

The inter-evangelical magazine of the Last-Day Sign-Gift ministries, devoted to the sounding of God's last call to the unsaved, the healing of God's people, uniting them in spirit, and preparing them for Christ's Soon Coming.
Acts 2:18-22, Mk. 16:15-18, Jn. 17:20-23

THE VOICE OF HEALING

VOLUME 2

SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA, JUNE, 1949

NUMBER 3

North Michigan Rocked By Mighty Revival

See Photos on Page 3

Reports reach our office just as this issue is going to press about the great healing campaign in Flint, Michigan, May 1-8. We quote from communications received from F. F. Bosworth and Charles O. Benham, who worked together in the campaigns.

"Northern Michigan rocked by mighty Flint revival which continued five days beyond Branham Campaign by Bosworth-Osborn-Benham party, in beautiful auditorium seating 6500. Hundreds turned away. More than 500 ministers registered. Two different prayer lines moved nightly over large platform which added interest and doubled results. Majority testified to instantaneous deliverance. More than 1,000 prayed for on last day. Hundreds converted."

"I had never before met Evangelist Osborn, who is fresh from a mighty revival held in Jamaica, but he is a 'wizard' in getting people to believe God's Word and receive miracles. They report
(Continued on Page 15)

1,000 Penitents Kneel at Altars in Mexico

Many Miracles in the Lindsay Healing Campaign Awaken Catholic Cities of Monterrey and Ciudad Victoria.

In This Issue

- Reports of Lindsay meetings in Mexico.
- Flint, Mich., Revival.
- Last chapter of Branham Life Story.
- Questions and Answers.
- Story of the Conversion and Healing Ministry of Dr. Price.
- Approximate Horrors of the next World War.

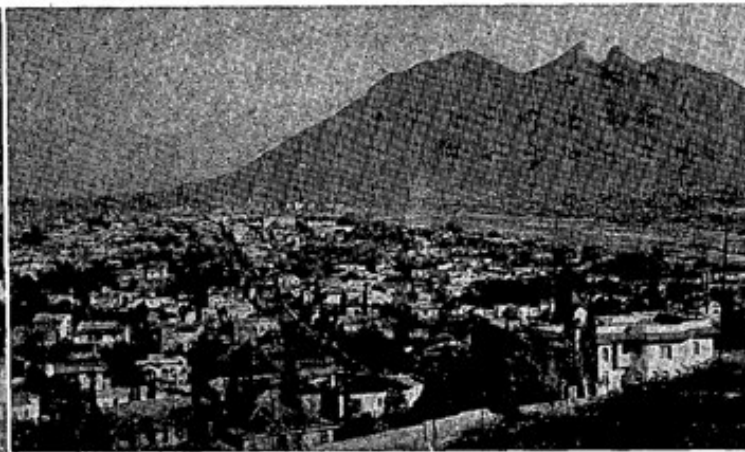
Bosworth-Osborn-Benham Campaign will open Sunday, May 29—Detroit, Mich., in either Convention Hall or Masonic Temple.

Ogilvie-Lindsay — Watertown, S. D., May 31-June 12, Municipal Auditorium.

Brother and Sister Lindsay, just returned from Mexico, have witnessed a rich harvest in that country. At least one thousand souls knelt at the altar for salvation and many remarkable miracles of healing occurred. Special circumstances and native laws make it extremely difficult for U. S. citizens to preach in local churches, and securing large auditoriums is quite impossible. Moreover, with some exceptions foreigners are not enthusiastically received in the mission of preachers in Mexico. *Notwithstanding, the ministry of healing proved an open door to reach the Mexican people.*

First services were held in Ciudad Victoria, in the heart of the land south of the border. Pastor Florentino Flores looked hopefully forward, though timidly, to the series of services. The Lindsays were informed that a meeting some time previously had resulted in violence and dis-

(Continued on Page 2)



Gordon Lindsay Healing Campaign in Monterrey, Mexico—Week-night crowd in the campaign in Monterrey. By Sunday night an estimated 1,000 people packed into this small building. Approximately 150 responded to the call for sinners on this evening. Only one-third of those kneeling can be seen, as the camera was too far forward. Great miracles occurred in this meeting. Right: The city of Monterrey, Mexico, with Saddle Mountain silhouetted against the sky in background.

SPECIAL MEXICO ISSUE

Great Mexican Revival

(Continued from Page 1)

turbances, stones had been thrown and windows broken. Everyone hoped that this would not happen again. Brother Flores' church was quite spacious, but he said that attendance had not been too large. However, in a day or so the church was filled and then overflowed. When the people witnessed the first miracles, they were stunned, then entered enthusiastically into the meeting. Soon the hearts of the people were completely won as great numbers, usually over one hundred a night, knelt at the altar for salvation. There was not the slightest sign of violence.

The deaf mute cases that were healed seemed to interest the people the most, and when they found that after prayer they could hear perfectly, there were many shouts of "Gloria Dios! Gloria Dios!"

In Monterrey, Pastor R. C. Orosco was very cooperative, though at first cautious. He had reason to be, as previous experiences had been painful. He has a girls' Bible school and usually when a disturbance occurs the government steps in and shuts down the entire enterprise. However, after consideration, he determined to go ahead regardless of consequences. He is a splendid man, and is one of the fathers of the Full Gospel Work in Mexico. He is a hard worker, and besides all the extra work of the school that he was doing, he conducted day services of instruction for the unsaved and those desiring healing. A couple of hundred attended each service in the day time.

Two Deaf Mutes Hear and Speak Fluently

The first day or so, the meeting was a little tight. To the people, it seemed too good to be true that miracles were actually taking place. One lady teacher said that although she had believed in healing for twenty years she had never witnessed an actual miracle. Two ladies were healed of blindness the first night, and Monday night the crowd was larger. No advertising had been done, for various reasons, and the meeting had to build entirely on its own. Soon some deaf mutes were delivered. And there were two cases who had learned to speak, but had since become stone deaf, and had been in that condition for many years. They were well known to the people, and when they were able to hear and converse with those standing behind them, they became very enthusiastic.

Preaching can not be carried on in Mexico by one who does not know Spanish, except with aid of an interpreter. Alice Montoya, a Spanish-American lady in Monterrey, could interpret quite expertly, but she had been in bed most of the time for weeks, and was expecting to leave for the States in a couple of days. God answered prayers, however. She was enabled to get out of her bed and go with the party to Ciudad Victoria and return to assist at Monterrey. Without her help the meetings could not have been held.

(For further reports see pp. 4-5)

4700 Saved in Roberts' Jacksonville Revival

Dr. E. O. Sproul

God used Oral Roberts to bring old-time "Bible Deliverance" to one of the South's greatest cities. Jacksonville has been stirred and moved God-ward as never before. To God be all the glory! Some 4,681 received Christ as their personal Saviour.

On the first night of the campaign, the tent was well filled. Brother Roberts brought a dynamic message, and when the altar call was made 114 souls came to Christ.

It is very difficult to give a comprehensive report of a meeting of such magnitude, we shall have to wait till we cross over to learn the far-reaching effects of this great meeting. There is no compromise with the devil. Souls are plainly told they must forsake their sins. Altar calls are brief but clear, and night after night hundreds kneel on the ground and seek Christ as their Saviour.

Mayor Whitehead, together with several commissioners and councilmen, attended the services and were loud in their praise for the work being wrought. Mayor Whitehead made Rev. Oral Roberts an honorary citizen of the city of Jacksonville, and also presented him with the key to the city. We were thrilled when the mayor testified over the loud speaker, that in answer to Brother Roberts' prayer, he had been delivered from the cigarette habit. The city of Jacksonville, through its officials, asked that the Oral Roberts Healing Campaign return to Jacksonville as soon as possible.

God has done great things for us whereof we are glad. We shall never cease to praise Him for the great Jacksonville meeting.

We Thank Our Readers for Their Generosity

Daily our mail brings requests for copies and bundles of THE VOICE OF HEALING for free distribution in hospitals and among the sick. When people, usually unknown to us, ask for the privilege of doing this work, we feel under obligation to send them the copies. A constant stream of letters informing us of the blessing received from reading the magazine, makes us anxious to be able to fill these requests. We wish to thank our readers who have helped us thus far, and your continued gifts for this work will make it possible for us to answer these many requests, and you, too, will share in the reward of souls delivered through God's power to save and heal.

HEALING CAMPAIGN SCHEDULES

WILLIAM BRANHAM

Bellingham, Wash. May 31-June 5
Vernon, B. C. June 14-19
Bismarck, N. Dakota July 3-6
All dates subject to change. Before making plans to attend these meetings from a long distance, it would be advisable to contact Rev. W. J. Ern Baxter, 85 East 10th Avenue, Vancouver, B. C.

HARVEY McALISTER

Louisville, Ky. June 1-19
2735 South Fourth Street

ORAL ROBERTS

Ft. Worth, Texas June 10-26
Denver, Colo. July 8-24
Tacoma, Wash. August 12-28
(For further information of the Roberts Campaigns, subscribe to THE HEALING WATERS, an excellent magazine, giving reports of healings and the schedules of the Roberts campaigns. Address: Box 2187, Tulsa, Okla.)

FRANKLIN HALL-NICKEL

Elkhart, Ind. May 15-June 15
Flint, Mich. June (latter)
Glad Tidings Tabernacle

HAROLD HORTON

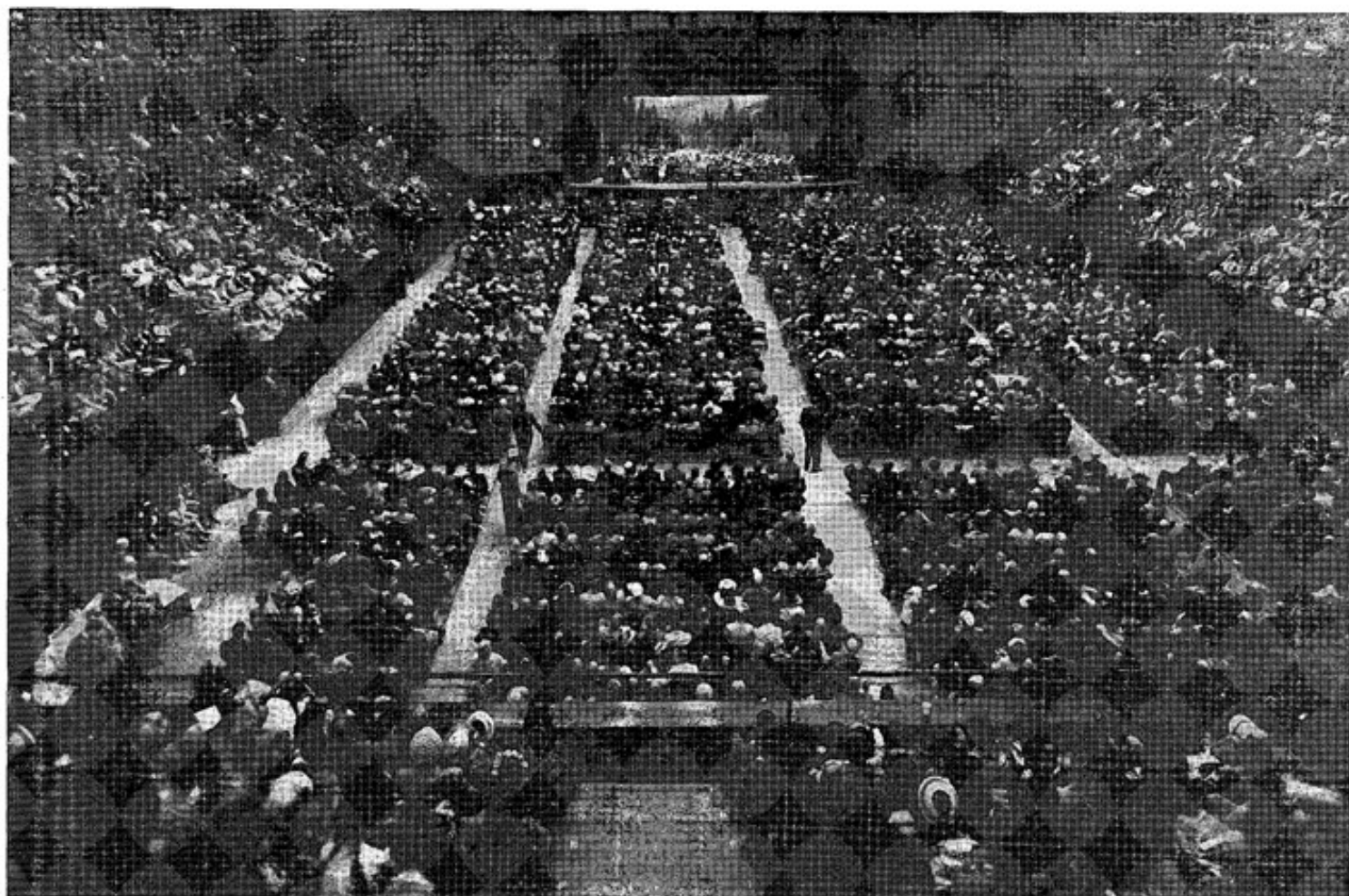
Jacksonville, Oregon June 6-19
Redding, Calif. June 21-26
Oregon Camp, Washington Camp,
Kansas Camp
Detroit, Mich. Aug. 14-19
Beaverton Pentecostal Holiday
Camp, Canala Aug. 20-Sept. 6

O. L. JAGGERS

Toronto, Ontario June
Dallas, Texas August

WILBUR OGILVIE

Mishawaka, Ind. About June 15



Capacity Crowds Jam
I. M. A. Auditorium in
Flint, Michigan



Branham Campaign Continued With
Bosworth-Osborn-Benham Party
For Five Days.

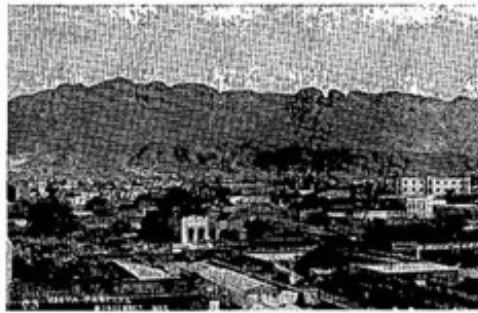


Top: Interior of beautiful I. M. A. Building during campaign.
Center: Hundreds were turned away from this spacious auditorium because of overflow crowds during great Branham campaign.
Below: A portion of the 500 ministers who registered during the stirring meetings in Flint. See page 1 for account, and dates of coming Bosworth-Osborn-Benham Campaign in Detroit.

Sketches From Monterrey

OVER a hundred have been prayed for Sunday morning, but now they bring a man in the most pitiable condition. He is carried by several, completely paralyzed, and absolutely helpless, his hands shaking with the palsy. Gently they let him down so that Brother Lindsay can pray for him. The question is relayed in Spanish, "Amor Jesus?" (Do you love Jesus?) The miserable creature with an effort shakes his head, "Si Senor."

Prayer is made and at the command the



A view of Monterrey, Mexico

**LAURA KRITS, BIBLE SCHOOL
TEACHER, GIVES REPORT OF
MONTERREY MEETING**

We have been especially busy in the past few weeks as we are preparing for graduation exercises, giving the final examinations, etc., for the Mexican girl Bible students here. When we were told that Brother Lindsay and Sister Lindsay were able to give us some special healing services, we wondered if the working of the Lord would be hindered by our interest being divided between the two. We

Signs---Wonders---Miracles

In the Gordon Lindsay Healing Meetings in Mexico

Testimonies Translated From Spanish By Alice Montoya

man slowly straightens up. Every one expected the Lord to touch him, but no one expected the swift drama that was about to be enacted. The man reaches out his hands protesting against those who are supporting him. They leave him alone. He makes toward the edge of the platform, but not toward the steps. What is he going to do! To the horror of some, he leaps into the air. But he lands on his feet, races up the steps and leaps again. He does this several times, then he runs through the church crying, "Gloria Dios! Gloria Dios!" He and the man who brought him fall at the altar, and weeping give praise to God.

Another case is that of a little child. It is very sick and has been brought to the church to be prayed for. Somehow the parents could not get to Brother Lindsay. The child is weakening, they leave the church, but as they do the little thing gives a shudder, rolls its eyes back, and all life apparently ceases. All who examine it, declare it is dead. This time a path is made, so that they can get to Brother Lindsay. As prayer is made, suddenly life comes again to the little body, the pall of death leaves, and soon its eyes are bright with life to the great joy of the congregation.

Many deaf mutes are healed, but one man completely deaf in one ear is a preacher. He makes a special trip to see Brother Lindsay, and explains that God has blessed him praying for the sick, but he has never been able to get deliverance for that totally deaf ear. He is told to come to service and be prayed for here. Sunday morning he comes. A deaf mute precedes him, and is completely delivered. Prayer is made for the minister and to his supreme delight his hearing comes in, he is healed.

(Note: A picture of the paralyzed man appears in this issue. Also a testimony of the healing of the little baby that died and was restored. These facts were witnessed by Rev. Orozco, pastor of the church, and can be verified by him.)



Two completely deaf children who were healed. The boy lost his hearing 2½ years ago, so was able to converse perfectly the instant he was healed. Testimony of the girl appears below.

Deaf Mute Girl Now Hears

Dear Brother Lindsay:

I want to thank God for healing my nine-year-old daughter. She, being a deaf mute, has been sad all these years. But since you prayed for her God has granted her her hearing and her speech, glory to God!

Mrs. Piedad Guyardo de Ridriguez
Monterrey, Mexico

need not have feared. God has been wonderfully present and the meeting and the preparations for graduation have been as one thing.

I have been in other meetings where God has healed but I have never had the opportunity of personally standing close to those in line who could not see, hear or speak, and who went away with sight, hearing, and who began to speak words that they had never been able to hear or speak before.

I saw a man bound so that he could not straighten and was almost helpless and with difficulty his friends lifted him to the platform. When Brother Lindsay prayed for them and rebuked the enemy, that same man straightened up and went on his way leaping and rejoicing in the Lord.

The most of these people are sinners and of other denominations. We trust those in America will pray with us that they will stay true to Him in whose Name they were healed, and that as we visit these many new homes that God will open up the hearts of those who have seen the power of God working as in Apostolic days.

I wish to add that I too, have felt a definite victory in my body after Brother Lindsay prayed for me and my faith has been greatly increased in this blessed time of refreshing.

Deaf For 16 Years, Bad Eyesight; Both Healed

Dear Brother Lindsay:

I thank God for healing me. I was deaf for 16 years. My eyes were bad and I couldn't read my Bible. I thank the Lord after you prayed for me that I could read it. I also was healed of that deafness. I am grateful to God.

Abelina H. de Ganzales
Guerrero 27 No. 814
Cd. Victoria, Tamps., Mexico



Above: Pastor Florentino Flores, his sister, who is a preacher, and the presbyter of that area.

Below: Two deaf mutes who were completely delivered in the Victoria meeting stand on either side of Bro. Lindsay.

Above: A few minutes before this picture was taken, this man was a hopeless, palsied cripple, bowed double, utterly helpless to take care of himself, carried in by several men.

Below: A deaf mute who was delivered in the meeting.

Girl Healed of Blindness

I thank God for healing a little girl I brought to church for you to pray for. Her name is Cecelia Gonzales. She was blind and now she is healed. I am studying to be a nurse and I did all I could for her but could not help her.

Josefina Benavidez

Leaves Crutches After Prayer

Dear Brother Lindsay:

I thank God that since you prayed for me I was able to leave my crutches. God has manifested Himself to me as a real healer.

Gregoria Vargas
Calle de Brano Callejon 29
No. 1001, Colonia Narazano
Cd. Victoria, Tamps., Mexico

Pastor Florentino Flores of Ciudad Victoria Reports Lindsay Meeting

On April 24, the meeting by Brother and Sister Lindsay began in our church at Victoria. There were quite a number of brethren that were filled with joy, praising the Lord for our brother and family. As the time came for the people to be prayed for that were sick, we saw that a lot of them were healed. Some from rheumatism, some from chronic pains, some that were deaf, others with stomach trouble, some with lung trouble, asthma, nerves and many other sicknesses. During the six days that Brother and Sister Lindsay were with us we could feel the real glory of God in our midst. Especially when we saw a boy about 10 years old, a deaf mute, being healed, and a little deaf mute girl also healed.

Sincerely our hearts jump with joy, because we could see with our own eyes something that we had only heard could be done. I can say, Brother and Sister Lindsay, that your visit with us was to our church like the fresh water to a dry land, and like the shade is to the sun. God pay you for your physical sacrifice that you have been endeavoring, while here with us. Your visit here has put the whole town in movement. A lot of people are shocked and asking questions about you and when we explain to them, they have to say, "Glory to God." Your visit shall remain in our hearts forever. God bless you, Brother and Sister Lindsay. We shall never forget the hymns that Sister Lindsay used to sing for us and the few words of encouragement that she always had for us. God bless you, brother, that has helped us like a hero.

Florentino Flores
Pastor
Abasolo 19 No. 301
Ciudad Victoria, Tamps.

Loss of Hearing for Sixteen Years Restored

Dear Brother Lindsay:

The day that you prayed for me is a day that I will never forget. I lost the hearing of one of my ears for 16 years, and I had gradually been losing my sight for two years, and God through His Son Jesus, has delivered me from both afflictions.

Abeli H. Gonzales
Guerrero 27

Born Deaf and Dumb

Dear Brother Lindsay:

I was born a deaf mute. I am 10 years old and I had never been able to hear or speak. I thank God because I was able to hear and speak after you prayed for me. I know Jesus has healed me.

Hermino de Vega Bonde
Canera Torres Aldama
Calle 8, Cd. Victoria

Delivered From Cancer and Epilepsy

Dear Brother Lindsay:

I suffered from cancer and epilepsy. Since I was prayed for I thank God I have been delivered.

Julia Cedillo Ranjel
Ciudad Victoria

Cataracts Gone

Dear Brother Lindsay:

I thank God that I have been healed of blindness in one eye through Jesus Christ. I wasn't able to see at all with one of my eyes and I could feel the cataract on both. However, I trusted God and by your sincere prayer I am now free from all danger, and a witness of His great wonders.

2 Ave. No. 614
Colonia Industrial
en Cuanhtemoe y Amado Nervo
Monterrey, N. L.

Delivered From TB

Dear Brother Lindsay:

For ten years I suffered from TB. There was a sore on my lung so that I could not lay on that side. Now after prayer, the pain is gone. I am able to do my housework and I feel completely well.

Eloiso M. de Franco
Ciudad Victoria, Tamps., Mexico

THE VOICE OF HEALING

A monthly inter-evangelical publication of the Last-Day Sign-Gift Ministries, published by the Voice of Healing, Inc., a non-profit organization incorporated under the laws of the State of Louisiana, dedicated to the purpose of the unification of God's people on earth.

Gordon Lindsay Editor
 William Branham..... Senior Editor
 Jack Moore Co-Editor
 F. F. Bosworth Associate Editor
 Harvey McAllister,
 Wilbur Ogilvie..... Contributing Editors
 Miss Anna Jeanne Moore. Managing Editor

Entered as second-class matter January 6, 1949 at Shreveport, Louisiana.

**THE VOICE OF HEALING
 PUBLISHED MONTHLY**

Subscription Rate—Per Year.....\$1.00
 Canada and Foreign.....\$1.50
 Single Copy (current issue).....\$.10
 Rolls of 10\$1.00
 Rolls of 50\$4.00
 Back Copies\$.25

Mailings made on the first of each month. Write us if your paper has not arrived by the tenth of the month.

Please notify us of change of address, giving both old and new address. Address all mail to:

THE VOICE OF HEALING
 Post Office Box 4097
 Shreveport, Louisiana

Our Book of the Month

“Healing from Heaven”

By LILIAN B. YEOMANS, M. D.

Thrilling account of the author's marvelous deliverance from hopeless drug addiction. Written by a Christian M. D., packed with practical teaching on healing. Read preview on Page 9.

Price60c

Add 10c for postage unless included in order of \$1.00 or more.

A New Service to Our Readers

Secure These Books To Supplement Your Library

- “CHRIST THE HEALER” by F. F. Bosworth..... \$2.50
 A faith-inspiring classic, written by a man who has received over 200,000 written testimonies of healing. Many receive healing while reading the book.
- “SMITH WIGGLESWORTH: APOSTLE OF FAITH” by Stanley H. Frodsham 1.50
 A remarkable biography of a true apostle of faith, written by the one man qualified to relate the thrilling story of this man's ministry, in which even the dead were restored to life again.
- “CHRIST, THE GREAT PHYSICIAN” by Carl Henry..... 1.10
- “HOW TO RECEIVE YOUR HEALING” by Gordon Lindsay..... .25
 Just the booklet to send to a sick friend.
- “JESUS CHRIST THE SAME YESTERDAY, TODAY AND FOREVER”
 and “THE HEAVENLY VISION” by William Branham... .15 — 2 for .25
- “HOW THE GIFT CAME TO ME” by William Branham (tract) .. Per Dozen .50
- ASSORTMENT OF BOOKLETS ON FAITH AND HEALING
 by F. F. Bosworth..... 1.00
- “EVER-INCREASING FAITH” by Smith Wigglesworth..... .75
 It would be impossible to find in another book of similar compass more challenge—and help on faith lines.
- ALBUM OF RELIGIOUS RECORDS by The Voice of Healing Trio and Musicians. Accompaniment by accordion, vibraharp, organ, piano, guitar, bass violin. Songs are:
 “He Knows Just How Much We Can Bear”—“Old-Fashioned Mother”
 “I'd Rather Have Jesus”—“Cleanse Me”
 “Ship Ahoy”—“Jesus Is Mine”
 Set\$3.00

NOW AVAILABLE

BIBLE DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN by Gordon Lindsay, Editor of The Voice of Healing. Now in the mails.

A textbook on how you may receive Healing through the Prayer of Faith or through the ministry of the gifts of Healing.

Paper Bound.....\$1.00 Cloth Bound.....\$2.00

**Address All Orders to:
 Box 4097, Shreveport, La.**

Payment may be made by currency, check or money order.

C. O. D. Orders Filled Promptly

Minimum Order—\$1.00

LIFE STORY OF WM. BRANHAM

CHAPTER 7 Despondent and Despairing Over Death of Loved Ones

I wanted to go and be with the family. Life on earth held nothing for me anymore. All that I had to live for was in the next world; without them my broken heart could not find the courage to keep up the struggle. But it was God's will, I guess, in holding His Gift. . . . He had a plan and it must be worked out. I am sure it took every tragedy and deep sorrow that I had to go through to bring me to the place where He could use me. God knows what is best.

I shot down off the pole; perspiration was breaking out all over me; I was trembling. I just took off my spurs, quit and went home. I went into the house, desperately hoping for something that would take my mind off my grief. But what could an empty house do? . . . a house with everything still fixed just as she had left it, everything I looked at reminded me. As I walked despondently around the house, my eyes fell on some mail that had come in. On one envelope I read these words: "To: Miss Sharon Rose Branham." My heart broke afresh. It was a letter from the bank and a small check that had been sent to my baby. . . . Her little Christmas savings had been returned; I think it amounted to about \$1.80. Oh my! I started crying and knelt down on the floor. I was so blue; everything seemed too hard to bear. While kneeling there, I thought, "Lord, if you don't help me, I don't know what I'll do!"

Falls Into Deep Sleep, Dreams of Heaven

I had a gun, a revolver which I used on hunting trips. . . . I went and got that revolver with the full intention of doing something wrong to myself. I felt that I could not go any further. . . . But it seemed that God prevented that, like He had the attempt before. I knelt down by my bed and fell into an exhausted sleep. . . . (this was a welcome relief). While I was sleeping, I dreamed that I was out in the West (I always loved the West); I was walking along with a pair of boots on and one of those big western hats. I passed by an old covered wagon; one of the wheels was broken, and I was whistling that song, "The Wheel of the Wagon is Broken." I was startled by the appearance of a beautiful young girl about 17 or 18 years old. She looked like an angel standing there dressed in white, her pretty blonde hair blowing, her blue eyes sparkling.

I said, "Good morning, Miss," and started to pass on by, but she said, "Hello, Daddy." I turned around in surprise and bewilderment, and she repeated, "Hello, Daddy."

I said, "I beg your pardon. . . . I am sorry, but I do not understand. How could

I be your daddy? Why, you're almost as old as I am. There must be some mistake."

"You just don't know where you are, Daddy," she replied. "Down on earth I was your little Sharon."

I said, "Not you."

She said, "Yes, back there on earth. I was your Sharon."

"But you were just a little baby," I said.

Then she reminded me, "Daddy, don't you remember your teaching on immortality?"

(And right here I have to give a little thought of my own. I don't believe there will be any little babies up in heaven. When you're resurrected you come forth with a body, and in that body you are to remain forever. . . . And it will be a body that will not eat and drink; it will not be a body operated by blood, but one as in the Garden of Eden, before sin ever

NOTICE

We receive many requests for Bro. Branham's life story in book form. Such a book has not been printed, therefore, we are making this special offer to those interested.

We will send you a set of each copy of *The Voice of Healing* since October, 1948, when the story was begun, PLUS a copy of the pamphlet: "How The Gift Came To Me," the story, as told by Branham of the appearance of the angel and endowment of the gift of healing. . . . Set \$1.00.

Send orders to: Box 4097, Shreveport, La. Limited supply!

corrupted the body. . . . I don't believe there will be any real old men there. We will all be about the age of our Saviour, made in the perfect image of God, looking like Jesus. So that if a baby could be born up there, it would forever remain a baby, for immortality does not grow, it remains just the same.)

I said, "Yes, I remember my teaching on that. That is why you are here like this."

"Daddy, where is Billy Paul?" she asked. (That's my little boy.)

I told her he had been with me just a little while ago.

She said, "Mother's looking for you, Daddy, so I'll just stay here and wait for Billy Paul to come along."

"Where is Mother?" I asked.

She said, "Look to your right, Dad," and I looked around to my right. Oh, it looked like shafts of glorious light shining over a mountain, beautiful mansions

among green hills, flowers and trees. Tongue could never describe what I saw in that scene. Sharon pointed out one of the great homes to me and told me to go up there; that was my home and Mother was waiting there for me.

"My home?" I inquired, puzzled. "Why I never had a home."

"Well, Daddy, you have one now. Mother's up there looking for you. Go along now, and I'll wait here for my brother."

Meets His Wife Again

I started up along a little path leading to the home; and when I got up to this lovely place, I saw my wife coming out to meet me, so beautifully dressed in white, her long dark hair flowing down her back. I can't put in words the feeling I had at seeing her again. I asked her to explain all this to me, I couldn't understand how it could all be. We talked together as we always had, I remarking what a beautiful young lady our little girl had grown up to be, and she agreeing. But I just could not understand.

She said, "I know you can't understand this, because earthly things are not like these things here. This is heaven."

"But I don't understand about this beautiful home. Is it yours?"

"Yes," she replied, "it is our eternal home."

"But I do not understand why I should have the opportunity to be in a place like this."

She spoke kindly to me: "After all the many tasks and labors and toils that you went through on earth, you have come home to rest now. Won't you sit down?"

I turned around to sit down and there was a big chair for me. . . . a Morris chair. I looked at the chair, and I looked at Hope. She smiled and said, "I know what you're thinking."

Here's what it was: "When we were first married, we didn't have any furniture or much of anything in our little house. . . . except an old folding bed someone had given us, a stove I had paid about a dollar and a quarter for and then had to buy some grates for, an old leather duofold that was all worn out and had several holes in it, and one linoleum rug on the front room floor. . . . But we enjoyed it and were happy together, for we had true love."

But one thing I had always wanted was a Morris chair. I worked hard all day and then would preach at night and come in late, and it seemed I would think of having a big Morris chair to come in and rest in. One day we decided we were able to buy one; so we went to town across the river and looked at some. The one we

(Continued on Next Page)

Life of Wm. Branham

(Continued from Page 7)

bought was a green one. I'll never forget it. It cost about fifteen dollars, I had to pay three dollars down and a dollar a week on it. Well, I stayed up on the payments until we had gotten about eight or ten dollars paid, and I couldn't make the payment. I missed two or three weeks because we just couldn't spare it. You all know just what that means when you can't make ends meet. One day I said to her, "Honey, you'll have to call them to come get the chair because it has already gone overdue two or three times; they have sent us a dun, and I can't make another payment on it now. You know we have to pay our other bills, so we'll just have to do without it." She said, "Well, I don't want to do that." So we kept it a day or two longer. Then I remember the night I came home from work, and it was gone. She was so sweet to me; and baked me a cherry pie and was doing everything she knew how to do to keep my mind off of it and help my feelings. I remember how that when I went into the room to sit down and it was gone that we both had to have a little cry. She was so sweet.

So standing there in my dream, she said, "I guess you remember all about our chair. . . . Well this one will not be taken away from you. . . . It's paid for. Sit down and rest."

Friends, as life goes on I get awfully tired sometimes. . . . Meeting after meeting, night after night, month after month. One of these days when I cross over that dividing line, I believe God has a chair for me to sit down in and rest. I want to go. I am doing the best I know how to carry out His will and plan, just waiting for the time when He will let me join my loved ones in that beautiful land of rest.

Needless to say, God gave me the needed strength to carry on. I preached and worked at different jobs, finally becoming an Indiana state game warden, the job at which I was working when the Gift came to me in 1946. Since then I have been in these healing campaigns constantly, from city to city across this nation, and am now preparing to go over into Europe. God has blessed and rewarded me graciously, for which I humbly thank Him. For eight years, I had to be both Mother and Daddy to my little boy, but the Lord gave me a dear, humble wife, and now we have a little girl.

And now, as I close this brief summary of my life before the coming of the gift, I trust that everyone that doesn't know my Jesus, while you're reading this will just kneel down and say, wherever you are, "Lord Jesus, I want to serve you all the days of my life." I will be praying for all who read and obey this. God bless you.

Questions

QUESTION 13: WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THE TERM "LAST DAY SIGN-GIFTS" AS USED IN THE VOICE OF HEALING?

There is no mystery about the use of this term "sign-gifts." When Christ ascended to heaven after His resurrection, He gave "gifts" unto men. These ministry gifts are mentioned in Ephesians 4:7-11— "And he gave some apostles, and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints. . . ."

In order that the ministry-gifts should be effective, there were nine special Gifts of the Holy Spirit which were divided severally by the Spirit to possessors of these ministries (I Cor. 12:8-10). Included in this number are the Gifts of Healing and Working of Miracles. Because of the nature of these Gifts they have a further purpose than the edification of the church, but are also a sign to the world at large. Hence, those possessing these Gifts in unusual power, may be said to possess a sign-gift ministry.

In the second chapter of Hebrews we have the familiar text which has been used by practically every evangelist. "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" Almost overlooked in verse three, following, are the words:

"God also bearing them witness both with *signs and wonders*, and *divers miracles*, and *gifts of the Holy Ghost* according to his will."

Here is reference to the Gifts of the Spirit, especially of miracles and healings, which were regarded as bearing witness to the Gospel and spoken of as signs to those that heard the gospel proclaimed. Hence we may rightly speak of them as sign-gifts—Holy Ghost Gifts which were a sign to listeners.

This sign-gift ministry was much in evidence in the Early Church. In Acts 5:12 we read, "And by the hands of the apostles were many signs and wonders wrought among the people." Paul showed that he had fully preached the gospel "through mighty signs and wonders, by the power of the Spirit of God," (Rom. 15:19).

Last Day Sign-Gifts

Having considered the significance of the term sign-gifts, we now inquire as to what is meant by the phrase "last-day sign-gifts"? Every Christian who looks forward to the Second Coming of Christ realizes that we are in the *last of the last days*. The signs that Jesus gave in Matthew 24 and Luke 21 and in other places in the gospels definitely show that the time of His Coming is at hand. It is true that in a sense the entire dispensation since Pentecost is rightly called the *last days*. Peter, speaking on the day of Pentecost, identified the outpouring of the Holy

and

Answers

About Divine Healing

Ghost as the fulfillment of Joel's prophecy:

"And it shall come to pass in the *last days*, saith God, *I will pour out of my spirit* upon all flesh . . . and I will shew wonders in the heaven above and *signs in the earth beneath* . . . *before that great and notable day of the Lord come.*" (Acts 2:17-20).

While this entire dispensation is "the last days" it will be noticed that prophetically the term "last days" refers especially to that time just before "the great and notable day of the Lord," when God promises to "show signs in the earth beneath." Besides terrestrial signs, one of the signs is the outpouring of the "Spirit upon all flesh." And the result of this outpouring is to bring into manifestation the Gifts of the Spirit, which include the Gifts of healing and the Working of Miracles—the sign-gifts. It is interesting to notice, in the verses following (Verse 22) that Peter speaks of Jesus Himself as possessing these sign-gifts, for he says "Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God among you by *miracles and wonders and signs.*"

The Great Commission

If anything need further be said, we may note that the last words of the Great Commission included the statement that the apostles were to teach believers "*to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world (age)*" (Matt. 28:20). That this Great Commission given by our Lord included the ministry of the sign-gifts is evident from the record of the Gospel of Mark:

"And *these signs* shall follow them that believe; in my name they shall cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; (also a sign-gift in certain circumstances) (I Cor. 14:22) They shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover." (Mark 16:16-18.)

The Voice of Healing is the publication dedicated to the encouraging of these last-day sign-gift ministries that are now being manifest.

EDITORIAL

We thank God for the ever-increasing interest in *The Voice of Healing*. During the month of April some 2,500 subscriptions came to our office. We hope that this publication will continue to merit the confidence of our ever-enlarging family of subscribers. In the Providence of God we trust that it will continue to be used as a vehicle in the uniting of God's people. Many throughout the world are praying and fasting for revival. *The Voice of Healing* would demonstrate that if we will combine a bold faith with our prayers we may have that revival now.

* * *

We offer an apology to our readers. Due to the phenomenal increase in the circulation of *The Voice of Healing*, we had a large number of names on our subscription list addressed by a commercial addressing company. We found out too late that this work was carelessly done, so much so that we had to secure an extra employee to rectify mistakes. We ask your forbearance and if anyone has failed to receive their paper, please let us know at once. We have just secured and installed \$2,500.00 worth of addressing equipment so that we may be sure that our subscribers may enjoy as near perfect a service as is humanly possible.

* * *

We also regret the delay in the mailing of the book, *Bible Days Are Here Again*. Because of the lack of proper publishing facilities in Shreveport we had to have the printing done in Los Angeles. Extra time required for transit in the mails, delayed publication a full month. The paper copies have just been received and are be-

THE VOICE OF HEALING RECOMMENDS

"HEALING FROM HEAVEN"

AS THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

(Lilian B. Yeomans was a practicing physician, who was unfortunate enough to contract the vicious morphine habit, which carried her down to the depths of despair. Her remarkable deliverance and healing gave her a ringing testimony of the power of Christ to heal. Her testimony which appears in the first chapter of the book, is given briefly below. We recommend this book to those suffering in their body. The price is only 60 cents, and may be obtained from *The Voice of Healing* office. Many have been healed through reading the writings of Lilian B. Yeoman.)

* * *

By Lilian B. Yeoman

Out of the depths He lifted me! Abyss calls to abyss, deep answers to deep . . . only those who know what it was to be bound as I was, captive of the mighty, the prey of the terrible, will be able to understand how great was the deliverance which God wrought in me when, twenty-eight years ago, He set me completely free from the degrading bondage of the morphine and chloral habits to which I had been a slave for years.

The Fearful Morphine Habit

If anyone asks me how I contracted the morphine habit, I can only say: "Through my fault, through my fault, through my grievous fault." I had been saved years before, but like Peter, at one stage of his

career, I was following afar off when I fell into this snare. It is a dangerous thing to follow afar off; I proved that to my cost.

I was engaged in very strenuous work practicing medicine and surgery, and in times of excessive strain from anxiety and overwork, I occasionally resorted to morphine to steady my nerves and enable me to sleep. I thought I was toying with the drug, but one day I made the startling discovery that the drug, or rather the demon power back of the drug, was playing with me. The bloodthirsty tiger that had devoured so many victims had me in his grasp.

Of the anguish of my soul the day I had to acknowledge to myself that morphine was my master and I the slave, I can even now hardly bear to speak.

Will-Power Unavailing Over Morphine Demon

My ordinary dose of the drug varied from ten to fourteen grains a day. I thus took regularly fifty times the dose for an adult man. I also took chloral hydrate, the so-called "knock-out drops," in two doses of sixty grains each, at an interval of one hour, each night at bed-time. I could, by desperate efforts—only God knew how desperate they were—diminish the dose somewhat, but always I reached a minimum beyond which it was impossible to carry the reduction. When by tremendous exercise of will-power, I abstained from it for twenty-four hours my condition was truly pitiable; trembling with weakness; my whole body clothed in cold sweat, heart palpitating and fluttering, my stomach unable to retain so much as a drop of water, tortured with persistent diarrhoea, I was unable to stand erect, to articulate clearly; my mind was filled with horrid imaginings, and awful forebodings, and worst of all, my whole being was possessed with the specific, irresistible, indescribable craving for the drug.

All Human Remedies Prove Futile

Say what you may about will-power, for my part, I am satisfied that no human determination can withstand the morphine demon when his rule is established. I believe I made at least 57 attempts to rid myself of the horrible incubus. I consulted many physicians, some men of national reputation. I got so far away from God that I actually tried Christian Science, falsely so-called. I took the then famous Keeley Gold cure. If there is anything I didn't try, I have yet to learn what it is.

Though I dreamed day and night of freedom, the dream seemed impossible of realization. I said, "It will take something stronger than death to deliver me from the hold of the hideous thing, which

(Continued on Page 15)

SUBSCRIBE TO

THE VOICE OF HEALING

This paper, which carries the news of the Great Last Day Healing Campaigns, special sermons by leading men on the field, will be of special help to all those who are in need of healing or who desire to have their faith strengthened and encouraged. Subscribe for yourself and for others.

I enclose \$1.00 for a year's subscription. If renewal check here
(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)

Name _____

Street or Box Number _____

City and State _____

GIFT SUBSCRIPTION

I enclose \$1.00 for a gift subscription. Send to

Name _____

Street or Box Number _____

City and State _____

Address To: The Voice of Healing—Box 4097—Shreveport, La.

9th in a Series of Divine Healing Classics

The Story of the Conversion and Healing Ministry of Dr. Charles S. Price

As Told By Himself

(We thank Loren Fox, Field Editor of the GOLDEN GRAIN (this magazine may be obtained from 2100 Brigden Road, Pasadena, California, price \$2.50 per year) for permission to use occasional material of Dr. Price's writings. Reports indicate that the Fox party is having great meetings at the present time on the coast.)

I was born on a quaint little English street in a little brick house that jostled right up to the sidewalk, with no lawns in front and no gardens in back. When I was two years old my little sister, Jessie, was born. The arrival of the sweet baby was in a sense clouded with a deep sorrow, for the birth of the child meant the death of my mother. I do not remember my mother; although there have been times, especially in later years, when she seemed to be very, very near to me. I have been told that before she went away to glory she took me in her arms and dedicated me to the service of the Lord. One of these days in the not too far distant future I am going to have a real happy visit with the mother I never knew.

His New Step Mother

A few years later my father married again. It is my belief that he could have searched the world around and not found a sweeter or a nobler woman than the one I learned to call my mother. This dear mother was very insistent that plans and preparations be made to give me the best schooling that they could possibly afford. Through the sacrifice of my parents it was possible for me to go through school and college. It was during these years that followed that I began to drift. While I loved my parents deeply, I foolishly began to believe that their outlook on life was old-fashioned and rather narrow. For a while I labored with a Sheffield law firm, and at first was fascinated by the atmosphere of the courtrooms. After a while I became restless and moved to Canada. From Canada I felt impressed to go to Spokane.

Converted in Spokane

One night in early autumn I was standing with my back to a lamp post listening to the singing of a little band of mission workers. When the street meeting was over a little old lady detained me. "Do you know God wants you?" she said. Suddenly I felt uncomfortable. I am afraid that I was rather rude in the way I excused myself and hurried away. Halfway across the Monroe Street Bridge, I stopped. A peculiar feeling had come over me. I began to feel as if God had spoken to the old lady and a feeling of dread and awe came upon me. Slowly I re-



Dr. Charles S. Price

traced my steps and I arrived eventually at the mission.

What a battle went on in my heart that night! The road I was going led down. I knew it. I was getting to the place that I did not care what happened, and while I was not in the gutter, yet I was slipping down, down, down, and I knew it was disaster, and sorrow in the end. When Mr. Stayt gave the altar call I sprang to my feet, squared my shoulders and marched down to the front. That night I gave myself to God. I was desperately in earnest. I was absolutely sincere. I did not have the great emotional experience that came to me in an event that I shall describe later.

For a while I labored in the Free Methodist Mission that taught and practiced the old-fashioned Wesleyan doctrine of scriptural holiness. They were wonderful people, and they lived very close to God. In the meantime, to support myself, I got a job with a large grocery firm. Before long I was making huge caldrons of caramels of every kind and description. I became quite an expert in the manufacture of chocolate centers.

Events moved swiftly now. I was admitted to the conference and was ordained by Bishop Smith. I built two parsonages and raised all my benevolences, and prided myself on the result of my church

ministry. Then something happened. While in the Life Line Mission, news came of the falling of the Holy Ghost in the city of Los Angeles. An evangelist up from California came to see me. He spoke to me in convincing terms of the falling of the power. He told of the miracles of healing, of the latter days and the soon return of the Lord. I promised him that I would go home and pray. I did and slowly conviction came over my soul. I promised to meet with workers at a certain time and place the following day, that I might be filled with the Holy Ghost. I went home walking on air.

The Voice of the Modernist

On my way to the prayer meeting, the next day I met a certain minister. I enthusiastically explained the situation to him and that I was on the way to a prayer meeting. To my amazement he gripped me by the arm and said, "Price, I cannot let you go. You'll wreck your future—your life. You are young and inexperienced. If you take this step you will regret it as long as you live." Listening to his voice I yielded. He pleaded for the chance to show me wherein these people were wrong. All afternoon I sat with him in his study, and when I left he had given me half a suitcase of books that I promised to read. I did not go to the prayer meeting. That was the turning point of my life. With all my heart I believe that God led me to Spokane so that I might step through the open door into the glorious experience that I am enjoying today, but I listened to the voice of a modernist, and by my own act I closed the door. I foolishly turned my back on the Cross and started along the trail that led to the labyrinth of modernism.

I very soon got to the point where I could explain every religious emotion from the standpoint of psychology. The result of it all was that I drifted down the long highway that led to modernism. I never gave an altar call—never led a soul to Jesus—never preached the glory of the born-again experience. I was spiritually blind, leading my people into the ditch.

The years marched swiftly by. Methodist pastorate followed pastorate. Slowly and surely I was climbing the rungs of the ladder to what my ministerial brethren called success. I began to be in demand as a speaker in churches throughout the country-side. I commenced to emphasize the social ethics of Jesus. How my heart grieves when I contemplate those days that might have been filled with so much good for God, and yet, after all, they were so empty. After a while I reached

the place where my godly presiding elder had to take me to task for some of my modernistic utterances. I began to feel the restraining, binding influence of the Methodist Episcopal System. I made up my mind to sever my connection with Methodism and branch out into the broader field that the Congregational Church offered me.

After a time in Alaska, I took a pastorate in Santa Rosa. Then came the call to Oakland. I became a popular type of preacher. I was appointed a "Four Minute Man" and used to speak from every theater stage in the city, during the days of World War I. My work brought me a letter from Woodrow Wilson, then President of the United States. I belonged to five fraternal organizations. For many months I was on the stage during the week and in the pulpit on Sunday.

Lodi, California

Then I moved to Lodi, California, a beautiful town of Northern California. I was pastor of the First Congregational Church. It was a wonderful church, with wonderful people. Sickness came into my home, and when all my own funds were gone battling it, that church loyally took up the burden and gave me more than was needed. I was presented with two automobiles while there. I greatly enjoyed my pastorate.

Light From Heaven

It all began when a good brother came running across the lawn outside the parsonage to meet me one summer day. His eyes were fairly dancing and on his face was the joy of heaven itself. Clasp my hand, he said, "Brother Price—Hallelujah!—Hallelujah!—Praise the Lord!" I gazed at him in amazement. Expressions like that were not usual in my church. Throwing back my head, I commenced to laugh. Still clasping my hand, he said, "Hallelujah,—I have been to San Jose and I have been saved—saved through the Blood. I am so happy I could just float away."

It amused me. The more I ridiculed him the more vehement he became in his testimony. I then discovered that some more of the members of my church had contacted that meeting and were loud in their praises unto God. Slowly a bitter antagonism commenced to creep into my heart. They told me of a great campaign where thousands were saved and thousands were being healed. Inserting an advertisement in the paper that I would preach the following Sunday on "DIVINE HEALING BUBBLE EXPLODES," I made my way down to San Jose, armed with pen and paper to take notes. I intended to return the following Sunday and blow the whole thing to pieces. As I neared San Jose, a peculiar feeling came over my mind. Across the street was a huge sign, with the words "Auspices of William Keener Towner." I could scarcely believe my eyes. Dr. Towner had been the pastor of the First Baptist Church

in Oakland, and on more than one occasion we had gone into the theater together. He was a splendid man and kind, but I knew that he was not the type of preacher to back an old-fashioned Holy Ghost revival meeting.

Going to the very edge of town I found a huge tent seating approximately 6,000 people. To my utter amazement it was packed and a great crowd was standing around the outside.

Questionings

I glanced down the aisle. Walking up toward me I saw my old friend, Dr. Towner. Standing on my tiptoes and waving my hand, I called across, "O, Bill, O there Bill!" We were intimate friends enough to call each other by our given names. His dear face broke into a wreath of smiles. Rushing over to me he grabbed my hand. "Charlie Price," he said, "well Hallelujah! Glory to Jesus!—Praise the Lord." My jaw dropped. A look of amazement came over my face.

Looking into my eyes with a serious expression he said, "Charles, this is real. This little woman is right. This is the real gospel. I have been baptized with the Holy Ghost. It is genuine, I tell you. It is what you need." He shook my hand and left me, promising to see me later.

Once again in an advantageous position, I looked over the crowd. Why there was Ole, my old Swedish usher! During Chautauqua days I was forced to remonstrate with him, because of his dirty habit of chewing Copenhagen snuff. Ole looked different to me. He was cleaner and there were no dark corners around his mouth.

He displayed a big red badge and said, "Hallelujah! Praise the Lord Jesus! I ban an oosher."

Mischievously I said, "Where is the snuff, Ole?"

Back he came at me with, "Hallelujah, I ban saved; I ban healed; I ban filled with the Holy Ghost; I ban so full of glory there ain't any room for snoos."

The folk in the crowd were beginning to look at me in every direction. I asked Ole to find me a seat. Ten minutes later he came back.

"What a job!" he said, "what a job! But I ban got one for you."

I followed him down the aisle, and to my added embarrassment, he led me to the very front, across the long altar, then pointed to a chair that was empty in the section reserved for cripples. That was where I belonged, but I did not know it at the time. All the way down the aisle I could hear people mentioning my name. My face turned red. One good sister said in a very audible tone of voice. "Praise the Lord, here comes Dr. Price. I hope he gets something."

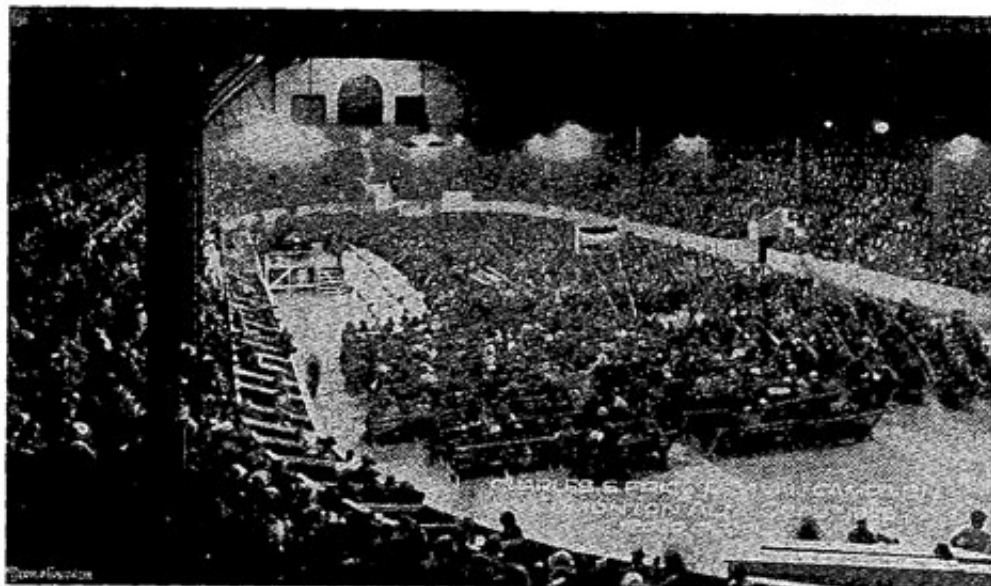
Saved From Modernism

It was not the sermon that convinced me that night, half so much as the altar call. The altar was literally filled with people. A mechanic near me got saved, and at the very top of his lungs shouted, "Hallelujah, I'm saved. Isn't it wonderful? Isn't it glorious, Mr. Price?" I tried to conceal my embarrassment because of the noise that he was making. The best I could do was to say, "Yes, brother, stick to it, stick to it"—and I got out of the tent as fast as I could.

I did not sleep that night. Deep down in my heart something told me that in recent years I had been wrong. Not insincere, but wrong. That is why I tossed restlessly through the long night watches, and no sleep came to give me relief.

The next night a masterful message came from the lips of the evangelist and my modernistic theology was punctured until it looked like a sieve. Arriving at my hotel room, I threw myself on my knees and cried out to God. The heavens were black above and no answer came, yet in my sincerity of heart I promised God that I would change.

The following night I went early to
(Continued on Page 16)



Charles S. Price Revival Campaign in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, October 9, 1927.
12,000 people.

Letters to the Editors

From Durban, Africa

Dear Brother Lindsay:

J. A. Dowie was one of the first men to reveal and teach Divine Healing in the Atonement. The Lord blessed many servants of his with signs and healings in the past but they left no true teaching as a guide for sufferers to follow and rely on. I was associated with Dowie from 1897 and onward by correspondence and by reading his literature. My late wife was healed in 1901 through his prayers in answer to a cablegram. Dowie's teachings on repentance revolutionized my life—brought me to the dust at the foot of the Cross, until I yielded and made straight paths for my feet. Few people understood him unless they saw the signs. His mission and work was not in vain!

Pastor J. F. Rowlands, the greatest evangelist in this country to the Indians, has no less than five to six thousand members in various assemblies. To be present in a Sunday morning meeting in his Bethesda Temple and witness hundreds of young Indians on fire for God by song and testimony is an experience that lingers in memory. I am supplying Brother Rowlands with THE VOICE OF HEALING.

I pray the day will dawn when THE VOICE OF HEALING is printed in Swedish, Finnish, Norwegian, Danish, Africans, Julee (the beautiful native tongue) languages. Even in a contracted form of four pages it would be a greater evangelizing factor than any other.

Humbly your Brother in the Lord,
WILLIAM LAGGAR,
Durban, Africa

March 21, 1949.

Evangelist Harold Horton

Dear Brother Lindsay:

So many thanks for your letter forwarded to me here in Vallejo, California, where I am ministering for two weeks.

I should be very happy if we could come to some agreement whereby you might stock my book. I am finding every day new friends through the ministrations of my little book ("The Gifts of the Spirit"). The temporary problem is that I am coming to the end of the second edition and am now negotiating for a reprint. Personally I am not, as an itinerating preacher, in a position to stock and sell books, for I am always on the move with no settled address and no home yet. Mr. Hitler made an end of our little London home with one of his incendiary bombs long ago! Perhaps you can make some suggestion that has not occurred to me?

The Lord bless you in the great work of healing the sick in the Mightiest Name of all.

Yours in His Great Love,
HAROLD HORTON,
California, U. S. A.

(Editor's Note: It would be a shame if Brother Horton was unable to get another edition of his valuable book THE GIFTS OF THE SPIRIT published. We ask our readers to pray that our brother will find it possible to get this book published in the near future.)

Harvey McAlister

Dear Brother Lindsay:

Concerning the matter of relapses to healings, I have had no worries about relapses when giving out the healing message in a community where healing was new to the people. I feel much depends on how the people are started in this way, whether or not there will be relapses. The same is true in the matter of salvation. I pioneered a work in Calgary, Canada, a number of years ago. We had in a short time a congregation of several hundred persons. An evangelist concluding his ministry in our midst, asked me to explain why it was that scarcely a single backslider knelt at the altars throughout his campaign, seeking to be restored, while in most every place he visited he would have almost as many backsliders as sinners at the altars. I told him that the only explanation I had to offer would be that I never taught the people to backslide—that is, I had at all times left the impression upon their minds that I never expected a single one of them to slip back into the world and into sin. I assume the same attitude in the healing ministry, and with the same results.

I went to Wilmington several years ago, expecting to remain for ten days, but I had a continuous healing ministry for six months. The newspapers reported the healings every day for three months, until literally hundreds and thousands received healing. I did not have five minutes of worry over people healed relapsing. It just did not happen. Why? I never left the impression upon their minds that I expected one of them to lose his or her healing. I impressed them with the thoughts that healing is permanent—lasting. It is possible to have people too much occupied, thinking about themselves, and trying to keep their healing, rather than thinking about Him, and casting all their care upon Him, "for He careth for you."
Harvey McAlister
3111 20th St., N.
C-323
Arlington, Virginia

(Editor's Note—The above was part of a letter from Brother McAlister. The truth he mentions is so important, we felt that it should be published).

From India

Dear Brother Lindsay:

Last month I received a copy of THE VOICE OF HEALING from our beloved pastor, P. M. Samuel, who was touring the States and Canada. I was very much delighted and thanked our Lord for sending me such a wonderful paper because, I have been long expecting to get such a one. I salute you all. Could you kindly send me THE VOICE OF HEALING free for I cannot pay the price?

I was saved June 2, 1938, and received the Holy Spirit three months after my water baptism. In 1941, the Lord spoke to us to leave everything and go to India, for He said that He had given power to Japan to destroy Burma.

Six months after my conversion, the Lord gave me gifts of healing; many sick people were healed and demons were cast out. Even some lepers were healed. Caste people also are accepting the Lord as their

Saviour. I fasted forty days last June and the church fasted seven days. I now have nearly sixty villages to preach to. Please pray for our work as we covet your prayers.

Yours in His Service,
A. S. PAUL,
Faith Home,
Mandapeta, East
Godavary, India

Sister Louise Nankivell

Dear Brother Lindsay:

The Lord has been very graciously blessing in recent meetings held in Brooklyn, New York, at the Light House Church, Berea Tabernacle, Detroit, Carnegie Hall, Pittsburgh, and many other cities, giving large crowds, souls, healings, baptisms, and I give Him all the praise.

The Lord has brought me out of death from an incurable disease and the Spirit has been working a deep and crying burden for souls and bodies of others. I believe God wants to bring a sweeping revival throughout the land, even in these dark and terrible days.

Sincerely yours to make Christ known,
Louise Nankivell
900 N. Karlov
Chicago, Illinois
(We understand that God is wonderfully blessing the meetings of this sister.—Ed.)

Chas. E. Robinson

Dear Brother Lindsay:

From some remarks I have read made by you in THE VOICE OF HEALING, I think you will be interested to know that I was formerly pastor in Kansas City of the Zion Church—an out-and-out Dowie man. I have been comparing the effect of reading your paper with that of the Leaves of Healing prior to 1900. The effect is similar. To me, that is saying something especially fine for your magazine.

My traveling ministry is therefore, of course, strongly flavored with Divine Healing teaching, and by the grace of God, with a few notable healings. I find a revival of interest in Divine Healing wherever I go. The big problem, it seems to me is to overcome the hesitation and doubt in the minds of the public, and build up faith in their hearts for healing.

Yours faithfull,
CHAS. E. ROBINSON

Dale Hanson

Dear Brother Lindsay:

Our magazine is now off the press, after several months of preparation. Am sending you a copy right away. God is blessing here in Verona. The population is 286, but 500 are packing out the Amey Hall, which is the largest building here. Bus loads from surrounding towns are coming to the services. Scores have been healed.

Last night, after one week in Verona, we had all the people, healed this week, go to the platform. Dozens filled the platform from side to side. This revival is drawing people already from ten cities and the United States. Nine received the Holy Ghost this first week.

Yours in Christ,
Evangelist Dale Hanson

"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into his harvest." Matt. 9:37, 38.

For some time we had felt a desire to help gather in the harvest in Mexico, and finally the Lord opened up the way for us to hold Divine Healing services with the permission of General Narciso Medina Estrada, of the Mexican government.

As soon as we left Texas, we were at once aware that we were on foreign soil. Two things we noticed immediately—the brown skin of the Mexican people, and the iron bars over the windows and doors of every home, thus testifying in a mute way that the traditional religion of the land, had by no means changed the hearts of its adherents. No man trusts his neighbor, and this, not without cause. In the cities each stucco house joins the one next to it, making the block one solid building, thus serving as a fortress against the intruder.

As we drove toward Monterrey, it almost made us feel that we might well be living 2,000 years ago, in the days of Christ—straw or mud-brick houses with thatched roofs, and small ox-carts laden with cargo, being drawn along the country roads.

Ever and anon, we saw red flags extended from the dwellings. This, we later learned, indicated that fresh meat was available there that day. Inasmuch as refrigeration is an almost unheard-of thing except in the American patronized restaurants, it is imperative to dispose of the fresh meat immediately, due to the warm weather.

After a two and a half hour drive, we arrived at Monterrey, a city of nearly 300,000. We followed the "information" arrows, and secured a tourist guide who drove us to the home of Pastor R. C. Orosco. Brother Orosco assisted us in getting an interpreter, Sister Alice Montoya, who helped us find our way about.

Our first meeting was to be 180 miles farther south, in Ciudad Victoria, with a population of 25,000. As we drove along, we enjoyed the beauty of the rolling hills covered with yellow blossoming cacti. At times, the vegetation would be so dense along the excellent highway, it would almost take on a jungle-like appearance. Then suddenly, large citrus orchards would loom up to our right and left. At Victoria, we found few people who could speak English, but we felt secure in having our American-born interpreter, Sister Alice, along.

We called at the home of Pastor Flores, who seemed more than gratified to have us come. We inquired concerning the number his church would hold. He rather avoided answering the question, but stated that they had a lot of space with not many people attending. Brother Lindsay then told him to send forth a clarion cry for all the deaf, dumb, blind, halt, and sick in



The Lindsay Healing Revival in Ciudad Victoria. The party was told that nothing like this ever came to the city before. At least 500 answered the altar call during the six nights. Many wonderful miracles took place. Starting in the front row from left to right: Alice Montoya, interpreter; Bro. and Sis. Lindsay. Standing behind them are: Alias Mansur, Arnoda Hinajosa, Presbyter, and Florentino Flores, Pastor.

The Harvest in Mexico

By MRS. GORDON LINDSAY

the community. Again he smiled his approval saying, "Si"—"Yes."

At our first service on Sunday, the church was a little more than one-half filled, but by the second meeting, every chair was full, and thereafter space was at a premium. We were much impressed with some of their customs, such as always coming to the altar for prayer when they first enter the church, and they would continue coming in steadily until about 9:30 p.m. After prayer, they didn't return to the rear of the building to be seated, but would somehow make room for themselves on the already overcrowded front rows, or they would stand in the aisles. Every service opened with the reading of the Bible; the entire congregation always stood on each occasion of the reading of the Scripture, throughout the meeting.

They sang so lustily in Spanish, many of the same hymns we sing, so we sang along with them in English, which seemed to greatly please them. We had our interpreter teach them "Only Believe," in Spanish.

How eagerly they listened to the Word of God. At the altar call, the sinners were told to come forward. Without a moment's delay, they would literally rush to the altar. There was never an opportunity for a second call, and to plead with souls to surrender to Christ as one generally does, would have required a stretch of the

imagination, but rather each time our interpreter would have to shout over and over at the top of her voice, "Only sinners come. There is no room for the Christians." We tried to show them the meaning of true repentance, as many of them had done a lot of confessing of sins in their lives, but had never been sorry enough for their sins to forsake them.

We never gave an altar call in Mexico with less than 50 coming at one time, and toward the close of the revival there would be as high as 175 sinners responding to a single call. Many of these were Catholics who really seemed to want Christ. There were during the two weeks about a thousand that professed conversion.

The poverty of the people is appalling! Many children come to church barefooted, and not a few in rags. Only once or twice was there another car besides our own at the church, with our attendance at 700. Bus service is exceptionally good. All who can afford to, ride. The buses stopped running at 10 p.m., and our services lasted until 11 p.m. or 12 p.m. But yet, it seemed not an individual moved. Everyone stayed to the finish. Then they would walk all four, eight or ten sleepy children home, the older ones carrying the younger—and this, some for miles.

Their faith is so simple, it almost makes one envious. On the other hand, they are

(Continued on Page 15)

THIS MONTH'S PROPHETIC ARTICLE:

Approximate Horrors of Next World War

By Elder B. E. Echols

The certainty of another world war is very evident from both the viewpoint of the Scriptures and the general trend of world affairs. The possibilities are so likely until gigantic military preparations are already under way; and armies, navies, and air forces of the major powers and nations of the world are on the march.

The Spirit Speaks of Soon Approach of World War III

On July 10, 1948, while praying in the flatwoods of Louisiana, near DeRidder, and a country church where I was preaching, the following statement of prophecy came to me by the Spirit, and as the thoughts entered my mind I spoke them audibly into my own ears: "Ye shall not have finished burying the dead of the past war before ye shall be involved in another one." I sincerely believe that the Holy Ghost put these thoughts into my mind, and moved upon me to speak them audibly to myself as each word entered my mind, ere I knew what the next one or complete statement would be. Immediately I was reminded of the fact that we were now burying the dead of the last world war in our home cemeteries. *So we may soon be involved in the worst war the world has ever witnessed or experienced, and within a matter of months.* I do not know just how much time will be required to complete this understanding of bringing back our dead from the far off continents and islands of the seas, and getting them buried among our tombs and markers; but ere it is completed the blood of millions of people—many besides those enlisted for definite military service—MAY be flowing again in death streams, and the majority of them dying unprepared to meet God—the latter condition or consequence is the worst of all.

Horrors of War Will Reach U. S. This Time

We can also assure ourselves of this one thing; the next war in which America is involved will be brought to our own shores and fought over our own cities. America has escaped the horrors and devastations of both the past World Wars; but we can expect it to come to our own cities, communities, and homes this next time. There will not be newspaper and radio reports of the triumphs and defeats of our armies and navies on distant continents and seas for us to read and listen to; but there will be local scenes of horror and destruction for our own eyes to behold—such as we have never seen. Compare Matt. 24:21 and Dan. 12:1. Though these references are not directly referring to the last World War, they give us a little picture of what we may expect in the "end time."

Wake up America, and all the inhabi-

tants of this sin-cursed world! You must soon drink your cup of judgment; for your gross iniquities and sins are ripe for judgment and punishment. Read what happened to Job's drunk and revelling children (Job 1:13, 14, 18, 19), to Belshazzar and his lords, princes, wives, and concubines as they drank wine and revelled in sin (Dan. 5:1-7, 17-31), to the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah for their sins and iniquities (Jude 7; Gen. 19:24, 25; Ezk. 16:48-50), and then read Prov. 31:6 with Jer. 25:27 and see if you do not think God is soon to judge our nation. I think that statistics show that Americans drink more intoxicating drinks per person than any other people or nation in the world. This one thing is enough, according to the Word of God, to bring great judgment and destruction our way, and it will.

500,000,000 People Soon To Perish!

The prospective horrors of another World War are so great and terrible until many scientists fear that the human race may be entirely exterminated from the earth. Though this may never happen, Rev. 6:8 assures us that a FOURTH part of the earth's inhabitants will be destroyed by the ravages of war and its consequences at the "end time": "And I looked, and behold a pale horse; and his name that sat on him was *Death*, and Hell followed with him (many reports came to our ears during the last World War telling us that our soldiers were experiencing hell or things as bad as hell, in their encounters with the enemy). And power was given unto them over the FOURTH part of the earth, to kill with sword (war), and with hunger (famine—the lack of food), and with DEATH (diseases, plagues, epidemics, etc., that often accompany and immediately follow in the path of war), and with *"the beasts of the earth"* by men with beastly hearts like Hitler, Mussolini, and the Japanese war lords who ruthlessly murdered, cremated, buried alive, and hung people wholesale). Rev. 8:6. Six million Jews and many thousands of civilians and soldiers experienced some things during this last World War that hundreds of millions of people are going to face and experience when the next World War breaks forth upon us.

Let us now consider the calculations and predictions of the Scriptures concerning this next World War. One-fourth of the earth's population now would amount to more than FIVE HUNDRED MILLION (500,000,000) people. Can you comprehend in your finite mind the destruction of such a vast number, at one time or during one war? That would be more people destroyed by war and its consequences

than was ever known to be at one time or by one single war and from seventeen to twenty times as many as were killed and destroyed by the last one, estimated to be thirty-six million—fifteen million soldiers, fifteen million civilians, and six million Jews.

Prospect of Whole Nations Being Destroyed

There is a possibility of whole nations or the inhabitants of entire continents being totally destroyed or killed during the oncoming World War—especially so when they would be the direct target of attack by an enemy nation or group of nations in possession of atomic bombs, poisonous gases, deadly bacteria germs and many recently invented secret and deadly weapons: Look again at the five hundred million mark and you can see that such numbers could include as many as THREE nations the size of the United States, and would allow for fifty per cent destruction of SIX nations the size of ours.

I know that some of you readers must be about ready to scream out at me in rebukes and criticism for reminding you of such impending calamities, horrors of war, and terrible judgments of God; but they are going to be ultimate facts in the near future and one had better get frightened now while he can do something about it than to wait until the actual things overtake, and come upon him and it is too late to prepare to meet God and escape such things. Now is the time to *repent* (Heb. 4:7; II Peter 3:9; Luke 13:5; Mark 16:15-16), *be baptized* in water according to the Scriptures (Acts 2:38; Matt. 28:19-20), and *get filled* (baptized) with the Holy Ghost—the saving (Tit. 3:5), delivering (II Cor. 5:17), sanctifying (Rom. 15:16), and keeping power of God (I Peter 1:1-5).

The scriptures speak of a time when the dead will be so numerous until they can not be buried (Jer. 25:32, 33 with Rev. 19:17-21), and of blood flowing as deep as the horses' bridles for a distance of 176 miles. Rev. 14:20. Just think of the task it would be for one-third of the citizens of our country to be confronted with the problem of burying one hundred million people amid the handicaps that would exist with everything interrupted and no means of communication or conveyance at hand, with millions of wounded to shelter and be administered to. Well, it will just be more than can be adjusted and properly handled. The stink of the dead and the horrors that would continually meet the eyes of the living would either drive people mad or chase them from the cities, towns, and into the caves of the

mountains with famine and diseases accompanying, pursuing, and destroying them.

The tensions of peace seem to become more strained every day; war appears more evident all the time. The "iron curtain" of Communism is being quickly extended around China and may soon completely encircle that whole nation. It is time for men and women to prepare to meet God. Amos 4:12.

The Alarming Condition of the Church

Another thing to be alarmed about is, the church folk or professed Christians and many who have walked with God in the past, are now asleep and unaware of what we are facing. Only a few discern the times, and probably none of us as we should. A lukewarm, worldly, carnal-minded, and backslidden church is in no position to cope with such things as the world faces, especially so when it is unable to handle the present state of affairs. Only men and women who are positively filled with the Spirit, mightily anointed, definitely called, especially equipped (gifted) by the Holy Ghost will be able to awaken anyone and fill up the gap between an angry God and a condemned world that is marked for punishment for their sins and transgressions.

Are there any Christians, ministers, or laymen, who will answer the call and seek the Lord until they are endued with all the attributes (Gal. 5:22, 23), divine graces (II Peter 1:2-7), knowledge, wisdom, and power of God needed to promote and propagate the Church of the living God in the earth today? You and I, or anyone else, can be one of the needed soldiers of the cross if we will fully surrender our will to the Lord, and trust Him for guidance in all matters, implicitly obey Him, and dare believe in His power and ability to cope with every situation and defeat every foe. Much haste is needed and required in this closing hour of the Gentile age. Many sacrifices will have to be made; but they will all pay wonderful dividends. So let us go forth in His name and power, and we can then be confident that His grace, which is sufficient for every trial, task, need, etc., will be abundantly supplied. See II Cor. 12:9; Phil. 4:12, 19.

Then, when wicked men have played their part in executing judgments and punishments of God upon their fellowmen, God is going to personally come on the scene and release two hundred million beasts or horses out of the pits of hell with fire, smoke, and brimstone issuing out of their mouths and destroy another. ONE-THIRD of the remaining inhabitants of the earth. Rev. 9:13-21. These beasts will finish off another five hundred million people—leaving only one-half of earth's present population alive. There will also be other things to follow, such as what is predicted in Rev. 16:1-21; 19:17-21 with Zech. 14:12. The latter reference tells about how God is

SIGNIFICANT NEWS OF THE MONTH

NOAH'S ARK ON MT. ARARAT?

The possibility of the existence of Noah's Ark on Mt. Ararat, has ceased to be an academic question; it is now a matter of international controversy. A few years ago, aviators flying high in the vicinity of Mt. Ararat claimed to have seen a large ship at an extreme elevation, of a size and shape that conform to the measurements of the Ark. A wooden ship resting at a lower altitude would long ago have decayed and crumbled to dust, but at 17,000 feet the temperatures are mostly below freezing, and such a structure would resist decay and could well be in an excellent state of preservation. Even animals that long ago perished and froze

in the Far North have been found in a well preserved condition.

Following the airmen's reported discovery, a ground expedition was planned to attempt to locate the Ark, but World War II broke out about that time and all preparations of necessity were ended. Now sober scientists concede the possibility of the Ark's existence. Archeologist Egerton Sykes has announced his intention of leading an expedition there in June. Dean Aaron J. Smith of North Carolina's People's College will assist.

However, Mt. Ararat is very near the border of Soviet Armenia. Russian observers, who of course scoff at all the stories of the Bible, believe that this expedition is being organized to spy on Russia, and are protesting against it.

It may well be possible that God has preserved the Ark far up on the frigid peak of Mt. Ararat, to be discovered in these last days, and to become one more witness to confound the unbeliever who rejects the record of the Holy Scriptures.

No. Michigan Meeting—

(Continued from Page 1)

90 totally blind healed; 100 deaf mutes healed, besides thousands of other of various diseases, in addition to about 10,000 converted there in Jamaica."

(Editor's Note: We have not yet been privileged to meet Rev. Osborn, but we know F. F. Bosworth and C. O. Benham to be men of good repute and successful ministry of many years. We anticipate great ministry of these gifted men.

Healing from Heaven—

(Continued from Page 9)

is deeper than my physical being." And I was right, for it took the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus, which makes one free from the law of sin and death.

Deliverance Came From God

I prayed. Night after night I walked up and down our long drawing rooms calling on God, and sometimes literally tearing the hair out of my head. I was getting very weak now and spent hour after hour in bed, and God in His mercy kept me much alone, so that He could talk to me. At last I drew my neglected Bible to me and plunged into it with full purpose of heart to get all there was for me to do, to believe all He said, and praise God! the insoluble problem was solved, the impossible achieved, the deliverance was wrought. There is no trouble about it when God can get us to meet His conditions of repentance and faith. When God says faith, He means *faith*. It is well to know that.

going to plague wicked folk then. He will cause their flesh to consume away while they stand on their feet, their eyes to consume away in their sockets, and their tongues to consume away in their mouths. It will be true then, "The GREAT day of His wrath is come; and WHO shall be able to stand?"

I close by again saying to the unsaved, "Prepare to meet thy God," before the horrible destructions of another World War and the judgments of an angry God overtake you.

HARVEST IN MEXICO

(Continued from Page 13)

a very superstitious people. When they saw the first few healings as the blind see, the deaf hear, the dumb speak, they were so frightened they didn't make a sound. In fact, we were told afterward, that they were so afraid, many of them wanted to run. Then as they realized that it was God working, how they entered in. A book couldn't contain all that the Lord did in that city. How we praise Him!

Our interpreter and her co-worker had held a revival in this same church a short time previously, and she told us how some of the townspeople became infuriated and hurled stones at them, breaking the church windows on several occasions. However, there was no violence in our services, probably due to the fact that the Catholics who attended believed the healings were of God. Many of them were saved and healed.

At the close of the first service, a tattered, unkempt, drunken derelict of a man sauntered up to our car as we were about to get in, making all sorts of loud, harsh threats and demands in Spanish. The Lord graciously protected us from receiving any bodily harm. Our interpreter spoke a few words to him, and we left. The last night of the meeting, whom should we recognize in the prayer line but this same man. This time, with his hair neatly parted, dressed in clean clothes, and as he came he requested that the "profane devil" be cast out of him. When we left the church after midnight, there he was in the prayer room, on his knees, seeking God! How it thrills our hearts to see what the power of the Lord can do today!

MINISTRY OF DR. PRICE

(Continued from Page 11)

the meeting. Dr. Towner saw me wandering around looking for a seat, and slipping his arm affectionately around me said, "Charles, why not come to the platform? There is nothing to be ashamed of. Let us sit together tonight and enjoy the service." Having gone on the platform, there were no seats available except on the front row. So there I had to sit. All during the opening part of the service I was conscious of God speaking to my heart. Half way through the message I made up my mind what I was going to do, and kept praying to God for strength to carry out my resolution. The message was over. It was the moment of the altar call. At the call for sinners, I tremblingly stood to my feet. A hand was put to my shoulder and a voice of a prominent Presbyterian minister sounded in my ear, "Charles, she is calling for sinners. She is calling for people who need to be saved." I whispered back, "I know it," and kept standing. Then came the rest of the invitation. "Come down and kneel before the Lord. Come ye weary and heavy laden and He will give you rest." Down those steps I walked. I was in the act of kneeling at the altar when the glory of God broke over my soul. I did not pray for I did not have to pray. Something burst within my breast, an ocean of love divine rolled across my heart. This was real. Throwing up both hands I shouted, "Hallelujah!" So overcome was I with joy that I commenced to run across the altar. Dr. Towner followed me—and wept for joy!

Night after night found me tarrying in the Baptist Church. How tenderly God dealt with me. How sweetly he led me, step by step, and nearer and nearer to the glorious Baptism. Then came a glorious night. Into the Sunday school room I went, and I saw so many people under the power I began to be bothered again about that undignified position for a Congregational minister. I noticed the piano. There was a little space back of it, and it made a private room. When I thought that I would not attract any attention, I got back of the piano and took the piano stool with me. I had room enough to kneel, but not to fall over.

I started to pray and I prayed and prayed until I lost all sense of time. About 1 o'clock in the morning Dr. Towner came along with two deacons and started moving the piano. He looked at me and said: "Why don't you get out in the middle of the room where the power is falling? Get where God is blessing the people."

Baptism of the Holy Ghost

Dr. Towner evidently decided that I was getting in earnest, so he started to pray. I raised my hand. This was the first time I had done that, and I commenced to look up with my eyes closed. When my hands were up for a little while I felt an electrical feeling starting down my

fingers and when it got to my arms, my hands began to tingle and I looked at them and they were shaking. I was surprised, and I couldn't have stopped if I had wanted to, and I wouldn't resist the Spirit. Then down it came to my body, glorious, wonderful power; and I suddenly got a whole bolt of glory. Did you ever watch the waves of the ocean as they break and roll and break? A wave breaks and then rolls back and then another wave?

Then with my eyes closed I seemed to be looking up into the dark. Suddenly like a knife, there appeared in that awful dark, a light and it flashed like a lightning flash across the blackness above my head. The heavens were split and they commenced to fold up until I could see the glory of a light through that opening in the sky. Then as I gazed at that beautiful light, a ball of fire came down towards me; lower and lower it came until it got to the level of the darkness on either side. It began to shoot out darts of fire. Then the ball came down a little lower. It shone so brightly it banished the darkness. I just watched, fascinated and entranced, those tongues of fire. It then touched me on the forehead and I felt a quiver go through my body and then my chest began to heave and I started praising God. The Comforter had come!

Back at Lodi

Back I went to my home at Lodi. The following Sunday the place was packed to the doors. The preliminary part of the service was cut short, for I was anxious to get to my message. I really expected to be dismissed from my pulpit. I never believed that those dear people who had been so kind and good to me would tolerate the type of preaching that I was determined to give.

How easy it was to preach that morning! The glory of God flowed like a river until I could hardly speak for the sobbing of the people. "As long as I am pastor," I said, "you will hear one burning message from this pulpit—Jesus Christ and Him crucified." At the conclusion of the sermon I gave an altar call. To my amazement over eighty people knelt at that altar. My own church people were hungry for more of God. We commenced to hold meetings and multiplied the number of prayer services. The power of God commenced to fall. Attendance reached the thousand mark and the church auditorium and the Sunday school rooms would be full of praying people. People came from neighboring cities.

Gospel Team

I then organized the Lodi Gospel Team. It soon grew until it had close to one thousand members. Every Friday night, hundreds and hundreds of people would meet at the church with signs on the back of their automobiles, reading "Lodi Gospel Team." A parade would start to some nearby city. More than once I have seen that parade stretch out over two miles.

THE VOICE OF HEALING

BOX 4097, SHREVEPORT, LA.

Return Postage Guaranteed

The whole city was feeling the power of the revival. It was not until high church authorities commenced to interfere that we felt led of the Lord to organize a separate and independent church. Many years have passed since then, but those precious people to whom I used to minister are still standing for the old truths and worship God in Bethel Temple, dedicated to the preaching of the Full Gospel.

Evangelism

About this time I felt the call of the Lord to go into evangelistic fields. It was a sad parting when I left Lodi. This was on August 17, 1922.

It seemed incredible to believe that in one short year the Spirit of the Lord would take me from a little California town and catapult me into great arenas, where I would preach to vast throngs of ten thousand people night after night. But such was the case. My first meeting was in Ashland, Oregon. The ministerial union invited me, and rented a building that seated more than the population of the town. It was soon packed to the doors. All the churches of the city were closed for the meetings, and having told the ministers that I was going to preach the whole truth, I proceeded to do so. The power fell. Hundreds were saved and hundreds were healed. The first person that I prayed with for bodily healing fell under the power of God. I myself was afraid. I prayed for the second one and the same thing happened. I trembled in the presence of the Lord, but both of them rising to their feet and proclaiming they were healed gave me courage and I went on praying. After that scores and scores would be prostrated under the power at one time.

Great City-Wide Revivals

After that I went to Albany. Practically the whole high school class of that town gave their hearts to Jesus, and it has been reported that it was impossible to hold a public dance for one year after the meetings. One church received a hundred members, another seventy-five, another sixty and another fifty, but most of the converts were from without the city. At Roseburg, Eugene, Victoria and Vancouver, B. C., this same soul-winning power was evident.

In Victoria there was the healing of Miss Ruby Dimmick. She was a daughter of a Methodist minister, and her healing from paralysis and a crippled condition was so evident that it awakened the province. Newspapers all over Canada and the United States printed the story. The *Literary Digest* printed an account of the case. In three weeks in Vancouver, the owner of the arena declared that 250,000 people went to hear Dr. Price preach.