pluck me out of my heavenly Father's hand, or to pull me up out of the garden that God has planted.

On that night several years ago, I said, "If you have anything to show me in a dream or vision, show it to me for Jesus' sake." I got into bed, fell asleep, and saw in a very wonderful dream, a man mounted on a horse. Some distance away there was a mountain, and at the foot of the mountain there was a pile of stones. The horse was running backwards faster than I ever saw a horse run forwards. I looked on in amazement; and the horse, running backward, came to the pile of stones, and stumbled on one of the stones. The man on the horse was thrown off, and struck his head on a stone with such violence that it woke me up. The Lord said to me, "The horse represents the Methodist Church; it is going backward instead of forward, and you are clinging to it with tenacity. If you don't get off gracefully, you are going to get an awful bump one of these days." I did not even tell my wife about it.

Sometime afterwards I said, "Lord, I have been praying for our boy for quite awhile, and he is not saved yet. If you will save him and baptize him in the Holy Ghost, and move him to give messages in other tongues that somebody with the gift of interpretation will interpret, I will

take if that You want me to step out." Inside of just a few weeks, the Lord saved our precious boy. A few nights later he was baptized in the Holy Ghost, and in a service just a little while afterwards, he leaped to his feet, under the anointing of the Spirit, and began to give a message in other tongues. It was interpreted. I said, "Lord, there is nothing for me to do but to be obedient."

And so I said to my district superintendent, "The gap between me and the Methodist Church has been getting wider and wider. The cable that held me has become a rope; the rope has become a cord; the cord has become a thread, and now the thread is snapping. By the grace of God I purpose to be free." He said, "We are sorry to lose you, but if you have to go we will just say, 'God bless you' and let you go." I really think he was glad I was going. He came out one Sunday to an afternoon meeting when the power of God was falling in my church. I did not know he was within a hundred miles of the place. He came in and sat down in one of the back seats. I asked him to come and take a place on the platform. I said, "Would you like to preach?" He said, "No, just go ahead and conduct this service as you are accustomed." We had a message in song, and from the Word, and I invited the people to come to the altar. They gathered round and began to call on the Lord to let the power of God fall and fill them with the Holy Ghost. The district superintendent nudged me and said, "I have to preach in Pasadena tonight; I am sorry I cannot stay any longer." He went out.

Presently somebody came and told me he was at the door and wanted to see me. He said, "Somebody wrote me a letter saying that you are trying to get the people to seek the gift of tongues. Is that so?" I said, "No sir, that is not so. I am telling the people to seek the Baptism in the Holy Ghost." He said, "Oh, well, that was a very sweet message in song that was sung this afternoon." I said, "Yes." He said, "Who was that lady who sang that song?" I said, "That was Sister Needham." "Well, who is she?" "Why, Dr. Eldridge's daughter." "Who is Dr. Eldridge?" "He is the pastor of Bethel Temple in Los Angeles." "And who was that young man who delivered the message?" "Why that was Brother Needham." "Well, who is Brother Needham? Is he related to the Needhams at Glendora?" "Yes, he is their son." "Is he a Methodist?" "No." "Well, they are Methodists, are they not?" "Yes." "Then why is he not one?" I said, "He used to be, but he is not now."

"Well," said the district superintendent, "Who was that other man who sat on the platform?" I said, "That is Lee. He is an Irishman. We call him Irish Lee. He used to be a Roman Catholic, but he has been converted and filled with the Spirit." "Is he a Methodist?" "No." "Well, what is he doing out here?" I said, "He told me that God sent him out here to pray for me." He said, "I am glad you have somebody to pray for
(Continued on Page Twelve)

MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT

All offerings for Foreign Missions and for expenses of conducting the Missionary Department, should be sent by Check, Draft, Express or Postal Money Order, made payable to Wm. Faux, Missionary Secretary, 336 West Pacific St., Springfield, Mo., U. S. A.

CHUNDRA LELA The Converted Fakir

A little Brahmin girl was born in the mountainous country of Nepal, to whom was given the name of Chundra Lela.

Her father was a wealthy land-owner whose forefathers had been the family priests of the Rajah (king) of Nepal for centuries. Her mother was the favorite of his four wives.

At the early age of seven, Chundra Lela was married, in great pomp and magnificence, to the only son of another branch of the priesthood, and in this marriage was centered all the hopes of the proud and bigoted family. But one sad day, two years later, came word from her father-in-law's house that her husband was dead, and their only hope of an heir was now blasted and Chundra Lela, the most despised of all creatures, was a child-widow.

She remained in her father's house until thirteen years old, during which time she learned to read her own language, and also Sanskrit (the mother of all languages in India). Her father, being a learned man, was her teacher. At this age, she went with her father on her first pilgrimage, a long weary journey to Jagannath, a sacred shrine in the east of India. There her father met the same fate as that of many another pilgrim. He died suddenly, and as he was dying he called Chundra Lela, and said: "My child, I must leave you. Here is a bunch of keys; when you reach home, open the chest and boxes to which they belong, and what you find is yours, left you by your husband."

She took the keys, and, with a sad heart, watched her father die. Soon his body was burned to ashes before her in that sacred spot, and then she was alone. Gloomy and cast down, she returned with some fellow-pilgrims to her own land.

She spent the following year in the close study of her sacred books. There she learned the dark, sad story of Hinduism. She read of the sacred places in India, and the promises made to those who visit them. Among others was the promise of pardon for the sin which had caused widow-hood, by the performance of **Chardhom**. The visiting and worshipping at the four great shrines, situated at the four cardinal points of India, would reveal unto her what she must do in order to get soul relief and a clear conscience.

She determined she would do this, and everything else laid down in the sacred books of the Hindus.

She made herself a long, narrow, bag, and going to her boxes, took out from them the gold which had been left her by her husband. Filling the bag, she bound it about her waist.

She took a number of garments, and

packed them into bundles, then selected two trusty maid-servants, and confided to them her secret, portraying to them the blessings eternal which would come to them if they would take their journey with her. This they consented to do. Her two brothers and sisters, with her stepmothers, were asleep in the house, and slept on that night whilst this young girl stole away, and began that awful journey in SEARCH OF GOD.

They were seven days crossing the rugged mountains to Calcutta. There being no railway, she walked until tired, and then, to rest her, would hire a bullock-cart for a while. But while walking along the road or riding, she counted her sacred beads.

She bathed in every sacred river, and worshipped at every shrine on her way, making offerings to the idols, and giving gifts to the Brahmin priests.

To this (Calcutta) the first of the four great shrines, came Chundra Lela, and dwelt two weeks worshipping this hideous idol. She here gave a feast to the Brahmins, and a cow to supply them with milk. She twice made an offering to Jagannath, costing twenty-five rupees each time. After doing all required of her by their sacred rites here, she again started on her perilous journey to the next of the four great shrines, which is situated in the extreme south of India, requiring many weary months of travel to reach it.

The second of the great shrines of India is Ramanath, near Ceylon. The temple of Ramanath is visited by millions of deluded, sincere worshippers of this, their favorite god. After months had crept into years, Chundra Lela had at last reached the second of the four shrines, and here worshipped Ram ten days, and gave a great feast to the Brahmins, and a cow to supply milk for Ramanath. She also purchased a small image of Ram which she carried with her in all her wanderings, adoring him as her special god.

From hence, she proceeded on her weary march, sacred beads in her hands, worshipping with all her blind devotion the only gods she knew.

Travel, in those days was exceedingly difficult, but nothing could thwart Chundra Lela in her purpose. So on she journeyed day after day, until at last she came to the third famous temple, Dwarakanath, in the extreme west of India.

Here Chundra Lela painted her body with sandalwood, and remained fifteen days worshipping in the temple. She gave a feast and money to all the Brahmins and fakirs. From here she proceeded to the last of four great shrines, Badrinath, in the extreme north of India.

Oh, if those grand old Himalaya moun-

tains could tell all they know of human suffering, of the many longing hearts who have come for comfort, to find only suffering and death amid the very snows which so delight the artist's eye! Chundra Lela, with expectant heart, but weary body, reached the base of this sacred mount. She and her two faithful companions began its ascent. Soon their bare feet became numb with cold, and cut and bleeding with the snow and ice. Here she gathered all the old clothes she could from her bundles, and they wrapped their poor, bleeding feet, with layer after layer, and proceeded on their way, nothing daunted, although the air became more piercing every hour. Half-dead, they crept along the still more dangerous path, clinging to projecting ice, frozen rocks, and crags, until she touched the sacred spot. For five days she stayed, until she felt the god could require no more suffering of mortal than she had endured. They then began their weary descent, but Chundra Lela's heaviest burden was her sad and disappointed heart. Seven years had passed since she left her home and began this weary march in search of God, and had not found Him yet. Lest she might leave something undone, she climbed to the temple of Kedranath, and sprinkled the idol with Ganges water she had carried with her for the purpose.

From here she hastened as best she could down to the foot of the mountains again, to the noted place of pilgrimage, Hardwar. This is the spot where the Ganges river issues from the mountain side. The Shastras say that this sacred river was originally in heaven, but, through the prevailing prayers of a certain sage, the river was permitted to flow to the earth. There is always a great gathering on the anniversary day of this river coming to earth. Chundra Lela bathed here with the rest, and saw such sights of wretchedness and suffering among those who had come for the same purpose as she, that her naturally brave but tender heart almost sank within her. On she went towards Kashmir, visiting all places of sacred legend, worshipping at every shrine, and feeding the Brahmins everywhere. She came back and visited Muttra, and looked upon the spot spoken of in her sacred books, where the god Krishna held the mountain on his finger, but saw and heard nothing that gave her soul relief. On she came to Allahabad (The City of God), and bathed in the spot where the Jumna and the Ganges unite their sacred waters.

Here she remained through the Mela (Religious fair), lasting a month, bathing and worshipping every day. While there, she visited the underground temple, worshipped the idol, and carried away leaves from the trees, which she was told grew in the midst of the temple, under the earth, in the darkness, whose leaves were to heal the sick. This tree, unknown to the pilgrims, is carried in fresh every few days by the priests in the night-time, and the poor, superstitious worshippers are made to believe it grew there.

Chundra Lela daily read her Shastras, and followed their direction in all she did. On she went, down the sacred Ganges, until she arrived in Benares, the

sacred city of the Hindus. There she worshipped Siva, the god of destruction, and made the prescribed offering of the following articles: plate, lamp, drinking-cup, an earthen pot, a vessel for sprinkling idols, sandals, and a cow. She cast her offering of flowers upon the Ganges river, and watched them float away with myriads of other such offerings, which caused the bosom of the river to look like one vast, floating flower-garden, leaving behind them nothing but blackness of darkness in Chundra Lela's heart. She spent several days bathing and worshipping in the many and various shrines of that wonderful seat of idolatry.

Finding no relief by this time she was determined to spend three years in bodily torture, doing herself every cruelty enjoined in the sacred books of the Hindus as pleasing to their gods.

She traveled to Ramgunge, and there joined the fakirs, becoming one of their number. She smeared her body with ashes, and painted her face with red and white, after their hideous manner. Her long, beautiful hair was besmeared with cowdung, then drawn up in a horrible way, and fastened in a knob on top of her head. She clothed herself in a doty (a cloth worn about the lions). About her neck she wore a long string of large beads, and on her feet she put wooden sandals. A deerskin became her only bed. In her hand she carried iron pinchers, with which to perform the sacrificial work before the idols. Thus equipped, she vowed to sit, during the six hot months of the year, on the deerskin all day in the burning sun, with five fires built in a circle about her. And thus she sat day after day, while sweat ran from every pore of her body. In addition to this torture, at night she stood on one foot, with the other drawn up against it, her hands pressed together before the idol, remaining in this attitude, imploring the god to reveal himself unto her, from twelve at night until daylight. Thus, as a fakir she went from one sacred shrine to another, remaining three months in a place. She was worshiped by rich and poor, wealthy men brought the wood, and kept the fire burning about her, thinking it a great act of merit on their part.

During the cold season, instead of standing on one foot, she spent the night sitting in a pond, with water up to her neck, counting her beads from dark until daylight.

When Chundra Lela told this part of her story to us, she said: "Mem (lady), nobody knows how long those nights were, nor how I suffered before morning. The string contained one hundred and eight beads. With each bead I called on the name of a god; with the other hand I kept account of the number of times I had gone around the string. In a night I would go around the string one thousand times, repeating the name of the gods one hundred and eight thousand times. I would look toward the east for the first ray of light, and wonder if the night would never end. When day broke, I would crawl out of the water as best I could, with my benumbed limbs, and, prostrating my body on the ground, would then measure my

length to the spot where I was to sit all day, worshipping idols. I often slept in a sitting position. Thus I called upon Ram day and night, with no response. All this I endured just to find God."

She used to plead with the idol before her: "If thou art God, reveal thyself to me. Reach forth and take the offering I bring. Let me see, or hear, or feel something by which I may know I have pleased thee, and that my great sin is pardoned and I am accepted by thee." But no sign, no rest, no peace. Oh those long, weary years of wandering! And yet the Great Father pitied his poor, benighted child, and would finally lead her through the dense darkness until, from the lips of one of his messengers she should hear the gospel, believe it, and find the Saviour she had for so many years been feeling after. In a short time she came across some missionaries and found that Jesus could save from all sin, cast her burdens away and give her perfect freedom with an unexpressible joy within.

I have condensed this true story in order that the readers of this paper may feel how their desires and workings for the salvation of lost souls compare with Lela's determination to find soul liberty. If every baptized saint could feel the value of a lost soul, we would have the greatest revival that ever came in history. I feel as though we are asleep in Zion and letting millions go to hell on account of it. We are responsible for the conviction of the sinners. It is our business to pray conviction down. As soon as Zion travailed, she brought forth her children (Isa. 66:8). At the Great Judgment, we will regret we did not spend all of our time working mightily for King Jesus.

How many people are willing to seek God as this girl did? How many Christians are willing to agonize with God for a revival, as this girl did for the relief from sin?

Oh, that the Lord would send into His harvest field an army composed of such as Chundra Lela, saved and baptized in the Holy Spirit.

Let us shake off the indolence and spiritual laziness and get down to business for the purpose of praying down an Old Time Pentecostal Revival Meeting.

Mrs. Howard Taylor writes: "The fight is on—in some ways the greatest spiritual conflict of the ages. What part are we going to take for God and those who have never heard of His redeeming love in Christ? China appeals to us—the greatest tragedy in the world today—four hundred million people cut adrift from the old moorings, politically, socially, religiously, swept away from all that has held them for the ages, thrown into chaos and suffering unspeakable with no master hand on the helm, threatened with Bolshevism in addition to civil war and brigandage, famine and flood, and now with this rising tide of anti-Christian agitation. Christian men and women, it is to us our Master appeals as long ago—for He is suffering in the sufferings of His people in China—He asks us to watch with Him one hour."

SUPPORT NEEDED

Support for two workers is needed in Syria. They will require not less than \$20 to \$25 per month each. This "Macedonian call" has come to Miss Malick, our only missionary in Syria, from a nearby village. They sent a man requesting a permanent mission work. They want a school for their children so badly that they are willing to furnish the school building if Miss Malick will only supply the teachers. Quoting Miss Malick, "This would be a nice open door, and a rare opportunity for preaching the Gospel among people who are entirely Roman Catholics." In answer to this earnest cry from a village needing spiritual help, Miss Malick says, "I had to send the man away with the promise that I would pray and do my best about it." The responsibility for the support of these workers lies with us in the homeland. What are we going to do about it? What church will promise the support of these two workers that that little village in Syria may hear the Gospel?

CONQUERED

Some sixty years ago, two Christian missionaries entered a town in Poland. No Jew would listen to them. At last they sent a challenge to the Rabbi for a public debate as to whether Jesus was the Christ. For three days the synagogue was crowded, and at last the missionaries were cast out, spat upon and beaten, and barely escaped with their lives. The Rabbi was applauded as a splendid monument of truth. Next Sabbath he did not conduct the worship. Another Sabbath passed with a deputy preacher. Then a notice was issued that Rabbi Goldringer wished to see all the members in the synagogue on the third Sabbath. Amid breathless silence the Rabbi, very pale, arose and said: "Brethren, you are all aware of the recent controversy. You were good enough to acclaim me a victor in that debate. As I have to stand before the Judge of all the earth, I must tell you, let the consequences be what they may, that I was conquered: and I am here to say, among all those who know me best, that Jesus of Nazareth is the Messiah of whom Moses and the Law spoke."

AMONG THE UNEVANGELIZED

During the past cool season we were out in camp about two and a half months. In many places it was our privilege to be the first to bring the gospel message to them. Some objected to our coming and others received us gladly; but we do not know how much of the seed fell by the wayside, or how much fell among thorns, or how much fell on good ground. We are His laborers; He alone can give the increase; so we are trusting that in eternity some fruit shall be realized.—Helen and Robert McClay, Nawabganj, India.

The camel and elephant are taught to kneel by **LOADING THEM SO HEAVILY** that they have to **STOOP**. Would we ever learn to pray and to cast our burdens on the Lord, if they did not become too heavy for us to bear?—Simple Testimony.

IN THE WHITENED HARVEST FIELDS

GOOD MEETING

Brother A. E. Tunmore writes from Buffalo, N. Y.: "Meyer and Alice Tan Ditter, singing evangelists, were with us for a ten days' meeting. The people came out well night after night and enjoyed the singing and messages. Brother Tan Ditter is very clear on the Pentecostal message."

ENCOURAGING

Sister Lucy C. Stickney writes from Webb City, Okla.: "Every thing is moving along nicely, souls are getting saved and filled with the Holy Spirit. We are looking forward to a great time in an old-time Pentecostal revival to start here June 20 with Brother S. M. Padgett in charge. All of the Evangel family please join us in prayer that this oil field will be stirred and many souls saved and filled with the Spirit."

ELEVEN BAPTIZED

Pastor Harvey Dunn of Illmo, Mo., writes: "We wish to praise the Lord for the many blessings and refreshing showers which He has given us. Evangelist W. W. Childers and wife were with us in a four weeks' meeting. The Lord wonderfully blessed Brother Childers in giving forth the message in the old time way. Anyone desiring the full gospel message, will do well to secure Brother Childers and wife. There were 11 baptized in the Holy Spirit according to Acts 2:4, 13 saved and reclaimed, and 11 united with the church."

WORK PROGRESSING

Brother H. H. Maynard writes from Chattaroy, W. Va.: "God is wonderfully blessing at this place under the pastorate of Brother Geo. Mullet and the watchful care of Brother Milt Moore. Brother Moore came to this place about six months ago and the saints were scattered and there was no place to hold service. He began to gather them together and now has a lot purchased, a house to worship in, and is moving on to victory. I have been at this place several times and the mighty brooding presence of God hovers over the congregation, while the house won't hold the people. Praise the Lord for His strange acts."

Brother H. H. Maynard writes from Delbarton, W. Va.: "We do thank the Lord for the way He is moving in this assembly. His power is present in every service. We have had three meetings and one soul has been reclaimed. Brother Milt Moore is working here also. This place is 7 miles from Chattaroy. Any Council preacher passing this way, will receive a hearty welcome."

"HE" IS FAITHFUL

Brother W. C. Long writes from Gilpin, Md.: "We are rejoicing over the good meeting God gave us here in Gilpin. It was at this place that the church burned down in 1922 and it has been the scene of two and a half years of heavy persecution, but thank God, God is faithful to all who will trust Him. Sister Jennie L. Bendiksen, of Belgian Congo, Africa, was with us five weeks and God used her to build up the place as never before. Her five and a half years as a missionary have given her many very helpful experiences that have proven a blessing in a hard place like this. The Sunday school has almost doubled; 12 or 13 gave their hearts to God. In the cross we glory."

A NEW MISSION

Brother Wm VanDam writes: "We are to open our new mission hall, June 6, at Maple Ave., Danbury, Conn. We have been holding meetings at Bethel, Conn., about 2 miles from Danbury, and as Danbury is the larger of the two towns we thought best to open a permanent work there. These meetings were started about a year ago in a home by Pastor Rocco Santa Maria, but he felt called to his home town to labor. On Jan. 3 of 'this year the saints here gave me a call as pastor. God is blessing His Word. We covet the prayers of the dear saints everywhere, as this is what they call 'an open town,' theaters and moving pictures open all day Sunday."

FAITH HOSPITAL

Brother Earl W. Clark of Indianapolis, Ind., writes: "God is blessing by saving the lost and healing the sick and baptizing believers. Eight or ten have been filled with the Spirit the last few weeks and the power of God is being manifested in a mighty way. Praise His dear name! Preparations are being made to dedicate the Faith Hospital the 4th of July and special meetings will be in progress at that time. If planning to attend, write ahead and we will try to make arrangements to give lodging. Brother C. A. Kinney, District Chairman, will be with us for the dedication and will conduct a 10 days' revival meeting. The Faith Hospital is a 16-room, cinder block, stucco house, built for the sick and afflicted who wish to trust God for their bodies, the first Faith Hospital that we know of in the land. We will have open house all day. Come and stay over the week end."

CORRECTION

The revival described in May 22 issue, as being conducted by Brother John E. Hooper at Greenwood, Ark., was held at Jenny Lind, Ark. Brother Hooper lives at Greenwood.

"Molten silver continues in a state of agitation till all impurity is thrown off and then it becomes still. When it becomes pure it reflects the image of the molder. When the Christian life is pure, it reflects the image of Christ."

MIDNIGHT AND DAWN

(Continued from Page Six)

Nearer and nearer he comes. He is but a youth. He has reached the tomb and is stooping to peer within. His companion has now arrived, panting from exertion. He appears older. He is not even pausing, but plunging impetuously into the sepulcher. The younger man follows. Moments pass. Now they are emerging. Note the wonder and amazement written on the face of the elder, the tremulous belief on the face of the younger. Yea, He is risen! He is risen! He who was crucified for our offenses, He who shunned not the shame of the cross, He is risen!—risen for our justification. He has conquered death and behold He is alive forevermore.

Oh, wonderful, wonderful Dawning! What hopes you have inspired in our hearts, for you have whispered of another dawn—a dawning not as yet pictured upon our canvas—a dawning that impoverishes all languages to describe—when the Sun of righteousness shall arise with healing in His wings—a dawning, when the whole earth shall resound with the mighty shout, "Behold He cometh," for the Word says, "This same Jesus shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." Then He will come, not as the lowly Nazarene, ah no, but as the mighty Prince of Peace, the King of kings and Lord of lords. "And there shall be given Him dominion and glory and a kingdom that all people, nations, and languages shall serve Him; His dominion is an everlasting dominion which shall not pass away and His kingdom that which shall not be destroyed." Can you picture this unspeakably marvelous appearing? Can you see Him, as clad in His regal robes He descended in the clouds of heaven with ten thousands of His saints? Then shall all the nations of the earth be blessed; then shall we know the fullness of our inheritance in Him. Yea, He is coming—coming to reign in righteousness and peace. Are you watching for His appearing? Is your gaze turned upward? Watch, "watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh."

HOW GOD BAPTIZED A METHODIST PREACHER

(Continued from Page Nine)

you." Then he shook my hand and went away. I think that a Methodist preacher who has the Baptism is a real problem to the district superintendent and to the bishop. I think they were glad I stepped out peaceably. I have been glad ever since. I said in Chicago just after I had stepped out, "I would rather be a Pentecostal preacher than to be a Methodist bishop." About two years afterward having had some experience as a Pentecostal preacher, I said, "I would rather be a Pentecostal preacher than to be the whole Board of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church."

JULY 4TH AS A DAY OF INTERCESSION

(A resolution adopted at the recent annual convention of the World's Christian Fundamentals Association at Toronto, Canada).

"Whereas, the apostasy from the faith on the part of the pulpit, the worldliness and unspirituality in the pews, the alarming conditions morally throughout the nations, the breakdown of home life, the lack of respect for all authority in community life, the atheistic philosophy of the schools, the putrefaction of contemporary literature, and the indecency and damning influences of modern amusements, reveals the need of a sweeping revival; and

"Whereas, in this day of appalling need we call upon Christians everywhere throughout the world to pray earnestly and prevailingly for a Heaven-sent, world-wide revival that shall awaken the Church, put the pulpit on fire, make soul-winning the chief business of Christians, bring conviction of sin upon the sinners and the fear of God upon the community and the nations;

"Therefore, we call upon Christians on every continent to keep the Fourth Day of July, 1926, as a day of prayer, when churches and homes be opened everywhere for importunate prayer. Shall we not have such a day of prayer as the world has never seen, and which will bring about results so far-reaching that hell shall be poorer and Heaven richer, and earth encircled with blazing revivals that shall bring multitudes to the Christ of Calvary?"

Pray For Revival!

THE WORK OF THE HOLY GHOST

(Continued from Page One)

Miracle

Now one feature of the effusion—namely, miraculous inspiration—marks it off sharply from all other secret and age-long activities of the Spirit. "Your sons and your daughters shall PROPHECY"—the word means, not simply to predict future events, but to announce the revelations of God (Lange); they had just heard the "tongues" that PROVED the Spirit's incoming—"your young men shall see visions, your old men shall dream dreams;" and "also"—as an unprecedented thing, for there is no instance throughout the Old Testament of the Spirit ever falling on a slave—"upon my servants and on my handmaidens I will pour out in those days of my Spirit"—a repeated prediction, that the tremendous fact may soak into our minds.

Jehovah Himself has given this triple definition of miraculous seizure:—"If there be a PROPHET among you, I, the Lord will make myself known unto him in a vision; I will speak with him in a dream" (Num. 12:6) This is closely related to and is in agreement with other prophecies of restored miracle:—immediate inspiration, without forethought (Mark 13:11); miracle-gifted overthrowers of demonic miracle (2 Tim. 3:9); gigantic judgment-miracles yet to be (Rev. 11:6); together with a general in-break of a miraculous order.

The Outpouring and the Judgments

Both the prophet and the apostle so intertwine and interlock the effusion and the judgments of the time of the Second Coming, as to put beyond all doubt that Pentecost did not exhaust the prediction, and also to reveal to a limit almost incredible, the mercy of God. "And I will show wonders in the heavens"—to challenge thought and rouse fear—"and in the earth"—to sting into action—"blood and fire and pillars of smoke: the sun shall be turned into darkness and the moon into blood before the great and terrible day of the Lord come: and whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord," Joel adds, "shall be saved." Great terrors will mingle with mighty salvations: in the earlier phases of the last judgments, judgment and redemption go hand in hand: not until the last section of the fearful catastrophe does judgment abandon hope of salvation. "When thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness" (Isa. 26:9). For it is to a world's wreck, shuddering and sinking, and actually taking its final plunge, that God's lifeboat draws its closest and picks up great numbers of sinking humanity. In the old world's last hours, and up to the very brink of hell, "mercy rejoices against judgment" (James 2:13).

Salvation

Finally, the glorious results of this climax of salvation in the history of the universe is revealed in Joel's ultimate verse (3:1) as expounded and expanded by our Lord. "Before him shall be gathered all nations and he shall separate them"—them (masculine) as individuals, not as nations (neuter)—"as the shepherd separateth the sheep from the goats" (Matt. 25:32); massed nations, in colossal multitudes, assembled to right and to left. The whole world's population is gathered before the Lord; on His right, some hundreds of millions, if the separated masses are at all balanced and commensurate; saved, for the Judge pronounces them "blest," and subject-nations of millennial rule, and regenerate, because our Lord's rebuke to Nicodemus (John 3:10) implies that there has never been, and never will be, salvation without regeneration. They are judged with a highly peculiar judgment of their own. Multitudes, we know, enormous enough to stock the millennial earth at the opening of the Kingdom will be saved. It is a work of the Holy Ghost totally unparalleled for any single generation in the history of the world.

Since these things are predicted, let us ask the Lord rain in the time of the latter rain.—Adapted.

EVANGEL READERS ARE GLAD THAT ALL TRACTS ARE FREE

In January 1924, my wife and I picked up a few tracts at Bethel Temple, Los Angeles. We had never seen any tracts before, but it seemed such a good way of sending the gospel message that we sent them to my mother and four sisters in London, England. They wrote for more; so I kept sending them packages. One of my sisters had been an actress, so she went to the theaters and gave tracts to the long lines of people waiting out-

side the booking office. I had been a seafaring man off and on, so God placed a burden on my heart for seamen, and I sent tracts to the seamen's missions all around the world; also to jails, and to acquaintances I had met in my globe trotting. The first year I sent out about 70,000. I do praise the Lord for the good news in the Evangel about the tracts being free (not because I do not want to pay towards them), also for the extension of the plant and publication of cheap literature. I have always been disappointed at the high price of Christian literature, and have felt the need of a free reading room in every town, one that is stocked with good literature.—Philip Monson, Box 807, Smackover, Ark.

I had prayed many times that our Headquarters would print their tracts free, and when I read the announcement I had a regular Hallelujah chorus alone. Praise God!—Mrs. R. G. Axe, Massillon, Ohio Route 1.

On returning home I found on reading my dear Evangel the good news of the chance of getting some free tracts, by decision of the Council. Praise God, a prayer answered!—Mrs. Inman, 126 S. Dye St., Virden, Ill.

(Offerings to enable us to keep a great stream of free tracts flowing out from the Gospel Publishing House will be appreciated.)

A TESTIMONY

I feel that distributing tracts is my mission in life as my son was healed through a tract being thrown in my yard in 1911 when Pentecost was new in Fort Worth. Brother A. P. Collins prayed for him and he was healed.—Mrs. D. J. Barham, 2620 Rasen Ave., Fort Worth, Texas.

WANTED. Gospel tent, 40x60 or larger. State age, condition and price without poles. Would also like to have your old songbooks (if you have purchased new ones) to be used in opening new fields. Write J. D. Wells, 2123 Spring Street, Eureka, Calif.

OPEN FOR CALLS. Brother H. H. Maynard, Brother Milt Moore and party will be open for evangelistic calls after June 1, 1926, in West Virginia, Kentucky, Virginia, Ohio, and Maryland.

TENT FOR SALE. Almost new, size 60x120, 3 center poles and 8 quarter poles, side poles, 12 ounce double filled khaki, bags, and everything ready for service. Tent cost, new, \$3600; will sell for \$1000, give terms.—Mr. Taylor, 4082 Chamoune St., San Diego, Calif.

OPEN FOR CALLS. After four years of service in Wilmington, Delaware, I have presented my resignation to this assembly, becoming effective Sunday, May 30th. I will be open to calls to evangelistic work among the Pentecostal fellowship, and will be glad to receive and accept such calls from any of the brethren. I am in full fellowship with the General Council, and have good standing among and cooperation with the brethren of the Eastern District Council. I may be addressed Pastor William A. Cox, 2102 Locust St., Wilmington, Del.

AUSTIN, TEXAS.—The District Council of Texas and New Mexico will meet at 37th Street Church on July 6-7-8-9. Beds and meals will be provided for all ministers and delegates, if possible. We are also arranging a free table for all visitors to the Council, as far as possible. Will ask those coming in cars to bring bedding. There will be camp grounds for all who desire to camp. To find the church, get on Main, north end, get off at 37th Street; to your right one-half block is the church. A campmeeting will also begin at 37th Street Church July 1. All visitors should write ahead to W. A. Baker, pastor, 3711 Cedar St., Austin, Texas.

Forthcoming Meetings

CHANEYSVILLE, PA. The Potomac District will hold its quarterly session at El-Bethel church, June 7-8-9.—W. C. Long, pastor.

LETHBRIDGE, ALBERTA. ARGUE SISTERS, Zelma and Beulah Argue, Musician-Evangelists with Pastor C. Scratch, Lethbridge Full Gospel Church, June 13-27.

RIVERTON, NEBR.—Our annual District camp and council meeting will be held this year at Riverton, Nebr., August 12 to 22 inc. Elder W. M. Faux of Springfield, Mo. will be with us, also other ministers and evangelists.—G. W. Clopine, Dist. chairman.

RINGLING, OKLA.—The first annual camp meeting of the Southwestern District of Okla. will be held at Ringling, Okla., beginning July 31st, lasting two weeks, with Brother James Hut-sell as Evangelist. Tables will be furnished by free offerings also free camp ground with wood, lights and water.

AMARILLO, TEXAS.—A camp meeting will convene June 12 and continue as long as the Lord leads. Evangelist J. E. Chamless of Quitaque, Texas, will be in charge. Come, bringing your bedding and tents. Meals will be served at reasonable rates. For further information, write, Pastor G. F. C. Fons, Box 190, Amarillo, Texas.

PORT LAVACA, TEXAS.—Old-time camp meeting will be held at Port Lavaca from June 20 to July 11. Evangelist H. B. Laws, of Greenwood, Ark., will be in charge. A special invitation is given to all preachers, workers and missionaries. Table will be run on free-will offering plan; rooms free. Come to the coast to spend your vacation. For further information, write, J. S. Elswick, pastor.

LOVELAND, COLO. Tent revival and camp meeting will be held at Loveland, Colo., commencing May 25 and will continue until end of August or longer. Evangelist Robert Gillespie, of Seattle, Wash., will conduct opening services. Other speakers will follow. For further information, write E. J. Cook, pastor, 603 W. 1st St., Loveland, Colo.

SIoux CITY, IOWA.—Brother Adolph Petersen of Chicago will begin a revival in Sioux City, Iowa, June 6 for one month or longer. We are equipped for those coming to camp, and do their own cooking, or if there is a sufficient attendance to demand a common table, can arrange for the same without a great deal of extra effort. Those who desire rooms should write Pastor I. M. Glanville, 1216 W. 15th St., (Tel. Automatic No. 81647), Sioux City, Iowa.

SAINT LOUIS, MO.—Dr. Lillian B. Yeomans will conduct a ten-day meeting at the Full Gospel Assembly, 3621 Washington Ave., June 13-23. Dr. Yeomans' messages on divine healing are confirmed by our Lord. A cordial welcome for all. Bring the sick. Services every afternoon (except Mondays and Saturdays) at 2:30; every night at 8:00. Page, Olive, and Grand Ave. street cars will bring you to the assembly. For further information, write, Morse H. Markley, 1411 Burd Ave.

ASHLAND, OHIO. Meetings will begin at the big tent, Wednesday June 15, at 13th Street, West Off Cottage Street or Norwalk, Toledo Rd. To continue as long as the Lord leads, probably all summer. Bring your tents and camp with us. Services every night at 7:30. For further information, address us at 628 S. Lincoln Ave., Massillon, Ohio. After June 15, address us at W. 13th St., Ashland, Ohio.—David D. Lewis and wife.

KANSAS DISTRICT CAMPMEETINGS (Dates Changed)

Ottawa, July 15-25. This Camp will be held in Forrest Park just opposite the A. T. & S. F. Station. There are splendid camping facilities.

Attica, July 29 to Aug. 8. This promises to be one of the big Camps this year. There are splendid highways leading to this place, also the main line of the A. T. & S. F. The camp ground will be located five miles West on the Coal Oil Hi-Way.

Woodston, August 12-22. This is the oldest Pentecostal Campmeeting in the District. D. H. McDowell, Asst. Chairman of the General Council will be the main speaker. The Camp ground is located three miles East of Woodston on the Midland trail. For further information, write to Fred Vogler, Dist. Chairman, Burlingame, Kans. There will be no camp at McCracken this year.

SHERBURN, MINN., INTERSTATE CAMP MEETING, North Central District, Fox Lake Park, June 18 to July 18. Evangelist D. H. McDowell, Springfield, Mo., and Miss Willa Lowther of So. China, and other special workers. Fox Lake Park, on the shores of one of Minnesota's wonderful lakes, has every convenience. Large hotel tent on grounds, meals served at 25c. Auditorium seats 1800. Electric lights for individual tents. Write ahead for reservation of tents before June 1, to secretary Mrs. Alice Schafer, Sherburn, Minn.

SHORT TERM SUMMER BIBLE SCHOOL, Sherburn, Minn., June 18 to July 18. In connection with above camp meeting we are arranging a short term Bible School under the direction of Brother McDowell. First week, Studies in Prophecy. Second week, Studies in Christian Evidences. Third week, Studies on Bible Doctrine. Fourth week, Studies on Dispensational Truth. Afternoon classes by the local pastor on Evangelism and Personal Work. Opportunities for practical work in the great evangelistic services in the evening. Further particulars from secretary, Mrs. Alice Schafer, Sherburn, Minn.—W. H. Pope, pastor.

EASTERN DISTRICT ANNUAL CAMP MEETING,—The seventh annual District Camp Meeting for the Eastern end of the District will be held from July 9th to August 1st inclusive at VALLEY VIEW PARK, Inkerman, Pa., near Wilkes Barre. Valley View Park is centrally located in the Wyoming Valley and is easily reached from all parts of the District. To reach the Camp Grounds, change to the Laurel Line R. R. either at Wilkes Barre or Scranton, Pa. Inkerman station is at the entrance of the Park. Evangelist Jack Saunders will be the leading speaker. There will also be a number of Pentecostal Ministers and Missionaries who will take part in the services. For further information write: Harold H. Moss, Secretary, 4741 Hudson Boulevard, North Bergen, N. J.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. Convention and revival services and missionary rally at Old Elim Tabernacle, corner of William and Laura Sts., near East Avenue, June 24 to 27 inc. Evangelistic services to continue longer, God leading. Brother Harry L. Collier of Washington, D. C. will bring the evangelistic messages, each evening. Pastor E. M. F. Staudt of Baltimore, Md., will bring the afternoon messages on the deeper truths of God's Word. Sister Sarah Cox of India, Sister J. L. Bendiksen of Africa, Brother and Sister Baltan of China, and Brother Cummings and many other workers will be present. Old friends and students of Elim are coming. Workers and missionaries will be entertained in the homes of assembly brethren and at the Bible school. A place will be found for all. Those outside Rochester will find meals served at the Bible school on the free-will offering plan. All cordially invited. Address all mail to 34 Lawn Street, c/o W. W. Richards Jr., pastor, or A. M. Chase, assistant pastor.

EIGHTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE NORTHWEST DISTRICT COUNCIL OF THE ASSEMBLIES OF GOD AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONFERENCE.—This meeting will open in Bethany Temple, 26th St. and Oakes ave., Everett, Wash., June 15. The first days will be devoted to District Council matters and general ministerial affairs, and the week end will be occupied with Bible teaching and conference work which will be especially helpful to the young workers. This meeting will include Sunday June 20. This is the same conference as announced for the Easter time in April, and was postponed to enable the combining with the District Council. Elder W. T. Gaston, Chairman of the General Council, and Sisters Almyra and Olga Jean Aston, missionaries from India, are expected for the entire week. Entertainment for ministers and delegates has been undertaken by the Everett Assembly, and as far as possible, all will be cared for. Any who are looking forward to ministerial affiliation with the District Council, as well as those already affiliated, are urged to be present. For further information, please write Pastor E. O. Robeck, 2108 Ave., Everett, Wash.—Frank Gray, Chairman Northwest Dist.

FOREIGN MISSIONS CONTRIBUTIONS May 21st—27th inclusive

This does not include offerings sent in for the expenses of the Foreign Missions Department. All offerings under one dollar amount to \$1.82.

100 Assembly & S S Brimston Mo; M W Springfield Mo; J F N Forgan Okla; Mrs M E V Comfort W Va; A Friend Glynden Minn; B T Perks Ill; Mrs H P Portland Wash; Mrs S T Carrollton Ill; A P Oakland Calif; Mrs B H Michigan City Ind; H McC Kellyville Okla; 1.02 Mrs J M W Fresno Calif; 1.10 Miss M T Austin Texas; 1.25 Mrs E K Ghent N Y; 1.30 S S Booneville Ark; 1.50 R A W Los Angeles Calif; 1.54 Mrs J M W Fresno Calif; 1.65 Assembly of God Oswego Kans; 1.75 E M O Carthage Mo;

2.00 Mrs M H Sacramento Calif; R A W San Diego Calif; Mrs B Des Moines Ia; Mrs E M

C Camden Mich; A V Gallatin Mo; O L I Tulsa Okla; Mrs J G B Marcellus Mich; W M D Baquette Texas; Mrs M B T Tres Pinos Calif; Mrs A G W Gertrude Wash; C M Urbana Ohio; F J G Hawkins Wis; Mrs M A Chicago Ill; A Friend; Mrs W H C Abbeville Ala; G J U Santa Ana Calif; An Evangel Reader; Mrs C H F Burbank Calif; 2.50 Assembly Reids La; Mrs I E C Los Angeles Calif; 2.50 J A C Picher Okla;

3.00 W E L Cozahoma Ark; F F Sublette Kans; Berean S S Class Ewing Mo; W W A Los Angeles Calif; J W L Los Angeles Calif; Young People's Class Russellville Ark; 3.15 Pent'l S S Children Ingleswood Calif; 3.29 Childers Chapel Assembly Monette Ark; 3.50 Mrs A N G Iola Ill; 3.56 Full Gospel Assembly S S Monrovia Calif;

4.00 Mr & Mrs O J S New Woodstock N Y; Mrs W D Denver Colo; Assembly Fruitdale Ala; 4.05 C M R Jenny Lind Ark; 4.21 Assembly Cuerto Texas; Fruitdale Ala; 4.50 Sherman Pent'l S S Ottumwa Ia; 4.61 Womans Mis Council Wichita Falls Texas;

5.00 Mrs K C Egeland N Dak; P S H Salem Ore; A G Scranton Pa; Mr & Mrs C S Hamilton Kans; J S Binghamton N Y; Mr J G Tehachapi Calif; Mrs T A H Marienville Pa; Mrs F V San Bernardino Calif; C E S Mt Vernon Wash; F M B Springfield Mo; G M R Arroyo Grande Calif; R H Eldon Ia; Assembly Tal-lipoosa Mo; F T H Clark's Summit Pa; C W A Toppenish Wash; Mr & Mrs R T C Mt Vernon Mo; Community S S Bellaire Mich; Mrs R C National Mine Mich; Mrs C M H San Antonio Texas; Prayer Circle Wichita Falls Texas; 5.05 Assembly of God Kulin Miss; 5.15 S S North Little Rock Ark; 5.20 Assembly of God Caldwell Kans; 5.65 Red Hill Assembly Keota Okla;

6.00 A Friend in Ga; Mrs E S Cuero Texas; D & S G Montreal Canada; H H Alliance Ohio; 6.10 Pleasant Hill Assembly Harrah Okla;

7.00 West Laurel Assembly Laurel Miss; 7.55 S S Phoenix Ariz; 7.65 Pent'l Assembly Keenes-burg Colo;

8.00 Mrs A A Detroit Mich A I B San Diego Calif; Mrs E M V Detroit Mich; Mrs L S Belle Fourche S Dak; 8.50 S S Sparta Ill; 9.00 H B F New Plat N Y; 9.49 Assembly of God Indian Valley Idaho; 9.60 Mr & Mrs A B S Chicago Ill; 9.90 Rev W G W Vulcan Mo;

10.00 Junior League Dunsmuir Calif; L M Kitch-ener Canada; A I G Glendale Calif; Mr & Mrs T E Arcade N Y; Mr & Mrs V H Lake Forest Ill; N J & H A I San Antonio Texas; Young People Assembly of God Trinidad Colo; Mr & Mrs E A K Cincinnati Ohio; Gospel Tab Port-land Ore; Mrs H C M Liberty Texas; J V New Trenton Ind; A L M Marshfield Ore; D E O San Gabriel Calif; Children of Assembly Eagle Bend Minn; Young People Joplin Mo; 10.20 Assembly Hill City Kans; 10.95 Mrs J W Golden City Mo;

11.00 Melinda Pent'l Assembly Canaan N H; R R H Sycamore Ill; 11.67 Mrs G A M Caspiana Ia; 12.00 Mr & Mrs W O F Butler Pa; 12.50 Mr & Mrs W A T Jacksonville Fla; 12.55 As-sembly Wilton N Dak;

13.00 Assembly Wellston Okla; B W Broken Arrow Okla; A Friend; 13.26 Pent'l Mission Denver Colo; 13.34 Assembly of God Church Oshkosh Wis; 14.00 A Friend; F G L Chicago Ill;

15.00 Mrs A A North Andover Mass; C A Los Angeles Calif; Assembly Endwell N Y; 17.00 Pent'l Prayer Band Allentown Pa; 18.00 B L L Los Angeles Calif;

20.00 C U Pawnee Rock Kans; E J Deaver Falls Pa; Bethel Pent'l Assembly Juneau Alaska; Assembly Wood River Ill; 21.50 Pent'l Assembly Bell Calif; 23.80 Full Gospel Assembly Tulare Calif; 24.00 Assembly & S S Michawaka Ind; 25.00 Full Gospel Assembly Washington D C; Mrs J W W Springfield Mo; Mr & Mrs G R C Grafton Neb; S I Newburgh N Y 26.90 Trinity Tab St Louis Mo; 28.00 Pent'l Assembly Yelm Wash;

30.00 A J K San Francisco Calif; Mrs M H Avalon Calif; 30.31 S S Goose Creek Texas; 31.00 Full Gospel Assembly of God Minneapolis Minn; 34.25 Assembly Wichita Kans; 35.00 As-sembly Saints Sedalia Mo; 37.00 P J S Gary Ind; 40.22 Glad Tidings Church San Antonio Texas;

50.00 Mr & Mrs J B Los Angeles Calif; E B P & Son Toledo Ohio; First Pent'l Church Lancaster Pa; Pent'l S S Wilmington Del; 52.02 Pent'l Gospel Mission Millvale Pa; 57.35 M H New Castle Pa; 72.35 Pent'l Assembly of God Tacoma Wash;

100.00 Mrs B D & K F Hominy Okla; T A O Bridgeport Conn; 290.75 Gospel Tab San Diego Calif;

| | |
|---------------------------------------|-------------|
| Total amount minus 74.47 amount given | |
| direct | \$2165.88 |
| Amount previously reported..... | 9433.61 |
| Total amount to date..... | \$11,599.49 |
| Minus 9.00 reported in error..... | 9.00 |
| | \$11,590.49 |

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|---|---------|
| HOME MISSIONS CONTRIBUTIONS May 21st—27th inclusive | |
| 1.00 Assembly & S S Michawaka Ind; F F Sub-lette Kans; Mrs I L Brawley Calif; | |
| Total amount reported..... | \$ 3.00 |
| Amount previously reported..... | 26.00 |
| Total amount to date..... | \$29.00 |

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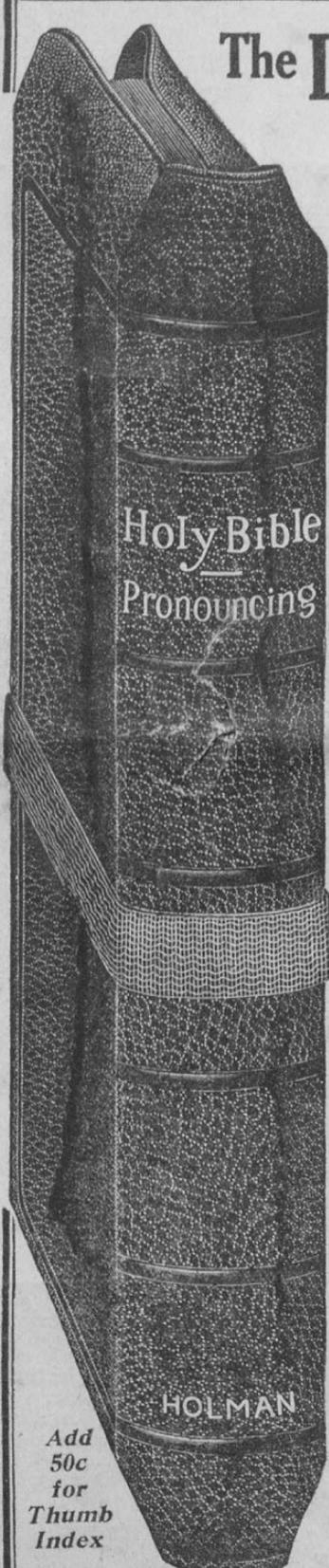
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| <p>15 ^k The land of Zāb'u-lon, and the land of Nēph'tha-lim, by the way of the sea, beyond Jōr'dan, Gāl'i-lee of the Gēn'tiles;</p> <p>16 ^l The people which sat in darkness saw great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up.</p> <p>17 ^m From that time Jē'sus began to preach, and to say, ⁿ Repent: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.</p> | <p>A. D. 31.</p> <p>^k Is. 9. 1. 2. ^l Is. 42. 7. ^m Luke 2. 32. ⁿ Mark 1. 14, 15. ^o ch. 3. 2; ^p Mark 1. 16, 17, 18. ^q Luke 5. 2. ^r John 1. 42. ^s Luke 5. 10, 11. ^t Mark 10. 28. ^u Luke 18. 28. ^v Mark 1. 19, 20.</p> |
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