

# The Personal Testimony of

AIMEE SEMPLE  
McPHERSON



---

REVISED EDITION

# The Personal Testimony of

AIMEE SEMPLE  
McPHERSON



*Published by the  
Echo Park Evangelistic Association (Inc.)  
1100 Glendale Boulevard  
Los Angeles, California*

---

REVISED EDITION



AIMEE SEMPLE McPHERSON

|||||

A New Book By Sister Aimee Semple McPherson  
Entitled

## DIVINE HEALING

Divine Healing Sermons Embracing the Following  
Themes:

A Double Cure for a Double Curse.

Is Jesus Christ the Great I AM? or, Is He the  
Great I WAS?

Divine Healing, Its Scriptural Relationship to Salva-  
tion.

Divine Healing—And the Position It Should Occupy  
in the Church.

Divine Healing—How to Get it and How to Keep It.

Divine Healing—Those who receive it and those who  
do not.

The Three Parties Concerned in your receiving your  
Healing.

How to Prepare Your Heart for Divine Healing.

Some Questions Frequently Asked Regarding Christ's  
Power to Heal.

Two Women Christ Healed.

Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

The Model Revival.

Price \$1.50 Postpaid.

## CONTENTS

1. Conviction and Conversion..... 7
2. Baptism of the Holy Ghost.....13
3. Marriage and Calling into the Vine-  
yard .....19
4. Miraculous and Instantaneous Healing  
of a Broken Ankle.....21
5. Call to Foreign Fields.....25
6. Death of My Husband.....27
7. Work in Canada.....33
8. Called to Dwell in Tents.....35
9. Transcontinental Auto Tour to Cali-  
fornia .....39
10. The Call to "Build a House Unto the  
Lord" .....43

P R E F A C E  
TO THE REVISED EDITION  
*The Personal Testimony*  
AIMEE SEMPLE McPHERSON

So overflowing with gratitude unto Him who loved me and washed me in His own blood, was this poor heart of mine, that several years ago, while engaged in tent work in Florida, I wrote a simple and condensed testimony of Christ's dealings in my life. When this little story was ticked off on my Corona typewriter as I sat on the side of my soldier's cot in a small sleeping tent, little did I dream of the world-wide distribution of hundreds of thousands of these booklets. So increasing has been the demand that edition after edition has been gotten out, and still they have sped on and out to the ends of the world. With the going to press of this new edition the author has taken time to revise and add to this little story a few of the more recent events, and to give a small panorama of the mountain tops and valleys we now discern by looking backward and forward.

Earnestly we pray that every reader may find this blessed Saviour precious to their hearts, that each sinner who reads may be converted and become an active soul-winner for the Lord Jesus, and that each hungry Christian heart may receive the baptism of the Holy Spirit enduing them with power and equipping them for service. Jesus is coming soon, in the clouds of Glory. Let us be up and doing, souls are slipping down into the darkness of night on every hand, and the Lord is yearning to set each Christian heart so on fire with the power of the Holy Spirit that they shall shine as a city set upon a hill, whose light cannot be hid. Seek Him earnestly today, till you have made Him yours, then turn to these round about you and point them to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world.

# The Personal Testimony

OF AIMEE SEMPLE McPHERSON

(Revised Edition)

## CHAPTER 1.

### Conviction and Conversion.

Called from a **milk pail**, on a Canadian farm, to the preaching of the Gospel from a **world pulpit**.

How strange the words look, now that they have been set down on paper! Yet that is exactly what has happened to the writer who gladly bears this humble testimony of praise and thanksgiving that others may know the wondrous dealings of the Lord in her life and make her Saviour theirs.

My earliest childhood recollections are tenderly wrapped up and associated with the thought of a godly praying Mother. Night after night she would rock me to sleep in a comfy rocking chair, with good, old fashioned hymns and Bible stories. Daniel in the lions' den, the three Hebrew children in the fiery furnace, and other Bible stories were so interwoven in my life that by the time I was five years of age, I could have repeated them word for word as Mother had told them to me.

Some time after entering public school, however, I learned that it was not popular to talk of Jesus Christ. Any other topic of conversation might be dwelt upon at length but the moment one mentioned the name of Jesus or talked of His salvation, they were looked upon with curiosity or ridicule. As years went on, I became an elocutionist, reciting in school and church entertainments, of which we had not a few. Dialogues, charades and small plays were given by our nearby Methodist church and tickets of admission were sold to the same, "to help poor God pay the mortgage on His church."

Such skillful training in elocution and acting in our small plays, were we given in our church work that several of "we girls" contemplated entering the stage---so turned were our silly heads by the applause of the people. Two of these girls are on the stage now, but praise God, He has called me to preach the Gospel.

My heart was growing cold and far from God. There came a day when I attended my first moving picture theatre. My conscience troubled me for the first few moments after I had entered the building until my eyes having become accustomed to the gloom, the first person whom I recognized, seated directly across the aisle, was my Sunday-school teacher. If the church people and Sunday-school teachers attended theatres, it must surely be all right for me!

The reading of novels, the attending of worldly entertainments and participation in fancy dress and ice skating carnivals followed one after the other.

Then came my first dance---a High School Ball it was. Proudly I displayed my engraved invitation to Mother upon my return from the Collegiate which I now attended daily in the five-mile distant town. She was distressed and urged me not to go. She had prayed that her daughter would be different from the giddy worldlings round about and live a life for God. I persisted, however, coaxing and pleading till at last permission was gained. Arrayed in a new ball-gown and slippers, I set forth smiling and radiant without, but secretly troubled within, until I had my first dance. Then my conscience troubled me no more for the first partner I ever had on a ball-room floor in my life was the young Presbyterian minister---how could there be any harm in dancing?



About this time there was introduced into our High School a book called "Physical Geography" which set forth Darwinian and Ingersollian theories regarding the formation of the earth, stars and moon that would ignore the hand of God in creation and explain all scientifically. It dealt also with the process of evolution and explained to us that man was formed from animal life, etc., so plausibly that despite my godly Mother's tears and prayers I began to lose faith in the God of whom my minister spoke as a myth and an influence who was intangible, unreal and whose Word was not infallible. Thus it was that at the early age of seventeen, believing that if the Bible were capable of telling one lie, it could readily tell more, I became practically an infidel.

Genuinely alarmed at my drifting toward worldliness, my questions as to the veracity of the Bible and my increasing unbelief, Mother urged me to join some church without delay. One night in desperation at her pleading and in shame of the sorrow my disturbing doubts were causing her, I kneeled down by my open bedroom window, longing to settle the question once and for all in my own mind. As I looked out upon the white night, clad in a soft mantle of snow, the whole floor of heaven seemed ablaze with stars; just outside my window the apple trees were encrusted in ice, shimmering like diamonds in the night. High above them stretched the glorious Milky Way---and yonder sailing resplendent through the heavens, like a great silver ship of state, arose the silver disk of the moon. Surely, surely the mighty hand of a great Creator must be behind them all somewhere! Somehow they looked too wonderful to have been placed there accidentally by the whirling motion of the sun which had thrown them off from itself, as our school books declared. Had I not read of the great

solar system and of the wondrous way in which each star rotated and revolved on its own axis without friction or confusion? Suddenly I reached out my arms toward the resplendent heavens and cried: "Oh God--- if there be a God---reveal yourself to me." When an unbeliever prays that prayer sincerely, God always answers.

A few days later curiosity led my feet to a revival meeting which was being held in a little Pentecostal Mission on the main street of our town. We had heard that people grew so happy in these meetings that they shouted for joy, said "Amen" aloud and that at times the town milkman had danced for joy. Thinking that it would be a great lark and prepared to laugh at anything laughable, I was little prepared for the arrows of conviction with which God was about to pierce my sinful heart.

Sure enough the people said "Amen" and "Hallelujah" and I tried to laugh with amusement, but when a tall young evangelist, Robert Semple by name, arose to his feet on the platform and opened the Word of God to preach, all laughter died from my heart and face. There is one thing about a Pentecostal meeting, you cannot be long in attendance upon the same without having learned at least one thing about the Bible and that is that there is a second chapter to the Book of Acts. I learned it in my first meeting. The speaker took his text the 38th verse "Repent, and be baptized every one of you for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call." He talked as though he really believed the whole Word of God and declared that Jesus was the same yesterday, today and forever. His message upon "Repentance" and a "Born again experience" a life free from the world of sin, pierced my heart

with conviction. When he spoke of the baptism of the Holy Spirit coming upon the believer today in the identical manner in which the 120 were filled in Acts 2:4, declaring that he had received this self-same experience, the hand of the Lord laid hold upon me. Suddenly in the midst of his sermon he spake a few sentences in other tongues as the Spirit gave him utterance. To me it was the voice of God, "the sign to the unbeliever." The Lord had revealed to me that I was lost, miserable, hell-deserving, sinner. I became immediately conscious of the awful presence of an angry God before whom I stood laden down with sin.

I had entered the mission a proud, haughty girl, dressed in fashionable worldly attire, and my hat laden with flowers, and as I look at myself today, stripped of all the gaudy attire of this world, I hardly recognize that creature of a few years ago. I rushed from the Mission and for three days battled with such a conviction as only few have known.

At the end of that three days, I was driving home from High School. 'Twas a lonely country road, the woods stripped of their leaves and laden with snow stood bleak and gaunt on one side, the remains of last season's corn fields the other---even now I can visualize the scene. At last the burden was more than I could bear, and throwing up my hands I cried aloud: "Lord, God---be merciful to me, a sinner." Immediately my burden was gone; the glory of God shone round about me; I had been born again. I was a new creature in Christ Jesus; old things had passed away, all things had become new; glory and joy swelled up in my heart and overflowed in praise from my lips, tears flowed down my cheeks and involuntarily I began to sing: "Take my life and let it be, consecrated

Lord to Thee. Take my lips and let them sing, always only for my King." Gone, of course, was the worldly song. "Take my hands and let them move, at the impulse of Thy love," therefore, there was no more worldly instrumental music to be played. "Take my feet and let them be swift and beautiful for Thee." Gone was the dance hall and all that it represented.

A new day had dawned, my feet were set upon a new pathway, a road that led from earth to glory, through a land brimful with service. I seemed to be living in a new world, with new desires, new thoughts and a new perspective of life. The Bible was under my pillow in the place where the novel used to be. I could truly say the things that I once loved I now hated, and the things which I once hated I now loved.

## CHAPTER 2.

### Baptism of the Holy Ghost.

As I continued to attend the services in the little Mission, I learned that there was more, yes, oceans more ahead for me. The latter rain was falling on the earth. The Lord was baptizing His saints with the Holy Ghost and fire just as He did on the day of Pentecost and I became a diligent seeker for this gift, which my Bible told me would endue me with power for service.

So intensely hungry for this baptism of power, so engrossed in seeking the face of the Lord I became, that upon several occasions I "skipped school" to attend cottage prayer-meetings and wait upon Him.

Reports as to my having attended the little Mission and as to having neglected my school, reached my Mother's ears, coupled with several criticisms of the meetings. The very people who had lauded and encouraged me in my elocutionary, theatre-going, dancing and worldly life, were now greatly alarmed because I was spending my time on my knees praising the Lord, and warned my Mother that these people would certainly cast some spell over me if she did not keep me out of these meetings. Finally, my Mother said to me one morning, when I was leaving for school, "If you go to that Mission once more, I will keep you home from school, as I will not have you bringing disgrace on yourself and have you talked about by associating with such people." That morning I went in to school on the train because the country roads were completely blocked by one of our Canadian storms. The snow plow on the front of the engine had much difficulty getting through, and as I was late for school, and this might be my last opportunity

to attend the tarrying meetings, I decided not to go to school at all that day, but make the most of my time seeking the baptism. I therefore told Christian workers what my mother had said, and they began to pray that the Lord would fix it some way so that I would not have to go home until I received my baptism, and the Lord answered prayer. Bless His name! The blizzard increased in fury until the rail-track track was so blocked that as fast as it was shoveled out the Lord filled it with mountains of snow, until before night all thoughts of getting through while the storm lasted were abandoned.

The following two days I made a business of seeking the Lord, only stopping long enough for a little food and sleep. Friday night I waited before the Lord until midnight. Saturday morning I got up at break of day and going into the parlor of the lady's home where I was staying I kneeled down at a large morris chair in the corner with a real determination in my heart. You ask if I were not afraid of getting a wrong spirit or being hypnotized, as my mother feared. There was no such fear in my heart; I trusted my Heavenly Father implicitly, according to Luke 11. I opened my Bible to this passage and clung to it. You remember it tells us that we are to "Ask and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find;" and assures us that "Every one that asketh receiveth," also that if we ask for bread He will not give a stone. I was assured that the Lord was not bestowing serpents or scorpions on His blood-washed children when they asked for food. Had He not said that if your earthly fathers know how to bestow good gifts upon their children, how much more would our heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him? So having all confidence that God would be true though every man should lie,

I sought in desperate earnest.

After a time I ceased to beg the Lord to baptize me and realized that I was not waiting for Him but that He was waiting for me. He bade me stop asking and begin receiving, stop begging and enter into the gates of praise. So I began to praise Him and the words: "Glory! Glory to Jesus!" arose from my heart. The more I praised my Lord, the nearer, the dearer, the more inexpressibly real He became. My soul was swept up on the clouds of glory into the immediate presence of the Lord. Oh, how I loved Him, how I adored and magnified His worthy name, promising to give Him my life, my love, my all, even as He had given Himself for me.

Each moment I could feel myself drawing nearer, nearer into His presence. My body trembled like a leaf in the wind beneath the heavenly gales of His glory; then slipped to the floor prostrate at His own dear feet.

"Oh, Master, I love Thee" my heart cried out. "Take me, use me, have Thine own way with this poor life of mine; I am only a school girl, dear Lord, I live on a Canadian farm, but such as I am I give myself to Thee. Oh, Jesus, let me an empty vessel for the Master's use made meet, fill me with Thy Spirit, take me up in Thine own hand and pour me out upon the dry and thirsty land!"

As I lay prostrate at His feet, billow after billow of indescribable glory rolled over my being till my poor heart was so full that it could contain no more. My whole soul longed to praise Jesus;---then suddenly, out of my innermost being there began to flow rivers of praise, spoken in another tongue, as the Spirit gave me utterance. Acts 2:4. I, even I, away down here 1908, had received the baptism of the Holy Spirit, and He, the Spirit of God, having come in, was announcing His incoming in His own unique way, even as He had done

through the hundred and twenty. Oh, glory! The Word of God was true; the promise was really to them that were afar off even as many as the Lord our God should call.

With the incoming of the Holy Spirit came a love and compassion for souls that melted my heart with longing for service. Fields of wheat, white unto the harvest, swayed on every hand and the Master of the harvest bade me rise, go glean for Him till the sun of life should set. I arose to my feet conscious that the Comforter had come to abide. During my time of seeking His face. I had experienced many blessings and anointings, each of which lifted after a time, but this was entirely different. This was not a passing blessing; this was the coming of "The Blessor Himself."

"Oh, how softly," I whispered to my heart, "how softly we must walk before Him now. With unshod feet, in the presence of the King, we must step lightly lest we grieve and wound the gentle Dove who has taken up His abode, making our body---oh, sacred thought,---the Temple of the Holy Ghost."

The next day being Sunday and the storm having passed, we attended the meetings in the Mission. I participated for the first time in the taking of the Lord's Supper. How real and precious the Spirit made to me the shedding of His precious blood, the breaking of that sacred body of Christ for me. Down at the altar I went again, weeping and worshipping at my Saviour's feet. Some of the High School girls and boys, who happened to be in the Mission out of curiosity, could scarcely believe their eyes; and a gentleman, acquainted with our family, was so scandalized that he called my Mother on the telephone. I had not known the wires were up.

Poor Mother, she was frantic to think that her daughter had disobeyed her orders and



was again bowed low upon the floor at the Mission which so many criticized. She had me called to the phone and I heard her dear voice saying, "Aimée, what in the world does all this mean?" I tried to answer but the Spirit began to speak through me again. "What is that?" she asked. I tried to explain but her voice broke in, stern and foreboding, "You just wait till I get there, my lady, I'll fix your clock."--- When Mother said she was "going to fix my clock," I always knew that something serious was coming.

Six o'clock arrived, so did my Mother. I was back in the Sister's house now in whose home I had spent the blessed week of tarrying. I heard the sleighbells coming, stop,--- and then the ring of the doorbell. Mother bundled me out of the house and into the cutter in a hurry and we were gone. All the way home she scolded and wept---but my heart was singing and my lips took up the refrain. Always up to this time when Mother had scolded, I felt it the duty of a good daughter to show my respect for her correction by shedding at least a few tears, but this time I could not cry to save me. All I could do was to sing. "Blessed quietness, holy quietness, what assurance fills my soul."

Upon our arrival home, I was banished to my room to think things over. The next morning, Mother told me that I might go to school again, but that if I went again to the Mission, she would be obliged to keep me home from school entirely. She had made great sacrifices to send me so far, for so many years. The Holy Spirit who now dwelled within, gave me wisdom to make this reply: "Mother, the Bible says children are to obey their parents in the Lord, so if you can prove by the Word of God that what I have received is not in accordance with Bible teaching, or is not for today, I will obey and

never go to the Mission again." I staked my all on the Word.

It was half-past eight when I left home. The last I saw of mother she sat at the table with her well worn Bible before her, a pad and a pencil in her hand, and the unwashed breakfast dishes still on the table. I went to school with praise and assurance, for if any one will sit down with an open Bible and unprejudiced heart with the Word of God, the truth would surely be made plain to them. But oh, I wondered would she find that the days of miracles were past?

At half-past five, when I returned from school, I found Mother still seated at the breakfast table with Bible and paper before her. The breakfast dishes were still unwashed, the beds were unmade---an unheard of state of affairs for my orderly Mother---her eyes looked as though she had been weeping and her face wore that sweet look which mothers' faces have when they have been alone all day with God. I tip-toed across the kitchen floor with bated breath to hear her decision and was overjoyed when she lifted a smiling face and said: "My dear, I have found of a truth, 'this is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel, saying, and it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out my spirit on all flesh. Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy,' the days of miracles are not past and the promise of the Spirit is unto as many as the Lord our God shall call."

Well glory to Jesus! I just took one bound across the space between us, threw my arms about her neck and squeezed till she said I almost broke it. Then we joined hands and danced happily all over the kitchen, singing, "It's the oldtime religion and it's good enough for me." I have always loved that song ever since.

## CHAPTER 3.

### Marriage and Calling Into the Vineyard.

Wonderful, almost unbelievable as it seemed, the call had come from Heaven. Unworthy as I was, the Lord had bidden me to go forth and tell the good news of Salvation, the baptism of the Holy Spirit, the soon-coming of our Lord Jesus from heaven and the preparation of the Bride to meet Him. Hour after hour I would sit at the piano and sing: "I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord. Over Mountain and plain and sea, I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be."

Mother, hearing my song, would come from whatever part of the house she was working in and standing by the parlor door, would wipe her eyes upon her apron and stand listening; for well she knew that soon the farm house would be empty and her only child be called far away. Had she not prayed that this very thing might happen, even before that child was born?

But from whence was the opportunity to enter Christ's service to arise, where the gateway that opened into the harvest field? The Lord soon answered this question through my marriage to the splendid godly evangelist, Robert Semple, under whose ministry I had been converted. We were married beneath a bower of golden glow on the lawn of the farm house and were soon on our way to the depot with white ribbons flying from the whip. All of life, with its joys, its sorrows, its mountain peaks, its darkened valleys, its hopes and promises, all lie just ahead. And into this new day of service for Christ we went together, hand in hand. Surely God had sent him to set my feet in the pathway and to start me in His service.

Had I known that in two short years I would have stood alone upon that pathway---a widow and a mother---I would still have said "yes" to God and "yes" to Robert and ridden away with those gay white ribbons streaming.

My husband had charge of a mission in Stratford, Ont. Later we were called to London to open a mission as there was none in that city, then to Chicago, Finley, Ohio; and other points of service. During these months I was taught my first lessons in the faith life, taking neither price nor script for our journey. We went into all the world to preach the Gospel firmly believing that we should take no thought for what we should eat, or what we should drink or what we should put on, for the Lord knew that we had need of these things. Splendid months of discipline and heart preparation they were for the work that was to come. In Chicago the Lord gave me, for the first time, the gift of interpretation; He also gave me my first lessons as to taking the Lord as my Great Physician.

## CHAPTER 4.

### Miraculous and Instantaneous Healing of a Broken Ankle.

While at Findlay, Ohio, at Brother Leonard's mission, attending the special meetings conducted by Brother Durham, for two weeks, we prayed night and day for those seeking the baptism and the Lord met every one. At times the whole floor in front of the altar was covered by the slain of the Lord. Amongst those seeking the baptism of the Spirit was a minister and a doctor of that city. One evening, being tired in body, from the long hours at the altar, I went upstairs to lie down, during the tarrying meeting. I had hardly gotten settled down to rest, when I heard the big bass voice of the minister shouting, "**Glory! Glory! Glory!**" and I bounded off the couch to go and see if he was receiving the Holy Spirit, rejoicing that our prayers were being answered.

In running swiftly down the long flight of stairs, I tripped and, my ankle bending back under me, fell from the middle of the stairs all the rest of the way to the bottom. I could hear the bones crunch under me as I fell. My toes were turned towards where the heel ought to be, and my ankle was swelling rapidly. Up to this time, having always enjoyed the best of health, I had never had occasion to take the Lord as my own personal Healer, although I had witnessed many wonderful healings. Now as the saints gathered about me and prayed, I must confess that my mind was more occupied with the pain and excruciating agony of my broken foot than with the Lord as my Healer. Consequently I was not healed that night.

The doctor examined my foot and said the bone was not only cracked, but that in wrenching my foot backwards in my fall, I had completely severed four of the ligaments of my

foot that move the toes. All were torn but that running to the big toe, which pulled my toes around and backwards.

As soon as the swelling had been reduced sufficiently to permit a plaster of paris cast to be put on, Dr. Harrison and his son, who was also a practicing physician of that city, set the bone and drew the bent foot back into place, and put on a heavy cast. The doctor explained to me that the torn cords could not grow together, and that my ankle would therefore always be stiff, but by keeping the plaster cast on for four weeks, till thoroughly healed, my foot would be straight. They both warned me not to touch my foot to the floor, or put any weight upon it. A pair of crutches were purchased for me, and by their aid I went hobbling to the train that was to take us back to Chicago.

The afternoon we arrived, I attended the service in the mission, and rested my aching and feverish foot on the platform in front of me. Every jar on the floor sent a stabbing pain through my foot. Sick with the pain I went to my room, a block away from the hall. While sitting there commiserating with myself over my black and swollen toes, which was all I could see of my foot, a voice spoke to me and said: "If you will wrap the shoe for your broken foot, and take it with you to wear home, and go over to the North Avenue mission to Bro. Durham, and ask him to lay hands on your foot, I will heal it."

The idea of wrapping up a shoe, which was tight-fitting, even with my foot in a normal condition, struck me so humorously that I laughed the thought away; but again and yet again came the voice: "Wrap up your shoe to wear home, take it with you as you go to be prayed for, and I will heal you."

The Word says: "My sheep hear my voice." And I, knowing His voice, at last reached for my crutches and hobbled over to my other shoe, wrapped it up, and with it tucked under my arm, started clumsily down the winding staircase to go to the mission for prayers.

On the way over, my crutch slipped through a hole in the wooden sidewalk, and, as my toes struck the hard boards, the perspiration stood in beads upon me from the excruciating pain that shot up my limb. I felt dizzy and faint. As I reached the foot of the steps (Bro. Durham lived over the mission) I was trembling and white from pain. I felt unequal to climbing the stairs on my crutches, so two of the brothers put me on a chair and carried me up. There were twelve in the room besides myself. I told them just what the Lord had told me, and all but one began to pray. The one who did not pray was an infidel, a brother of our pastor.

As the pastor was walking up and down the room calling on the Lord, he suddenly stopped and, laying his hands on my ankle, he prayed and said: "In the Name of Jesus, receive your healing."

I suddenly felt as if a shock of electricity had struck my feet, and flowed through my whole body, causing me to shake and tremble under the power of God. Instantly my foot was perfectly healed. The blackness was gone, the parted ligaments were knitted together, and the bone was made whole. Glory to Jesus! I was healed.

Trembling with excitement and joy, it took me fully five minutes, with help, to remove the plaster of paris cast.

The infidel who was present said: "Don't be foolish; leave it on, you will only have to pay a doctor three dollars to replace the cast." But,

glory to Jesus! I was healed. At last the heavy plaster cast was removed, the absorbent cotton came off, my stockings on, also the tight-fitting shoe, which fitted perfectly now, and I leaped to my feet and danced for joy on the healed foot. Everyone in the room was filled with the Spirit and we all rejoiced together. Hallelujah!

Suddenly remembering that my husband would be coming on the next elevated train, I ran down the stairs, my crutches left behind, ran all the way to the station, and told the wonderful news. My ankle was strong as ever.



## CHAPTER 5.

### Call to Foreign Fields.

Shortly after my return to Chicago, and the miraculous healing of my ankle, just related, my husband and myself were made to realize in a very definite way that the time had come for us to obey the call to foreign fields, which had been coming stronger and stronger for some time. Farewelling in Chicago, we went to Canada accompanied by Bro. Durham, holding revival meetings in different towns and cities in Ontario. After the last meeting was closed in Toronto, where many were baptized in the Spirit, we boarded the train for St. Johns, N. B., and as the train pulled out of the Union Depot, we heard the sweet voices of the saints singing, "God be with you till we meet again." Leaving St. Johns we set sail for Liverpool, England; from there we went to the Belfast mission.

In Belfast, Ireland, the Lord sent a wonderful revival. In three weeks over two score were baptized in the Holy Ghost, and all spoke in other tongues. In attending services in London, England, the Lord poured out of His Spirit, saving and baptizing souls. Great hospitality and love were shown us by all the saints.

At last the day of our departure was at hand, and after a season of rich blessing the saints stood on the wharf waving and singing, as far as we could see them from the ship, as she gathered speed, to carry us towards our destination, Hong Kong, China. Enroute we gathered good reports of the outpouring of the Latter Rain in Egypt, India, Ceylon, Malta, etc., too lengthy to relate at this time. Suffice it to say, the saints at these places had received the Holy Ghost, as well as we, with the same Bible evidence, speaking in tongues. The sick

were healed, and signs and wonders were wrought in the Name of the Holy Child Jesus.

At last, after weathering a sever typhoon, we saw in the early morning sunrise, the mountain of Hong Kong, and beheld the harbor with its innumerable, busy sampans. We were met by other missionaries, and, with beating hearts, gazed with fascination at the field of our future labors. In China we found the Latter Rain to be falling on the earth as well as in America. When Chinese receive the baptism they speak in tongues, just as did the hundred and twenty on the day of Pentecost. The sick are healed and lepers cleansed. Hallelujah!

In China, as never before, I felt the need of the Holy Spirit as a Comforter. I went through billows and oceans of sorrow, and even in the valley and shadow of death, when my dearest and nearest was laid to sleep in Jesus, I found the Comforter to be very real and near to me in sorrow's darkest hour.

## CHAPTER 6.

### The Death of My Husband.

At this time my husband seemed drawn nearer and nearer to the Lord each day, and spent hours in prayer, day and night. He really travailed in spirit for the Chinese, and often said that he felt he was going to rise to meet the Lord from China, carrying precious Chinese souls in his arms to Jesus. The intense heat and the filthy and unsanitary condition of the country in which we dwelt began to tell upon our health. Malaria was raging, and to go out even for five minutes at noonday without a cork helmet and heavy parasol meant almost certain death. We were away down the coast at Macao, when my husband was taken seriously ill, and was carried in a very weak condition back to Hong Kong and up the mountain to an English hospital, built especially for missionaries, where care was given free of charge. A well-worn Bible, the one from which he preached me under conviction, explained the way of salvation, and the Baptism of the Spirit, was my husband's constant companion in the week that ensued. Each day he grew weaker, and, although I was confident the Lord would heal him, he felt that his work was ended, that "he had fought a good fight and finished his course, that henceforth there was laid up for him a crown of righteousness."

One evening, at the end of the week, the doctor gave me special permission to sit with my husband, and, as my heart leaped with joy at the prospect, little did I dream the reason for this special kindness. I only felt grateful to the doctor, and the thought that my dear one was so soon to be taken from me never entered my mind. As I sat there by his bedside a great lump in my throat seemed to be choking me as I gazed at the thin, pale face so changed

in these few days; but feeling that I must be brave and encouraging, I tried in a pitiful way to talk cheerfully of the soon coming of the little one we had both planned and longed for so long. As we were talking thus, I heard the click of the white-robed nurse's heels as she came down the long ward to tell me it was time for me to go back to my own ward. Oh, I shall never forget the sweet smile that lit up his countenance; yet some way a terrible premonition of some sorrow befalling me, an idea vague and uninformed, seized upon my heart, and, as I clung to the white enameled bar at the foot of his bed, I heard the last words he ever spoke to me: "Good night, dear, I will see you in the morning." And I am sure he will.

I returned to the woman's ward with an uneasy feeling hard to describe, and lay for hours staring out into the darkness, listening to the irregular breathing of the other patients about me.

At midnight I sat up in bed with a start. Out of the window at the foot of my bed I could see across the great square court into the window, which I knew to be beside my husband's bed. There I saw a bright light burning. A great terror seized upon my soul, as I heard the quick step of the night nurse coming along the corridor connecting the two wards. Straight to my bed she came, and, with a tense catch in her voice that I will never forget, she told me to slip on my kimona and slippers and hurry to the next ward, that my husband was very ill. "He's not, not dying," I managed to grasp through my stiff lips.

"Come quickly! he is sinking fast," were the words that sounded in my ears like a death knell, as we hurried down the long passage--to what? Death? Oh, surely not; it couldn't be, I reasoned. I had never seen any one die. I was not yet twenty years old, and was on the

opposite side of the globe from the mother who had always shielded and protected me from every wind that blew. Dying? Impossible! why, what of the little one, that was to come? All these thoughts raced like lightning through my mind. I was as one dazed.

Then, as I stood by his bed, and saw that, unconscious as he was, the light of the glory world illuminated his face, I sank down in a heap at the side of the bed and clung to his cold hand. Then, at that moment, when all the world seemed to be crumbling and slipping from beneath my feet, the Comforter, the blessed Holy Spirit, whom Jesus had sent, rose up within me and revealed Jesus in such a precious way, made the will of God so sweet, showed the prepared mansions so real, that there by the death-bed of Robert Semple, from whom I had never dreamed of parting, the Blessed Holy Spirit, the Comforter, enabled me to say: "Glory to Jesus! The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!" Waves of joy rolled over my soul. I was lifted from earth to heaven, and it seemed as though I accompanied him right to the pearly gates.

When I felt the doctor shaking me by the shoulder, I raised my head from the bed, loosened my clasp on the dear, cold hand, and as I stooped to kiss the cold forehead, I realized the great need of the Comforter as He sweetly spoke in my ears, "He is not here, he is risen."

O, dear friend, never again say that you have no need of the Comforter, whom Jesus sent. Not only in the hour of rejoicing on the mountain top do you need Him, but also in sorrow's dark hour. Down in the valley and the shadow of death, you, too, need the Comforter. Hallelujah! Morning after morning of the month that followed I would awaken with a scream as my great loss that swept over me,

as I thought of the little one who would never see her father; when the Comforter would instantly spring up within me till I would be filled with joy unspeakable. And my hot, dry eyes would flow with tears of love and blessing.

Then came the little daughter, a tiny little mite of a thing, but oh, such a comfort! Here again the Comforter was with me. Truly Jesus is a Husband to the widow and a Father the the fatherless. I named the little one Roberta, after her father Robert, who had never seen her. It was in Hong Kong, on the top of the mountain, that my tiny little daughter was born, and when she was six weeks old, I sailed to Shanghai. On leaving Shanghai we went to Japan. At Mogi, Kobe, Nagasaki, and Tokio, the Japanese also received the benefit of full salvation and the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire in the same Bible way as those in the beginning.

Leaving Japan, we sailed to Honolulu, where this blessed, deeper truth has been carried also, and the natives rejoice in the same outpouring of the Spirit's power. Truly the time of the Latter Rain has come. Let us pray that the Lord will make bright clouds, water every one and give grass in the field. In every land a faithful few are being gathered and made ready, with well-filled and burning lamps, to meet Jesus when He comes. They, too, are looking for that blessed hope of His appearing.

Arriving in California, I was made glad by the report of the wondrous outpouring there. In Chicago, Illinois, we were welcomed by all the saints and were soon again engaged in home mission work.

About a year and a half after this, having been nearly six years in the work, traveling and putting up with all the hardships of evan-

gelistic life, a great longing for a home of my own came over me.

It was at this time, while in New York, that I married and settled down to furnish a comfortable home. I was like Jonah running away from Nineveh, and enjoyed about as rough a passage when I tried to get out of the evangelistic work and settle down to domestic life. In the flesh, I was weary of having no home or abiding city. We engaged a modern flat with all improvements, hardwood floors, electricity and gas, and, by the help of our mothers, secured Wilton and Axminster rugs, mahogany furniture and brass beds. I settled down to enjoy a comfortable passage from Joppa to Tarshish. All the time I heard the call, clear and distinct as Jonah did, "Preach the Word." I don't believe Jonah could ever have had a rougher trip and return than I when I tried to give up active service and to simply attend services just like other people.

I became lukewarm, then cold in my experience, and discovered that there is no such thing as standing still; that we are either going backward or forward. I was going backward, decidedly. Not but that I loved the Lord. I had the "I sleep, but my heart waketh" experience. The pleasures and cares of this world came crowding in till I discovered I was losing my first love. Then came sickness. Inside of one year I underwent two serious operations, the last operation being really five in one---I was operated on for tumor, abscesses and appendicitis, among other things. It seemed there was not a sound part left in my body. I had no chance to enjoy my comfortable home, except what little I could see from my pillow.

For a year I had hemorrhages, vomited blood and grew weaker and weaker. At times it seemed I would lose my reason. The hand of God was heavy upon me, and His voice was clear and strong, "Now will you go and preach

the Word?" It rang continually in my ears. The Lord refused to heal me. When I prayed for deliverance, all the answer received was, "Now, will you go?" At last, when taken off the operating table more dead than alive, vomited up by the whale, I answered the call and said, "Yes, Lord; I'll go."

From that moment I began to improve, and in a few weeks was up and well. My husband and his mother could not now understand or sympathize with my call. Too weak to argue the point, I packed my suitcase and, with my two babies, set out for Canada and home. There mother met me, comforted and cared for me, and packed me off to a nearby camp-meeting, where I got back to the Lord and the fullness of the Spirit. (This experience is related in detail in the large new book "This is That" which we hope you will have the joy of reading. As we write this the third edition is going forth to our world-wide readers, and precious letters coming to us with the story of the blessings received thereby. All glory to Jesus.)



## CHAPTER 7.

### Work In Canada.

I was then called to Mount Forest, a little town in the same part of Ontario. In this town there was only one sister who had received the baptism of the Holy Spirit, and was standing for the latter rain truths. I began to preach Pentecost under the anointing of the Spirit, and the little hall was filled. Lawn meetings were held to accommodate the crowds, as it was noised abroad that the Lord was healing the sick.

One young man gave his heart to the Lord and fell to the floor, praising the Lord at the top of his voice. The people came running to see what the shouting was about, never having heard of such a thing in a religious service. As this young man lay on the floor, under the power of the Spirit, shouting "Glory to Jesus!" and shaking, some of the people became alarmed and called in the doctor. He came, and, in a very pompous manner, ordered ice and placed it on the young man's head and chest. Trying to cool off the fire of the Holy Ghost. But it proved to be ice-proof, as he continued to shout louder and louder the praises of His newly-found Lord and Saviour.

The town crier, who rang a bell up and down the main street of the town, advertising the theatres and ball games, had been afflicted with running sores on his limb for a year. Different doctors had tried and failed to heal him. He was miraculously healed, and advertised his healing about town as faithfully as he used to advertise theatres and ball games. The doctor and his old bar-room companions were astounded at the miracle God had wrought. Many were baptized in the Spirit, and the curiosity seekers and earnest people

increased in numbers till the Lord led us to purchase a large second-hand tent to accommodate the large crowds. In six weeks the Lord gloriously baptized sixty-seven in His Spirit and saved over a hundred. Hallelujah! The Lord overruled all opposition and even when we were taken up and fined one dollar and cost for praising the Lord with a loud voice, and disturbing the peace with the praises of God, the Lord brought it all out to His own honor and glory. The crowds increased and hearts were touched as never before. We were left free thereafter to praise God all we wished night and day. Glory to Jesus forever!

In the meantime, frantic letters had demanded my return home to attend to the housework, but I was tending to God's work and dared not be disobedient to the heavenly vision. Then one day Mr. McPherson himself arrived, saw me preaching under the mighty anointing of the Holy Spirit, and declared he would not have me disobey God, and that though he might not be willing to pay the price and remain where I was preaching, he wanted me to feel free to obey God's voice. Indeed I knew that if I had longer disobeyed or failed to fulfill my vow, I would have gone from all earthly friends and scenes. God would have taken me home to heaven, rather than allow me to backslide further. To God and perishing souls my vow must be fulfilled in my restored life-work.

## CHAPTER 8.

### We Dwell In Tents for Two Years.

Our next revival campaign was held in Providence, R. I. After much earnest prayer and sacrifice we were enabled to purchase a new tent which was made by a tent concern of that city. Through some delay the tent was not ready for delivery upon the announced dates for the opening of our campaign and the company gave us an old weather-worn tent for use during the time of its completion. Being new in the mysteries of tent location and erection, we knew no better than to pitch it on the top of a hill overlooking the river. The result was that one night, as the wind swept in from the bay, we were awakened by a most terrifying ripping, crashing sound. Springing up from the soldier's cot in our small sleeping tent, we discovered the large tabernacle lying down on the ground. Rising early the next morning, we went to work with heavy thread and needles and after hours of toiling in the bright sun, the tent was again up, just in time for us to wash and dress and conduct the afternoon meeting.

But in a couple of days, the tent was again levelled to the ground by the strong wind which blew each night. Again I toiled and sewed with bleeding fingers under the sun, and again the tent was up. The fourth time the tent went down I was left to erect it alone but the Catholic neighbors who had heretofore stood aloof came to my assistance. The next time, however, it was torn beyond repair. What should I do? It seemed as though Satan were working from every angle to discourage me. To "give up" never entered my head. Then a happy thought came to me and with the aid of a little boy about 12 years of age, I took down all of our small sleeping tents—ten in number---carried and placed them end for end,

drove the stakes with a sledge hammer while he held them for me, and erected the tents. From under the wrecked canvas of the main tent we dragged the benches and put them in their places, strung the electric wires and were ready for the night meeting in a tent whose exact dimensions were 10x120---if you can imagine such a tent. But the tent was full, praise the Lord, and I took for my text: "The ax did swim."

I relate these incidents in passing, that prospective evangelists, who gaze upon our work in the largest auditoriums in the land today, may be encouraged to start at the bottom, weather the gales and sail through troubled seas with colors flying. Then came a tent campaign in Onset Bay, Cape Cod, and a glorious revival in Corona, Long Island, wherein Pastor W. K. Bouton, of the Free Gospel Church, and many scores of his congregation received the Pentecostal baptism of the Holy Spirit, Act. 2:4. Also many wonderful healings were wrought by Jesus. One poor cripple, paralyzed, and hopelessly deformed, was carried to the church in a cab, and, in answer to prayer, she left her crutches, and, being healed, walked up and down praising God. When, upon her return home, her Catholic mother saw her walking into the house without crutches, she fell on her knees on the sidewalk and praised God. Others were healed of ear and eye trouble. One sister was healed of running sores, and a brother of a splintered bone. So it is that the Scripture is literally fulfilled which says: "These signs shall follow them that believe." Praise God!

Next we sailed to Jacksonville, Fla., in whose sunny clime we would be enabled to use our tents throughout the winter months.

In Corona, Long Island, God had so wonderfully moved in saving, baptizing and healing

power, that the grateful people had given us a splendid offering with which we were enabled to ship our camping paraphernalia, buy lumber for new seats, install electric lights, advertise, etc. The day before the meeting opened, however, we found that we had but five cents left. A colored lady begged that and asked in addition clothing for her poor children. We gave her the nickel and told her we were expecting a box of clothing to arrive for the poor from the church where we had been holding meetings in Corona. After she had thanked us and taken her departure an automobile load of workers arrived from Atlanta, Ga., stating that they had come to attend the meetings and that they were very hungry. A broad hint that I should hurry and prepare the supper.

I did not tell them that we had run short of funds and that the cupboard shelves (I mean the packing boxes which we used for a cupboard) were empty. Passing into my little tent, I kneeled upon the ground, which was my only floor for two years, and rolled my burdens on the Lord. I told Him that if it were His will to send some supper, we would be very grateful; if not, that we would be pleased to fast and pray for the success of the campaign. I arose from my knees and went back to the tabernacle to join our guests. Just at that moment I heard a big voice saying: "Whoa there ---back up!" 'Twas an expressman who carried in the promised box of clothing from Long Island. When I opened it joyously remembering that I could now supply the poor colored sister, I found cans of corn, peas, salmon, tomatoes, a box of rolled oats, sugar, condensed milk, salt, crackers, in fact almost everything one could think of which could possibly be needed for supper, breakfast and dinner the next day until time for the opening of the evening meeting. Hallelujah! He who had fed Elijah, had sent our supper from the other side

of New York City clear to Jacksonville, Fla., and had it there just—as—the—clock—struck—six.

In Tampa, Durant, St. Petersburg, Miami, Key West, and Orlando, Fla., we conducted tent campaigns during the two winters, then up the coast to Long Branch, N. J., Huntington, Long Island, Wooster, Mass., Hyde Park, Boston; Washburn, Me., Concord, N. H., Savannah, Ga., Pulaski and Roanoke, Va., Hartford, Conn., New York City and New Rochelle, N. Y., and Philadelphia, Pa. We were led by the hand of the Lord and He graciously poured out His Spirit upon us, bringing many hundreds into the Kingdom and baptizing them with the Holy Ghost and with fire. To this day we are constantly meeting Christian workers who gave their hearts to the Lord or received the enduement of power from on high in these years of strenuous camping and bearing the cross alone.

I sometimes look back upon those years with amazement and wonder just how the Lord enabled me to go into new cities without even an invitation or any earthly backing, search out a piece of vacant land, erect our tabernacle, swing the sledge hammer, drive the stakes, tie the ropes, build the seats, erect the platform, distribute hand bills on the streets and paste posters in the windows, hold several street meetings each day and conduct two or three tent services daily, play the piano and lead my own singing between each testimony, lead in prayer, preach the Gospel, give the altar call, pray for the converts, dismiss them, put out the lights, put the babies to bed and cook our own late supper over the camp fire. But glory be to God, the Lord had raised me from the door of death and bidden me take up my cross and declare His message, and I meant to go through,—live or die, sink or swim through sunlight or shade.

## CHAPTER 9.

### Transcontinental Auto Tour to California.

Some time previous to the nation-wide camp-meeting conducted in our large tent in Philadelphia, Pa., the Lord had laid it upon my heart to drive our Gospel automobile from New York to Los Angeles preaching the Gospel, distributing tracts and witnessing for Christ as we went. It was in New Rochelle, N. Y., however, where in the midst of the campaign my precious daughter, Roberta Star, was stricken with influenza which quickly developed into double pneumonia, bringing her to the point of death, that the Lord made His dealing and leadings to California most definite.

With an aching heart, I had returned from that afternoon service, to our cold and comfortless furnished room to be met with the words, "Roberta is unconscious and sinking very fast." Taking one look at her flushed little face, I ran into my own room, fell upon my knees and began to weep, crying:

"Oh, Lord, you took Robert—but please, please don't take Roberta. Oh, Lord, I haven't much else and I do need her so much."

In my dire extremity I was suddenly conscious of the presence of the Lord standing right by my side. I felt the gentle pressure of His hand upon my head, as He spoke to my heart, saying:

"Do not cry. Your little girl will live and not die, and moreover, I will give you a bungalow for her in sunny California where your little ones can go to school and experience the joys of real home life, instead of enduring sacrifices and hardships and being knocked about the country constantly from place to place."

It did not enter my mind to doubt the Lord; He had spoken, my burden was lifted. Rising from my knees I entered the room in which my

little daughter lay; two brethren had prayed for her and she was better. Kneeling by her side I buried my face in the pillow, close to her hot cheeks, she was now conscious and I said:

"Oh, Roberta, the Lord has spoken to Mother. You're going to get better, darling, and what do you think! The Lord is going to give us a lovely bungalow in California where you can go to school."

Opening her little eyes wider, she asked in a thin, wavery voice:

"Mama! Mama, do you s'pose I could have a canary bird, too?"

"Oh, I am sure you could, darling," I replied.

"And Mama, do you s'pose I could have some rosebushes and a garden?" asked my little son Rolf.

"Yes, yes, my darlings, I am sure that you could," I replied in the affirmative. I was very happy and my faith was very big at that time. But later after we had set out on our transcontinental trip and, having driven many hundreds of miles, my little ones when tired would comfort one another with the words:

"Cheer up, brother; Cheer up, sister, we's going to have a bungalow when we's gets to California," the devil would assail me with doubts, saying: "Now who do you thing is going to give you a bungalow in California, you do not know one person there," but I would answer: "Get thee behind me, Satan," and cling to the steering wheel the tighter.

T'was a long seemingly endless road. I had expected Mr. McPherson to accompany me upon this trip, but he had decided at the last moment to go to Florida in an automobile with some friends, so I drove mile by mile the winding road from coast to coast accompanied by my Mother, a stenographer, two children and a host of angels, who guarded us on the way. Meetings were held



in Tulsa, Okla., thousands of tracts and pieces of Gospel literature were given out en route and at last we reached Los Angeles. Here meetings were soon under way and the Lord poured out His Spirit in copious showers from on high. The buildings soon grew too small and Clunes Auditorium, seating 3500, was engaged for the larger meetings.

One evening, just before I arose to preach, a young woman sprang to her feet in the audience, crying: "Excuse me, please, but I just must say a word. I am only a working girl but I own four lots of land. The Lord has spoken to me that I am to give one of these lots to Mrs. McPherson that on it she may build a little bungalow for her babies." "Why praise the Lord—how wonderful!" "I'll dig the cellar for you," volunteered a stalwart man, rising in the congregation. "Yes, an' I'll help yez," came the voice of an Irishman from another part of the building. "I'll put in the foundation," volunteered another. "I'm a lather and plasterer, I'll give my services free," offered another. "I'll furnish the dining room," said a kindly-faced man from over there.

"I have not much to offer when compared with these people," said a timid little voice from the rear of the hall, "but I have the sweetest-singing little canary bird that you ever heard. I'll give that for the little girl."

"And I have four dozen beautiful rose bushes, I'll give those," volunteered another dear sister. Oh, glory, glory. The tears were rolling down my cheeks, tears of thanksgiving and praise. Shall the Lord not perform that which He has promised? Ah, yes, He will do even exceeding abundantly above all that could be asked or thought. Just three months from the day the lot was promised, the house was up and my darling babies living in it. Just across the street from this little home, which we named, "The House That God Built," long before its erection, there was a handsome

school. Oh, yes, the Lord does things up right when He leads His little ones, praise His name.

With lighter, happier hearts we now took up our transcontinental journeyings, from San Francisco to Tulsa, Chicago, New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Washington, D. C., Dayton, Ohio, Akron, Ohio, Winnipeg, Alberta, Montreal, Canada, St. Louis, Mo.; Dallas, Texas, Denver, Colo., etc., conducting evangelistic campaigns in the largest auditoriums from shore to shore. These auditoriums have ranged in seating capacity from 3,000 to 16,000. Sinners and back-sliders have come trooping home to Jesus' feet, first by scores, then by hundreds, and then by thousands, as we seek to hide away behind the cross, lifting the Savior up till the thronging multitudes shall lift their eyes and see "no man save Jesus only."

Multitudes of sick, men and women and children have been brought to the meetings by those who cast them down at Jesus' feet, beseeching that His healing power should make them whole, even as He touched the suffering in the days of yore. In answer to believing prayer we have seen the blind receive their sight; deaf and dumb spirits cast out so that the people both spake and heard; the lame have been made to walk; tumors, cancers and goiters have melted like snow before the sun. Tears have been dried and burdens lifted by the tender Savior who walked the shores of Galilee. Many there are who know and preach this Christ as "*The Great I was*"; we have learned to know and preach Him as "*The Great I am*," who is the same yesterday, today and forever.

## CHAPTER 10.

### The Call to "Build a House Unto the Lord."

Returning to our "little grey home in the west" between each series of campaigns, to mother our babes and care for our publishing work, we often wondered just why the Lord had set our little home down in this far off part of the country, making our homing journeys each so very long. Then it was that gently the Lord began to bear the message to our hearts that our coming to California had a deeper underlying purpose in His blessed will than that of which we had yet dreamed. He reminded us of a text which He had given us from which to preach on our first arrival in Los Angeles, namely: "Shout, for the Lord hath given you the city." Then He bade us build a house unto the Lord—erect a Tabernacle as a base for our evangelistic work and a spiritual home whereunto thousands might flow for salvation, the sick might come for healing, and the hungry believers might receive the baptism of the Holy Spirit before returning unto their own special fields of labor with blazing torches with which to kindle the flame upon cold altars.

We were definitely led to a specially beautiful property with a circular frontage, facing the entrance of peaceful Echo Park. Surely no other piece of land or other location could have been so ideally located—near the center of the city—adjacent to the principal car lines, yet so restfully quiet and apart. The placid lake, the shady trees, the fountain, also the picnic tables, stoves, rest rooms, make the park an ideal place for our congregations to spend the hours between the services in meditation and prayer, as well as providing every possible comfort and convenience for the many sick and afflicted who will come for blessing and the healing touch of the Great Physician.

Real estate agents declared that it was not for sale. We knew immediately that God had been reserving it for us. Sure enough a "for sale" sign was set up within a few days by the rich owner who had suddenly decided she was "land poor." By careful planning, saving and earnest praying, this land has been purchased, plans and specifications for a large tabernacle, seating between 4,000 and 5,000 people, have been drawn, leaving splendid space for rest rooms, prayer rooms, soundproof tarrying rooms, class rooms, Sunday School, etc. The excavation for the large Tabernacle has been made and paid for. The concrete foundation and footings are now going in. We are earnestly praying that by the time this work is completed the Lord will have provided the means for the brick and concrete walls to go up and the roof to be put on. The city fire laws will not permit such a large structure of wood, and in these days of high prices this building (although plain and economically designed) it is estimated will cost over \$100,000. This is the greatest step of faith we have ever been called upon to take and we have no earthly financial backing or board on which to depend. We pray and believe that each dear reader will catch the vision and gladly rally with their love, prayers and offerings, whether great or small, and share with us in the sacrifices and joy of building such a practical, yet glorious "House unto the Lord," and of laying up treasure in Heaven.

We do not expect it to be built by the rich, but rather by those in the every day walks of life; the Lord's dear children, many of them having been converted, healed or filled with the Holy Spirit in our campaigns from coast to coast. We have figured that if there are 4,000 seats and the building costs \$100,000, each \$25.00 will seat one person, and we believe that many people will donate one or more seats. They will say in their hearts: "Lord, I cannot be an evangelist or preach

the Gospel, but I can at least pay for a chair in that Echo Park Tabernacle, and in that chair each day and night some poor sinner and back-slider may sit under the preaching of Thy glorious Gospel and be born into the Kingdom; some poor sufferer will find healing and life in Thee. Each night I will pray for the occupant of the seat which I have purchased, and Oh, Lord, I know where will be many a soul at Heaven's gate to meet me through this investment for time and eternity."

It is the writer's earnest prayer that this short testimony of the dealings of the Lord in the life of one so unworthy may be made a blessing to every reader who shall gaze upon these words. A more detailed and interesting account of my personal testimony, also many sermons, will be found in the large book, "This Is That."

Will all of God's dear children pray for us that God will give us strength and encouragement to meet the pressing duties and responsibilities of each on-coming day in Jesus' name. We have but to shut our eyes to picture again the thousands of outstretched eager hands, reaching out to us in pleading for the Gospel of Light and hope and liberty. Your heart and mine are answering: "Yes, dear people, we are coming, we are coming to tell you the story of Jesus, who lives and loves and care for you." Amen!

# THIS IS THAT

By Aimee Semple McPherson

The Third Edition is now ready. In addition to the many sepia photos, and charts illustrating the sermons and work of Sister McPherson, there will be a number of photos of recent meetings, with up-to-date reports of many wonderful campaigns from coast to coast. No expense is spared to make this book an ideal one for Pentecost, and for those who are interested in the salvation and Christian experience of others. Our thought in publishing it has been to spare nothing, but to secure the best workmanship, material and results, that this herald of Christ's coming, and messenger of the Latter Rain outpouring of the Holy Spirit, might stand in a class by itself, a worthy representative of so great a truth. It has been written on the scenes of action, amid many lands and peoples—under direct guidance of the Holy Spirit. In four parts:

PART 1—The remarkable story of personal experiences and testimony, which God is graciously blessing to the salvation of thousands throughout the world. This section contains twenty-three chapters including accounts of travels at home and abroad as Missionary Evangelist, with reports of many wonderful and unique campaigns in soul winning work.

PART 2—Convincing and thrilling testimonies of ministers and others blessed and used to God in the meetings.

PART 3—Some forty sermons straight from God, by the power of the Holy Ghost, on the four-fold message He has sent her out to preach—Salvation, The Holy Spirit, Divine Healing, The Second Coming of Our Lord, and the Preparation of the Bride to Meet Him in the Air.

PART 4—Too sacred and sweet for description. Wondrous, searching, inspiring messages, visions and prophecies given with tongues and interpretation.

Description: Almost seven hundred pages, bound with best silk cloth and gold, flexible back, size 6x9, weight 2½ lbs, best paper and engraved inserts, and extra outside cover. Price \$3.50, sent express collect in special carton. (If parcel or regular post desired state and allow 50c extra.) See general directions for remittances, and address.

Spirit Filled Literature Written by Sister McPherson.

## THE COMING OF THE LORD

NEW BOOK. Many who have been blessed and inspired by Sister McPherson's messages upon this great subject, will be glad to know that they are now obtainable in book form.

Written with a lilt and the joy of one inspired, bearing a wonderful message to the world (in which the reader feels that he shares), under the four headings—Is HE Coming—How Is HE Coming—When Is HE Coming—For Whom Is HE Coming—and including "My Wonderful Vision."

This book, printed in clear type on excellent paper, consists of 120 pages, 5x6½, and is bound in dainty leatherette, gold stamped, and will be a welcome addition to home, library, and friend for whom you wish something specially good. Price \$1.00 prepaid.

TRACTS AND PIN BOOKLETS. Subjects: Salvation from Sin, the Bible Baptism of the Holy Spirit; the Coming of the Lord with the Preparation to meet Him; Helps to Soul-Winners and those seeking a deeper walk with God; Divine Healing in the Plan of God for us today. Single assortment 25c, not complete but always good; \$1.00 per pound, (Canada and Foreign postage extra).

LOST AND RESTORED—Remarkable booklet, written from a vision; contains, in convincing form, the history of the Church from the day of Pentecost to Christ's return, with scriptures connected with the dispensation of the Holy Spirit. Just the book to give your friends and ministers. 32 pages, 25c—5 for \$1.00.

Published by the Echo Park Evangelistic Association, Inc., 1100 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles, California.

---

## THE BRIDAL CALL

A magazine devoted to the Full Gospel Evangelism, issued monthly. Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is soon to come back to take His waiting church away. The Holy Spirit is sending forth the last call to the Bride; bidding her prepare for the Wedding in the Air. Under His guidance, we endeavor to set forth in simple words the four-fold message of the hour—Salvation, Divine Healing, The Baptism of the Holy Spirit, and the Second Coming of Christ. Our commission is to hold aloft the beacon light of Christ-likeness, and the standard of perfection as set forth in God's Eternal Word; to worship God the Father, exalt the Deity and Blood of Jesus Christ, and honor the Holy Spirit.—Year \$1.50.

**YEARLY BRIDAL CALL BUNDLES:** Ordered in advance, prepaid, to one address only, ten copies, monthly, for one year, \$10.00 (limited time only).

**SINGLE MONTHLY BUNDLES:** If issue ordered not in stock will hold order for next month's issue,—seven for \$1.00.