

under the power of the Spirit of God telling how powerless he felt, how the burden of souls was on him, how clean he felt, but oh, so powerless." He must have power to go out and win souls for Christ, he must have the baptism of the Holy Spirit. This was the cry of numbers there and as he ended, the Spirit of weeping fell on us and we fell on our faces pleading with God to baptize us.

Then a brother minister on the platform suddenly burst out in an unknown tongue, and what awe came upon us all as for the first time we heard this message from God. Then the brother got up saying he believed he had the mind of the Lord and it was that we should listen to the sermon which Brother Ira David would preach. How we listened as he talked of the Holy Spirit, taking the verses, "Grieve not the Spirit," "Quench not the Spirit," "Resist not and lie not to the Holy Spirit." The meeting closed with confession and a healing service and we all kept praying for God to continue in our presence.

A few days later special meetings were held for tarrying and numbers received the wondrous baptism of the Holy Ghost according to Acts 2:4. They felt they received "the anointing which abideth" and from that time have never

had a doubt that God had given that of which Peter said on the Day of Pentecost, "This is that." How wonderful it all was to know and realize that God was in our midst. His presence witnessed by signs and wonders and revelations which we had never known or seen before.

How this wondrous baptism deepens our prayer life! How we learn to worship God in spirit and in truth and how the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost given to us!

Now it seems as if God is again offering us more of Himself in these last days and we again feel the need of praying through for the gifts of the Spirit to be forthcoming in the midst of the different assemblies.

"The manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal" and many of us are realizing the need of the Spirit being manifested more than ever in us *individually*. Let us keep in the attitude of humility before God and may the prayer of our hearts be continually, "Search me, O God, and know my heart, try me and know my thoughts and see if there be any way of pain or grief in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." Amen.

Miraculously Healed of Paralysis

Loss of Speech Restored Thru Prayer, in Binghamton, New York.

IN a neat little room just under the roof of the house at No. 112 Hawley street, Miss Hattie Sheldon was found yesterday, in a state of rejoicing.

There was great reason for her special happiness. Less than a week ago, her throat was paralyzed, she could not raise either arm up to her head. She could converse with those about her only by writing what she wanted to say with a stiff and lame arm, laboriously on paper.

After spending three quarters of an hour with three friends who believe in miracles, last Friday afternoon, this woman who for months has been helplessly invalidated by neuritis, could talk and laugh, and use her arms freely.

Those who witnessed what they consider as much of a miracle as that of the loaves and the fishes, or the memorable episode of the first Easter morning were Rev. John Kellner, pastor of the Pentecostal Assembly of God, Mrs. Kellner, Miss Isabelle Gregory of the City Mission and Miss Sheldon herself. Miss Gregory's presence was an accident, as she happened to go in to see Miss Sheldon soon after Mr. and Mrs. Kellner arrived. Miss Sheldon is a member of the Tabernacle church.

VOICE AS GOOD AS EVER

"It was just a quarter before twelve when

they came into this room," Miss Sheldon said joyously. "I couldn't speak a word. At half past twelve they went out, and my voice was as good as it ever was, with the exception of a little huskiness, which soon wore away."

"Yes, I believed that the Lord through Mr. Kellner could restore my health, and when we had prayed, and he had anointed me, I had faith to believe I could speak and I spoke."

It was in 1910 that Miss Sheldon fell and dislocated her left shoulder. After she had worn the injured shoulder in a cast for some time, she said yesterday, it was found that it had not been properly set and had to be reset. Ever since the accident, she has suffered from neuritis, the woman said.

Last summer she was in the hospital two months suffering from the nerve difficulty.

The illness which finally resulted in what physicians called paralysis of the throat, is of about three months' standing, Miss Sheldon said; she had been under the treatment of several physicians, trying without avail, a general practitioner, an osteopath and a throat specialist. Then she went into the City Hospital and was there about a month. Three weeks ago she left the hospital. At that time, she says, physicians expressed the opinion that her difficulty was chronic.

Miss Gregory, who has befriended the sick woman in many ways, was endeavoring to arrange for her care in the country. Then Mr. and Mrs. Kellner heard of her case and visited her.

To their suggestion that they apply the practice of divine healing to her case, she acquiesced, with the result that her voice was restored and she is so much better in other ways that, after visiting her sister in Pennsylvania during the remainder of the hot weather, she expects to return to her work. Miss Sheldon had for some time been employed in the Tea Room of Fowlers when she was taken ill.

CALLS OUT THREE STORIES

Immediately after the restoration of her voice, Miss Sheldon said yesterday, she called to Miss Sarah Gordon of whom she rents the room she occupies and who lives on the first floor of the three-story house. Miss Gordon came up and was amazed to find that her tenant had regained her voice.

Miss Sheldon and Miss Gregory went that afternoon to the City Hospital and astonished the nurses who had helped to care for Miss Sheldon while she was in the institution.

"Let's sing, just to show them that I can sing," Miss Sheldon suggested, and she and her companion joined in the singing of a hymn familiar to them both. One of the nurses who had known most about the former invalid, drew Miss Gregory aside and questioned her as to the truth of Miss Sheldon's story.

Mr. Kellner when asked about the process he uses, produced a tiny vial half filled with clear liquid.

PRAYER DOES IT

"It is the prayer that does it," he declared, "but, following the Scriptural instructions given in James 5, I use a little olive oil to anoint the individual. Then I just lay my hands on the sick one and pray. Many people have been praying for Miss Sheldon."

"At first, I did not have enough faith to think the Lord would use me in this way, but with every experience of this kind, faith grows."

Asked if he had been able to cure other cases as serious as that of Miss Sheldon, through divine healing, Mr. Kellner named Mrs. Lillian Conover who had a disease of the mastoid bone, the bone behind the ear was soft, when she went into a meeting of the Assembly of God in which divine healing was practiced, and after the prayer, the laying on of hands and the Scriptural anointing, the bone had hardened.

Another recent incident of divine healing Mr. and Mrs. Kellner said was that of David Chester. This lad had sores all over him, and many methods of treatment had been tried without avail. The Scriptural remedy was applied, and in three days all the sores dropped from his body, said the Kellners.

"This sort of thing will be more common than

it is at the present time," said Mr. Kellner. "But of course, it won't work if there is anything wrong with the character of the one who prays, or if unbelief exists in the mind of the person prayer for."—*Binghampton Morning Sun*.

Blessing at Girls' School

Writing from Caracas, Venezuela, Miss Adah Winger tells of God's continuous blessing upon His work there:

It seems there has not been one week passed in this eventful year without seeing God's marvelous workings. Now truly He is making it a year of jubilee in the history of the mission! Well do I remember when alone in California how the Lord whispered to me, "Now shall our heads be lifted above our enemies." This has truly been confirmed. Such strippings the two years before, and so many enemies to the work! Since then there has been a steady progress in God, though not without trials.

If you could see our Girls' School now! Such a happy family! The last month we have welcomed three more dear girls into our midst, one of them an Indian girl who has always lived in a native hut and in dire poverty. Her mother who heard the Gospel at Hebron is a dear baptized Christian, and this girl had a bright conversion and has wanted to be in school for several years. We found her in one of our stations and when she was told about the school she wasn't long getting here. I met her on the train, her few belongings done up in an old checkered apron, and her clothes hardly fit to wear on the street, but a happy faced Indian girl, all smiles, to be coming to such a home! It was not long after her arrival, you may be sure, till I was searching through the old clothes, and found something for her to wear. My next task was to get the snarls out of her hair and teach her how to fix it (she didn't possess a comb). How pleased she was over everything done for her, and I was just as happy as she for I could see beneath the smiling face a daughter of the King, one for whom Christ died. In a few days two more came, quite different in character and better dressed, and yet without any training except that they could read their Bibles. It is blessed to see God working, and watch them entering into the work so heartily and with such a sweet spirit. You cannot realize how ignorant they have been kept. On certain days I give them elementary training along with their Bible. Each noon we pray for the different mission fields, and their eyes are open to the needs of the whole world. Oh what a change it is making in their lives! One dear girl was praying for the "island of China," didn't know the difference. I am sure the Lord heard that prayer just as much as if she knew all about it. Two of the girls are very near their baptism, and last night they were mightily under the power, praising and adoring Jesus. Dear Miss Van Dyke mothers them as matron.