



The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on the Earth

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An International Monthly Magazine

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

"After He Have Received—Power"

The "Go Ye" of the Holy Ghost.

Evan. Smith Wigglesworth, Bradford, England, in Chicago, Oct. 29, 1922



LET me read to you from the 1st chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. The Word of God is wonderful and I believe that God wants to fill us with His Word. He wants us to be so filled with it that no matter where we are, the Word will be lived out in us.

The Word is power, the Word is Life, the Word of God is faith, the Word is Jesus and the Word of God is everlasting life to him that believeth. "He that hath My Word and believeth on Him that sent Me hath everlasting life." And we need to be careful in reading the Word; I believe it is too precious to rush over; we have need to "rightly divide the Word of Truth." I want to speak to you tonight of the power given by God. Oh the power of the Holy Ghost! the power that quickens, the revealing power, the travailing power! The power that lives and moves! the power that brings about exactly what Jesus said, "when you receive . . . ye shall have power." I love to think that Jesus wanted all His people to have power, that He wanted all men to be overcomers. It is the joy God brings within a human life that transforms it by His Word and brings it into the place where it knows it is above all, and brings to naught the things that are, because God is in the Word. Nothing but this power will do it. Power over sin, power over sickness, power over the devil, power over all the powers of the devil! I know that Jesus revealed by His Word these truths—"after that ye shall have power." I think there is nothing more beautiful to look at than to look at the Jordan in our experiences. The moment that Jesus was baptized in the Holy Ghost there was a manifestation that never appeared in the world before or since. Right there by the Jordan was the Son of God, directly on the Son was the Holy Ghost in the form of a dove, and in the heavens above was the voice of God. It is beautiful to think of how the Trinity is interested in humanity.

Why have we power when the Holy Ghost comes? Because the Holy Ghost reveals Jesus; and Jesus, being the Word of God, in that Word there is all power. In order to under-

stand what it means to have all power there are two things necessary; one is to have ears to hear and the other is to have hearts to receive it. I am sure that everyone should know this truth that God sent the devil out of heaven because he was weak; if he had been strong He would not have sent him out. You never find anything that is impure get purer, but always viler, and Satan when he was cast out became weaker, viler, and more impure. Every born saint of God, filled with the Spirit has a real revelation of that truth, "Greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world." I say this with as much audacity as I please. I know evil spirits are in abundance and in multitudes; Jesus cast them out as legion. Satan and his angels were cast out of heaven and it seems to me that he had power to make evil spirits, but these are never as strong as Satan himself. Because of purity, holiness and righteousness, they that are strong shall become more and more righteous, and equally so, Satan and his emissaries become viler and viler. But the believer because of the Spirit that is in Him has the power to cast out the evil spirits. It must be so; God wants us to have this power in us; we must be able to destroy Satan's power wherever we go.

When I received the Holy Ghost all the people thought that I had gone wrong but we have to live to prove things. It is a strange fact but the people of this world seem to be in a dilemma and don't know what to do. One day as I came into the house my wife said, "Which way did you come?" I answered that I had come in by the back way. "Oh," she said, "if you had come in by the front you would have seen a man there in a terrible state. There is a crowd of people around him and he is in terrible straits." Then the door bell rang and she said, "There he is again. What will we do?" I said, "Just be quiet and still." I rushed to the door and just as I was opening it the Spirit said, "This is what I baptized you for." I was very careful then in opening the door, and then I heard the man crying outside, "Oh I have committed the unpardonable sin, I am lost, I am lost." I asked him to come in and when he got inside he said again in awful distress,

"I am lost, I am lost." Then the Spirit came upon me and I commanded the lying spirit to come out of the man in the name of Jesus. Suddenly he lifted up his arms and said, "I never did it." The moment that the lying spirit was out he was able to speak the truth. I then realized the power in the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. It was the Spirit that said, "This is what I baptized you for," and I believe we ought to be in the place where we will always be able to understand the mind of the Spirit amidst all the other voices in the world.

After the Holy Ghost has come upon you, you have power. I believe a great mistake is made in these days by people tarrying and tarrying after they have received. After you have received it is, "Go ye." Not "sit still," but "go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel." We shall make serious havoc of the whole thing if we turn back again and crawl into a corner seeking something we already have. I want you to see that God depends upon us in these last days. There is no room for anyone to boast and the man who goes about saying, "Look at me for I am somebody," is of no value whatever. God is done with that man altogether, He will have a people to glorify Him. He is doing what He can with that which He has, but we are so unwilling to move in the plan of God that He has to grind us many times to get us where He can use us.

Jesus was so filled with the Holy Ghost that He stood in the place where He was always ready. He was always in the attitude where He brought victory out of every opportunity. The power of the Holy Spirit is within us but it can be manifested only as we go in obedience to that opportunity which we have before us. I believe if you wait until you think you have power after you have received the Holy Ghost you will never know you have it. Don't you know that the child of God who is in possession of the Baptism is inhabited by the power of the Spirit? You will remember one time when they tried to throw Jesus from the brow of the hill, that He pressed through the midst of them and as soon as He got through He healed the man with the blind eyes. Pressing through the crowd which was trying to kill Him, He showed forth His power. Some people might think that Jesus should have run away altogether but He stopped to heal. This thought has comforted me over and over again.

One day as I was waiting for a car I stepped

into a shoemaker's shop. I had not been there long when I saw a man with a green shade over his eyes, crying pitifully and in great agony. It was heart-rending and the shoemaker told me that the inflammation was burning out his eyes. I jumped up and went to the man and said, "You devil, come out of this man in the name of Jesus." Instantly the man said, "It is all gone, I can see now." That is the only Scriptural way, to begin to work at once, and preach afterwards. You will find as the days go by that the miracles and healings will be manifested. Because the Master was touched with the feeling of the infirmities of the multitudes they instantly gathered around Him to hear what He had to say concerning the Word of God. However, I would rather see one man saved than ten thousand people healed. If you ask me why, I would call to your attention the Word which says, "There was a rich man and he fared sumptuously every day." Now we don't hear of this man having any diseases but it says, "In hell he lifted up his eyes." We also read that there was a poor man full of sores and "he lifted up his eyes in heaven," so we see that a man can die practically in good health but be lost, and a man can die in disease and be saved; so it is more important to be saved than anything else.

But Jesus was sent to bear the infirmities and the afflictions of the people and to destroy the works of the devil. He said that the thief (which is the devil) cometh to steal and to kill and to destroy, "but I am come that ye might have life and have it more abundantly." I maintain that God wishes all His people to have the life more abundant; that if we understood sin as we ought to understand it and realized that there is no sickness without disobedience, we Pentecostal people would never say we were sick because then others would know we had been sinning. You will say that is rather strong, but we have the remedy in the Word of God! Jesus paid the full price and the full redemption for every need and where sin abounded, grace can come in and much more abound, and dispel all the sickness.

When I was traveling from England to Australia on January 6th I witnessed for Jesus, and it was not long before I had plenty of room to myself. If you want a whole seat to yourself just begin to preach Jesus. However, some people listened and began to be much affected. One of the young men said to me, "I have nev-

er heard these truths before. You have so moved me that I must have a good conversation with you." The young man told me that his wife was a great believer in Christian Science but was very sick now and although she had tried everything she had been unable to get relief, so was having a doctor. But the doctor gave her no hope whatever and in her dilemma and facing the realities of death she asked that she might have an appointment with the man in Second Class who was preaching, because, she said, "the things he says makes us feel he is real." So they made an appointment and when I got to her I felt it would be unwise to say anything about Christian Science so I just said, "You are in bad shape." She said, "Yes, they give me no hope." I said, "I will not speak to you about anything but will just lay my hands upon you in the Name of Jesus and when I do you will be healed." That woke her up and she began to think seriously. For three days she was lamenting over the things she might have to give up. "Will I have to give up the cigarettes?" "No," I said. "Will I have to give up the dance?" and again I replied "No." "Well, we have a little drinking sometimes and then we play cards also. Will I have to give—?" "No," I said, "you will not have to give up anything. Only let us see Jesus." And right then she got such a vision of her crucified Savior and Jesus was made so real to her that she at once told her friends that she could not play cards any more, could not drink or dance any more, and she said she would have to go back to England to preach against this awful thing, Christian Science. Oh, what a revelation Jesus gave her! Now if I had refused to go when called for, saying that I first had to go to my cabin and pray about it, the Lord might have let that opportunity slip by. After you have received the Holy Ghost you have power; you don't have to wait.

The other day we were going through a very thickly populated part of San Francisco when we noticed a large crowd gathered. I saw it from the window of the car and said I had to get out, which I did. There in the midst was a boy in the agonies of death. As I threw my arms around the boy I asked what the trouble was and he answered that he had cramps. In the name of Jesus I commanded the devils to come out of him and at once he jumped up and not even taking time to thank me, ran off perfectly healed. We are God's own children,

quicken by His Spirit and He has given us power over all the powers of darkness; Christ in us the open evidence of eternal glory, Christ in us the Life, the Truth and the Way.

We have a wonderful salvation that fits everybody. I believe that a baptized person has no conception of the power God has given him until he uses that which he has. I maintain that Peter and John had no idea of the greatness of the power they had but they began to speculate. They said, "Well, as far as money goes, we have none of that, but we do have something; we don't exactly know what it is, but we will try it on you, In the Name of Jesus of Nazareth, rise up and walk," and it worked. In order to make yourself realize what you have in your possession you will have to try it and I can assure you it will work all right. I said one time to a man that the Acts of the Apostles would never have been written if the Apostles had not acted, and the Holy Spirit is still continuing His acts through us. May God help us to have some acts. There is nothing like Pentecost and if you have never been baptized you are making a big mistake by waiting. Don't you know that the only purpose for which God saved you was that you might be a savior of others? and for you to think that you have to remain stationary and just get to heaven is a great mistake. The Baptism is to make you a witness for Jesus. Thank God the hardest way is the best way; you never hear anything about the person who is always having an easy time. The preachers always tell of how Moses crossed the Red Sea when he was at wits' end. I cannot find the record of anyone in the Scriptures whom God used who was not first tried. So if you never have any trials it is because you are not worth them.

God wants us to have power. When I was traveling in Sweden at a certain station early in the morning a little lady and her daughter got into the train. I saw at once that the lady was in dreadful agony and asked my interpreter to inquire as to the trouble. With tears running down her face she told how her daughter was taking her to the hospital to have her legs amputated. Everything that was possible had been done for her. I told her Jesus could heal. Just then the train stopped and a crowd of people entered until there was hardly standing room, but friends, we never get into a place that is too awkward for God, though it seemed

to me that the devil had sent these people in at that time to hinder. However, when the train began to move along I got down, although it was terribly crowded, and putting my hands upon the woman's leg I prayed for her in the name of Jesus. At once she said to her daughter, "I am healed. It is all different now; I felt the power go down my leg," and she began to walk about. Then the train stopped at the next station and this woman got out and walked up and down the platform, saying, "I

am healed. I am healed." Jesus was the *first* fruits and God has chosen us in Christ and has revealed His Son in us that we might manifest Him in power. God gives us power over the devil and when we say the devil we mean everything that is wicked and not of God. Some people say we can afford to do without the Baptism of the Spirit but I say we cannot. I believe any person who thinks there is a stop between Calvary and the glory has made a big mistake.

Healed when Dying thru a Vision of Jesus

"Cured, But Not by Me," the Surgeon's Verdict.

Mrs. John Wilson, 189 Hunter St., Glasgow, Scotland

When in Glasgow, Scotland, we came in touch with one of the most remarkable cases of healing we have ever known. A woman, thirty years of age, a mother of five children, after having passed through ten years of the most excruciating suffering, on the operating table ten times and given up as hopeless—yet today because she had a touch from the Lord, not only has she been entirely healed, her body rejuvenated and her youth renewed, but she has received such a spiritual touch as has set her on fire for souls. Every night she visits the Missions of the city or speaks in the open air, witnessess on the street and in cars to the wonderful work of God wrought in her life. She has a fruitful ministry. Among her converts have been a number of atheists. While her physical blessing has been marvelous, the spiritual touch upon her life far transcends the physical. We have not space for all her story but give it in part as she gave it to us.



WHEN I first came to the Lord, I lived in Newcastle, ten years ago. I was walking along the street with my husband and as we came to a mission he said to me, "Let us go in here." "No," I said, "they are a lot of hypocrites." He said, "Come in for a while. You do not need to listen to them." "Well, if I do go I will put my fingers in my ears." I went in and while sitting there with my fingers in my ears an old man arose and began to talk and I wondered what he was talking about. I heard him say, "The Lord cured me of a broken back," and my hands began to shake. I wondered what was the matter and tried to steady myself but finally I broke out crying. I al-

ways used to say, "If there is a God, let Him convict me and I will believe," and there I was with the conviction of God upon me and no one had spoken to me. I gave my heart to God at that time.

When I left Newcastle and moved to Scotland I associated with people who believed they could be Christians and go to picture shows too and I soon backslid. The first night I went to a picture show I knew it was wrong but after the first time I felt all right and soon lost out in my soul. My temper became very violent. I opened my husband's skull twice with a bowl; my brothers would run from me and were afraid even to look at me. I could not control myself but was like a puff of powder.

One day a woman next door to me said, "What is the matter with you? Look in the mirror." I felt well but when I looked at myself I was startled. You would have thought I was painted dark red. In ten minutes I was unconscious. The doctor came and poulticed me. I used to have marks on my nose like a pressed wing and in winter time they came across my face. I asked a doctor one day what those marks meant and he refused to tell me. He said I ought not to know. My mother died of cancer and I felt they were indications of the same thing.

I took ill after that and they took me into an infirmary in Edinboro. The doctor said nothing could help me but a serious operation but wouldn't tell me what was the trouble. One day the nurse said to me, "You know you have an awful disease." In order to draw her out, I pretended I knew, and she spoke about my having a cancer. I went through an operation but never knew what they did. I came home

and sometime after that a little one was born, which was my fourth baby. After that I got paralysis. I would get worse instead of better. Then I took jaundice; the baby also was born with jaundice and the doctor gave her up, but she lived. Thirteen years ago I had tumors in my side which became swollen and was told to undergo an operation, but I refused.

After my last baby was born, my suffering was terrible. I had four doctors at one time and they would not tell me what was the trouble. They said I was to go to the Maternity Hospital for an operation but I refused to go. "What will become of my wee ones?" I cried. "God will take care of them," the doctor said. Finally, he agreed to tell me what was the matter if I would go and said, "Well it is cancer and you are full of it." I went through an operation at 3:45. My husband was sent for and he came right into the theatre where I was carried, and as I was coming out of the chloroform I heard them say, "You are not to tell her anything because it is a hard fight for her life," and they asked him if he would allow another operation at twelve o'clock that night, but he said I could not stand another so close. They said I would never get relief from pain unless I went through another. I went home but had no power in one of my limbs; my left hand and left side of my face were also paralyzed. The doctor asked when I had rheumatic fever. I had it three times, years ago; he said that he knew I had it by the condition of my heart. They kept me in the Duke Street Hospital three months and could do nothing for me. I got a taxi and left but was home only a fortnight when they took me to the Samaritan and put me through another operation, but when I came back I was as bad as ever; in fact the pain became worse.

Then I went to the Royal Infirmary and went through an operation there. I thought then I would be well, but I was not home a day before the pain and discharge were as bad as ever. A doctor used to inject morphine to deaden the pain, but I felt the pain through the morphine. I was taken with pain in my kidneys and became black in the face. When my husband ran for a doctor he said, "I cannot do anything for her; she has a stone in her kidneys." He injected morphine three times a day for a week, which cost 15 shillings (\$3.50) a day. The last time he came it was late at night and he said, that if I lived until morning

I must go to the Infirmary. My father asked him what was really wrong with me. "Really wrong?" he said, "I cannot tell you. She has a complication of troubles one trying to fight the other. She has abscesses and it is the discharge from the cancer that is causing them. She will have to go to the hospital." I went to the Royal Infirmary and one of the sisters said, "Mrs. Wilson, you are awfully ill." The doctor asked, "Where is your worst pain?" I said I couldn't tell. It was all through my body. Three days after I went through another operation and I was very low. A Christian worker came to see me and I knew by the way she prayed at my bedside that I had been given up to die. I heard her say, "Lord, when all has failed then raise her up for her little ones." I could not speak, but I got a little better. They told me at that hospital that I would always have pain. Later at the Duke Street Hospital they examined me and said I had phthisis and valvular disease of the heart. They were good to me but I wasn't getting better and felt I must go home. The nurse said my trouble was very infectious and I should not go to my children, but I could not stay there so went home. Then while out I had a hemorrhage of my lungs and was taken back in an ambulance at once. My limbs were terribly inflamed from the poisonous discharge of the cancer, and my sufferings could not be told.

I was in the Phthisis ward of this hospital for three and a half months and during that time my mind became affected. After I left there I had internal hemorrhages resulting from tumors and a cancerous internal condition. They sent me from one hospital to another, and my condition became worse continually. I went back to the Infirmary and the nurse said that for the sake of my five children she would tell me that they were arranging to open up my body that night and that my life would not stand for it and I had better leave. I told the doctor I would leave and he insisted on my staying; even went to my husband to persuade him to make me stay, but I refused. I came out and became worse. I was afraid to die because I was away from the Lord. A nurse came to the house to attend me and also a doctor from the hospital, and he insisted on my coming back. As I went in the nurse said to me, "You are in for a big thing today. All I can tell you is to pray." I saw before me my wee ones' faces and began to cry. "Keep up

your strength," she said, "you will need it." They took me to the Samaritan Hospital and got me ready for an operation. When the nurse came to me she said, "Are you prepared?" I said, "No, nurse." She meant for the operation, but those simple words went home to my heart and the Lord used them in a deeper sense than that. I broke down and came back to the Lord. I said, "Oh Lord, if You take me back, I will serve You faithfully. And guide the doctors in this operation. They say it is very serious but I trust You to see me through." The nurse came back. "Are you prepared?" "Yes, nurse, I am." She examined me but found I was not in the sense that she meant. I said, "Nurse, I am prepared to meet Jesus, and it will not be as bad an operation as you think." When I came out from the effects of the chloroform I felt no pain and was thanking the Lord. The nurse told me to be quiet. She said they had to stop the operation as my heart wouldn't stand it, but I said it was in answer to prayer. They discharged me the same way I went in. They said my lungs were so bad and I had so many complications that I could not stand the operation which was necessary.

I didn't care whether I lived or died; my children were taken away from me, but after being home a week I went to a little mission, and my father asked me to come to the Lord. I said that I was trusting Jesus for body and soul fully now. I heard of a man who healed the sick but I had not the money to go to him and my father said the Lord could heal me just as well in Glasgow. I didn't know how to trust Him, but said I would put the Lord to the test. That day a nurse came from the Maternity and asked me how I was getting along; she said that there was one doctor, a very clever surgeon, whom I had never seen. Would I go and see him? I went down and he said to me, "This is the little lady with such a history." He examined me and said that a tumor was at the bursting point, that people seldom lived with such a tumor and that he could do nothing for me. He then gave me a letter to the Royal Infirmary and they promised to operate on Wednesday. I was in such suffering and pain as I sat in the corridor that two ladies took me home. I threw myself on the floor and cried to the Lord, "I will trust You with everything and if I have to go in there next Wednesday I will trust You through it all. If there is

anything in me that is keeping back this cure show me what it is and take it away." I prayed night and day that if He didn't want me to go into the Infirmary He should keep me as I was, but if He wanted me there to make me so ill that they would have to carry me there. On Saturday I wanted to go out to get a Bible. My husband didn't want to let me go because I fainted so often on the street and had to be brought home, but I insisted and went to the "Barrows" where they sell things cheap. No sooner had I gotten there when I felt something give way, and the blood rushed from me. I cried to the Lord to keep me conscious, and they sent for an ambulance and took me off to the Infirmary. The stretcher and the floor of the ambulance were drenched with blood and they spoke about the "big street accident, a woman bleeding to death." I cannot describe my condition when I reached that hospital, but they rolled me in blankets and put me in one of the side rooms. As they examined my condition they said that I would never get better. They 'phoned for another doctor and a lady doctor came in to ask me all about it. I went to sleep and the other two doctors came in and awakened me. I said, "Oh I must have some sleep, doctor," and they looked at each other significantly. They said, "You are not to go to sleep."

They sent me to the Maternity Hospital and there I went through more examinations, one under a specialist who was supposed to be the best in Glasgow. As he examined me he said, "You are seriously ill. Do you know it? Will you go through this operation?" I said I would. I had said in my prayer I would go through if it meant death. My husband was outside the little room and thought they had better take me home, but they took me back to the Royal Infirmary and I was so weak I could scarcely talk. The next day as I was going into the theatre (operating room) for the operation, they offered me brandy but I refused it. I felt I was going in the strength of the Lord. I said to the lady doctor, "Oh, doctor be kind and very gentle with me and God will be good." She asked me how many times I had been chloroformed and I told her that was the tenth time. As I felt myself going I said, "Oh Lord, guide the surgeon's hand today." Those were my last words. When I came out I was suffering with terrible pain and the next day my temperature was 104 and my

pulse 150. The pain was all over my body, running down my arms from my lungs. I could not explain my suffering, my cough too was choking me.

That night they raised the bed to let me get my breath and I told the nurse I felt I was dying. The doctor, seeing it was hard for me to get my breath told them to raise my bed a little higher. The third morning at 9 o'clock I felt I was going. My husband came in, the specialist and the professor were there too, and the specialist said, "I have done my best. I can do no more. It will soon be over."

It was then that I had a vision of the Lord at the foot of my bed just as plainly as I can see anyone in the natural. He was dressed in white, His hair was golden and He looked at me with large, pitiful eyes. Back of His head was a big arch of light, oh such glorious light! As I looked at Him all strength seemed to leave me, but suddenly I cried out, "Oh Lord, You will not desert me now. Cure me of these diseases, every one. You can do it." And then I collapsed. When I became conscious I said, "I am going out of here in a fortnight." I was starved for food. My husband came in at night and I said, "Is there a shop near here? I am starving and they will give me no food. Go out and I will tell you what to buy for me." He said, "You will get me into trouble." I said, "Get me two meat pies, two currant cakes and an apple." He brought them in and I ate one pie, two cakes and a large apple right away; the other pie I had put in my locker. The nurse came to me later and said, "What is that in your locker?" I said, "I could not manage that one nurse." I was not allowed sugar, for I had diabetes, but my husband brought me

a pound. Some got spilled in the bed and the nurse found it. He bought me two pounds of black grapes and I ate a whole pound at a time and left one fall in the bed. The nurse said, "I don't know what I will do with you." They wouldn't give me any water and a terrible thirst follows chloroform. I heard a voice say, "Take your hot water bottle at your feet," and I drew it up. There was an outcry in the ward, but I drank and drank and it was so satisfying. I spilled some in the bed and gave myself away again. The nurse said she would report me but the doctor examined me and said it never did me a bit of harm. When I came out of that hospital the sanitary nurse put me completely off the list. She came to see me and found me scrubbing in my kitchen. She looked in amazement and said, "Am I looking right? You have to come and see the doctor tomorrow and bring your bottles." She referred to laudanum which I used to take. I went but refused to take any more medicine. The doctor examined me, "You are looking splendid. I hear a great miracle has happened to you." "Yes, the Lord has done it." "But look here," he said, "we want to examine you. You never had operations for your lungs or your heart. You cannot be cured of the trouble there." He examined me and shook his head. Examined me again and said, "The disease is all gone. Your lungs are perfectly clean and the valves of your heart are normal. Your temperature and pulse are all normal. You are off my list today. Cured, but not by me." I weighed only four stones (50 lbs.) when I was so ill; now I weigh nine stones (112½ lbs.). I am perfectly well and my great delight is to witness to others of what God has done for me."

Are You Moving in the Flesh or in the Spirit

Equipping for Service at the Back Side of the Desert.

Pastor Steven Jeffreys in London, England, July 14, 1922



IN the third chapter of Exodus we read that Moses kept the flock of his father-in-law, after he had fled from Pharaoh, and at the back-side of the desert the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of the bush. Here you will find the Lord calling His servant, and equipped him for service. Although we may be children of God, we need to be equipped. There is a special equipment

for every person. It is one thing to be saved, but it is another thing to be equipped for service, baptized with the Holy Ghost, and there is a personal baptism for every believer.

Here we see the Lord equipping Moses. In the previous chapter we see that he moved before God's time, and what a blunder he made. People make great mistakes moving before God's time. A great desire had come into Moses' heart to go and see how his brethren were getting on, and he spied an Egyptian smiting one

of his brethren, a Hebrew, and he killed him and hid him in the sand. This is a man making a move in the flesh. He had made a terrible blunder, and he had to go to the backside of the desert so that God could teach him and equip him to be a leader of His people.

In the very same way I believe there are hundreds who have moved before God's time, with the result that they have committed awful blunders.

I am not sure that hundreds have not gone to preach before God's time, and have damaged the kingdom of God more than they have ever extended it. God cannot bless a movement in the flesh. Whatever is done for God must be done in the Spirit, and before any man can do anything in the Spirit he must be born of the Spirit. I believe the reason there are so few results in many places is because the ministry are not moving in the Spirit of God. We cannot accomplish anything for God unless it is in the Spirit of God and the power of the Holy Ghost. Paul could say to the Thessalonians, "The Gospel we preach came not in word only, but in power and with much assurance," or in other words, "with grand results," and whenever God is speaking through a man in Holy Ghost power there will be grand results. Oh it inspires one when we see what God can do!

Moses went back to the mountain. He had to go back and learn his lesson, and while he was there musing and thinking of God's dealings and the hard lesson he was learning, I can imagine he said to himself, "I will never move again until God moves me," and one morning as he was shepherding the flock at the backside of the desert he came to the mountain, even to Mount Horeb where he had a revelation; an angel of the Lord appeared to him in a flame of fire out of the midst of the bush. God was paying him a visit.

To me there are many lessons to learn out of this bush. In the first place let us notice that it was a *bush* that burned. As Moses led his flock around the mountain there were many trees spreading out their branches, but there wasn't one of them on fire. It was the little bush on the ground that was burning. Today I feel there are great spreading trees all over the country, spiritually speaking, congregations as dead as can be, but God has His little bushes on the ground that are aflame. Let us thank God that we can be little bushes burning for Him. John the Baptist was a burning and a

shining light, and if we are humble and low we will burn for God.

Moses looked and saw the bush burning and behold it was not consumed. There was no consuming it although it had been burning for a long time. The baptism of the Holy Ghost burns but it does not consume. It will burn within you a holy flame. The most blessed experience the Lord ever gave me was Pentecost. No more sermonizing for me. A minister told me he had to make two sermons on Sunday and he always had blue Monday after that. God wants a man and a woman today with a message. You do not have to make the message; you only have to convey it. God gives the message. He wants people today who will carry it, people who will listen, humble and ready at the Master's disposal to carry the message that He gives.

The bush burned and it was not consumed, and Moses said, "I will now turn aside to see this great sight, why the bush is not burned." It is the greatest sight on earth to see illiterate men and women burning for God, pouring out the truths of a new creation that they have never studied, mouth-pieces for God. It is marvelous indeed. For what purpose is it? "That no flesh should glory in His presence." "Ye see your calling brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called: But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are: that no flesh should glory in his presence." It must be the Holy Ghost.

When the Lord saw that Moses turned aside to see, God called to him out of the midst of the bush. Let me tell you it is men we want today, men filled with the Holy Ghost who will listen when God calls. There is much of the wisdom of this world trotted out in pulpits that results in nothing, but when there is a response to God's call, something is accomplished. God called out of the midst of the bush. Oh brother, let the baptism of the Holy Ghost burn within you and through you and God will use you as His mouthpiece. He is looking for men and women who will answer His call. All heaven is at our disposal if we give ourselves into His hands. We are here instead of Jesus.

Did He not say, "It is expedient for you that I go away. If I go not away the Comforter will not come"? What did He mean? Exactly what He said. When we consider the state of the church today, it looks as if it would have been better far if He had never gone away. If He were here today, He would heal a fever at once; He would deliver from every disease, but He said, "It is expedient for you that I go away. If I go not, the Comforter will not come." Through the marvelous redemption plan it was the eternal thought of God that Jesus should go up after the resurrection so that He might send the promise of the Father, that what was in Him should be in all His body collectively, and what was done through Him might be done throughout the world because He shed forth the power of the Holy Ghost. But the church at large has failed in God's great plan. According to the third of Ephesians I am not surprised at the vision Paul had. He meant for the church to display the manifold wisdom of God, that even angels should take a lesson from the church, to display to principalities and powers, the wonderful working power of the resurrection life Jesus put into His church. Oh you could empty out the asylums and the hospitals if you believed it!

God called Moses out of the bush. What happened? He called and said, "Moses! Moses!" And Moses answered, "Here am I." When God calls, there is some one to answer, "Here am I." The sick will say, "Here am I," for healing. The lost will tremble in their seats and say, "Here am I." We have seen some one respond almost every night to His call, saying, "Here am I." God withers the old creation and He creates wherever He is allowed to work, a new creation. I was an awful sinner, but God called me and I answered, "Here am I." I am glad I heard His call. I am not the same person I was then. The old state of affairs has passed away and a new state has come into existence. "Therefore if any man be in Christ he is a new creature;" not patched up, but a new creation, made to enjoy God. When I told Him I was willing, He began making, and He is making every day. I am being changed every day, changed from glory to glory, into His image.

The moment Moses answered, "Here am I," God gave him a message; He gave him instructions, and the moment you answer "Here am I," He has instructions for you. You have been

born into the kingdom of God for a great, eternal purpose; not merely to be saved, but to be made like Himself. In the 53rd of Isaiah we see Calvary revealed. The prophet tells of the suffering of Calvary, and when he is done dealing with the suffering, he says, "He shall see his seed; he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hands. He shall see the travail of his soul and shall be satisfied." What did he mean? He meant that the moment Jesus went up and sent the Holy Ghost down, He sent Him down to prolong the days of Jesus. The *Acts of the Apostles* is the prolongation of the Christ life. That is what He wants the church to do, prolong His days. And Jesus is not satisfied until He shall have a church that will prolong His days. That is what the disciples did, and we should do the same thing.

And the Lord said to Moses, "Draw not nigh hither: put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." He had come in contact with holy ground and had to strip himself. The moment you are born again you will begin to strip yourself. Listen to this, "That ye put off concerning the former conversation, the old nature, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts; and be renewed in the spirit of your mind; and that ye put the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness." I cannot imagine professing Christians dabbling in everything that is worldly. As we answer the call to service, we are stripped of the old life. Disease will not remain in "holy ground." It will wither and vanish. The old creation cannot live in it; it is a new creation. People have realized this in these meetings this week. They have come in racked with pain and disease. They gave their hearts to God and felt the mighty power of God upon them. Get on holy ground and disease and demons will not live in that glorious atmosphere.

"Put off thy shoes from off thy feet." When you preach the stripping process everybody is against you. Preach against worldliness and you will have opposition, but if you pat them on the back you will have favor in their eyes. There is a great truth in the statement, "Wheresoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together." Whenever you see a carcass of an animal, there you will find the vultures. There are many carcasses in London tonight, dead bodies on which people are

feeding, shows and worldly attractions, besides the dead forms in the churches — but start a prayer-meeting and they won't come near to feed on the Word of Life. But the children of God must have the living Bread. The moment I answered the call, "Here am I," I turned away from the carcasses on which I used to feed, and am now feasting on the Living Bread.

Whenever a man strips himself and separates himself from the world and from sin, he needs comfort and consolation; he needs prayer. And the Lord said to Moses, "I am the God of Abraham, of Isaac and of Jacob, and as I was with Abraham, take courage, Moses, I will be with thee. They trusted me, Moses, will you? Will you be obedient to the message I will give you? I did not fail them. I will not fail you." Then He goes on to tell him that He has seen the afflictions of His people and has heard their cry, and is calling him to lead them forth. He is seeing the same thing in London tonight, in England, and in every country; the need is the same everywhere. People are afflicted today by the enemy in every kindred, tribe and tongue, and God wants men whom He can trust to send forth to deliver them from the thralldom of sin and disease; men whom He has trained at the backside of the desert. "I am come down to deliver them," saith the Lord, and He is saying that today. Thank God for the thousands we have recently seen delivered from sin and disease in Grimsby and in Hull. When He comes down to work, something is accomplished. Don't look to education to make you a deliverer. Thank God for education if you have it, but do not depend on that. What God wants is that you shall have the fire. God cannot bring about a revival because he cannot get *burning bushes*. There are thousands of angels who would be glad to preach the Gospel story, but to you and me has He given the privilege, and He says He will come down to deliver. Oh, young man, I hope that through the mighty power of the Holy Ghost you will let Him make you a burning bush!

"I am come down to deliver them out of the hand of the Egyptians." Thank God we have left the land of Egypt. I do not enjoy the Egyptian food now at all. I am feasting on the milk and honey of Canaan. And the Egyptians could not enjoy themselves in Canaan, for you must be a new man to enjoy these things. You

cannot think of a man living on milk and honey and with a long face, can you? No, thank God, we are a happy people. "A land flowing"—oh we feel the "flowing" in these services. If you are here tonight and not born again I beg of you come up out of Egypt. I am glad the Lord brought me out. I will never forget the day. I was a man who had never uttered a word in prayer until I was twenty-eight years of age, and when the Lord saved me on the 17th day of November, 1904, I came out of my seat and got on my knees. I told Jesus I never had prayed and didn't know how, but I heard someone before me say, "God be merciful to me, a sinner," and I prayed the same prayer. God saved me then and has kept me ever since. I am a witness tonight that Jesus can keep. Will you let Him keep you?

Healed by God

A letter from Mrs. Kelley, South China, tells of God's wonderful deliverance to Brother Kelley when ill with typhoid fever. Before they went to the Coast for the summer vacation, he was at the end of his strength, then with sickness among the children and losing his rest, he went completely under and his temperature rose to 104. He was taken to the hospital in Hong Kong and there he was told he had typhoid in its worst form, and that in his run-down state there was not a fighting chance. But God had mercy and heard the prayers that were going up to Him both from the States and the faithful band in China. Suddenly the fever broke and the doctor and nurses were so astonished they could not believe their eyes, took his temperature twice and went for another needle to make sure it was registering right. "Now they are baffled," writes Mrs. Kelley, "and say they cannot understand." God has healed him of the fever and they were not counting on Him. He is very weak, however, and the doctor says he must go very slowly, but we are believing God to restore his strength speedily and send him back for a deeper, broader ministry among the Chinese than he has ever had. I am sure this trial has made us go deeper into the great, loving heart of Jesus, and now we may be able to press deeper into China's dire need. God has been stripping us of a lot of our self-sufficiency and egotism and making us to realize that of ourselves we can do nothing. We are planning now to go into the great unworked districts in this Province, and give this glorious Gospel to the multitudes. It will mean greater sacrifice, more physical suffering and much hard work, but because we *can*, we *must*."

* * *

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The Latter Rain Evangel

3635 Michigan Avenue - - - - - Chicago, Ill., U.S.A

Published Monthly on the Fifteenth by
The Evangel Publishing House

Subscription Price

TO ANY PART \$1.25 (6s) per year in advance
OF THE WORLD 65c (3s) six months in advance

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Notes

Union Pentecostal Meeting

FOR the first time in the history of the Pentecostal assemblies of Chicago, there is being held a union meeting, and the prayer upon every heart of those who love the blessings of Pentecost is for a city-wide revival. For months God has been getting us ready for this meeting. The ministers of the Pentecostal Assemblies (with but one or two exceptions) have been meeting monthly for prayer, and to foster a spirit of unity, and the Young People have had several Rallies during the last year, one on the North Side and another on the South Side, both deeply spiritual meetings.

Now at this writing (Nov. 1st), the majority of the Assemblies are in the midst of a large Union Meeting, some closing down their meetings entirely and others partially. Evangelist Smith Wigglesworth of Bradford, England, is the speaker in this campaign extending from Oct. 29th to Nov. 12th. The meeting is held in a large church building belonging to the Volunteers of America, 1201 W. Washington Boulevard, which has a seating capacity of 3,000. At the opening service, a large crowd was present.

"Dare to believe God!" is the slogan of the Evangelist. He not only talks faith but acts it. As he was giving his opening address on Faith he demonstrated it by calling for five or six in the audience who were suffering pain to

rise. He prayed for them individually and they were delivered. He has a three-fold message, salvation, healing, and the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and he emphasizes all in each meeting. The Lord gave results the first day, and we are expecting great things from Him.

* * *

Brother A. C. Valdez from California will be at The Stone Church commencing Nov. 26th to conduct a two weeks' campaign. Brother Valdez has been very blessedly used of God in his evangelistic meetings in California, especially amongst the Indian people in the northern part, where he has established several churches in the past four years. He is truly Pentecostal and is blessedly filled with the Spirit; his messages are delivered in the power of the Spirit. His presence among us will be owned of God for the deepening of the spiritual life of the saints and an inspiration to those seeking faith for the deliverance of the sick. The Pastor having personally known Brother Valdez commends him to all who can possibly hear him during this time.

Problems for Thought and Prayer

PENTECOSTAL Assemblies are facing some serious problems regarding the missionary question and the future of the work. God today is calling young men and women into His harvest field, and there is a larger response on the part of the women than the men. Because the foreign field offers greater opportunities to our young women than the home field and because the Pentecostal Schools have kept the foreign missionary work in the foreground, they have been turning out largely foreign missionaries, and the home field has suffered, both because of lack of workers and because of being overburdened with the financial demands from the mission field. Our young women are called to work for God and the principal inducements are offered to them in the foreign field; consequently Commencement Day in a Bible School sees the larger per cent of its graduates with their faces set towards the foreign fields.

In England we met several young women capable, called to Christian work, but no opening except the foreign field, for there are fewer opportunities for women to preach the Gospel in England than in America. "What can I do?" said a capable young woman to us, "I am called to the Lord's work but not particularly in the foreign field, and that is the only opening for women." This is no doubt a question that is troubling the heart of many a young woman with God's call upon her, and

we believe there will have to be marked agitation along home mission lines in order to bring about a normal condition in Pentecostal work.

We have been told that the proper ratio of home and foreign workers is seven to one in order that the mission field may be properly financed, but under our existing conditions we have about three ministers to every missionary; consequently our missionary situation is top-heavy and the home work needs to be reinforced.

One remedy is to make opportunities for our young women and the need is only too apparent from the following startling figures given in *The Literary Digest of Sept. 9, 1922*:

Some startling figures—Four fifths of the young manhood of the country has little or no vital connection with the Church, and behind this detachment lies a deep misunderstanding of the faiths by which Christian men and women live, or the ideals of life which they hold. Thus reports the International Sunday School Council of Religious Education, which recently met in Kansas City. Again, the report discloses that there are more than 27,000,000 American children, nominally Protestant, not enrolled in any Sunday school or cradle roll department and who receive no formal or systematic religious instruction, and we are told that there are 8,000,000 American children, less than ten years old, growing up in non-church homes. Estimating the total number of youth under twenty-five years at 42,000,000, the Dayton "News" says this is "a most startling percentage." Putting these statistics in another way, and summarizing them briefly, the "News" comments further:

"Nineteen out of every 20 Jewish children under 25 years of age receive no formal religious instruction; 3 out of every 4 Catholic children under 25 years of age receive no formal religious instruction; 2 out of every 3 Protestant children under 25 years of age receive no formal religious instruction. Or, taking the country as a whole, 7 out of every 10 children and youth of the United States under 25 years of age are not being touched in any way by the educational program of any Church. This calls up a vital question—How long may a nation endure, 7 out of 10 of whose children and youth receive no systematic instruction in the religious and moral sanctions upon which its democratic institutions rest?"

We do not wish by any means to convey the idea by this editorial that our zeal for the foreign field is in any way lessened, but only that we may reach a state of normalcy. Advancement in the foreign field is altogether dependent on the growth of the work at home, for every new missionary sent out means new resources from somewhere to support that missionary.

Let us work and pray for home workers as zealously as we do for laborers in heathen lands. "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest to send forth workers," doesn't mean to the foreign field

alone, but wherever there is a harvest field, whether at home or abroad.

Entered into Rest

DEATH has had its toll among our choicest and best missionaries in India during the last few months. The friends of Brother and Sister Mueller have sorrowed deeply over the news of Mrs. Mueller's home-going on August 29th, and now comes this greater blow, a cable announcing the death of Brother James Harvey on October 5th. It would seem like an irreplaceable loss, especially to the work at Nawabganj, did we not know that God who has permitted death to enter our ranks, is able to raise up others to carry on His work. It has been well said, "God buries His workers but carries on His work," and while we know that everyone who reads these lines will grieve at the news they convey, yet we must pray and believe that God will over-rule this great loss.

* * *

Mrs. Belle Turnbull Mueller went with her husband to India in the winter of 1920, and while her service for God in that country was short, there was much of prayer and many spiritual battles crowded into those months of service. She was taken ill on July 25th with what proved to be typhoid fever, and lingered until August 29th, when she fell asleep in Jesus. Her great desire to live for God in India is expressed in her dying words, as she said to her husband in great weakness, "I would—remain." Then after further effort, "I yield,"—"I go,"—"I am on my way now." And so she passed on to her reward. God wonderfully sustained her husband during those weeks of trial, flooding his soul with His presence as the shadows darkened. Nine months before, the Lord had asked him to lay her on the altar, as it were preparing him for the separation, and though it meant a great struggle, He laid his "Isaac" on God's altar, little realizing what it would mean. A number of times later when in prayer together he felt she was not long for this world, her prayer-life was so freighted with the breath of heaven.

* * *

In 1909 James Harvey went to India as a British soldier. He left England an unsaved man, but in crossing the bay of Biscay the Lord convicted him of sin. He knew what would be his fate if the boat went down, and he called on the Lord, "Lord, if You save my

soul, I will give to You my life for whatever service You require of me." And God saved him. Soon after he reached India, he heard about the outpouring of the "latter rain" and after listening to the full Gospel he lost no time in straightening up his past and consecrating his life fully to God. Then God baptized him in the Holy Spirit and called him to be a missionary.

He bought his discharge from the army, and his vision and call were so all-consuming that he said, as he stepped out into a faith life, "Lord, I am going to work for You. I will go and live in the jungles. I am willing to live off the bark of trees." But God never failed him, and catching inspiration from the life of George Mueller and other men of faith, he opened at Nawabganj in 1918, Sharannagar (a place of refuge) for all Indians in need, where he took in the destitute, the orphaned, the leprosy, the blind and the widowed, feeling that God would provide for all who came. His faith was oftentimes tested to the limit, and he and Mrs. Harvey often sacrificed their personal comforts that the poor who came to them might have the Gospel. The young were given opportunity to study and all were taught industrial work. At the present time Sharannagar gives shelter and help to 47 orphan boys, 48 girls, widows and deserted wives, and 21 old, infirm and leprosy men.

In a revival God gave them last winter, there was a remarkable work wrought in the hearts of these people, marked by repentance and restitution, and the spiritual life of the place took on a high order. When God so marvelously worked and saved those who had never known anything but a life of sin, they felt they had been repaid a thousand times for every tear that had been shed and for every sacrifice they had made in behalf of these needy ones. Now in the very height of his usefulness our brother has been called to lay down his life. The details of his sickness and death have not yet reached us, but there is no doubt that he was overworked. This summer when urged to go to the hills for a rest, he felt he could not leave the work. He died of typhoid fever.

We ask our readers to pray for dear Mrs. Harvey, to whom this will be a crushing blow, and for the work at Nawabganj.

Miss L. H. Parker, who has been associated with this work, and who has been home on furlough, is sailing November 7th on the Maur-

itania to England, thence to India. She has regained her health and feels grateful to God for opening the way for her to return at this time of great need.

When the Holy Spirit Led

TWO sisters, one a Christian worker, were spending their vacation in the Adirondack Mountains. Said one to the other as they were riding along the mountainside, "I want you to notice this backwoods cabin. There are three men in there who are bedridden, three brothers who have been seventeen years in bed. There have been so many curiosity-seekers there that the father has threatened to kill anybody that trespasses, so nobody ever goes in there now." They afterwards learned that the mother went insane when they were little, and in all these years no one could get them out of bed. The medical school had sent out some of their students from time to time to investigate the cases, and felt they were under some hypnotic spell. One had heart trouble, and another could not speak above a whisper.

As these two rode on, the Christian worker said to her sister, "Dear, I will have to go back. I cannot pass that place." "Oh," said the other, "I would not dare take you in there. We have no men with us." "I cannot help it," said the Christian worker, "the Spirit of the Lord is moving me to go back." They went into the cabin which had not seen the touch of a woman's hand for many years. The father, an old man, was sick, and for an excuse she asked if she might have a drink of water. He said, "Yes." Then she went to him and asked, "Are you sick?" "Oh, yes, I am very sick," he answered. She said, "I want to tell you something. I was going up the mountain in an auto and never heard of you until a half hour ago when my sister told me there were some sick people here, and I came to tell you that Jesus loves you. Are you saved?" "No," he replied. "I am not saved. I am a very sinful man, but I had some serious thoughts since lying on this bed." She continued, "The Lord has laid it on my heart to speak to you about your soul," and she made the way of salvation just as plain as she could. When she had finished he said, "It is strange that so many people go by on that road and to think that nobody cared for my soul enough to stop and tell me about Jesus after all these years I have lived here."

"Well," she said, "this is the time to accept Jesus. He has sent a messenger now. You will be without excuse." He didn't come to a definite decision that day, but the Lord took her back again and he accepted the Lord Jesus and died sweetly in the faith.

After she had finished talking to him that first day, her sister stepped into the inner room where lay the three young men, calling to the other, "Oh come here!" At once the father became combative and said, "I do not like anybody to go in there. My sons are sick and they do not want people to come and see them." She said, "I will not go in if you do not wish it." The other one came to the old man and said, "Will you not let my sister go in and tell them about Jesus?" He seemed to relent, "Well, I guess you may go in. You seem to have come for a good purpose." She went in, filled with the Spirit, but as she entered that room all power seemed to leave her. She could not

sing or pray, and felt like an atheist. She tried to read the Bible but couldn't. Suddenly, a holy wrath came upon her, and she cried, "Oh Lord, You can lift these men from these beds through Your power." Then she said to them, "I am going to ask Christians who believe in prayer to pray for you. Satan has bound you in these beds and you ought to be free." She went out with that holy wrath still upon her, and felt she could fight an army, so girded was she with divine strength.

They wrote to praying friends to stand with them for the deliverance of these men. The Lord took her back there six months later and she found two of the men perfectly healed. The third received a marvelous touch from the Lord, but didn't seem to abide in the faith and went back to bed. The other two are perfectly well and in business. All four of them were thoroughly saved. The two attend a holiness meeting, and are seeking the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

A Sergeant of Police Converted and Consecrated to God's Service



HE city of Baltimore has a Police Sergeant who is also a preacher of the Gospel. When off duty he has permission to hold meetings and engage in Gospel work, in which he is very active. God is using him along many lines, but best of all, he is a man of prayer. "When we get into difficulty," said a Christian worker to us, "we always call on Sergeant Howard, who helps us by his prayers and advice."

The story of his conversion and subsequent working for God is from his own lips as follows:

"I used to be a very sinful man and a gambler. In fact, there was no sin I was not guilty of, except drunkenness, but when Billy Sunday came to Baltimore seven years ago, I was converted. I was Sergeant of Police, detailed to the meetings in case of any disturbance, and had charge of the four main aisles, 7, 8, 9 and 10 doors. The first or second week I was there, I was convicted of my sins, and surrendered to the Lord. I didn't pass the truth over my shoulder to the other fellow, but I said, 'He is hitting me, Lord. From this moment on, I will live wholly for You, by Your grace.' Almost immediately the Lord said to me, 'Get

up and do personal work!' It was just as plain as though some one had spoken to me.

"At once I went around and spoke to people about their souls, and because of my activity along this line, people complained to the Police



WILLIAM L. HOWARD
Police Evangelist

Department. They issued orders that I should stop singing and doing personal work in uniform, but I refused to do it. I felt if I was

called upon to choose between the Police Department and the Lord I would choose the Lord. The President of the Police Board was on the platform one night after these orders were given, and I walked around in front of him with a hymn-book in my hand, leading the singing. He never said a word to me, and I felt the Lord was protecting me in His work.

"Mr. Kline of the Gospel Mission asked me to come to Washington to speak at his mission, which I did. The Lord blessed me, and since that time I have been continually engaged in Gospel work when off duty. I was asked to hold a revival in an Evangelical Church. They had a large German congregation on Sunday mornings and in the evenings a large English congregation. For nineteen years the church had been established, having withdrawn from the Lutheran and Episcopal churches, but had never had a revival in all those years. The minister insisted on their having a revival and said if they didn't, he would leave them, so the congregation voted to have me come for a two weeks' meeting. On the first Sunday night of the meeting, as I went around and worked personally among the people I found they were satisfied with just being church members, and were not born again. I preached for five nights straight, looking to the Lord to guide me and to send conviction into that church. On Thursday night a little girl, fourteen years old, came and surrendered at the altar, saying that she could not stand it any longer. That was the beginning of a break that church had never seen before. A few gathered around for prayer, and there was not a single night after that, during those two weeks, that some were not seeking God for salvation. The altar was filled with praying people, and from one to five new converts led in voluntary praying.

"During those two weeks we had between twenty-five and thirty conversions, and from that revival they established a weekly German cottage prayer-meeting, and also a weekly English prayer-meeting in the homes of the people. Also a Woman's Bible Class, which met weekly. Thus God worked where there had not been a revival for nineteen years.

"I had been a Christian about five years when Mrs. McPherson came to Baltimore. Pentecostal people, knowing my activity in Christian work, sent me an armful of literature to distribute, advertising the meetings in the Lyric theater. I threw it in the garbage-box

because I didn't believe in the deeper teachings of God's Word. Neither would I go to the meetings for the first week, but later was persuaded to go. The second night I was there I could scarcely wait until the altar call was given that I might go down to seek the baptism of the Holy Spirit, God put such a hunger upon me for it. From that time on, I attended every meeting I could. When Mrs. McPherson left Baltimore I went to other Pentecostal meetings and tarried for the baptism. On January 27, 1920, she was in Baltimore again, and while she was praying for me I received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. I have been preaching and teaching it ever since.

"Have you ever had any opposition from your department because of your religious activities?" we asked him.

"The Lord has helped me in my work when I have been unjustly attacked. One time there was a captain, a sergeant, and four witnesses against me, but I went to God in prayer and He delivered me. He moved on the commissioner's heart so that he would not hear the citizens, saying he did not want citizens to testify against an honest policeman, and although the captain tried to prosecute me, the case was dismissed.

"At another time I was brought up before the Board for criticizing three politicians in my preaching. I took as an illustration, your only son or daughter wrecked under the street car, lying there alive and you looking on, unable to help. I showed them what an awful sight that would be to a father and mother.

"It is true, I did expose these politicians, but I had good reason to, as they were violating the law. One was starting a revolution for rum; another was a criminal lawyer who was backing up disorderly houses. Through his influence when a case of a disorderly house came before a judge, it would be dismissed. One time there were 105 people arrested but they were turned loose because of lack of evidence. His influence kept them from bringing in the evidence. If a sergeant arrests 105 people and there is no evidence, he ought to be brought before the Board, but this, too, was taken care of. The other person I exposed was one of the head politicians of Baltimore who protected the underworld. I compared these men to a street-car wrecking the lives of the sons and daughters of our citizens who were helpless. Those who reported me picked out the political

references I made, put them together, and brought me up for talking politics in religious circles, but the Lord helped me in this trial and delivered me. I have always endeavored since my conversion to discharge my duties

faithfully and conscientiously before the Lord, both in my work for the city and in my evangelistic work, and the Lord has honored me and blessed me because of my full surrender to Him.

Striking Conversions Among the Heathen

The Price Some Have Paid to Be Christians.

Miss C. B. Heron, Saharanpur, India, in the Stone Church, July 16, 1922



T. PAUL in writing to the Romans (1:16) said, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth; to the Jew first and also to the Greek."

I desire this evening to tell you of some who were brought to Christ in the dark land of India during my first years in that country. Among my first Indian friends was a young Mohammedan, educated in England, who taught me the Hindu language. His father was a doctor for a native king.

In his city in North India, a missionary was one day preaching in the bazaar. This young Mohammedan said sincerely to the missionary, "What do you get for coming here and talking like this to us on our streets?" The missionary replied, "Come to my home, young man, and I will show you." The missionary's home was visited by the young man; the bedroom, sitting-room and study were open for inspection with the words, "This is what my Father gives me for coming to your country and teaching you these truths." When the visit was ended, the missionary gave the young Mohammedan a copy of Andrew Murray's book, "With Christ in the School of Prayer," which he secretly read.

Having a Hindu friend whom he found to be a *secret believer*, they studied the book together. The Hindu was deeply exercised and began to teach his wife who also became a secret believer in the Lord Jesus, and later died trusting in Him. The Mohammedan's heart was full and he spoke to a religious Mohammedan teacher of the good in Christians and regretted that the Mohammedans treated them as they did. This being repeated to the father of the young man, he became enraged against his son, and with a long pocket-knife began to lash and cut his boy. The mother came to the son's rescue, but not before his hands were severely cut, leaving

scars which have never disappeared. He was then taken by his father and put away in a lonely village, under a caretaker who was paid to watch him. For two years he was thus imprisoned in the Punjab. "You dare not get away," said the father; "you shall never become a Christian to disgrace our family!"

Once during the two years the boy got away for twenty-four hours to see his Hindu friend, and to get the book which had been such a blessing to him, and which he could study at times without interruption. The Hindu was ill and dying. He asked his Mohammedan friend on his release from the village, to take his little boy, five years old, and bring him up a Christian. The promise was made, and the Mohammedan hastened away to his retreat lest his absence be discovered. The following weeks were spent in prayer, with the book and with God, until the Mohammedan boy was full of joy and love for Jesus.

The two years passed away and the day dawned when the father came with friends, to have his son married. "This will end your foolishness," said his father. "With the signing of this paper tonight, you will take the woman I have chosen for you; and if you do not keep her, you will have to pay her two thousand rupees. This paper with your signature will secure her." The paper was signed, the plans all worked out, and the sun went down that night upon one sad, lonely heart, but full of faith in God that He would make a way out. Everybody went to bed, the father sleeping with his son for safe-keeping, so he thought. But the Lord awoke the boy in the night and said, "This is your chance. Flee for your life." The Mohammedan boy arose, and bare-footed and bare-headed fled from the place and hurried away. He hid during the day, ending his journey the next night at the home of his Hindu friend, whom he found dying. Having to flee from there, he took the little boy with him as he had promised, and went to the Pres-

byterian missionaries in Lahore.

His father finding him soon after, threatened that he would have to pay the two thousand rupees at once or go to jail. The money could not be paid then, and he went to jail. The missionaries finding him a true Christian, got a number to contribute until the two thousand rupees were furnished to meet the father's demand. When the boy was released from jail he found many friends to receive and comfort him, and for some time he lived on fifteen rupees (\$5.00) per month and kept the boy of his friend in an orphanage.

One day his brother wrote to him, saying, "You are a fool. Tell father you are not a Christian; get money out of him to make things easy for you, and when you get the money, do as you like." When the Mohammedan convert read *that* he said to me, "How little my brother knows what it means to be a Christian. How little the world knows what it means to have on the breast-plate of righteousness."

Today this young man has a lovely Christian home, a true Christian wife, and is a professor in a Christian college in India. Truly I can say of the gospel of Christ: "It is the power of God unto salvation to everyone who believeth." "Oh the depths of the riches of the knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out."

* * *

Two other dear Indian Christian friends of mine were brought to Jesus in an equally remarkable manner.

A little Hindu boy and girl were married, both six years of age. The early Hindu religious training was not acceptable to the boy, Dunny, for he was taught to prostrate himself daily before the household god which consisted of a brick rolled up in a piece of tart, the mother saying that the "spirit of the gods came into the brick to be worshipped." The little girl-wife had to obey and bow to idols, but Dunny refused, and being a boy and the prospective bread-winner, he was given his way. But his girl-wife had to worship the idols for them both. Dunny went to school and was taught English so that he was able at the age of nineteen to take a post with the railway as office clerk. More money was needed for his family than he was earning, so Dunny began to take money in small sums from the railway office.

Never having been reconciled to the re-

ligion of his fathers, Dunny said to a friend, "I have such a desire to know a religion with one god. I am tired of the worship of so many gods among my people." Soon he learned of the Bramho Somaj, organized in 1875 by the educated Hindus, worshippers of one Supreme Being and a belief in the Brotherhood of Man. Finding these people in Lahore, Dunny joined them, glad to feel that he had denounced idols forever. His wife and mother locked him up for a time, but on release from his prison he fully accepted the doctrine and became a missionary of the Bramho Somaj, his wife joining him later.

But he soon found his heart was not satisfied; there was a longing within for a reality he had not experienced. One day while walking along the road he found a torn leaf from the Bible, with the words, "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." This scrap of paper was hidden away, read and re-read. To go to the Bible House for a Bible would be defeat for his orange-colored clothes told everybody that he was Bramho Somaj. His heart was touched, but what was he to do? Lifting his eyes and heart to the heavens, he cried, "O great Spirit! Will you not direct me?" The answer came, "Go get a missionary lady to come to your home and teach your wife, and through her you will learn."

The missionary, a zenana worker, came, and all plans were made for two visits weekly. But how was Dunny to hear, for the missionary lady would not teach him. He could go to the men for that. She came only for the wife. Wisdom again was given. Behind the door a place was made where Dunny could sit in silence and hear all that was said. Hymns were said, prayers offered, and the story of Jesus, the world's Saviour, was told from His birth to His ascension.

The great Spirit was again invoked, and this time for a Bible. "Oh that I had a Bible where I could read for myself!" he cried. The missionary was led to give Dunny a Bible, though she did not know at the time that he was her second zenana pupil, *behind the door*. Hours into the night were spent with the Bible, the Spirit of God working on Dunny's heart, for he was under deep conviction of sin. Who could help him now? Leaving everybody he went to the jungles, and there, alone with God, he was brought face to face with the overwhelming and glorious truth that Jesus was

the world's Saviour, and his Saviour too. With joy he arose from his knees and went to the missionary lady to tell of his happiness. The wife must come. What would she say? She came, bitterly enraged that her husband had further dishonored the family by becoming a *Christian*. Nothing could console her. For ten days she scolded and wept. Dunny prayed and fasted, and Jesus heard and answered. Coming to the end of herself, Jesus appeared in vision to her and said, as He touched her hand, "Daughter, be of good cheer. It is I, be not afraid." She arose and came to her husband saying, "You are right. I am wrong. I have seen Jesus and I will work with you for His sake."

They were baptized and entered a Bible Training School to prepare for Christian work. The Spirit moved Dunny that restitution must be made for the money taken when a Hindu. Why, could not God forgive that too? Yes, He forgave it, but restitution had to be made. He went to the railroad authorities, confessed his sin, and gave himself up, either to pay it back or go to jail. He was forgiven and told to go and serve his Lord among his people.

How faithfully he and his dear wife have done this, only eternity will reveal, for she has gone from house to house preaching Jesus, and he, from village to village, "not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth!"

* * *

In establishing the Pentecostal work in Saharanpur, there had to be utter dependence upon God. It was indeed a faith work, full of trials and triumphs; nearly eight years of seeing God defeat the enemy and bring victory again and again in supplying our needs and saving souls; years of faithful work in teaching the Word,

testifying to the full Gospel, house to house visitation, and hours, yes hours and days and weeks in prayer with strong crying often and tears. With the faithful co-operation of other dear missionaries in conventions, a faithful presentation of the Word accompanied by the power of God, there grew up an assembly to the glory of God.

The women came first; their husbands followed later. Some of them were drunkards and gamblers, but God saved and cleaned them up. One, an infidel, a professed follower of Bob Ingersol, was blessedly saved; another came to make fun and scoff but was convinced of sin, saved and baptized, and called to preach the Gospel. Another seeing the changed lives of some who came to our meetings, came himself and was saved. The women were a goodly company, and the children's Sunday School rejoiced our hearts. It was a time when light sprang up and those who sat in darkness saw the light and walked in it. All who were saved were immersed. In several series of meetings when God brought different missionaries into our work, the Spirit of God was poured out and some received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. The spirit of praise which fell on our people was very blessed.

My heart leaps for joy to know that I am soon to sail for my beloved India. I went out in 1896, and my sailing in September makes my third going out in twenty-six years. They have been wonderful twenty-six years in God, and I crave that the coming years of service with your prayers will mean even more for the salvation of souls. Be it yours and mine, *to pray, to give and to go.*

"For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth."

"Mine Eyes Have Seen the King" The Reproaches of Christ Greater Riches."

Mrs. L. Halley at the Leith (Scotland) Convention, Aug. 5, 1922



IN the beginning of the sixth chapter of Isaiah he records a political crisis in the history of the people of God. King Uzziah, after many, many years, fifty-two, of isolation and suffering, is dead, and his son, Jotham, has taken the throne. The funeral is over, and I believe the whole nation is plunged in gloom, and it is just the right time for God to

meet them. Thank God for the times of gloom and the times of darkness! Have you ever thought of the "treasures of darkness?" God's wonderful treasures hid in the darkness for each of us? Thank God for the times of darkness through which He has brought us, but He doesn't mean for us to stay there. God brings us out into the glorious light, into the place where the whole earth is filled with His glory.

What place did Uzziah have in the life of

Isaiah? I do not know. Some one has said the Prophet Isaiah made Uzziah his idol, but I do not believe that. I believe that the Lord would have us see that the prophet was taken up with the wasted life of King Uzziah, the awful thing that had happened to the king, a prosperous and promising king, for we read in the Book of Kings that he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord. But there was something he did not do. He still left the high places. He kept the link with the old life, and through that link with the old life, he fell to the deepest depths of degradation and sin. He became a victim of a most dreadful disease, leprosy. Uzziah got out of the will of God. I thank God that nothing charms me so much as the will of God, because I know what it means to be in His will. Some of us also know by experience what it means to get out of His will.

The prophet Isaiah is looking back in this chapter to the day when King Uzziah fell from the will of God and became a leper, the account of which is given in II Chronicles, twenty-sixth chapter. Uzziah had risen to a great height. He had made a name for himself, but his heart became lifted up. Ah there is the danger. We know of some today who have gone back from Pentecost because they have made a name for themselves. Beloved, the name of Jesus has still the reproach upon it. The day is coming when every knee shall bow to that name, but it is not today. We do not expect today to see the multitudes falling down at the Name of Jesus. Today it is the way of the cross, and the way of the cross means sacrifice and death.

Uzziah made a name for himself, he became famous, invented implements of war, and it says "he was marvelously helped," but he forgot that God gave him the power of intellect to invent these things; he forgot that the very breath he drew was from God, that the eyes with which he looked out upon God's fair world, were given by God. He made a name for himself and pride entered his heart. I was thinking the other day of that verse, II Cor. 7:1, "Having therefore these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God," and I said, "Lord, what does that mean? Is there a filthiness of the spirit?" Yes, there is, and Uzziah fell a victim to it when pride entered his heart. What did he do? He took himself out of the will of God and

was a target for the enemy; the Lord allowed the devil to touch Uzziah with leprosy and he lived in a separate house, and the margin reads "infirmity." I think the Newberry Bible says he lived in a hospital to the end of his days.

Now that is the history of Uzziah, and I believe that is why the prophet was plunged in grief and sorrow of heart, because he saw the end of a once promising life through a fall. Haven't we all seen that? Have we not all seen lives that promised fruit for God produce works of the flesh, and one day the heavenly pruner had to come along and cut the branch away and it bore no more fruit.

Isaiah saw the cause of the awful suffering of King Uzziah, and saw how the nation was plunged into grief from one man's sin, and he went into the temple, to the house of God. He went there to meet with God and God met him. God is in this house today to meet us, to give you and me a vision of Himself, for where there is no vision the people perish. Isaiah went to meet God. Other worshippers went into the temple and saw the outward ceremonies; they saw the Shekinah and the incense ascending, but *Isaiah saw the Lord*. That was the difference. Perhaps there is someone in this meeting today who is taken up with the outward manifestations; it may be your first time in a Pentecostal meeting. You cannot understand about our "hallelujahs" and shouts of praise, but we cannot keep them in. We cannot tie down the Holy Spirit, and besides that, we belong to the tribe of Judah, which is the praising tribe.

Do you know what a sight of the Lord did for Isaiah? It did for him what it does for everyone of us. It gave him a sight of himself. When once we get a vision of our own corruption we will want to get rid of it as soon as we can. We won't take it to our bosom and drop off a little here and a little there; it will be so loathsome to us we will want to get rid of it quickly. Isaiah did. He saw this winged seraphim: two of the six were ready to fly, willing to fulfill God's command at any moment. They represented God's people who say, "Yes, Lord," without asking, "What will it mean?" and "What will So-and-So say?" and "What will So-and-So do?"

Two of them covered their faces, as unworthy to look upon the holy God or to pry into His councils. God did not make known

His ways to the children of Israel. He made known His ways to Moses and His acts to the children of Israel. When we get to the place where we veil our faces and cry "unworthy" He reveals His ways to us.

The third covered their feet, the Word says, but it really means to cover the whole lower part of their body, and this was the practice in the presence of an Eastern monarch, as a mark of reverence. We can do that too, and though we as Pentecostal people rejoice in our blood-bought glorious liberty of the children of God, we remember His holiness and bow before Him with godly fear. He is our holy God. Did God leave Isaiah in his condition of corruption? I am so glad that God does not leave us there. Where would we be if He left us with that horrible vision of self?

But one of the seraphim flew and took a live coal from off the altar and laid it upon Isaiah's mouth, and said, "Lo, this hath touched thy lips; and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin is covered." The word for "covered" is the same word in the Hebrew that is used for "atonement." "Thy sin is covered." The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin. I can not imagine Isaiah ever being the same man again. His inner life was purged.

I feel more and more that we need to be clear on the message of sanctification. We have been seeing this truth, and God has been doing some work in our meetings in Green Hill Place. We have proved that God can do more for us than give us an up and down experience. Last Sunday night we had eight Spirit-baptized people at the penitent form asking the Lord to cleanse them from all sin, and He did it. He is not God if He doesn't do it. There have been broken spirits since then.

The precious blood of Jesus works from center to circumference, and it cleanses not only from sin, but the consequences of sin, if you will, and that is, disease. We have diseased bodies because of sin; healthy bodies because Jesus lives. Isaiah saw the Living One and his inner life was cleansed. Oh the joy of full salvation! Some do not know the joy of being set free from the old nature, that thing that wars against the Spirit and that hinders the power of God from operating in you, because before God operates through you, He must operate *in* you, touch your mouth.

God was about to use the prophet in a new way. I hope He will use us in a new way at the throne of grace. I do not see some great, popular work in Pentecost; at least I do not see it for myself. To me the word comes, "Esteeming the reproaches of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt." It frightens me when I see some one becoming popular and rising to a place of fame, making a name for himself. I become fearful for that one.

I imagine the Lord said to Isaiah, "Yes, you have seen the downfall of Uzziah; you will go the same way unless you keep humble." I believe it, prophet of God though he was. There is no place to which you can rise from which you cannot fall. Let us take heed to ourselves. Even though Isaiah was a prophet, he could have fallen just as low as King Uzziah did, but for the work that the Lord did in his heart. He touched his lips, symbolical of the work wrought within, and Isaiah was a changed man. His inner life was cleansed; his iniquity was covered.

I do not believe for a moment that we can appreciate the Pentecostal baptism and the glory of the Lord until we are cleansed from the works of the flesh. I have seen the joy of the Lord these last few days as I've never seen it before, but I wish you had been present and heard the confessions that were made in our meeting last week. God heard them, and the blood of Jesus Christ cleansed from all sin and corruption. The self-life is always corruptible in Spirit-filled people. You do not know your own heart. Neither did I, until the glory of the Lord showed it to me; until the live coal touched my lips and the inner fountain was cleansed. There is no use cutting off this and cutting off that. God deals with the center and works out to the circumference. "Oh," you say, "that is sinless perfection." I do not care what you call it. I know Jesus does a perfect work. You do not grow into the baptism of the Holy Spirit, neither do you grow into the blessing of a clean heart. It is a definite transaction.

We've "tried in vain a thousand ways, our fears to quell, our hopes to raise," but it is Jesus who works in us. A dear one said to me, "I had the victory for a little while and it was blessed, but down I went again. Cannot Jesus do more for me than that?" Of course, He can, and the Spirit-baptized life, cleansed

of all corruption must be a fruitful life, a life of victory, and the overcomer must not be overcome. Trial comes, but you are above it. I recently read this, "Suffer yourself to be carried in the triumph of the cross." That is a translation. There are just two things you have to do this afternoon if you want the joy of the Lord. These are, "*Let go and let God.*"

Then the thing happened we would expect to happen with Isaiah. Not only his eyes were opened, but his ears. With the inner vision comes the opened ear. Ah you can hear His voice be it ever so still! God has work for us to do. Do you think He cleanses us that we may sit down and be idle? Oh there is a warfare in the heavenlies but we cannot fight God's battles until we have fought our own! We have to have victory in our own lives before we fight sin in the lives of others. There is no use in my coming to you and saying, "You know there is a life of victory for you," if I am living in defeat myself. You would ask me to get victory for myself.

"Who will go for us?" The "Holy, holy, holy," indicates the trinity and unity, and here God uses the plural, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" You will have to go into the temple and see the Lord in all His glory, and see your own corruption and cry, "Woe is me," before you are ready to be sent. Before Isaiah had this vision he had been crying out, Woe to this one, and woe to that one, but now it is "*Woe is me! I am undone!*" And then he said, "Here am I. Send me!" When we get there He can send us to the uttermost parts of the earth, and if we cannot go in person, we can go in spirit. More things are done through real, prevailing, Holy Ghost praying than this world dreams of. I'd rather be in a prayer closet behind the scenes than in the forefront. God has a work to do and He wants cleansed channels to work through, filled with the dynamite of the Holy Ghost.

The abundant life is a gift. "I am come," said Jesus, "that they might have life and might have it more abundantly." You get that when you are born again. Physical life is a gift and spiritual life is a gift, and Jesus wants to give it to us more abundantly. The Holy Spirit is a gift. You may have it just now from God. You do not take a gift gradually. It is a definite transaction with God; a dealing with God and your soul. A live coal shall be taken from

off the altar and put upon your lips, and you won't cry out any longer, "Unclean! Unclean!" The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth. I am glad there is a continuous sense in which it cleanses. It makes one feel one can mount over every obstacle. You do not see them in the same way. The vision has come and changed everything. "Where there is no vision the people perish." "In the year that King Uzziah died, Isaiah saw the Lord." May we see the Lord this afternoon. May He show us the meaning of the precious, precious blood of Calvary.

A World-Wide Appeal

WE cannot be filled with the Holy Ghost and fail to be filled with a burden for missions. When we fail to give, send or go, we fail God. We are not of those who draw back but we believe to the saving of the soul and I believe that some of us in order to save our souls will have to go, pray or give, and when we are filled with the Holy Spirit we will be missionaries, either at home or abroad.

I have considered it a real privilege to entertain the missionaries as they passed through our place, and for the last few years we have been engaged in Bible School work, helping to get them ready for the field—harvest hands, workers for the Lord. We are all workers together with God and while we may not be able to bring in very many before He comes yet we can tell the glad tidings. I am glad for the little share of sacrifice we can all have in this work; it is not given to just a few but to the church of Jesus Christ and the one great commission is to "go into all the world and preach the Gospel." If we get into that business it will keep us from quarreling and fussing over non-essentials; we will be kept busy giving out the Gospel story. We must carry the Gospel faster than ever before and spread it out. What greater business could we have! Let us not be slackers but work so that we can stand before God with our hands well filled with sheaves.

I feel that we are on the last lap of the race, Jesus is on the way! We want not only to have ourselves ready but see that others will be prepared. If we cannot be anything else, let us be intercessory missionaries. I never feel that I have finished praying until I have prayed for the missionaries. How they are crying for helpers in prayer! Shall we not be true in this

calling? A great many people have become so occupied with their blessings and seem to be so satisfied but if the Holy Ghost ministration has any purpose it is to push us out into greater service for God and to this lost world.

Somehow God is impressing us more and more that our going forth, our giving and our service, shall be for His glory only as we pray through. Missionaries tell us that they have to tell again and again the story of God's love and of Jesus, before the darkened minds can understand and finally after many years, some are still groping. This is what takes a missionary's life. Let us stand with them for the salvation of these who hear the Gospel, that their understanding may be enlightened, and they will receive the Lord Jesus Christ, for when they once understand, they want Him and love Him.

I believe that we might have ten thousand missionaries on the field today if God's servants were faithful. The lack of the missionary spirit is not so much the fault of the people but we will have to lay the blame largely at the door of the ministers, for I find that when the people know the need, they are ready to respond. Before we took the work in Cleveland, the missionary offering had amounted to \$250 a year; that was their annual collection when we took up the work. The first year we were there it more than doubled and the next year that amount was doubled and the next it was tripled, and so on until it went up into thousands and thousands of dollars. We had not a rich person in the congregation, they were all poor folks but they caught the vision. I know people who gave every dollar which they did not absolutely need for living expenses. The missionary would come and tell of the whitened fields and we kept Calvary before them and the lost souls for whom He was holding us responsible and it was no trouble to get them to give. The Church of the Living God is responsible for giving out the message of salvation. Who is the church? You and I are part of it and everyone of us have a part in this great work and will be called to give an account of what we have done along this line. I tremble from head to foot when I speak on this subject, I feel it deeper than I have words to tell, that God has given to us this great responsibility.

I am glad that this is a missionary church; I would rather have that reputation than anything else that you could say concerning an

assembly.—*Mrs. D. W. Kerr in the May Convention.*

From the Field

IT means a great deal for our missionaries to undertake building with no funds in sight, but a faith in God, knowing the need and knowing He called them, enables them to launch out and undertake the impossible. Praise God for those who have the courage and the vision to step out and expect God to meet them. But even then there is many a struggle and many a test, and not a little sacrifice. One writes she is disposing of some things which are of great value to her and which have been necessary to her comfort, but the buildings had to go up and so the sacrifice was made. We wonder if some one in the home field has failed to heed the voice of the Lord that our missionaries have to deprive themselves of necessities in order to do the things that must be done.

* * *

"The heathen do not know our Lord, our Sabbath or our Bible," writes Miss Kirkland from Bettiah, India, "so they work every day except on their 'holy' days. When we began the building work we faced this condition and I determined not to put the work out on contract or in any way bind myself so that we could not have time for prayer with the men or freedom from work on Sunday. The Lord made the workmen willing to work six days, but when the foundation was finished the head *Mistri* (mason) told me the cement should be kept wet all the next day which was Sunday. I felt I could not have the men work, so let them go as usual, and although we had had a beautiful, sunny week, clouds gathered and showers kept the foundation more evenly wet than the coolies could have done. We praised the Lord. As I was building the preachers' quarters at the same time, the foundation to it was completed the following Saturday. Again I told the men to go. We had had a cloudless week, but looked to the Lord to preserve the foundation in some way, and again copious showers saturated the cement and the heathen were convinced that our God is Lord. I believe this has had much to do with the fact that the men are willing to work six days for us. Hallelujah!"

Do not forget to pray for dear Miss Kirkland doing a man's job in superintending the building on her station. The financial pressure has been very great and the responsibility almost more than she could stand, but God has encouraged her and helped her.

* * *

Two of our missionaries are much in need of furloughs: Miss Myrtle Bailey of Fat Shan, South China, and Miss Eva K. Bietsch, Goshanganj, Fyzabad Dist., U. P. India. Both of these missionaries are very much run down in body, and we ask prayer that God will open the way for them to get home.

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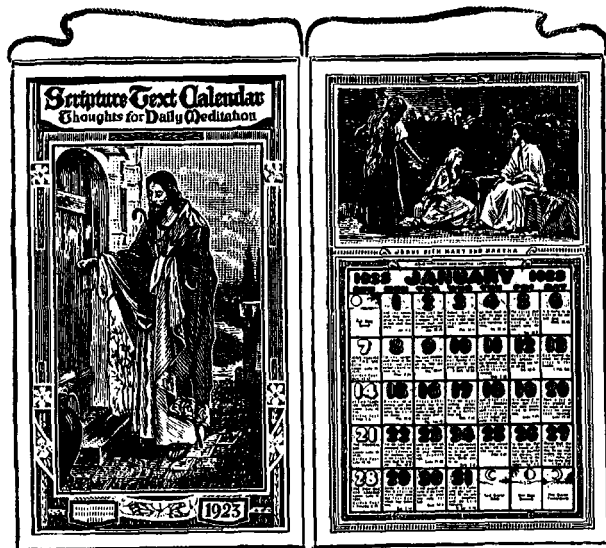
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