



*The days of Heaven on the Earth*

• • Contents • •

**To the Soul that Brooks no Denial** ..... 2  
 Wrestling with God Transforms ..... 2

**Miraculously Healed when Dying** ..... 5  
 "A Sight of Jesus Did It" ..... 5

**Delivered from the Lion** ..... 8  
 Among the Brigands in China ..... 8

**"In Christ" in the Robbers' Den** ..... 9

**A Striking Lesson** ..... 9

**Notes** ..... 12  
 Lord, Teach Us to Pray ..... 12  
 The Great Need ..... 12  
 Three Months' Report ..... 12  
 Results from Recent Revival ..... 13

**Tidings from Among the Heathen** ..... 15

**Use and Misuse of Prophecy** ..... 17  
 The Spirit of God No Mixture ..... 17

**"If Ye Knewed How I Love Him"** ..... 22

**An Appeal for the Children** ..... 23

**Count It all Joy** ..... 23

**An International Monthly Magazine**

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

HAWFIN - CHICAGO

## Victory to the Soul Who Brooks no Denial

How Wrestling With God Transformed Lives

Evan. A. C. Valdez in The Stone Church, Nov. 25, 1922



**I** HAVE been very much impressed with the fact that so many have been seeking the baptism of the Holy Spirit and seeking healing, and are being denied, and the little message I feel God has put upon my heart for you this afternoon, is that you should not be denied.

I am so glad that we have a wonderful Jesus, and that "His promises are yea and amen." They are settled in heaven for us. If His promises are not "yea and amen" to you this afternoon, it is because you are being denied. Not that the fault lies in Jesus our Lord, but because we deny ourselves.

I believe this with all my heart, that if we first find out the will of God, and that which we are praying for is the will of God, we need not be denied. We have a right to hold on to God's promises and that which we desire will surely come to pass. We are often tried in our faith, and many times a dark cloud overshadows us, and for the time being it seems as tho we had no answer. The Lord told Daniel after he had prayed for twenty-one days, "I heard you from the first time you prayed," but there were hindrances to the answer coming. If we would not be denied we must hold on and persevere and we will see the glory of God.

The blind man who sat on the Jericho road had that determination within himself that he would not be denied. He heard of Jesus, that He was the mighty Son of God, that He laid hands on the sick and they recovered, and as he sat in his blind condition and heard that Jesus was passing by, I believe that he was stirred in his inmost being, and that the thought came to him, "I cannot let Him pass by. I will not be denied. I must have my sight." And he began to cry out, "Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me." Oh that we might have that cry down deep in our souls! They began to rebuke him and told him to keep quiet. There are always those who are ready to discourage you, Job's comforters, and say, "I do not believe this blessing is for you." But the blind man continued to cry out, "Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me!" What was the result? The compassionate heart of Jesus was touched, and suddenly He called to him, "What wilt thou I shall do unto thee?"

And he said, "Lord, that I may receive my sight." And Jesus answered, "Receive thy sight. Thy faith hath saved thee." And he followed Jesus and all the people glorified God. The lesson is, *not to be denied*, but call on the Lord and He will hear your cry. I have proved Him and I know His promises are true. When God found me I was far away from Him, and in a terrible condition, spiritually. I walked two and a half miles to Santa Ana, California, to seek the baptism of the Holy Spirit. I had shooting pains in my limbs, and I had to hobble, the pain was so severe. One evening I was sitting in bed and my wife began to sympathize with me and ask me why I didn't try this or that remedy. But God had so wonderfully saved my soul I thought, if Jesus can pick up such a miserable wretch as I, surely I can trust Him to heal my feet." My soul was grieved that she suggested a remedy and I cried out, "Jesus, I will trust Thee if my feet drop off." I want to say to the glory of God that I was instantly healed. Friends if you will claim the promises of God and refuse to be denied, Jesus will meet you every time.

There was a dear woman who had hemorrhages for twelve years, whom you have all read about in the Bible. I can see her now. Doctors could do nothing for her; after she had given them all her means she was nothing bettered but rather worse. One day she heard about Jesus, that He was passing by, and she said, "If I can but touch the hem of His garment I shall be whole." Just picture her this afternoon, with her little frail, weak body, as she stole along. She had a determination in her soul and knew the Son of God could heal her if she could but touch Him. The multitudes were thronging, but she said, "If I can just press my way thru the crowd and touch the hem of His garment, I shall be whole." Oh that is what God wants of any that are sick this afternoon—that they may press thru all doubts and discouragements and touch Him! Suddenly, as she touched Him, the virtue of God shot thru her, and she was made every whit whole. The Son of God turned, "Who touched me?" and she came tremblingly to the Master and said, "It was I." Beloved, when we touch the Son of God by faith, virtue from His body flows into ours and we are cleansed. Oh how precious His reply, "Daughter, be of

good comfort. Thy faith hath made thee whole." Dear ones, it doesn't grieve the Son of God if we press thru and draw from Him the healing virtue. He is ever ready to save and to heal, or baptize us in the Holy Ghost.

Soon after God saved my soul, He sent me out into the vineyard to work for Him, and among many of the experiences I had in the work was one which was quite remarkable. A man in my home town in Southern California, a good strong, robust man, was terribly addicted to drink. He was prominent among hotel men, and continually fed his body on alcohol. This poor man, being a periodical drinker, when he came to himself found the lining of his stomach gone. He came to the mission. As he staggered into the front door I will never forget that sight. He was a good-looking man, but so debauched. "Mr. Valdez," he said, "I have been to the doctors, and they have given me up. They say the lining of my stomach is gone." As he was talking to me, he vomited a quart of blood. Such a sight I had never seen before, and as he stood before me my heart was filled with compassion. How my soul cried out to God to undertake for this poor man. "Now, Mr. Valdez," he said, "I hate to die a drunkard. Can you do anything for me?" I said, "My dear man, Jesus says in His Word, John 6:37, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' He will save you. He will heal you, and He will make you a new creature in Christ Jesus." He said, "Mr. Valdez, I will do anything you tell me to do." "Then come in," I said. We took him in, got him down at the altar. His hands looked almost transparent. He had lived on nothing but alcohol for days and days. I put benches before the front door and barred the back door; my dear old mother got down beside him, and mother and I wrestled like Jacob of old. By twelve o'clock he had delirium tremens, saw dragons, snakes and lizards and all sorts of things. He began to shake all over, and the contortions that man went thru were terrible to behold. The devil came to me about that time, with, "Now this man will die on your hands and they will have you arrested." I said, "Satan, I rebuke you in the Name of Jesus Christ, who said, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out,' and I stand on that promise."

We prayed all that night, and the next morning the glory of God came upon him. He was regenerated and made a new creature in Christ

Jesus. He went out a sane man, went back to his hotel and sat down in his office, every whit whole thru the blood of Jesus. But that is only half of the story.

Thirty-three years prior to this time he had left his wife in the East and started West. They had a small farm and he was a traveling man, but she didn't want to be taking the children around, and she said, "I am going to stay in the East." He said, "I am going West," and he went to California. Soon after that they were divorced. Thirty-three years rolled by; the man got saved and wonderfully filled with God. Suddenly, there came into my home town, San Bernardino, a beautiful, white-haired lady, and they met one another for the first time after thirty-three years. But that is not all. They fell in love with one another again, and the biggest part of it is they came to my house and I re-married them. So I want to tell you that everything the devil undoes, the Lord Jesus will repair again. He is a wonderful Jesus. His promises are yea and amen, and He will surely bring them to pass.

You remember when Jesus entered into Capernaum He held a cottage meeting and the house was packed. There came along four men carrying a man on a cot. He was sick but there was no way of getting the man into the presence of Jesus. So I imagine these men said to the sick man, "We have done all we can for you, but we cannot get you in." But he was one of those who would not be denied. "You will have to get me in," he said. "How are we to do it?" They carried him on top of the house and let him down thru the roof. And when Jesus saw their faith, He healed the man. If you will not be denied, it means you are believing God, that you have faith. If you know the will of God, start in praying and do not give up until He has answered. That is one of the first lessons that God taught me. It may not come to pass the first day. Daniel, as I said, prayed one week, he prayed two weeks, he prayed three weeks, and gloriously received the answer to his prayer.

One night the Lord spoke to me in a vision. He showed me on a certain street in my home town a little white house. He said, "You go and preach the Gospel on that street. I went down, and there was a little girl just about to die of tuberculosis. I got there just in time to tell her about Jesus and she was gloriously saved. Before she died, she sang, "Since Jesus came into my heart." Then the Lord sent me across

the street, where there was an old man eighty-one years of age just ready to pass off into eternity without God. I went over there and a lady came to the door who said, "Oh sir, I have been praying for my husband for forty years. It doesn't seem as though my prayers are going to be answered, but I am so glad God sent you here. My husband is just ready to die. Speak to him if you can." I went in and began to speak to him, and he ordered me out of the house. I went home and prayed, "Lord. You know all about this. You sent me over there." He told me to cheer up. I felt better and He sent me back again in a few days. I was ordered out of the house the second time, and it took a little more grace the third time to go back, but the Lord sent me again, and then I felt that I must deliver my soul and tell him the truth. I said, "You will soon pass into eternity. It is either hell or heaven for you and you can have your choice right now. If you accept Jesus as your Savior, you can be saved now. If you reject Jesus, you will soon pass into eternal destruction." The old man looked up and I went out. I felt I had done my duty. I wasn't gone two hours when a voice said to him, "Hearken to My voice. I am speaking to you now for the last time." The old man lifted his heart to God, "Oh God save me!" and the Lord heard his cry and saved him right there. The first thing he wanted to do was to talk to that boy who came to see him. Oh such a happy meeting! He put his arm around me and said, "Thank God you were so patient with me." In a few days he called me to his bedside. "Now, son, I want to tell you something. Last night I looked up into heaven in a vision and I saw a beautiful white cloud coming down and upon this cloud was a tall man clothed in white, and he bade me come up on the cloud. I stepped on the cloud and we went up and up and up. I looked right into heaven and saw my way clear. and now I am ready to go. Now, my son, you have been faithful to me, even unto death, and I want you to preach my funeral sermon." Well it was a little hard to hear these words, but I gladly gave my consent. He called his wife and said, "These people have been faithful to my soul, and I want you to stay with them until you die." Then he raised up and was with the Lord. The lesson I want to bring to you is, that dear old heart was praying for her husband for forty years, and I believe with all my heart that God heard her the first time she prayed, and He was moving in her

behalf to answer prayer. So if we will not be denied, He will hear and answer.

I will give you one more experience and then I will close. After I had spent about six years in Northern California among the Hoopaw Indians I was worn and tired, and I felt I must go south and rest up. I went down as far as Coalinga and there I met with the brother of our dear Brother Glover. He had not yet received his baptism. He was gloriously saved in Oakland; he heard me tell this story of how I stayed with this poor, drunken man all night and the next day and how he was delivered. He said, "Brother Valdez I want my baptism so badly I don't know what to do." "Lay off for ten days, and seek the baptism," I said. I believe if more people would do that there would be few who have not received. He said, "Brother Val what do you think I should do?" I asked him if he really wanted the baptism and he assured me that he did. You know there are different stages of hunger for the Lord. When people come to me and ask, "How can I get the baptism, I say, "Get hungry enough." "Well I am hungry." "Yes, but you are not hungry enough." One time I was down and out. Had no money in my pocket; I was too proud to ask for something to eat, but finally it seemed my stomach was touching my back bone and I became so hungry I let my pride go and asked for something to eat, and I got it. So Brother Frank said, "I am awfully hungry. I am going to set my violin up on the shelf and quit playing until I receive my baptism." I told him I would take my wife down to Southern California and leave her with my people, and we would get a tent and a week's supplies and go up on the San Bernardino mountains. Up there they call it the rim of the world. "We will go up and down into the canyon and pitch our tent for ten days and 'tarry until.'" He said, "Brother, would you be willing to put up with me for a week." "Bless your heart," I said, "it would be a joy to tarry with you." "I will be an awful burden," he said. "Well if you feel you will be a burden, do not go, but if you will be like my boy and trust me to take care of you, you will be all right." "All right," he said, "I will turn myself over to you." He climbed into my car and we started up to the rim of the world, went over the mountain got into the beautiful pine trees and there we pitched our tent, fixed up shelves and put our groceries up there just as if

we came to stay, and God knew it. This is the point I want to make. God knows when you will not be denied. If you go to your knees for ten minutes, God knows it. If you get into the habit of going to the altar and getting up and going home, God knows that, and if you are determined, God knows it. We fixed up our tent and then we prayed. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon. We prayed until about eight, and about that time Frank threw up his hands and said, "No use; I'm getting further away than ever before. Everything that ever I did is coming into my mind." Oh friends, did you ever know it to fail? There is always a battle before the victory. The greater the victory, the stronger the battle. But oh how precious it is when the glory comes forth! So there we were. "Now Frank," I said, "you do not have to be under a strain. When you get tired, sit down, and when you get tired sitting, lie down. About eight o'clock we went out and had a supper to get ready for the rest of the night. After supper Frank was sitting on one side of the camp-fire and said, "Well I hope our trip up here is not in vain." "After we are here one day," I said, "you will find out as we continue to pray, the

glory will come stronger, and the second day it will be still stronger, and so on. I just know the glory of God will fill your soul." As I said that he said, "Oh glory to God!" and went over backward, talking in tongues. We just had a glorious time. Do you know why? Because God knew we meant business. We pitched our tent for a week.

There was dear Dr. Haney. Before I left Modesto, California, God wonderfully saved him and filled him with the Holy Spirit. After God began to deal with him, he went to his hospital and told his partner, "I am going to turn my hospital over to you for one week," but he didn't tell him why. He turned it over to come to the mission to seek his baptism. The very first night he knelt down at the altar, he was there no more than ten minutes when the glory of God came upon him and over he went, talking in tongues. He talked and laughed under the power of the Spirit until 1:30 in the morning, and before I left there I had the joy of seeing him, his wife and son, all three of them filled with the Holy Spirit. If we mean business, God will mean business with us.

## Miraculously Healed when Dying

"A Sight of Jesus Did It!"

Mrs. L. Halley, 12 Greenhill Place, Edinburgh, Scotland.



THE Word of God is precious to a believer at all times, but never more so than when that believer finds his portrait in it. It was so to me eleven years ago when lying on a death-bed, given up by doctors and a specialist, and when all that could be done from an earthly source had failed. In giving a testimony to God's healing power I feel so unable to put into words all that I have proved Him to be. Truly the half cannot be told.

I had been very ill for twelve months when it was discovered that I was suffering from an incurable disease of the bowels. I was allowed no food of any kind and had to be kept alive on brandy and water. My allowance was five drops of brandy and five drops of beef juice, with a little water. The pain was dreadful and although the doctors and nurses who attended me were all so kind and would have done anything to relieve me, they could not. As a last resort I was put under morphine for twelve hours of each day

during which time I was unconscious of pain and everything else. But oh to come back to conscious suffering was terrible! I knew I was dying but just to make sure I asked the doctor and he told me nothing could be done for me. I was most unwilling to submit to God's will in this because of my broken-hearted husband and two little girls who needed me sorely. I cried to the Lord to spare me for their sakes. I could not see beyond their need at this time but the Lord had more to show me. I ought to say here that I had been converted for eighteen years, but oh how little I knew of my Lord! I could see only His hard dealings with me and mine. I thought much of Job and decided that his affliction was not to be compared with mine. The Lord had brought us through one trial after another and now this was the climax.

I lay there on an air-bed with no flesh on my bones, not able to lift one hand from my side and suffering most intense agony. The disease had not only eaten all the flesh off my body but all my hair dropped from my head, leaving head

and forehead all one and I was a sad sight. My elder girl, Violet, then thirteen years of age, told me she often looked at my photograph seeking to trace some likeness to her mother in the one she now saw lying there, but found none. Few if any visitors were allowed into my room, and those who came once had no desire to return, preferring to think of me as they knew me in health. In this condition the Lord met me and healed me, after a personal interview with Himself. Bless His Holy Name forever!

One evening after I had been under the morphine for two hours I was awakened out of the stupor, and in place of the semi-darkened room (lit only by a night light) there was light and glory beyond the noon-day sun. It seemed to be the glory that aroused me. I was alone in the room, as the nurse usually kept the room very still while I was under morphine and absented herself for a time, before coming to spend the night with me. I received the morphine about eight o'clock every night, and as I looked at the clock facing my bed, in the glory light, I noticed that it was ten minutes to ten. I was conscious of a Presence at my bedside and He shone with a whiteness beyond the glory of the room. I recognized Jesus, but oh, I shall never forget how sad was His face! I knew now that my unbelief and my earth-boundness caused that sadness. Until now I had thought only of my husband and children, and all my cries were for their sakes; never a thought for the glory of God. There was never a mother who idolized her children more, but from that hour it was different. As my Saviour stood there looking down on me with such sadness, I could only cry, "Oh Jesus, I am sinful!" He spoke and said, "Oh my child, you cannot trust me with your husband and children when I take you home!" He was sad because I could not trust Him. I shall never forget the agony of those moments, as in the light of His holy presence my own corruption appeared and I cried, "Oh Lord, I am not worthy to be called Your child. Can You forgive me? I shall trust You. I'll come home." He did not answer me, but smiled and left. I knew I was forgiven and now longed to go home. The next day the vision was vivid before me and I was a changed woman. A sight of Jesus did it! Hallelujah! I had heard people speak of dying grace; surely this was given me. I had not one thought of earth or loved ones. I only knew I was going home to be with Jesus and He was to be

trusted with my loved ones. The next day I asked the nurse if I could be allowed to speak for a few minutes to Violet alone. She reluctantly sent her to me, saying I was unable to speak with anyone and moreover I had no voice to be heard. I knew the Lord would enable me to leave the last few words of counsel and this He did. It was a sad interview as I commissioned my daughter to tell her father certain things after I had gone. I told her Jesus would take care of them and that I should meet them all in a little while in the home beyond the shadows. She was overcome with grief and said, "Oh mammy, don't go!" I was unable to look calmly on her grief now but I knew Jesus as I had not known Him hitherto.

For two days I lay, my pain no easier and I was longing for home. Each time when I came from under the morphine I looked around the room, sad to find that I was still on the earth. The same brightness filled the room and there again stood my Lord, but this time, no sadness. I cried out, "Oh dear Lord, have You come to take me home? I always thought You sent angels." He smiled and said, "My child, *I am the Lord that healeth thee.*" I seemed to understand all He wished to convey to me, i. e., that He wanted to heal me and raise me up as a witness for Him. I said, "Then Lord, if You mean to heal me, let it be for Your glory, and send me out to tell others of Your power." He answered, "I will. You trust Me," and with that He was gone. I knew then I was to go out as His witness tho I had never opened my mouth in public before. The next morning after the nurse had washed me and put my room in order I asked if I might have my Bible. She smiled and said, I could not hold it and she was right, but she propped it up among the bed clothes, and with my poor emaciated fingers I turned over its pages, and guided by the Spirit of God to Psalm 107 I read it verse by verse, tracing it with my finger, but when I came to verses 17 to 21 I was held. Oh I shall never forget how those words stood out! and in them I saw my portrait. "Fools because of their transgressions and because of their iniquities are afflicted. Their soul abhorreth all manner of meat; and they draw near unto the gates of death. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He saveth them out of their distress. He sent His Word and healed them, and delivered them out of their distresses. Oh that men would praise the Lord

for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men—" I could read no further; it seemed as if I were in a new world, with a new Bible and a new Lord. I said, "Now I understand '*He sent His word and healed them.*' Lord Jesus it was Your Word then and I will trust You now." How I longed for someone to whom I could speak and who would understand me. The Lord brought to my mind a testimony I had read which was handed to me more than a year before. I thought little of it at the time, but the Lord knew the important part that little booklet, "God's Triumphs" by Mrs. M. McPherson of this city, was to play in my life. I remembered that this was a testimony to God's healing and asked one of my nurses if she ever heard of such a person.

Imagine my delight when told that she knew where to find her. I then asked if she could be brought to see me. This was granted. I told her nothing of my visions but simply asked her if she believed the Lord could heal me. Her answer was that but for her own experience she might doubt, but that as I was, so was she many years ago. Praise God for her deliverance, and for the faith which that healing gave her to believe for me. But the Lord tested my faith in the word given by Himself in that personal interview with Him, and it was not until two weeks after, on the third visit of Mrs. McPherson that the new life of the Lord Jesus rushed thru my body while she prayed, and I knew that I was healed. She told me afterwards that when she came into the room to pray with me, Satan met her and said, "Have you the audacity to believe that God can raise her up?" And she said, "Yes, for the Lord has done as much for me." While she was praying for me I swooned away, and she did what she had never done before. She opened her eyes while she was praying and the sight that met her gaze appalled her. My eyes were turned back in my head and my jaw had fallen and Satan said, "She is dead." She started to pray, "Lord if she is dead, I claim her back in the Name of the Lord Jesus." She felt she would never be able to thank God enough when she heard me give a huge sigh and saw my eyes drop down. When she left me she said to me, "Now when the Lord bids you arise, do so." I had not even sat up in bed or turned on my side.

The doctor called only a half hour later and I told him that I was healed but would be glad

to have him examine me, which he did, and his words were, "Well truly the day of miracles has not passed." Just after he had gone I called for a praise meeting. My nurses, my two daughters and my husband came into the room and we sang chorus after chorus about the blood, until the room rang with His praises. The Spirit of God fell upon me and there I lay praising God in a language I knew not. For two hours I was in the glory, praising God, singing and rejoicing in Him with a new tongue.

The next day about midday I awakened from a lovely sleep by a voice saying, "Daughter, I say unto thee, arise." My clothes had been put away never to be needed again. How I found them has always been a mystery, but I got up and found dressing gown, stockings and slippers, and walked out into the other room. The nurse who was there fell backward and almost fainted when she saw me. She came to put her arms around me to support me, but I said, "You must not touch me. I will fall if you do." I felt I must lean wholly on the Lord.

I was healed. Now came the question of getting flesh on my bones. The Lord gave me the promise found in Isaiah 1:9, and in faith I stepped out. I will never forget the first night's sleep without morphine. I thought I was in heaven, it was so lovely to get a natural sleep.

My first meal after all those months consisted of a chop. I shall never forget how I asked that blessing and trusted the Lord with every bite to nourish my body. He did, and to His glory I say it, I did not take invalid food but the "good of the land," as promised, and not one bite of food in all these eleven years has disagreed with me. I soon became strong and the flesh came rapidly. Now came the call to go out and tell the message as He had taught me, but how could I go without my hair. I took this matter to the Lord and He who healed the body gave back the hair in abundance, and as dark as ever. The wig I wore was soon discarded, and the new hair with the renewed body was a testimony to the power of God.

One time the Lord said to me when I shrank from some things that were a cross, "Will you go into the Pentecostal work? Will you take the reproach of the work on you for my sake?" "Yes, Lord," I replied. "I will do it for Your sake." "They are My people," He said. There is much more to tell of His wonderful goodness

to me and mine during those eleven years, but space prevents. He has been our household

Physician and mighty Provider. We prove daily that in Him all fulness dwells. Hallelujah!

### Delivered from the Mouth of the Lion

Dr. Howard Taylor of the China Inland Mission, at the Moody Tabernacle, Nov. 25, 1922.



My wife and I have just been traveling for several years throughout the length and breadth of China, visiting every province where there are missionaries of the China Inland Mission, and that means all of the eighteen provinces except three and the South, and in the loving kindness of the Lord, in answer to much prayer, we were preserved in perfect peace though even in danger; in danger from common dangers of traveling, over lofty mountains in winter where, when the roads were frozen hard we were in danger of our conveyances slipping over precipices; we were in danger of war, one station being surrounded by armies, and were dangerously captured and in the hands of a brigand chieftain,—we two humble, unprotected missionaries, unprotected save by that veil of protection which God gives to his servants. So month after month and year after year we were preserved in safety until we had come to the end of our captivity.

We were within a single day of our destination where we were hoping to spend some weeks, when suddenly from amongst the trees, there sprung out a company of brigands, thirty or forty strong, with rifles and with swords, making themselves look as terrible as they could. So we were captured by these murderous men and carried off into the mountains, possibly to die a violent death, no one could tell. At that time a Chinese Christian who was escorting us, volunteered to accompany us into captivity. I shall never forget him, standing by my sedan chair, and saying, "I am going to be your escort in the mountains in the love of the Lord Jesus Christ," and His servant and mine laid his life on the altar and came of his own free will into captivity. Will that evangelist, Li-hen-ts'ing ever be forgotten in the annals of heaven? I trow not. And when he had to leave us, then another came, and another. These three men, at the risk of their lives, knowing they might be tortured to death, came to share our captivity with us and help to make it a little easier for us during that terrible time. It would take too long to give you anything like an approximate idea of our experiences, but I may say that one great mercy that came to us during the early days was this: That Chris-

tian evangelist who accompanied us stood all the second night in prayer, praying if the king of the brigands would not allow us both to go, he would at least allow my dear wife to go, and when morning dawned, the king of the brigands changed his mind and said, "Very well, Mrs. Taylor may go into the city, but Dr. Taylor will have to stay among the mountains," and that Saturday morning as my dear wife rode away in her sedan chair, carrying my chair also into the city, I thanked God and took courage. For the first time in my life I was glad to see the last of her. Then we rode away and the government troops came out and tried to rescue me. As long as they tried to rescue me I was in dire danger of my life, for those cruel men determined if it came to the point where they could keep me no longer, they would shoot me; that I should never fall into the hands of the rescuing army alive.

We fled from place to place, hiding in fastnesses, sleeping out in bitter cold weather, but in answer to prayer I received no harm. My wife was able to send me a sufficient supply of clothing and a large water-proof sheet, and there on the mountain tops the angels of God kept me in peace of mind day after day all those long weeks of my captivity.

After about five weeks one morning before daylight when my dear wife in the city was praying for me, suddenly a great light shone in her soul and she knew her prayers were answered and I should be liberated. She hadn't the slightest idea how it would happen out there on the mountains, but that day steps began to be taken which resulted in my liberation. Some years previously the governor of another province had been turned out by another general, a revolt had taken place in his armed forces and a second man usurped his place and told him he could either leave or else he could fight. As he had by that time accumulated a very large sum of money, about fifteen million dollars in gold, he determined to go and carry the gold with him. So he left the province carrying the provincial treasure with him down to Canton. After several years this old governor came fighting his way back. Just at that time, a missionary, dear Dr. Gordon Thompson was distressed about the



wounded soldiers and he determined to go and help them. The governor was coming back trying to arrange for the peaceful entrance into the city and make proper care for the wounded soldiers. He said to my friend, "Dr. Thompson, you have done a very important service for us all and saved thousands of lives. Is there anything we can do for you?" "Yes," he said, "away in the mountains to the north is my friend, Dr. Howard Taylor in the hands of the brigands. Write them a letter and command them to set him at liberty." The brigands and this Commander-in-chief were in league. They had to do what he told them. So it came to pass three days afterward that I was liberated and came into the city where Mrs. Taylor was, and there was a very happy reunion that day.

### "In Christ" in the Robbers' Den

Mrs. Howard Taylor



HERE is just one word from our Lord's own lips that has meant so much to me since coming to Chicago, that I have to pass it on. It is the last message He spoke in the Upper Room that sad night as He was going out to the cross for us. 'These words are in the closing verse of the sixteenth chapter of John: "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me ye shall have peace." I like to say it this way: "In Me, in China; In Me, in Chicago." Here is the great heart secret of the Gospel. How we proved it deeply! proved it recently among the brigands in China. In that terrible experience we realized as never before what it meant to be in Christ in the world. The band of brigands who took us numbered four thousand men; four thousand of them, murderers, criminals, blood-thirsty, thought nothing of torturing or killing us. But right in the midst of that company there was One near us. We were "in Him" among those brigands, and we learned as never before the reality of that wonderful truth, "In Me in the world."

We had only been taken about half an hour and were going back into the mountains with that band of thirty or forty men close around us, armed to the teeth, fierce, cruel, relentless. There were two little windows in our chair, and looking out I saw the leader, the cruel, desperate leader of that band close beside us. We realized we were helpless in their hands, but right in between, nearer than any of them was the Lord Jesus

Christ Himself, and the joy that filled our hearts was so great right there in the chair, I could not help singing, "Safe in the arms of Jesus." Oh friends, it is a reality! "In Him, in the world." It is real in China. It is real when we need it most. It is real in Chicago too, thank God.

I did not know that the brigands could hear, I was singing softly but this big leader walking just outside, heard, and he shouted out, "Why listen, she is singing. She is not afraid." And I was so glad just to look at him quietly with a smile, and say, "No, we are not afraid. Of course you can kill us if you like; we know that quite well, but we are not afraid to die. If you were to kill us we should go straight home to be in heaven with the God we love and worship. That would be a glorious thing." From that time those rough men looked at us in a different way. They could not help a flicker of a smile coming over their faces, and on the whole they treated us kindly in their rough way.

There is just one scene I should like to bring before you when we realized afresh what it meant to be in Him. After they had taken us away back into the mountains, they told us we were to see the king over these four thousand men. That night we came to a real Chinese hovel, a farm house, and turned in with thirty of the band. There were thirty in the house, besides a mother, and children crying. They gave us a bed in one corner up by a heap of manure and said we should sleep there, that the king of the brigands would come the next day. In the middle of the night I awoke and heard our Chinese friend talking, pleading for our lives. I heard him say in Chinese, "Of course, these people are not like young people. They are old, very old, and you must not torture them. You must not make them eat bitterness." Whomever he was talking to was saying that we must be made to suffer, and unless we were made to suffer they would not be received into the army as regular soldiers. If the soldiers came out to fight, of course we would be killed. Then two or three men came, and with the leader came up to the bed where we were lying. I awoke my husband just as Mr. Li said, "Let me introduce to you the king of the brigands." He had come in the night and it was he to whom Mr. Li had been talking. As I looked at him I realized how serious it was. He was hard, cruel and desperate. He shook hands and said,——which means, "bitterness, bitter-

ness." My husband said we were glad to meet him, etc. "Now," said the king, "get up and write a letter to the capitol and tell the governor that unless the soldiers are withdrawn, you two people will be killed. We shall never let you go until we get what we want from the government, and we shall never let you go alive then. We shall take you back into the mountains for the soldiers are persuing us." My husband got up and wrote that letter, on that bitter cold, February night. Then they wanted us to pack up our things and move on into the mountains. My husband said, "No, it is the middle of the night. If we start out now we shall be ill and you will not know what to do with us. We shall lie down and sleep and in the morning we will go where you like." They consented. We lay down again in that dark, cold, dreary hut, out on the Chinese mountains. Can you picture that situation? To know that death was so near us, and very possibly a cruel death. We had been two days in their hands; nothing to eat but half a cup of rice and thick chunks of pork, hungry and tired, and very cold. I was surprised to find how, under those circumstances, natural courage ebbs away, and I will confess that lying there in the cold and dark, shivering, there came over me a terrible sense of what it might all mean, and then again and again those strong, loving Arms closed around me, and I realized what it was to be "in Christ in the world." Oh the joy and peace that came as He put all fears away and came nearer and nearer, strengthening the soul! I shall never forget it.

Friends, it is a wonderful thing to be in Christ, and a wonderful thing to see heathen men and women in that great land of China come out of their darkness and sin into the Lord Jesus Christ. I want to bring one or two here before you this morning whom we have seen come right out into Christ. The first to speak of is a woman who for forty years had been most terribly possessed by evil spirits; she was a demoniac. The first time she ever heard of Christ she believed in Him and came to Him as her Savior and Deliverer. The next Sunday after that she came into the city where we were to worship with the Christians. I was meeting the women who came in that morning, and I saw a stranger come to the door. I went across the court-yard to meet her, and as I saw her face I knew who it must be. I could think of nothing but just this: the face of one who had been long, long years in hell, such

a tragic, pathetic face, such depths of suffering, scarred all over with scars where she had cut and burned herself in all her frenzy when demon-possessed. One eye was gone, she had put it out three days before when in a frenzy from which it took eight men to deliver her. She was saved in that frenzy of demon possession and never had any return in all the years she lived after that. As she came toward me I took her hands and could not speak. The tears came into my eyes because over that poor marred face there was shining such a wonderful light. She was in Christ. I said to her, "I think you must be Mrs. Gum." We had heard about her. "Yes," she said, "I am Mrs. Gum, and I have come to worship my Savior." It was the first time she had ever been among Christians; she had come to worship her Savior who had delivered her after forty years of demon possession.

You know what a fever gambling is in the lives of those who are addicted to it. We knew a man in China who was so determined to break off gambling that he took a chopper one day and chopped off his hand that shuffled the cards. He was not a Christian, had no power to break it off, and we have seen that man on the streets of that city, a poor beggar, reduced to absolute poverty, gambling still with the cards stuck in a basin of sand held by the stump of his arm; couldn't break from it.

Not long after Mrs. Gum had been saved we heard her in a stormy passion. A noted gambler had been saved. He was a professional, had gambled from the time he was seven, now about forty years of age. We heard he had been wonderfully saved and was preaching Christ round about. We had never seen him until this day Mrs. Gum came into the house to see us. Somebody had stolen some of her chickens which is a grievous offense in China, and she in a towering rage, storming furiously, came to tell us all about it. I was afraid she would give place to the devil, and he would get back again in all his former power. I tried to quiet her but my efforts were in vain. Just then a tall stranger came into the court-yard whom I had never seen. He walked into the room, put his hand upon her shoulder and said, "Oh sister, this is like crucifying the Lord Jesus all over again. Kneel down and let us pray together." They knelt down and I knelt with them. He prayed, and what a prayer! He talked to the Lord Jesus just as if He were standing there and asked Him to help his

sister and save her from going back into the power of the devil, and to forgive her. Oh he just poured out his heart to the Lord Jesus in a wonderful way! Directly he got up and I said to him, "Will you tell me who you are?" "Don't you know me?" he asked. "No," I said. "Why I am Gum, the gambler. Haven't you heard about me?" I said, "Are you the man who was a professional gambler all your life?" "Yes, since I was seven years old." I said, "Tell me one thing. Was it hard to give up the cards?" "No, it wasn't hard. I had Jesus." *In Christ, in the world.*

We have just come back from traveling from fifteen provinces in China and seen thousands and tens of thousands who have come into Christ in the last few years and many are preaching Him over there in China. I want to say that I have discovered that here in Chicago I need to be hidden away in Christ, deeply in Christ Jesus as much as in China. In the roar and the rush of this great city I need Jesus Christ around me just as closely as there among the brigands. Isn't that what we need right here, the peace and the power, and the victory that is in Christ Jesus? If there is one here today who wants that victory, step into Christ right now in faith. Is there anything in our lives that has come between us and Christ? Anything that is keeping us out of His blessings, of His fulness, and peace and power? He gave me such a wonderful word, I cannot tell you what it meant to me, yesterday: Who forgiveth *all, all, all*. Who healeth *all, all, all*. Let us all come just as we are that we may be deeper into Christ, filled with His Spirit, filled with His power, filled with His love.

### A Striking Lesson

E. M. Scurrah, Cape Town, South Africa

**W**HAT shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul."

An ambitious young Canadian left his wife and two children to seek for gold in the early California gold boom. Travel across the continent by overland stage was a wearisome and dangerous experience but he reached his goal. Inflamed with fever for riches he worked hard, and wrote back of his rich finds and great prosperity. He would soon be able to return, he said, and take them to his new home. More and more gold was piled up and less and less became the letters until they ceased all together and the curtain ran down upon his life. Engrossed with his riches he forgot wife, children and his God.

Time went on and his health failed; he toured in search of strength and peace but found them not. Again he turned to his mining to divert his mind from himself. He had sacrificed all upon the altar of lust for gold. Surely he ought to find the coveted satisfaction there. One day in winter he went, unknown to anyone else, to a closed down mine to see if it could not again be started. No one was around. He got into the cage and let himself down to the third level and lighting his lamp he began examining the walls of the mine with his hand pick. Suddenly the Death Angel appeared and in that solitary place, surrounded by his beloved gold, he sank upon his face to rise no more.

A snowstorm such as had never been known in California set in and the valley soon was buried in fourteen feet of snow. All traces of him were covered. It was believed he was perhaps in Sacramento and so there was no anxiety. As time went by, anxiety prevailed and dog sleds were despatched to the mines in search of their master. After two weeks of careful search they found him. He had received his reward. His wife died of a broken heart—his children learned to almost hate the name of their father for forsaking them for the sake of gold. He died forsaken of God and man. No tender hand ministered to him in his last hours. He perished in the arms of the monster that is damning so many souls in the world today, "for the love of money is the root of all evil, which, while some coveted after have pierced themselves through *with many sorrows.*" 1 Tim. 6:10.

That man was my grandfather and the lawyers and the devil got his millions. Truly sorrow, immeasurable sorrow lies in the path of the man who forsakes God and all to fill his pockets with the gold which perisheth. The man with the empty pockets and the well fed soul has nothing to lose when the destroyer loots the places. Therefore Jesus said when here, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you."

\* \* \*

One of the young women in Brother Shoenich's work, Central America, said recently, "Thank God that now my heart is at peace. It used to be heavy and sad, for I had no hope of salvation, knowing that my only destination was purgatory, my family being very poor and not able to pay for 'masses' for me in order to get me out; my only lot was to stay there because of poverty." What a deliverance! The Jesus we worship came to preach the Gospel to the poor.

**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

¶ Special rates to Assemblies ordering twelve or more copies. Write for terms. ¶ Send drafts, express or money orders payable to The Evangel Publishing House. ¶ Foreign Countries send international money orders. Do not send personal checks unless 10 cents added for exchange.

¶ Contemporaries wishing to copy any article from this paper will kindly add "LATTER RAIN EVANGEL," Chicago, U. S. A.

¶ A red cross on your wrapper signifies that your renewal has been received.

¶ A cross opposite this note means your subscription expires with this number.

**Notes**

**Lord Teach Us to Pray**

AND what shall it take, O Spirit of God,  
To make me a warrior in prayer,  
To cause me to wrestle for souls that are lost  
To give me compassion and care?

Shall deepest heart-anguish, or walking the path  
Of the valley so shaded and lone,  
Bring power to prevail with my Father in prayer  
And clear the way through to the throne?

O, Spirit of God, whatever the cost—  
Most gladly that cost will I bear,  
With Thee will I walk in the sorrow-marked way,  
But make me a warrior in prayer!

Bernice C. Lee.

**The Great Need**

SOMETIMES one might gather from editorial missionary notes in Pentecostal papers, that the missionary's support is the chief great need, but such is not the case. The greatest need is *prayer that the hearts of the heathen will be opened to the Gospel*. If the missionary can see results from his days of toil and his nights of intercession, from the deep anguish of his heart for souls, hardships and pioneering lose their hardness. We have had missionaries tell us they were willing to endure any kind of privation, any kind of fatigue, if only God worked. The following from one who has forsaken all, voices the sentiment of many, we are sure, and shows us the deep need of prayer for the pouring out of God's Spirit.

"I would not mind any sacrifice it would take if only we could see hunger on the people's hearts. But you cannot imagine what it is like to go for

miles and miles, and do this day after day, and over and over again, just to be listened to with tolerance! This is what takes grace and strength, and courage, and a mighty vision. Why am I writing this? Just to ask for prayer! prayer!! prayer!!! I am not worried about finances. They will come in as we do the will of God. But oh that we might see a mighty stirring in dark India! that we might see the Spirit of God gripping souls, causing them to cry out under a burden of sin. Sometimes I just cry and cry over it. Then again God gives me times of real intercession and I am always so glad for that. But as I see the people dying in their heathen darkness. I say, 'How long, O Lord, how long!' I do not belittle what God has done; I am watching for Him to work, seeking earnestly to get close to the people, and praise God, in many cases they feel our love for them, but this is not sufficient. They must see Jesus or our work is a failure."

Reader, do you see the need of prayer in a new way? For God to stir in heathen lands, He must *stir us to prayer*. Do not let us be content with just sending our offering to the field, but let us be helpers together by prayer, as well. Some one has said, "No one is saved but thru someone's prayer." Have you prayed definitely, that God might bless the labors of Bro. So-and-so today in China? Or that that sister who is going from zenana to zenana in India sowing the seed will not become disheartened but be buoyed up by a living faith? Or that God might visit the huts in Africa where the Word is given forth prayerfully? These three vast territories will need more prayer than the weary missionaries are able to send up to God if the heathen are to be won to Christ. Do not forget that our responsibility is three-fold: *To Give! To SEND!! TO PRAY!!!*

**Three Months' Report**

WE give below our Missionary Report for the last three months of 1922, October, November and December. We thank God for the joy we have had in forwarding offerings given from loving hearts, and making the missionaries' burdens a little lighter when discouragement was nigh at hand and hearts ready to sink with obligations which had to be met.

E. E. Alger, Liberia .....	\$ 15.00
Miss Carrie Anderson, So. China .....	116.00
Miss Almyra Aston, India .....	20.00
Miss Myrtle Bailey, So. China .....	59.00
A. F. Berg and wife, Congo .....	20.00
Miss Ethel Bingham, Liberia .....	20.00
Signur Bjorness, Jerusalem .....	40.00
Miss Elizabeth Brown, Jerusalem .....	10.00
Mrs. Mary W. Chapman, India .....	15.00

Robt. Cook, So. India .....	5.00
Miss Sara Coxe, India (Xmas gift) .....	1.25
C. W. Doney and wife, Egypt .....	35.05
Miss Elsie Fearey, Venezuela .....	35.00
J. B. Fullerton, West China .....	10.00
Mrs. Bertha Meyer Glauser .....	181.00
Mrs. Bertha Meyer Glauser, (Native work) ...	75.00
Miss A. M. Gollan, Liberia, (\$30.50 native girl) ..	50.50
Mrs. Esther Harvey, India (\$2.50 Xmas) .....	195.25
George Hanson, China .....	20.00
Thos. Hindle, Mongolia .....	26.88
Miss Jennie Kirkland, India .....	100.00
L. M. Jacobs, India .....	20.00
George M. Kelley, So. China .....	85.00
George M. Kelley, So. China, Native work ....	24.00
Miss Ethel King, India .....	35.00
F. G. Leader and wife, Congo .....	47.50
Miss Mattie Ledbetter, So. China .....	60.00
Miss Bernice C. Lee, India .....	92.75
Miss Lavada Leonard, on furlough (Xmas gift) ..	2.50
C. W. Longstreth, West Africa .....	10.00
Miss Beatrice Lawler, China .....	16.00
Mrs. Harland Lawler, China .....	75.00
Herman J. Mader, China .....	10.00
Miss Bertha Milligan, So. China .....	70.00
J. J. Mueller, India .....	15.00
Albert Norton, India .....	10.00
John Norton, India .....	20.00
Wm. Norton, India .....	37.00
Leonore H. Parker, India (fare) (\$30 Native) ..	131.00
V. G. Plymire, Northwest China .....	50.00
Mrs. Anna Richards, So. Africa .....	20.00
Mrs. Julia McClary Richardson, Congo .....	33.90
Miss Hattie Salyer, Egypt .....	16.52
Gustav Schmidt, Poland, (Xmas \$2.50, Near East Relief \$9.25) .....	14.25
Ernest Smith, India .....	90.00
Thos. Stoddart, India .....	10.00
Mrs. V. Schoonmaker, India (\$1.25 Xmas) ....	63.75
John R. Spence, So. China .....	10.00
Joseph Sugar, India .....	55.00
J. W. Taylor, Soudan .....	11.00
Miss Lillian Trasher, Egypt .....	60.25
Miss Minnie Varner, Mexico .....	30.00
Miss Jessie Wengler, Japan .....	10.00
Miss Adah Winger, Venezuela .....	50.00
Miss H. M. Wise, India .....	5.00
Mrs. C. Wynes, Mongolia .....	10.00
Miss Alice Wood, So. America (\$2.50 Xmas) ..	10.00
Missionary Rest Home, expenses .....	76.75
Missionary Rest Home, Mortgage .....	25.00
<b>Total</b> .....	<b>\$2,452.10</b>
<b>Total sent out during 1922</b> .....	<b>\$10,247.74</b>

We give below our auditor's Report as follows:  
January 1, 1923.

To whom it may concern:

This is to certify that I have this day audited and found to be correct, the Missionary Books of The Evangel Publishing House (Miss Anna C. Reiff, Mgr.)  
(Signed) N. Albert Iver.

Friends of the missionaries remembered the Missionary Rest Home at 1848 Berenice Avenue, this city, during the Holiday Season, and sent gifts of love. Among the things received from out of town. were chickens from Shelby, Michigan, and Marshfield, Wis.; honey from Caywood, N. Y.; and Conway, Mich.; canned beef, chicken and venison from Williston, N. D.; apples from Creal Springs, Ill., and a barrell of fruit from Clinton, Wis. The latter was side-tracked for a month, but God had His hand upon it, and it

was received in excellent condition, and is being enjoyed by all.

The missionaries who sat around God's table during the holiday time and enjoyed His bounties, join the Committee in thanking the dear ones whose loving hands provided.

\* \* \*

In this connection we would say that some of the pledges given at the General Council Meeting, Sept. 1921, to lift the mortgage on the Home have not yet been paid. This mortgage is due in February, and it is the desire of the Committee that it be paid in full. We know that some of the Assemblies have passed thru some financial tests, but we are praying that the Lord will help them to redeem their promises at this time. We believe it is God's will for us to meet this obligation, and we ask our friends to pray that the necessary amount may be forthcoming.

### Results from Recent Revival

THE Stone Church has just had a most blessed visitation of revival refreshing. Brother A. C. Valdez, a Spirit-filled young man from California, came to us with a real Pentecostal message. Not only were his messages excellent but his personality was most winning, being a beautiful example of what the Spirit will do for a person who is wholly yielded. Our brother's face and whole being were a constant expression of the love and power of the Holy Spirit so that his words were made doubly strong by this evident presence of the Lord upon him.

On coming to the Stone Church, Brother Valdez commented on the ease with which he could preach, saying that there was no burden upon his soul but rather a great liberty. His custom has been in conducting revival meetings to go a few days ahead and fast and pray before the meetings begin, but on reaching Chicago and preparing for a special time of prayer, he found no burden upon his spirit. While he had been accustomed to pray and weep before the Lord he could not feel any burden of prayer for the meetings, only praise. For this we were encouraged and thanked God, for it was an indication that He had already heard our cries.

In fact before Brother Valdez came it seemed we could not pray for the revival but could only praise God for victory already won. On the Tuesday previous to his coming the ladies of the Dorcas stopped their sewing to pray for the revival but the prayer would not come. The

groans would not come, only praises. The glory fell in their midst and a sister from the Dutch Reformed Church who had come in to help sew and get acquainted because her husband had been healed in the Stone Church, got under conviction and began to cry out mightily for God to forgive her sins and save her soul. The result was that she was soon prostrated under the mighty power of God and with her thimble on her upraised hand and her little sewing apron on she prayed through to the Baptism of the Spirit. This spoiled the sewing for the poor, for the prayer lasted from one till five. All were mightily refreshed and considered that a much better garment had been made than ever before in Dorcas. This is a sample of how prayer for the revival was repeatedly turned into praise so that Brother Valdez was able to step into an atmosphere of fire and blessing.

The house was packed from the very first with unflagging interest to the end. It was impossible to keep a record of all who were saved, healed and baptized for they were coming in such numbers to pray, but there were over twenty saved and ten baptized in the Spirit. The evangelist conducted the altar services upstairs for salvation and healing while the pastor attended to the seekers for the Baptism in the special sound-proof prayer room in the basement where we tarried till the hours of the morning with the mighty power of God surging through our midst. As soon as the sinners would be saved above they were sent right down into the prayer room for the Baptism. Some had to be helped down being so under the power; others got the Baptism while still at the altar in the room above. One evening a young lady came to the altar for salvation and was beautifully saved and went back to her seat where her mother and a neighbor lady were waiting for her. These two were urged to get down and pray. As they did the power came and they were reclaimed there and all three came down to the prayer-room and immediately were mightily filled with the Spirit. Such rejoicing as they embraced each other and talked in tongues and shouted! The revival flame went with these three and they soon were back to the meeting with neighbors and relatives who were met with the glory of God, one receiving salvation and the baptism at once.

The mother of this young woman testifies to a wonderful healing which came with her baptism. Fifteen years ago she broke her limb and

has not been able to run or go up stairs without great effort. But on going home from the meeting she astonished her neighbor by running for the car and found she was healed. Others were prayed for and received healing of whose cases we have not time and space to write.

Among the converts were quite a few Italian Catholics. Their salvation and baptism were very precious, it being so easy for them to get to God. One night after dismissing early one of the Italian young men remained with his friends because he and his wife had a revelation that morning that he would get his baptism that night. Sure enough he got through in less than half an hour after all had gone. They are continually bringing in more of their people for salvation.

People of all churches are coming to The Stone Church in a steady stream for they all testify that they feel the presence of God in our midst. Such love and unity prevails so that God can come and dwell with us. We thank God for this. During the past year a deeper love and a closer unity have grown and grown in The Stone Church. Nothing has come to mar this and our earnest prayer as a church is repeatedly offered to God that He will grant that no division arise to hinder His onward march in our midst. We shall have to enlarge our church or get a larger building if He continues to work as in the past. God graciously works in healing the sick and relieving the oppressed for which we offer most heartfelt gratitude as we hear them testify to their new found peace and freedom from pain.

We covet the prayers of God's saints everywhere that we may all strive together for the victory over all the power of the enemy.

PASTOR KELSO R. GLOVER.

\* \* \*

Among those who recently received physical and spiritual blessing was a Mrs. Boyce, 6512 Justine Street, who had spent two and a half months in a hospital, with her leg broken in two places. When she came home she could not walk without crutches for about a year and a half. She went to the Humboldt Park Gospel tent one fourth of July and was anointed and prayed for and left her crutches there, healed of that trouble.

She was suffering with a lump under her arm for eight years. The doctors lanced it twice but it still remained and caused her not a little concern. A week before Thanksgiving she became

ill, and on Thanksgiving Day she came to the Stone Church for prayer. The next morning she felt under her arm and the lump had entirely disappeared. She was baptized in the Holy Spirit on December 7th.

\* \* \*

Another woman, Mrs. D. Kreith, 6731 Justine St., writes of blessing she received. Her neighbor got her out of bed to bring her to the meeting for healing. She had been sick for two and a half years and the doctors insisted on her going to a hospital for a serious operation, but she felt it would mean death to her if she submitted to it; so she felt she would leave herself in the Lord's hands, living or dying. Her heart became so bad she could scarcely be around and the doctor ordered her to stay in bed the most of the time. She was in bed eleven weeks, and one of the sisters of the Stone Church went in one evening and asked her to come to the church. She got up and dressed, and tho she walked with difficulty the Lord helped her. At the close of the meeting as the pastor was on his way to the prayer room, they stopped him in the aisle and asked him to pray for this sick woman. He stopped a moment, hurriedly laid hands on her head and prayed, and as he did so a flash of light came down upon her and she

was delivered. The next morning she called him up and told him she was healed. This was about the middle of October. Since then she has been saved and baptized in water, and on Dec. 9th she was baptized in her own home while waiting on the Lord, at which time she had several visions of the Lord. Since she has been so blest three of her family were saved. They told her they realized it was the Spirit of God upon her, and they wanted the same thing. It resulted in the conversion of her husband and son, and her two daughters were also at the altar seeking salvation.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Musch, who was so blessedly saved and baptized in the Spirit at the Dorcas meeting, came a week or two after to the same meeting with a very severe pain in her back caused by a misalignment of the vertebrae. She had been taking treatment from a chiropractic but they were not able to do anything for her. As the friends gathered around her for prayer, the Spirit of God came down and as some of the sisters laid their hands upon her back they felt the snap of the vertebrae going back into place. The Lord had put it back, and she arose with every vestige of pain gone.

### Things From Among the Heathen

"We are now well into our cold season's work," writes Bro. Paul Andreason, and tho greatly hindered for the lack of facilities for the work, we are managing to reach quite a few of the villages within a six miles' limit of our home. Almost every night sees us in a different village in which we preach the Word and distribute Gospels and tracts. The Lord saw our need and heard our cry, and since we had no conveyance, laid it upon the heart of an English official (our next door neighbor) to offer us his conveyance, a small two-wheeled cart and a horse for three months while he went on his leave. Thus this need is provided for until Christmas. After that—surely He will provide again in some way. The roads are excellent in this district. Our experiences thus far have been many and various, but the one outstanding feature is that almost every night we face an audience, small or large, *the most of whom have never heard even the name of our blessed Lord Jesus*. There are nearly one million precious souls in this district. At present we are reaching only the very edge of this field of 1440 square miles, and there are no other missionaries or missions of any kind here in Partabgarh. Oudh, India. excepting my

wife and me. Besides some attacks of rheumatism which I have had this summer, I am feeling stronger and healthier than when I first arrived here. My wife is feeling exceptionally well, and has been ever since her arrival in this country. Tho the past year has been a very heavy one especially for her, with the opening up of this new work in so neglected a field, yet it has been the happiest in both our lives, and we praise the Lord for the way He led."

\* \* \*

Miss Elsie Fearey, writing from Caracas, Venezuela, says, "I wish you could be in our Young People's meetings and hear the reports they bring each week. Before the message of the evening they give a report of their work for the Lord during the week, how many tracts distributed, how many homes visited, and how many opportunities to speak to unconverted souls. There is one thing about these dear people, when they are converted they are not afraid to witness. Our young people at home could learn some lessons along this line. Yesterday I was visiting in a new home where the daughter of the house brought in a schoolmate who is a Christian. It was the first time she had been

in that home and before she left, she gave a good, clear testimony to the girl's mother, tho she is only fifteen years old. So many are hearing the word from the native Christians, and we trust the day will soon come when an abundant harvest will be gathered in.

"Many have been saved thru our brother in the leper asylum, who you will remember, was carried off more than a year ago. We have recently received such a precious letter from one of the converts who has learned to write since he was saved, and does so by putting the pen somehow between the stumps of his fingers which have been eaten off by the disease. He says, 'Many times I stop to meditate upon what I was and what I am, and I ask myself, "Where is that bad thinker? that man of bad speech? Where is that blind wanderer," etc., and to all of these questions I hear a voice that says, "That man has been transformed and has passed from death to life." I praise God that He gave His Son to die for us, and that I have been washed with the precious blood of our Lord, and now can call myself a son of God. I was blind but now I see. I was deaf but now I hear.' Praise God the way of the cross for our brother has brought many into eternal life. He is much better; in fact they say he is healed of the leprosy and will soon be coming out."

\* \* \*

A precious letter from Mrs. Harvey tells of her husband's last sickness. He had never been sick before in his life except a few days last summer when he had fever. When he first became ill on Sept. 5th he had a presentiment that he would not get well, but after suffering for a few days, the Lord touched him and he was quite free from pain, walking about the house and yard. Then he walked over to the Boys' Building and that brought a return of the fever. The Lord answered prayer for him a number of times and gave such victory that when the end came on Oct. 5th they were not prepared for it. Dear Mrs. Harvey could not realize that he was gone and thought he must even then be raised up, walking the floor and crying to God until she fell over unconscious. Worn out with waiting on him night and day the shock proved too much for her, but when she went into the room again where he lay and saw his face aglow with the glory of God, she could not wish him back again. The Lord brought to her mind the verses in Mark 4:28-30, "For the earth bringeth forth fruit of herself; first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear. But when the harvest is come immediately he putteth in the sickle because the harvest is come." "It seemed", writes Mrs. Harvey, "that he had just reached the height of his ministry and there was so much ahead for him, and he was so needed on the mission-field, but he had reached the stage

of the 'full corn in the ear' and was ripe for the kingdom, and the Lord took him."

Mrs. Harvey and the missionaries in India feel she should come home for her furlough, which is practically due. The five years she has been back on the field have been so crowded with work and sorrow that her health has been broken, and a year at home will build her up and enable her to go back and take up her duties as Supt. of the work with renewed strength and courage. She has booked her passage for March and writes she has done this in naked faith as she has no funds in hand for that purpose. The needs of the work are so great the money will have to come in especially for her fare. If you have any of the Lord's money to bring home this faithful worker, send it in at once, as it takes about five weeks for a letter to reach her. Do not forget that the work must be taken care of also. Pray for these needs and that the fare for Sister Harvey and her little girl will be forthcoming speedily.

The paper, *Miracles of Healing*, will be continued. Bro. W. H. Clifford, of Fyzabad, will edit it, with Mrs. Harvey as Associate Editor.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Mary Weems Chapman has just moved from Madras to Thycaud, Trivandrum, Travancore, India. The most of her work is in Travancore, and she feels it is necessary to be right on the field. "The need is much greater in Travancore, and the opportunities for reaching souls are also greater." But she is still intending to keep up her interest in the work at Madras. She writes, "This is our monsoon season, and the rain is pouring and coming into every room in the house, so I find it difficult to find a dry place for my cot." Pray for this veteran missionary in her new quarters. She cares little for her surroundings, but that in the eventide of her life she may be a harvester of souls.

\* \* \*

There are several changes in South China. Miss Myrtle Bailey is just returning for a much-needed furlough, and Miss Carrie Anderson and Miss Lettie Ward are now in the work at Fat Shan. There are greater facilities for work among the women for Miss Ward in Fat Shan, and both of these missionaries felt distinctly led to locate in this important center and help in this needy field. The building work will go on, as the money comes in for this purpose. Those who are under the burden of this work feel that God will send in the money for it, for the need is very great. Let us pray it in.

\* \* \*

"Just recently," writes Brother Schoeneich, Matagalpa, Central America, "God has saved here five precious souls who are beautifully going on with Christ amid hard and pressing times, giving real proofs that they are indeed new creatures, and that the old things have passed away."



## Use and Misuse of the Gift of Prophecy

"The Spirit of God Is No Mixture."

Evan. Smith Wigglesworth, at the Union Pentecostal Meeting, Nov. 2, 1922.



**T**HIS morning I believe the Lord will impress us with the necessity of understanding the gifts of the Spirit, why and when and where we should manifest them. I have been trying to impress upon you the importance of being filled with the Holy Ghost, but I do not want you to think that you can understand or use gifts apart from the Giver. I know that the Holy Ghost has nine gifts to minister, and I know that Jesus has gifts, and you will never find that the gifts of the Holy Ghost and the gifts of Jesus clash. They are perfectly in order. In the fourth chapter of Ephesians we read that Jesus went up on high and received gifts for men, and the most remarkable of all is that He received gifts for the rebellious. Paul knew that, because God had been ministering to him gifts, and yet he was the most rebellious of all. When you look at that calling and see the remarkableness of his life and see how he persecuted the church, and then in his examination of his own personality, his weakness, he calls himself the chief of sinners. And in that revelation, realizing how God had been gracious to him, he writes here, "even the rebellious also." So all the people in this place, without exception, are eligible for the gifts. It is not what you were or are, it is what God will do for you, and you must see that by the power of God all things are possible. He wants every person in this place to know that He is not and never will be pleased with a fig tree that bears nothing but leaves. Jesus was disappointed in it. Never think that gifts can ever be of any source whatever, only on the lines they have to be exercised, wrought out by the power of God. You must never allow yourself to be led into any trap to use a gift. If you do, you will surely have trouble in your life. You must understand that all the gifts are to be made manifest only for the glory of Jesus. Everything that you have come heir to since you came into the fact of salvation, everything from that day, without exception, has been and must continue to be for the glory of God. If it is not, you will find yourself amongst the wood and the hay and the stubble. There is nothing going to be of any importance to your life or any other lives, only

that which is gold and silver, and precious stones; something that cannot be destroyed by fire. And so God would have us this morning to have an inward revelation that we have been delivered from the corruption of the world, so that the powers of Christ may rest upon us, that the glory of God may be seen, and that we may be inwardly and outwardly always bearing about in our body the dying of the Lord, that the life of the Lord should be always eminently manifested to the glory of God.

Tongues and Interpretation:

The Lord of glory came from the heights thereof to dispense of His graces in the world, in the church; to establish and bring forth a ministry of power that should permeate the earth, and bring to naught the things that are.

One of the reasons why Jesus came was to make in the world new orders in the Spirit. We must this morning see our vocation in the spirit. We must under all circumstances understand that God has something far in excess of that day when we first saw the light. You must see that He took your sins only for one purpose, that you might be channels for the covenant of promise.

The fourth of Ephesians is very distinct on this line, that Jesus went up on high, and He made prophets, apostles, evangelists and teachers, and it was for "the perfecting of the saints" of which you will see the need. God has nothing in His ministry for us on any lines only perfection. God is a Cleanser. All the mighty movings of God are always to purge you, perfect you, make you holy, make you see that He can dwell in you mightily, and move in you by the Spirit gloriously. We have to be insulators, as it were, of the mighty power, the saving power in the world. There is such a thing as a preserving power; God wants us to be a preserving power in the world, that sin may have no place where we are; God controlling everything we touch.

Did you hear me say that you must not expect gifts until after you have received the Holy Ghost? Gifts are the property of the Holy Ghost, and they do not clash, as I said, with the gifts of Jesus. If you are filled with the Holy Ghost, He will drive you, from day to day and hour to hour, to the truth. Jesus is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and the Word of God is

the power of the Christ and the life of Christ.

It will be no comparison, however you are filled with the Spirit, however you are filled with joy, whatever peace you have and whatever conditions are in your life, to your leaving out the Word of God. If you do, you will leak out and become weak; your peace will fade and your joy will leak out. The Word of God brings one into a place of fact. We must be in a place where we know what we know, and the baptized believer knows what he doesn't know. He has forgotten a lot that he used to know and that is a blessing.

Now, beloved, we dealt with the Word of wisdom, and we must clearly understand about the power of the Holy Ghost within the body. Paul says, "I would not have you ignorant, brethren, of spiritual gifts." We must examine ourselves and see if we are in this faith, for I reckon that all the spiritual revelations of God are on the lines of faith, and you cannot have faith without you have the Word, for the Word of God is faith. If you will turn to Hebrews 12:2 you will find that Jesus is the Author and Finsher of our faith; so if you have Jesus you have faith. You will have the Giver within you. And as you let the Word of God move in your life, you will find you are living in the real place of the personality of Jesus Christ.

In the first place the Holy Ghost must make within you ministrations, in the second it must be in operation, and the third essential is the manifestation. If you are afraid of manifestation you haven't come into operation, and if you are afraid of operation, it is because you never had ministrations. The same Spirit will bring you these three effects, and when they are in your heart and life, you will find God takes you and moves upon you just as He did upon Moses and Aaron, and Samuel and the prophets. The difference between the dispensation of the Jews and the dispensation of grace to the Gentiles, is this: in the days of the prophets the Holy Ghost was upon them from time to time. The Spirit of the Lord was upon Samuel from time to time; the Spirit of the Lord came upon Moses, upon Samson; it came upon Ezekiel and the prophets. These operations were types of the greater dispensation of things to come. Remember this is an important matter, because if you hear the Word of God and do not take heed you will come into the line where God uses the Gentiles to perfect the Jews. Without us the Jews cannot

be made perfect. So we are living in a great day; we are in the dispensation of the grace of God, with the fulness of the revelation of the inward power, personality and presence of the Holy Ghost. And so we are in a greater day in every way than the Jews were. Not that the day isn't coming for the Jews; it is, but we are in a greater day than the Jews have had heretofore.

God has an appointment with every baptized soul, and His appointment is that we are in the earth for the specialty of witnessing and bringing out the glories of the cross. No baptized soul who is going on with God can ever again enter into worldly things as long as he lives. And God will strip him of all superfluities and of foolishness. If you are not stripped of worldliness there becomes a mixture in the church instead of a perfect place in God. Mixtures are always bad; that is why there was to be no mixture in the priest's garment; it had to be pure linen and pure wool. I find that the world is becoming worse and worse on these lines because she is full of mixtures. When you go to shop you never know whether you will get the pure article or adulteration. The Spirit of God is no mixture. If, after you have received the Holy Ghost you go back into carnal lines the people will know it. The man who is going on with God can tell it in a minute. You cannot deceive him. Language is not Spirit, and noise is not Spirit, and you cannot get it that way. The power of God is Presence. Moses said, "Except Thy presence go with me, I will go not hence."

If the gifts of the Spirit are not in the church, you can call it what you like, it is a back-letter church. You can be baptized in water a thousand times, it will not make the Spirit move. You will have to have something better than water baptism. You will have to have fire. You will have to have the inward presence of God. Where the Holy Ghost comes the gifts are manifest, unless the church has backslidden, and Ichabod is over the door. Oh you can backslide, and there is not a grace that you cannot forfeit! "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." There is only one way for every one of us to keep faithful and that is, down in humiliation, brokenness of spirit, living victorious over the natural, and having the light of life in our being.

I have had people say to me, "You know I once had the gifts of healings and I haven't them now." I never believed it, whatever they say,

for the simple reason that when the gift is manifested, that is the permanent gift, it is always there. But I would go so far as to say you may be so filled with the Holy Ghost that a gift may be manifested because of the fulness of the presence of God in your body. If you lived in the place where the power of God was upon you, that the virtue of Christ passed through you, and if you haven't that fulness now, it is because you have passed out of the depths of God. Do not say you do not know how it happened. You always know. A stranger can never enter into your heart. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness," but a stranger can never enter into its recesses.

I warn you that if you want to continue to have the power of God manifested thru you, you have to live in the Spirit continually; not occasionally, not once a day; but always. Oh beloved, at any cost, pay any price to live in it, for it is worth the world. I would rather speak five minutes under the unction of the Holy Ghost than to have a thousand dollars given to me. I thank God we may live in the Spirit and walk in the Spirit, and be continually filled with the Spirit. Then the gifts of healings will be manifested on these lines, and you will find that when God gets you to that place He will make you definite. For instance, I was speaking in a meeting in a place, and as I sat in that meeting I saw a man there in a state of terrible pain. I said, "Brethren, you must allow me to deliver this man so he can enjoy the services. He came on the platform. It is a wonderful thing when the Spirit of God comes upon you and you are not touching a person in fear, not experimenting, but are in a place where you know. I told the people this man would be healed the moment I laid my hands upon him, and upon the pledge of God's truth to me, I rebuked the thing and he was perfectly free to all the people's amazement. Here is another instance: I just received a letter from Springfield, Mo., about a man for whom I prayed. His mouth was filled with cancer, and he was in pain all the time. I said to the people. "This man will be delivered of this cancer and be made free within a few days. From the moment I put my hand upon his mouth he will have no more pain." The moment I did that, instantly the pain lifted. Now I have this letter: "You will be interested to know about the man with the cancer. One day he spit out half of the cancer and the next day the balance.

He lost about a quart of blood and is weakened as a result, but God has surely undertaken."

Now gifts of healings, miracles, are identical with what God's Word says. It is not what we think; it is not how we feel, it is what God's Word says. Dare you believe it? Jesus speaking expressly to the seventy who went out and came back saying what wonderful things had happened, said, "Behold, I give unto you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy: and nothing shall by any means hurt you." But let me say this: No man will go forward with God if he gets proud. To keep in touch with God he must continue humble. You will never find that God can use a man who is proud. His Word says, "Show me thy salvation; the humble shall hear thereof and be glad," and you will find that God is preparing the hearts of the humble to receive His Word. "The rich are sent empty away."—the people who feel they can manage without God, but "the hungry He fills with good things."

And so God would not have us under any circumstances to think that we are in the place of blessing when we are not in the place of humiliation and humbleness. It cannot be. Jesus, our blessed Lord, was the most meek, the most lovely and the most beautiful in character. You never find Him like this: "Stand aside now. I am a man who has the gifts!" You never find that in Jesus, but He was so moved with compassion that He could raise the widow's son. We will not have had compassion except by the inward power of God moving us. Everybody can be humble. It costs nothing except your pride and ugly self to be put out of the way.

Now what is a miracle? It is where the power of the Spirit of God comes to absolute helplessness, where no human aid can reach, but where God alone comes and performs the supernatural; when God comes and the body is made whole in a minute—not in an hour or a week, but in a minute—that is a miracle. I was going into a big meeting in London one day and a man who stood in the doorway said to me, "Don't you know me?" I said, "No, I do not recognize you just at this moment." "Don't you know my daughter?" he said. "No." "Nor my wife?" They all stood there. "No, I seem to have lost recollection of you." "Well," he said, "I am Smith from Brighton." Then I recognized them. "Now," he said, "look at her," turning to his daughter, a beautiful young woman. They

brought her to me stretched out in a carriage where she had been for years and years, helpless; had to be lifted about, and in a moment, as soon as God's touch came upon her, from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot, there wasn't a weakness. She was perfect and had been walking ever since. No man can do those things. There never has been a man living who could do it, only the Man, Christ Jesus, and if we wish to be used in that way we shall have to have Him, know Him and understand Him, for He is the Holy One.

The ministry of healing became so mighty in Australia that in some places I had to give up a day to minister to the sick, beginning at nine and continuing until four o'clock in order to get thru, praying with nearly seven hundred people. There is a chance for a life time. You talk about opportunity, I would not take the world's worth for the opportunity, and we ought to buy up our opportunities. You never will know what you have until you experiment upon what you have in faith. Every man that has ever done anything for God was amazed to find God respond the first time he ventured out in faith. I say all these things to you to move you into a living faith in God, for what will it profit me without some of you are turned into flames of fire. What will it profit me if I turn from these meetings and you have only heard my voice and seen me? God would never have John and Peter and James to move up and down the world and leave people where they found them. They were to make disciples of all nations, and in the Name of Jesus I am here, as it were, to make disciples; to create within you a deeper thirst and a longing for deeper things of God. If this is not my object I ought not to be here. We have a higher calling, a nobler calling, than to be fascinated with things of ourselves. It is not the fascination of ourselves, it is the inward fire that burns by the power of God, that attracts.

A very important gift is the gift of prophecy. I reckon no man can work miracles without he has gentleness, and no man can ever be a prophetic utterance for God without he is good. You will find that those gifts are in perfect conjunction with the graces. First, *the word of wisdom*, you will find love controls the word of wisdom, and you will find *the word of knowledge* is controlled by joy; *faith* coincides exactly with peace, and you will never have faith if you have not peace. Peace comes from an unmovable, estab-

lished position on the Word of God. Now you could not have *gifts of healings* without you knew something about long suffering, and you could not have the *gift of miracles* without you knew something about gentleness; nor *prophecy* without you knew something about goodness.

We must never despise prophecy, but I will tell you what you must do. You must always judge it, and you will find that a person who refuses to have his prophecy judged is wrong inwardly, and his expressions are wrong outwardly. I know people think discernment is a wonderful gift, and this is striking the people who have discernment,—I will tell you what would be a fine thing: If those who *think* they have discerning of spirits would display it upon themselves, they would get such a revelation of themselves in twelve months they would not be harsh or critical of others. God does not want us to be harsh or critical of others. He means us to be filled with the Spirit.

Prophecy causes more trouble than anything else in the world. If you will turn to the Old Testament you will find prophetic utterances. Prophetic utterances beginning in the flesh and ending in the flesh are wrong. People do it because they like to be heard, and it destroys confidence. There are men who believe they have power to go up and down and make prophets. It is unscriptural, and I can prove it to a very ordinary man. The man who would make a man a prophet is in a bad way, and the man who is willing to be made a prophet is in a worse way. No man can save you, no man can baptize you in the Spirit, no man can give a gift. Turn to Ephesians 4:8, "Wherefore he saith, When he ascended up on high, he led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men." Who is He that ascended up on high but Jesus? "He gave some apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some pastors and teachers." No man has ever had the power to give these offices. The most you can do is to lay hands on a person to receive the Holy Ghost, which is a perfectly scriptural thing to do. I have seen hundreds receive the Holy Ghost while I have had my hands upon them, but was it I? No, but you may have the power of God so upon you and thru you and in you, until from you will flow the healing virtue as from the body of Jesus, and when you touch people they will be healed. I have touched people who were dying, and they have been instantly healed from head to foot. I remember one

night going into a house where a woman lay dying. Her husband came to me and said his wife would like to say just a word before she passed away. I went in and took hold of her hand, and she said, "Sam, I am healed. The virtue from Smith is going all over me." She was perfectly healed in that touch. And I believe too that if you are filled with the Holy Ghost you will create a desire for the Spirit, an inward thirst for God, and with the laying on of hands, the gift of the Spirit will be moving in that man. You do not bestow the gift, but the power of God works thru you, and remember there is never a baptism of the Holy Ghost but what God is there. It is the promise of the Father. You never have a baptism of the Holy Ghost without Jesus is there, for He baptizes; you never have the baptism of the Holy Ghost without the Holy Ghost comes in, so you have the Trinity there. Every touch of God that I get makes me to see how I need more of Him all the time. I hope no one in this meeting will ever be so foolish as to allow any person to make you anything, but that you will all be willing to let God make you something.

Is prophecy real? It is just as real as anything else. When you have prophecy be sure it is the Spirit of God that gives it, and when it is given be sure it is nothing personal. There are foolish and ridiculous things taking place in some parts. I think a man ought to have the choice of his own wife, but when prophecy goes forth that you are to have a wife of their choosing, you are on dangerous ground. When prophecy goes forth that you are to have a certain house on a certain street, you know that is carnal. All these things make our position one of ridicule and a laughing stock in the eyes of the people. God save us from foolishness and from ignorance. How will He save us? When we are humble enough to be taught.

The deceptiveness of the devil is shown in prophecy tremendously. When prophetic utterances from the Lord go forth they are of great blessing to everybody, but where is the mistake? It often lies in people going up to the one who has given the message and saying, "Oh I got so blest thru that prophecy. It was wonderful. We must have it written down," and you spoil the people who give the prophecy. It is a very serious thing because prophecy is a gift, and the seriousness of the thing is to use a gift without the power of God upon you. They begin to say,

"Thus saith the Lord," and go on forever. Now listen: If the prophecy is not given in the unction of the Spirit, it will be damnation. It is blessed when clear prophecy comes thru, because a person may have prophecy who knows very little of the Word of God and yet have perfect prophetic utterance. If you turn to the seventh chapter of the Acts of the Apostles and read the prophecy that Stephen utters, it is most sublime. As he prophesied under the power of the Spirit the power of the devil came upon those people; they couldn't stand it. It meant his death but it was in the power of the Spirit. There is something about prophecy that makes you know it is God. Here is a man in the assembly who starts in to pray. He has prayed many times in the assembly and you have been blessed, but suddenly you catch fire and you feel the inspiration as the Spirit prays thru him, and you know when God has finished and when he begins his own prayer. The lesson to learn in Pentecost is when to finish, for it is a serious thing to go on after the Lord has finished. You begin in the Spirit and end in the flesh. The same thing is true of prophecy; they begin in the Spirit and end in the flesh.

Then there are some foolish people in the world who when they know someone has the gift of prophecy, go around to his house and try to find out something by prophecy. That is as bad as going to a medium. Do you think you can get a prophetic message on those lines? Now listen: Wisdom is justified by her children, and if you do not keep in wisdom, nobody wants anything to do with you, so do not work along those lines. If you want to know the mind of God, get it in the Book; you do not need a prophet to tell you. God is His own interpreter.

I was saved when I was a boy eight years old, and I have never lost the witness. I never went to school and so I had no chance to learn to read. When I got married, my wife taught me both to read and write, tho she could never teach me to spell, but I do the best I can. I so love the Word of God I do not remember spending any time but with the Word. Papers and books have no fascination for me. The Word of God is my meat and my drink. I get a fresh breath from heaven every time I read it. It is full of prophetic utterances that make my soul rejoice.

\* \* \*

Diary of visit to Holy Land by C. W. Doney  
25 cents.

### "If Ye Kenned How I Love Him"

A poor idiot who was supported by his parish in the Highlands of Scotland, passed his time in wandering from house to house. He was silent and peaceable and won the pity of all kind hearts. He had little power to converse with his fellow-men, but seemed often in loving communion with Him who, while He is the High and Holy One, condescends to men of low estate. Yeddie, as he was called, was in the habit of whispering to himself as he trudged along the highway or performed the simple tasks which any neighbor felt at liberty to demand of him. Once, when a merry boy heard him pleading earnestly in prayer, he asked, "What ghost or goblin are you begging favours of now, Yeddie?" "Neither the one nor the tither, laddie," he replied; "I was just having a few words with Him that neither yoursel' nor I can see, and yet with Him that sees the baith of us."

One day Yeddie presented himself in his coarse dress and hob-nailed shoes before the minister, and making a bow, much like that of a wooden toy when pulled by a string, he said, "Please minister, let poor Yeddie eat supper on the coming day with the Lord Jesus." The minister was preparing for the observance of the Lord's Supper, which came quarterly in that thinly settled region, and was celebrated by several churches together, so that the concourse of people made it necessary to hold the services in the open air. He was too busy to be disturbed by the simple youth and so strove to put him off as gently as possible. But Yeddie pleaded, "Oh minister, if ye but kenned how I love Him, ye wud let me go where He's to sit at table." This so touched his heart that permission was given for Yeddie to take his seat with the rest. As the service proceeded, tears flowed freely from the eyes of the poor "innocent" and at the name of Jesus he would shake his head mournfully, and whisper, "But I dinna see Him." At length however, after partaking of the bread and wine, he raised his head wiped away the traces of his tears, and looking into the minister's face, nodded and smiled. Then he covered his face with his hands, and buried it between his knees, and remained in that posture till the parting blessing was given and the people began to scatter. He then rose, and with his face lighted with joy and yet marked with solemnity he followed the rest. One and another from his own parish spoke to him, but he made no reply until pressed by

some of the boys. Then he said, "Ah lads, dinna bid Yeddie talk today. He's seen the face of the Lord Jesus among His ain ones. He got a smile frae His eye and a word frae His tongue; and he's afeared to speak lest he lose memory o't, for its but a bad memory he has at the best. Ah lads! Lads! I ha' seen Him this day that I never seed before. I ha' seen wi' these dull eyes yon lovely Man. Dinna ye speak, but just leave poor Yeddie to His company."

When Yeddie reached the poor cot he called "home" he dared not speak to the "granny" who sheltered him, lest he might, as he said, "lose the bonny face." He left his "parritch and treacle" untasted, and after smiling on and patting the faded cheek of the old woman to show her that he was not out of humour, he climbed the ladder to the poor loft where his pallet of straw was, to get another look and another word, "frae yon lovely Man." And his voice was heard below, in low tones: "Ay Lord, its just poor me that has been sae long seeking Ye; and now we'll bide thegither and never part more. Oh, ay! but this is a bonny loft, all goold and precious stones! The hall o' the castle is a poor place to my loft this bonny night." And then his voice grew softer and softer till it died away. Granny sat over the smouldering peat below, with her elbows on her knees, relating in loud whispers to a neighboring crone the stories of the boys who had preceded Yeddie from the service, and also his own strange words and appearance. "And, besides a' this," she said in a whisper, "he refused to taste his supper—a thing he had never done before, such a fearfu' appetite he had! But tonight when he cam' in faint wi' the long road he had come, he cried, "Nae meat for me granny; I ha' had a feast which I will feel within me while I live; I supped with the Lord Jesus, and noo I must e'en gang up the loft and sleep wi' Him."

When the morrow's sun arose, "granny", unwilling to disturb the weary Yeddie, left her poor pillow to perform his usual tasks. She brought peat from the stack and water from the spring. She spread her humble table and made the "parritch"; and then, remembering that he went to bed supperless, she called him from the foot of the ladder. There was no reply. She called again and again, but there was no sound above except the wind whistling through the opening in the thatch. She had not ascended the rickety ladder for years, but anxiety gave strength to her limbs,

and she soon stood in the poor garret which had long sheltered the half-idiot boy. Before a rude stool, half sitting, half kneeling, with his head resting on his folded arms, she found Yeddie. She laid her hand upon his head, but instantly recoiled in terror. The heavy iron crown had been lifted from his brow, and, while she was sleeping, had been replaced with the crown of the ransomed, which fadeth not away.

Yeddie had caught a glimpse of Jesus, and could not live apart from Him. As he had supped, so had he slept—with Him.—*Religious Anecdotes of Scotland.*

### An Appeal for the Children

Brother Doney writes that after being urged by parents and guardians for months to open a school for the children in Cairo, Egypt, they felt the time had come to do so "in the Name of the Lord who commands us to 'Gather the children.'" (Joel 2:16, Matt. 16:14).

"The school opened Oct. 16, 1922, with twelve girls and boys. The Lord provided one native teacher, a woman of prayer and devotion to God, who has taught school in Egypt for six years. Other teachers are offering their services; the teachers' salaries are from \$12.50 to \$15 per month. Both Arabic and English will be taught, and Bible instruction given by the missionaries and native teachers with the definite purpose of bringing the children to Christ.

"Many orphan children are appealing to us to take them in; widows are exploring us to take their children in free, being unable to pay for their schooling. We could only promise to do so as soon as some provision was made by friends who would pay for their tuition. Our hearts were touched the first day by a poor little boy who stood at the Mission gate nearly all day with school-bag in hand, meekly waiting to be invited into the school. A poor widow wept for hours when she heard that we could not take her little boy.

"We appeal to friends of the friendless, and all who love children and want to see them taught and won to Christ, to help. Will you help them now? Ten or fifteen dollars will provide a year's schooling for one child. Pray for us and help us in this good work.

### "Count It all Joy"

Once there was a traveler in the Orient and he believed God. He had been traveling a long distance to reach a certain city and when he got to that city it had a high wall and he could not enter in. He thought, "I have some provisions and I will go off here and camp for the night outside the wall of the city." He says, "God is good, God is lovng and kind, and He is going to make all things work together for good, and so I praise Him even if I do not get into the city to be accommodated." Just then a storm came

up and he had a very meagre shelter. He had said in substance, "Count it all joy, the Father has charge and rules over all." He had a lantern for a light, and the storm blew it out and he could not light it, so he continued and said, "Count it all joy, the lantern is out now." He did not have a very comfortable night outside; but inside, in his heart, he was praising the Lord. The next morning on arising he thought, "Now the gates of the city will be open." He found that there had been an invading army that had taken the city in the night and had carried away everybody captive, and he likely would also have been carried away, only his light was out. He had not distinguished between the confusion of taking the city and the noise of the terrible storm.

"Count it all joy," for God will rule and overrule in everything that is permitted to come to you, His child.

In a lonely place in the country there was a woman alone in a house. A tramp came up to the house where she was and demanded all her money. She succeeded in shutting the door and got down, praying God to protect her. Evening was coming on, the clouds were gathering and her nearest neighbor was a long distance off; and no matter how loud she shouted, her voice would not be heard. She looked out and could see the man preparing to break into the house, so again she would get down and pray, believing God would help her. The storm came and it began to rain and the lightning struck her barn, setting it on fire. She was tempted to think, "There is another calamity. The burglar is outside trying to break his way in, and now there is the barn on fire!" The neighbors saw the barn burning and came to help put out the fire and rescued her from burglary and perhaps murder. Her voice would not have been heard had she shouted, but God spoke for her through that which seemed calamity. She praised God. There was not so very much lost even in the old barn being burned, and God taught her a lesson to "count it all joy."—Selected.

#### TRACTS.

**Demon Obsession.**

**Master Piece of Satan.**

**False Standards of Deep Spirituality.**

**True Standards of Deep Spirituality.**

**The Unpardonable Sin.**

**The Great Battle of Armageddon.**

**The Translation of the Saints.**

**The Value of Tithing.**

**Morphine Tablets of Hell.**

**Discerning the Lord's Body.**

**The Cost of Fine Needlework.**

**The Baptism of the Holy Spirit.**

**I Am the Lord That Healeth Thee.**

Price on above: 3 for 5 cts., 12 for 20 cts., \$1.35 per hundred.

**Will We Know Each Other in Heaven?**

**Man Who Died for Me. 10 for 15 cts., 100 for 75 cts.**

**Someone Is Coming. 30 cts. per hundred.**

**The King Is Coming. 25 cts. per hundred.**

## Good Books

### Books for Children

Twilight Talks with the Children  
Bed-Time Stories

Our Darling's A. B. C. Book  
Bible Stories and Studies

60 cents each.

All Bible stories, most interestingly told by Isabel C. Byrum. Well bound and illustrated. Children will be delighted with them.

**Christian Martyrs of All Ages.** Larger and more comprehensive than Foxe's Martyrs. Gives graphic description of the persecution of the Huguenots, Waldenses, Scotch Worthies, etc. \$2.00 by mail.

**Mary Slessor of Calabar.** The missionary book of the period. Thrilling story of heroism and devotion of a humble-minded Scottish factory girl who conquered African tribes. 353 pp. Price \$2.00.

**Christina Forsythe of Fingoland.** The story of the loneliest woman in Africa. An unparalleled example of utter consecration to the service of God. 246 pp. \$1.50.

**The White Queen of Okoyong.** An abbreviated story of Mary Slessor for young folks. Illustrated. \$1.25.

**The Book of Revelation.** By D. W. Myland. Inspiring and helpful. \$1.10.

**Death to Life.** By Anna Prosser. One of the best books ever read. Cloth \$1.00, paper 50c.

**The Ups and Downs of a Pioneer Preacher.** By E. E. Shelhamer. A splendid book for Christian Workers. Price \$1.10.

**A Thousand Miles of Miracles.** By A. E. Glover. A story of the Boxer Uprising and God's deliverances. Price by mail, \$1.10.

**Autobiography of Madam Guyon.** No one can read this and not be deepened in God. 265 pages. 75c.

**The Parent and the Child.** By Henry F. Cope. A practical handbook for mothers and fathers on the problems of Parenthood. The every-day difficulties that arise in the training of children are here treated in a sane and practical way. It gives illustrations of how to manage boys and girls and direct their energies. It will fit into your problem. Price \$1.50 by mail.

**The Menace of Immorality in Church and State.** By John Roach Straton, the man who is stirring New York. Price \$1.50.

**Latter Rain Pentecost.** By D. W. Myland. A Scriptural Exposition of the Latter Rain. Paper 35c.

**COMFORT BOXES, "Precious Promises,"** daintily boxed in white and gold. Hinge box. Nothing better for a gift. Price 35 cents, 4 for \$1.15.

**HOW JOHN BECAME A MAN,** a true story for boys. 50 cts.

**BIRTHDAY POST CARDS,** 25 cts. doz.

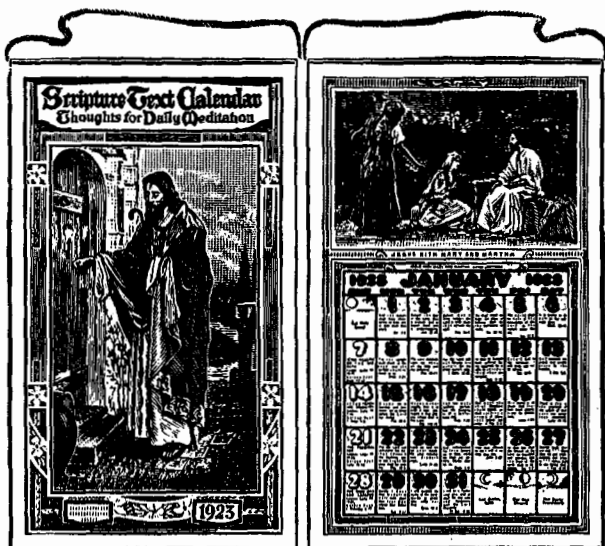
**Scripture Text Postcards,** asst., 25c doz.

**Mountain Peaks of Prophecy.** By W. H. Cossum. Light on the present situation. Cloth 55c.

**Forty Prophetic Wonders from Daniel and Revelation,** by Michael M. Baxter. This is the book of the Hour. Some are already fulfilled and some in process of fulfillment. If you want to know where we are in Prophecy, send for this book. Price, heavy paper cover, 80c.

**Sadhu Sundar Singh.** By Mrs. Arthur Parker. The remarkable life of the converted Sikh, known in his own country as the "Apostle of India." This book is filled with stories of the miraculous power and presence of the Lord. Price \$1.30 by mail.

**Scripture Puzzles** for the little folks. 15 cts. each. In two varieties.



### 1923 CALENDAR NOW READY

Beautifully Engraved in Colors

ALL BIBLE PICTURES

Title page a striking reproduction of  
"Behold, I Stand at the Door and Knock."

Prices, 30 cts. each, postpaid.

1.50 for five.

3.00 for twelve.

6.00 for twenty-five.

11.00 for fifty.

19.00 for one hundred.

Send your orders early. They will receive prompt attention.

THE EVANGEL PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
3635 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The Stone Church, 70th Street and Stewart Avenue, Sundays 11:00, 3 and 7:45, Tues, Prayer Service, 7:45; Thurs., Divine Healing 2:30, Evening Service, 7:45; Young People's, Fri., 7:45.

Phone Stewart 7150

Kelao R. Glover, Pastor  
7025 Normal Boul.