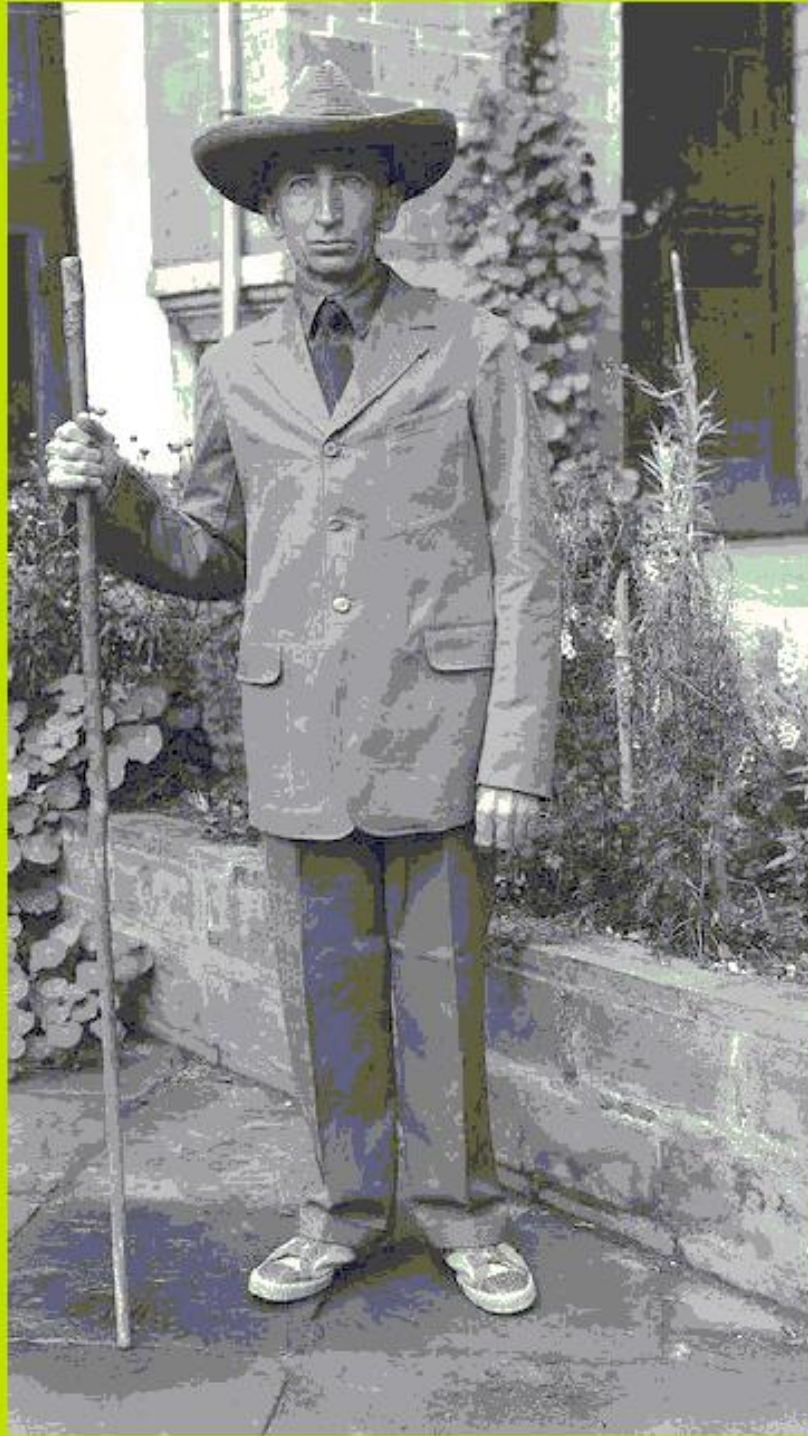


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God in Ka Do Land

GOD IN KA DO LAND

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PART I

God in Ka Do Land

CHAPTER 1

Answering the Lord's "Go Ye" to the Ka Do Tribe

Among the mountains in the western part of Yunnan, the most western province of China, in a territory extending east to west a journey of four days and north to south two days, is to be found the aboriginal mountaineers of the Ka Do (pronounced, Ka Dough) tribe. At any rate, so far as they themselves are aware, they are aborigines, and so far as anybody else knows they are aborigines. They do not know where they came from nor how long they have been there. They are just one of perhaps a hundred such tribes in the mountains of Yunnan.

All these tribes are alike in that they have been away from their original home so long that they have forgotten that God is their Father. They are also alike in that they retain some kind of badly perverted story of the flood and a knowledge that their particular tribe is the most distant posterity of the sole survivors of that great disaster.

The Ka Do tribe is larger than some other tribes, but it is no more enlightened. God has been forgotten so long they do not know there is a God. Generations have been born, and generations have died with very little knowledge of the present world and no knowledge of the world to come.

At last the time came for these people who had sat so long in darkness to see the Great Light. The Lord has his own times and ways of special visitations. The opening of the door into Ka Do land was not the result of evangelistic activities, neither was it because the Ka Dos in the beginning sought after righteousness. But the Lord in his own way made all things work together for good to this needy tribe of simple people that had long gone astray in the mountains.

For many years we had prayed for the tribes in the Yunnan mountains. Many of these doors we found closed to the One who stands at the door and knocks. If man had any part in opening the door to the Ka Dos' hearts, it must have been through prayer.

Having heard of a mission in the Red River valley that had power in law suits to recover lost cattle, a few villages of the Ka Dos decided to become vassals of this magical foreign power. In order to get this material help from the mission it was understood that old forms of heathenism must be discarded. Since the heathen religion called for the sacrificing of chickens, goats, and cattle, as well as the giving of large sums of money to sorcerers, this was another reason why the Ka Dos desired a change.

In one main section of Ka Do land it was reported that the missionary had the keys to heaven; that the number of people wanted was limited; and that there was a set date after which applicants for the heavenly Kingdom would not be received. Hearing this rumor, village after village rushed pell-mell into the scramble for heaven in a mass movement that soon included five or six hundred families.

Since these superstitious Ka Do people themselves did not dare throw out their objects of heathen worship, they sent for helpers from the Red River valley mission. From there nominal Christians were sent into Ka Do land to go from village to village to remove the heathen instruments of worship. These workers went only to the settlements where they were called to villages that had already decided to join the mass movement.

This mission in the Red River valley had followed the accounts of the outpourings of the Holy Spirit in Adullam. The missionary then in charge, feeling this was a grand opportunity for New Testament methods on virgin soil and also being desirous for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the Ka Dos, repeatedly urged my going to Ka Do land. After much prayer I felt the Lord would have me answer this call. The Lord soon removed insurmountable obstacles and set me free to go.

I was told that the money used in Ka Do land was not from regular mission funds, but was from the Milton Steward Evangelistic Fund. Enough of this money was still on hand to pay my expenses into Ka Do land, and this I was to have.

Seven days of traveling brought us to the mission station in the Red River valley where the missionary was awaiting me. He said that the future of his mission was uncertain, that he could not accompany me on this trip, and that no one else was available to go. I was, therefore, told to be as free as though the Ka Dos were a part of our own mission.

Since no foreign missionary had visited this mass movement, the native workers who had been sent were able to do little more than help the Ka Dos abandon the forms of their old religion. Hence, it was with a sense of going into the true "regions beyond" that with my guides I started into the mountains to tell these people of the land where all things are new. Believing the only practicable way to reach these people with the Gospel was to walk with them, eat with them, and live with them, we followed this plan.

Our first job after starting to the Ka Do country was to cross a high mountain range just west of the Red River. This job involved steep climbing from 7:30 a.m. to 12:00 noon. The rest of the day's work was just to walk and keep on walking over mountain trails until the sun went down. After this we did not usually travel so far in one day, but, as a rule, we walked or climbed during the day and preached in a new village at night. Since all this section west of the Red River is mountainous, we were compelled to climb up one mountain and descend again only to climb up another, and do this day after day, the length of the journey varying from five to thirty miles a day.

These mountains are nearly all covered with pine forests or brush, except the sections of rocky cliffs.

The mountains are usually too steep to cultivate, or too barren. In any case, except the very few little narrow valleys in the ravines, the mountain soil is unfertile. To make the poor soil produce at all it is necessary to cut the forest trees and burn them and then after one crop let the ground lay fallow one or several years.

Occasionally the rainfall is all right. More frequently too late rain, too little rain, or too much, or too irregular rain causes a partial or a total crop failure. A really good crop is exceptional.

Most Ka Dos are very, very poor. Children under six years of age are seldom more than half-dressed, even in chilly winter. Adults are dressed in cheap coarse cloth, often home-spun and made. Very few eat a meal of good food. Lack of meat and vegetables to eat with the mixture of corn, horse beans, sweet potatoes, etc., and a partly husked red rice makes healthy bodies impossible. Such a starvation diet added to other hardships makes it such that most of the children die and the adults die young.

Seldom did a village have more than twenty families with perhaps a few isolated other families scattered on the mountain sides or in the ravines. We sometimes walked a day without passing more than just a few houses. As soon as we arrived in a village, word was sent around by messenger that the foreign preacher had come at last and for men and woman all to come to hear the preaching, the men and women began to gather from their work in the field, or their spinning, or the work in their homes. By dark the gathering was complete, the number varying from twenty to about a hundred.

Since there were no churches and no large buildings for public gatherings, our church was an open space in front of one of the homes. Our electric light was resinous pine splinters held aloft by one or more of those who stood about us in the audience.

As we preached to these people in the Chinese language, which only a part of the men and none of the women can understand, I knew some other method must be used. Finding that one of the Ka Do men who went with us to help carry our luggage could understand my Chinese, I made him my interpreter. The Lord certainly enabled him to grasp the message, so that before long he became a very good interpreter.

Since in previous efforts the few Dai workers from the Red River mission had talked only to a very few, and that in broken Chinese language, and since they had no emphasized personal prayer and individual salvation, we were really preaching the gospel to most of these people for the first time and that in their own language.

I shall never forget this evening preaching to the Ka Do people. As they stood about us in the light of their pine torches and heard us speaking to them in their own language (by interpretation) there was a careful, intense listening and deep responsive interest that I shall never forget. Everyone seemed so open-hearted. Old men and young men, the old women and the girls, as well as the children, all seemed in one sympathetic accord with all that was said. Every now and then there would be audible response on the part of some of the women or men to what was being said, thus showing how carefully they were listening. There was such simple, open-hearted drinking in of every word that was spoken that always when I preached to them I felt my heart going out to them in Christ-like love such as I have not known in previous work in China. They seemed to be like sheep scattered in the mountains without a shepherd, but sheep ready to humbly follow if only there were a shepherd. Since I could not see how they would have any human shepherd after we had spoken and passed on, all these evening talks were both glad and sad occasions: glad to tell of the one Great Shepherd of the sheep;

sad we could not leave them under a shepherd.

So we tried to buy up the time as golden. We told them there was one and only one God and that, now having thrown away their objects of heathen worship, they must each and every one, men and women, old and young, personally come to the one living God, ask him to forgive all past sin and to lead them and protect them in the future in ways of righteousness.

As I talked to them about praying they always listened so earnestly. They would interrupt me by asking, "How shall we pray? We do not know how to pray. Tell us how to pray." We would then explain simply and over and over how we were the Father's children and could go to him about all our needs; that he loved us and cared for us; that he would forgive our mistakes if we confess to him; and that he would guide and help us in all matters; but that all must repent, forsake sin, and pray. We said, "You are to pray in the Ka Do language, for God understands Ka Do." This seemed to surprise them and brought the response, "Oh! Can God understand Ka Do? Why, if that is so, then of course we can pray to Him. Now you tell us how to pray."

Then after repeating the simple message about God and praying to Him, we asked them to pray. Sometimes they covered their eyes and prayed where they stood, and sometimes we asked them to kneel. However, they did not kneel. They bowed with their faces to the ground, covering their faces in their hands and prayed. We said, "everybody pray," and everybody prayed. At first they followed the interpreter sentence by sentence, everybody praying out in a strong voice. Then we told them to pray by themselves.

I still seem to see and hear those Ka Do people praying. Sometimes as they were all bowing to earth with their faces buried in their hands, out there under the star-bedecked, open heavens, I could sense the miraculous presence of the Great Shepherd in the midst of the sheep. Often I experienced such a sense of the Holy Spirit at such times of these simple prayers that I could not but believe that because of these short prayers, seemingly so earnest and from the heart, in those moments the great loving Shepherd may have taken many of these wanderers by the hand to lead them henceforth never again to wander as shepherdless sheep in the mountains.

Time after time there came to my mind those words in Revelation that seem like a short and final message to the present generation, "Fear God, and give him glory; for the hour of his judgment is come: and worship him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of water" (Rev. 14:7). When the people were down on their faces before God out there under the open sky they were doing just what the angel flying in mid heaven called upon those of "every nation, and tongue, and people" to do.

I wondered if, in truth, some of those might not now so "fear God and give him glory: for the hour of his judgment is come" that in those moments of prayer they may have found such refuge in Him as to escape the wrath to come and all those things that are coming upon the earth.

There also came to my mind on these occasions the words of the Lord relating to that Great Day of Judgment, saying, "He that calleth upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."

The service for the evening closed with prayer for the sick. We laid our hands on the sick and prayed for them as the Bible said we should do. The Lord's commission was to go everywhere, preach the gospel, lay hands on the sick (Mk. 16:15,18.)

These people everywhere seemed to expect us to pray for their sick. In the past they had always called the sorcerer to chant and to offer sacrifices for the sick. If they turned from the false things to the true and living God, should He not be expected to heal the sick? We believed so. Hence, we ended the day by praying for the sick to the God who through Christ "healeth all our diseases and forgiveth all our iniquities."

Late at night the company broke up to return to their homes. More than once the last thing we heard before we fell asleep was some of the people in the house talking about prayer and how and for what they should pray.

In the morning as soon as we had breakfast we would start for another settlement a half day or a day's journey away, trusting the Lord in some way to water the seed sown the night before and not knowing when or how any one else could come to lead these pilgrims farther on the heavenly way.

As we traveled from place to place the sick were often waiting by our path to be prayed for. Sometimes people would call from the mountain side asking us to wait until some one could be brought for prayer. Time after time we were taken to the homes of those who were sick to pray for them there. Only a few times were we asked for medicine. Without any particular teaching on the subject there seemed to be a belief everywhere that the Lord would heal the sick.

For some days we had been hearing of bandits. In one place two women had been carried off by them. While we were there one of these women returned. Having managed to escape the men on guard while the band was out on a robbing expedition, she had returned by descending steep mountains and following untraveled ravines to avoid detection.

The village where we stayed the next night was so terrorized that many of the people, being afraid to sleep in their houses, slept on the mountain sides. The third day, when we arrived at the end of our journey about noon, we found the people to whose house we were led, with their valuables tied up in bundles, just ready to flee. A band of some forty Chinese and other robbers, having just taken possession of a village that was in sight, were robbing the people. Upon our arrival our hosts did not flee, only sent their goods away. Late in the afternoon we heard the robbers had departed after robbing the village, taking a man and his son along with them to be held for ransom.

At this time we seriously considered returning home, not because we were in

danger of this band of robbers and without any natural protection, for we knew the Lord was able to care for us, but because the people were so unsettled and terrorized. Then, too, the man who was leading us discouraged our going farther, saying the people in that section were not really forsaking their heathenism. Furthermore, I had been gone over a month with no word from home, and I was anxious about things there.

That day I got a letter from home saying all the Adullam orphan boys were doing unusually well and for me to continue as long as I thought best.

Feeling free to go on, we decided that where the devil unfurled his flag would be a good place to advance. We had learned that his flag was often stationed at the entrance to real treasures. So where the devil showed his colors and had stuck up his posters that read, "ROAD CLOSED! TURN BACK!" we decided to **advance** in the name of the Lord. We climbed over two mountain ranges into the settlement that was reported to be only half-heartedly forsaking heathenism and to be again putting the heaven and earth posters in their homes before which they burn incense. Here is what we found beyond the devil's flag:

The people had **not** returned to the heathenism they had forsaken a year before. Because the workers who had been delegated to visit this settlement had not gone in there to instruct them, the people were getting discouraged, as they had become adherents of the new religion for a year with no one to tell them how to believe, how to pray, or how to live.

The very first night, as the people gathered about us and we began to talk to them, there was still more earnest listening and hearty response to our words than we had yet seen.

At the conclusion of the preaching, after praying with the people and praying for their sick, we told them that we would stay over Sunday. We asked who would volunteer to act as messenger the next day, which was Saturday, to go to surrounding sections to invite the people to the services. Four young men at once volunteered for this task. Upon asking where we could have the service, they suggested the shade of a big tree by the dry river bed. So the news went out that we had come to preach and that everybody was to come to services at the big mango tree.

On Sunday morning when we arrived at the big mango tree a crowd had already gathered, while others were coming from every direction. Some came up the dry river bed, and some were coming down it. In various directions could be seen lines of people that in the distance looked like a row of ants descending the winding mountain trails. There were those from the nearby settlements and others came from five, ten, and fifteen miles away.

The people were quiet, orderly, and open-heartedly friendly. From the time they had decided to believe the new religion they had understood they were to observe Sunday by not working but should go to preaching services. They were perfectly willing

to give the day, but in all these months there had been no one to preach to them and nowhere to go to church. As I thought of the tragedy of all this and saw them, the well and the sick, trailing in from long distances and quietly settling in the shade of the big tree ready to listen to the gospel for the first time, in most cases, and, as far as I could see, the only time they would have a chance for time indefinite, I rejoiced at the open door and at the same time could only with effort restrain myself from crying.

We had the people sit close together under the shade of the big, wide-spreading mango tree until there was no more space in the shade. Then the others stood or sat in the sunshine. We stood higher up on the mountain side to preach to this unique congregation gathered there in the church the Lord built in the open under the big tree. By the time we began to preach between five and six hundred people had gathered, while a few from distant places were still coming.

There was the same earnest listening and the same hearty response I had seen everywhere. When I asked if it was true that they had torn down their posters to heaven and earth and disposed of all objects of false worship they answered in a great chorus, "We want none of that. We have thrown it all away." I said, "I think the Lord is glad you are all here under the big tree in this big church the Lord himself made." Everywhere there was a responsive chorus, "We are glad, too."

We preached to them for about an hour while they listened attentively. After teaching them about praying, and all had prayed in unison, we prayed for the sick for over an hour. We prayed for dozens of these. In spite of the fact that they went on with their daily work and traveled these long distances, a large percentage of the people were sick. Everywhere it was the same. One third to one fifth of the people were suffering with some affliction. On this particular Sunday we prayed for the sick, one after another, until we were tired out. As we finished, two or three families were waiting to take us home with them for dinner. Reluctant to leave, but feeling we could do no more, with a tugging at our heart strings we finally climbed up the mountain, waving good-bye to a large crowd who still stood quietly under the big mango tree watching our departure. They had no idea when they would have another chance to stand under this or any other tree to get another morsel of the bread of life.

Two weeks later, upon our return through the place of the robber scare, we tarried for a Sunday where we again preached to another group of five or six hundred likewise seated under the trees. Here we must have prayed for a hundred of the sick.

At the conclusion of the two hour service under the big tree as just related, Liu Da Go told me there were two men from a nearby village whom, as representatives of that village, were sent to invite us to return with them to help them become Christians. This invitation came about as follows: On Saturday morning Liu Da Go (who was saved and miraculously delivered from opium some years ago) asked if there was any place reachable that did not believe. He was told there was one village in the settlement which was of a different tribe called "Poo Maw", who did not believe. These people had strange customs of worshipping the skeleton bone of cows' heads or pigs' heads. "Then

that is where I'm going," Liu Da Go said.

On the way to this village, which was four or five miles distant, others told him it was no use going as those people would not believe. But Liu Da Go is zealous for the Lord and does not stop on account of obstacles. Having gone on to the place, he found the people in the village very ready to listen. The head man said they would talk it over and send a reply. Hence the invitation after church the next day.

We went to the village. After preaching to them by interpretation in the Ka Do language which they also understood, we went with them from home to home and threw away all things used in their heathen worship. In the right and left corners of their rooms they had driven large stakes upon the tallest of which skulls of calves or pigs were bound by bamboo strips. This was in some way connected with their ancestor worship. I was so sorry we could not stay with them longer and tell them more, for they knew nothing about how to believe or to pray except what Liu Da Go had told them on Sunday and what we taught them that night and the next morning.

But we felt we must hurry on. Men from Ka Do villages farther west and farther in the interior, beyond where any workers had yet gone, had come to take us to help their people to dispose of their heathen things and teach them how to believe and to pray. The former part of the request is due to their fear of throwing away these objects of worship lest they suffer from some vindictive evil spirit.

From this time we entered new territory every day, being invited from settlement to settlement. As far as possible we went from house to house during the day, helping remove the heathen things, telling the people simple things about the gospel, and teaching them how to pray. In the evening we had them come together to hear the gospel in meetings such as already described.

In this new territory my heart was especially touched by the way the people came over mountain ranges, following steep and stony paths that we found very difficult in broad daylight when we could pick every step. Since in some of these instances I had been to the homes of these people early in the day, I knew how far they came and the difficulties of the trails they must follow. I could hardly believe they had come so far at the end of a day's work and still expected to return all that long hard journey after the meeting at night.

In this new territory we went from place to place for ten days, resulting in about two hundred new families renouncing all forms of heathenism. They threw their homes wide open with just such an attitude of mind as Cornelius expressed when Peter stood before the waiting gathering and speaking for the entire company he said, "We are all here present in the sight of God to hear the things that have been commanded thee of the Lord" (Acts 10:33).

It seemed to me that everywhere we went the Ka Dos stood before us in quiet, attentive gatherings with just this attitude of mind. In the course of a month of

laborious traveling over hard mountain trails mile after mile, day after day, crossing mountain after mountain, we succeeded to the best of our ability in telling what the Lord commanded us to tell to about two thousand of the four or five thousand who were already prepared to listen.

We could only preach and pass on. We eventually covered the main sections of those previously included in this mass movement.

The rains had begun to interfere with meetings. Our carriers were anxious to return to their families and work. Our leader wanted to return to his home, and I felt Adullam duties were calling, so we reluctantly had to turn our faces homeward.

Another village of seven families called us, but since we could not go, five of their men came to where we were and asked us to teach them to pray so they could go back and teach the others. They said they would throw out their heathen things themselves.

I had to trust every day for daily food. Not that it was not freely given, but that it be such as I could eat in sufficient amount to sustain me in the heavy daily tasks. There were instances of dire need being supplied almost like manna from heaven.

We were often given special strength to preach at the end of a hard day. Sometimes we were instantly set free from fatigue, and on a few occasions seemed to be almost supernaturally carried over some of the hardest stages. Liu Da Go was instantly healed of a dislocated toe, and all of us were kept through dangers, not the least of which was sleeping five nights in low altitude so dangerous on account of the deadly tropical malaria that the natives from high altitudes were afraid to spend even one night there.

As five young men, including my interpreter, wanted to come home with me, I promised to bring them for three months, teach them as much as possible in that time, and then send them back home.

I did not then see how we could do much more to answer this call from the Ka Dos, for I had my work in Adullam which I had left only for a short time to answer this special call.

I considered the solution to the way of entering this open door absolutely dependent upon the Lord's answering prayer in some special miraculous way. Succeeding chapters will relate how the Lord did miraculously undertake.

I Am a Stranger Here

I am a stranger here
Midst mountains lone and drear
Which lift their barren head
Above the heathen dead.

I am a stranger here
Where men about and near
In grewsome darkness dwell
That comes from darkest hell.

I am a stranger here
Where men are dead to fear.
And they are stupefied,
By devils tightly tied.

I am a stranger here
Where devils dance and cheer
As down to hell they take
Their dupes to fiery lake.

I am a stranger here
These hopeless souls to steer
From paths of hell to light,
From wrong and sin to right.

I am a stranger here
As a prophet or as seer
To point a future way
To realms of endless day.

I am a stranger here
Where falls a deadening tear
As into darkness go
Who do not Jesus know.

— H. A. Baker

CHAPTER 2

Another Year of Opening Doors and Hearts in Ka Do Land

As already related, at the time of our first visit we went into new territory at the invitation of the people and removed the heathen objects of worship from two hundred homes. From this new territory some of the Ka Do people went farther into the interior and led a few hundred more families into the mass movement. Two of the young men I had brought home with me upon their return brought another hundred families or more into the movement.

The Ka Do land is bordered on the south by the Bee Yo tribe, a large part of which is Christian in connection with Pentecostal work. Following the general mass movement some four hundred families of the Ka Do adjoining the Bee Yo tribe became nominal Christians and are being helped by Bee Yo workers of the Pentecostal Mission. Other settlements came into the movement, so that by the time I visited the tribe again this year the total number of nominal Christian families had increased to not less than two thousand.

Upon returning home from that first visit to the tribe an account was written telling of the great open door and the lack of any natural prospect of meeting the crying need. When people in the home-land heard of the Ka Do situation many were greatly moved upon by the Spirit of the Lord to pray much for the Ka Dos. In one Bible School, when the teachers and students were much exercised in intercessory prayer for this needy tribe, the Lord spoke to them through prophecy saying He was going to pour out His Spirit upon the Ka Dos and visit the tribe with salvation. I shall now relate how the Lord fulfilled and is fulfilling that prophecy.

While with us the young man who had acted as interpreter on my first trip was many times mightily anointed with the Holy Spirit, sometimes accompanied with visions of the Lord and of coming judgment.

This young man being illiterate, unaggressive, and naturally unpromising of any kind of usefulness, I would certainly not have chosen him to undertake anything worthwhile. You can now see the hand of the Lord in choosing what man would reject.

This young man went home without suggestions from us as to his future work, but the Lord stirred him up to go to new sections of the tribe. He was much led out in prayer and here, for the first time, spoke in other tongues and entered into an unusual fullness of the Holy Spirit. His itinerary brought over a hundred families into the Christian movement.

One morning in prayer he was greatly anointed with the Holy Spirit to preach that day in a market. He said he ran over the mountain so lightly and freely his feet seemed hardly to touch the earth. As soon as he got to the market he began to preach,

sometimes in the Ka Do language and sometimes in Chinese, since he speaks both languages, and both Ka Dos and Chinese attend the market.

As there was much persecution on the part of the Chinese, this preaching under New Testament-like anointing of the Holy Spirit stirred up New Testament-like persecution. Some cursed the preacher, and some surrounded him, threatening to stab their knives into him if he did not shut up. He told them they could do as they pleased and that he was not afraid to die or to live either, but he would and must preach. At last persecution ceased, and he continued to preach until the market broke up. He said he was entirely free and happy and that the more bitter the persecution the happier he became.

He taught the people in his village to seek the Holy Spirit. There was a teacher there from another tribe and one from the Ka Do tribe, both of whom became pupils of this ignorant but Spirit anointed young man, and whole-heartedly sought the Holy Spirit. The Spirit was poured out upon this village, the teachers also receiving anointings. Night after night the people met and sought the Lord for His Spirit and the Lord poured out His blessing.

One of the worst opium smokers in the village threw his opium, his pipe, and his lamp away and was miraculously delivered from the opium curse.

He, in turn, was used of the Lord in helping to carry the message of real salvation to other places. Men and women for the first time entered into the real things of God, as their religion passed from **nominal** Christianity into a **real** knowledge and experience of the Lord.

From this first village the fire of the Holy Spirit spread to other centers. In one of these centers several villages met together night after night to seek the Holy Spirit. These people would work in their fields all day and walk several miles at night by the light of their pine torches to the center where "the promise of the Father" was being received. Their pine torches may have been an uncertain light over the winding rocky mountain paths, and the people may have come from scenes of poverty, but when they got to the scene of blessing these poor people who had sat in darkness saw a Great Light and became partakers of the lavished riches of a Great King.

There is in this mass movement a large number who seem to be hungry for God. In this darkness there is a groping for light that is pathetic. This wide spread heart cry for something better, the longing to be taught how to pray and to live right before God that brought the people for miles to our meetings last year, has since then increased. Praying the simple prayers we taught has given a heart hunger for a fuller knowledge of God. During the year other thousands came into the movement who are just like those we visited last year. Like them these too are anxious to be taught how to pray and to be told the very first things about God and his salvation.

Pathetic beyond words is this groping for light. Heart stirring is this God

inspired hunger for heavenly manna.

Although we had sent no invitation for others to come to Yunnanfu, five young men, learning more of the Adullam Mission from one who had been here, decided to come with him to study the Bible.

After delaying in the Red River valley awhile and thus being exposed to its deadly tropical malaria that often kills people in two days, the six men started for Adullam seven days away. They no sooner started than malaria began to do its deadly work. In two days one of the most zealous of these young men, being unable to walk father, with one of the other men returned home, the sick boy riding on a horse of some of his own Ka Do friends who happened along just at that time. The sick boy was from the big mango tree settlement. He died when he got home.

After the man who died and another of the men were forced to turn back to Ka Do land the remaining four young men continued on toward Adullam still five days away. One after another of these was stricken with the malaria they had acquired in the Red River valley. They were strangers in a strange land. No one could feel more away from home than these young men in a purely Chinese city. As they had neither friends nor money they could not tarry. Hence, sick as they were, they pressed on toward Adullam, sometimes forced to lie by the wayside when the attacks of the fearful malady were at their worst. Then they would recover enough to arise and stagger onward, often so sick they could scarcely see the road. Toward the last some of them could make only half a stage a day by lying awhile, then staggering on, and again repeating the process. The last day they had to cross the Yunannfu lake by steamer. The day was as damp, clammy, and cold as it ever gets in this city. There was no fire on the steamer. The place was packed so each had to sit in a cramped position no matter how deathly sick he was. Since something was wrong with the engine, the steamer never reached its destination until long after dark.

After we had gone to bed that night we heard the bell ringing at our front gate. When we opened the door these four young Ka Do men came staggering in, some of them so sick they could scarcely speak. One of them was shaking violently with fever and cold. If ever Adullam was Adullam refuge, it was such that night to these young men who come from afar to find out more about Adullam's God.

These men being too sick to take food, after getting warm went to bed. A few days later one the Ka Do boys passed near by the valley of death.

This was another attack of the devil to keep a fuller gospel out of the Ka Do land.

In the Center of the Cyclone

In the center of His will
The quiet zone, where all is still,
Within the hurricane around
The peaceful center I have found.

Within the rush and whirl of life
I've found a place that's free from strife;
Within the raging, tearing storm
My simple sails are never torn.

Within the circling serpent's quest
On Jesus' lap I set and rest,
Where safe from all that would me harm
I sleep in peace without alarm.

Within the darkness round about
My lamp will never be blown out;
And midst the howling hosts of hell
I hide myself where all is well.

Within my outward, earthly ways
My spirit sings in heavenly lays
While deeper in than man can see
My spirit, Lord, communes with Thee.

My soul has found a trysting place,
Where I in secret see Thy face
And hear above the waves that roar
The songs that float from heaven's shore.

Within, within, in Thee, my Lord,
Within the loving, living Word,
My Lord, in Thee and Thou in me
I'll dwell in peace eternally.

— H. A. Baker

CHAPTER 3

Once More in Ka Do Land

Somewhat like Abraham I started for the promised land by the Lord's appointment, not knowing just what He wanted me to do. I knew step number one and step number two, but had to commit all unto the Lord beyond this which He had revealed. A second time I started for Ka Do country just a year from the time I had started on our first trip to that land of open doors and hungry hearts.

In all my experience I was never more definitely appointed and anointed for an errand of the Lord, never felt more like running to do his bidding with such full assurance of moving in the center of His will.

Nine days of steady walking brought us to the first Ka Do country just a year from the time I had started on this mass movement toward the Lord. This is the home village of Beh Da Go, the man who was my interpreter last year and through whom the outpouring of the Holy Spirit was brought to the Ka Dos. His village was the first to receive this outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

We arrived in this place at the end of a hard day's journey, both hungry and tired after two days of very scanty food. Although our coming was altogether unexpected, our welcome was as hearty as our coming was unannounced. Before we had any opportunity to rest or eat we were hearing the story of the outpouring of the Spirit.

The school teacher, who is of the Dai tribe, has had a high school education and is one of the only two who have stayed by the work. He told me that upon the return of the man from Adullam he had inquired carefully about our work and then had sought the Holy Spirit who was soon poured upon them. He said he had had anointings himself, that he had for the first time in his life conviction of personal sin, and that he knew the outpouring was from God. Another teacher of the Ka Do tribe, who also had high school education, said that he, too, had been touched by the Lord at this time and that whereas he previously had no interest in Bible reading, since that anointing at times he devoured the Word by the hour, sometimes moved to tears as he read this Word of the Lord.

The people said, "We want the Holy Spirit. We know this is from God and now that you have come and verified what we believed, we will seek again the blessing of the Lord and trust His leading for the future." Accordingly, after we had eaten and the people had gathered from their work in the fields, all assembled in an open space in the village, where the teacher spoke to them awhile, and I spoke a few words. Then we all started to pray at once, knowing God would not give us a stone when we were seeking bread. The moment prayer ascended in a united voice the Lord of Glory poured down His Spirit as in the beginning. A man who had once been the tool for false prophecy was

the first to be mightily anointed by the Spirit. In a strong voice he confessed his sins and those of his people, calling upon the Lord to cleanse from all sin and work a work of righteousness in all their hearts. When the power lifted from him and he sat down he would again and again be fairly lifted into the air with his hands extended heavenward to praise the Lord and pray in intercession. Never have we seen any one more mightily anointed with the Spirit. One after another of the men were anointed, some shaking violently and some dancing. The women stood in a group, many of them shaking under the power. As the men became quiet these women were more and more anointed. Now the Spirit gradually drew their hands heavenward and they began to quietly move in rhythm, praising the Lord, thanking Him for His blood and His salvation in the few simple sentences they knew how to use. This was all so quiet, so systematic, so rhythmical, so orderly, and so heavenly.

We remained there for about ten days to see that the devil did not bring in any counterfeit. We did not suppose he would try it, since we are not ignorant of his devices. In the ten days we saw nothing that detracted from the glory of the Lord nor anything that was not of the Spirit. We interfered with none of His manifestations, although some of them were such as we had never seen before. We just kept seeking the Lord Himself. The women trembled and shook, and as they got free they danced. Some were prostrated under the power of the Lord.

Some people may not understand all this. We do not need to “understand” everything. But God does thus work beyond man’s understanding and puny wisdom. These Ka Do people know nothing of the wisdom of earth’s worldly or churchly schools. But in their simple minds they just expect that if the devil can shake a man, then the Lord is enough bigger than the devil to shake him more and shake the devil, too. They suppose that if their people can become demon possessed, as they have sometimes from days of yore, and under demoniacal power they can and do perform some strange supernatural things, that if God is as mighty as is claimed, he can fill a man with the Holy Spirit so that he may have manifestations of super-human power with supernatural evidence of God.

Supernatural manifestations of the Spirit do not worry the common people at home nor the simple Ka Dos on the other side of the earth. As for me, my choice of all choices is to partake of God’s bounties with such simple, single hearted people as these poor Ka Dos.

As I met with them night after night out there under the full orbbed moon, my heart was strangely moved. All day from early morn these poor people had been working in their fields. They were among the poorest of the Ka Dos. Bad crops had deprived them of food. In most cases all rice, all corn, and all grain had been eaten. All money was gone. Day by day they took their mattocks to go to the valley to dig the roots of a vine that was their **only food**. This tasteless root was their only food for breakfast. It was their only food at night. It was all they had yesterday, all they had today, and all they would have for many another day. They could live on these roots, but they were weak for their work. Their clothes were ragged and tattered and torn.

Their faces were drawn and wrinkled with hardship in the battle of life. Their young girls looked old and those in middle life looked aged. Their bodies pained them and their heads ached.

As they met out there in the moonlight at the end of the weary day's work after their frugal meal of insipid wild roots and stood so quietly and silently about to wait on the Lord for another taste of heaven's sweet manna, there was a pulling at my heart strings that pulled where the tears sympathetically lay.

Then as we began to pray these care-worn faces were lighted by a light that came from the glory world far beyond the moonlit sky. I thought of how far I had come around the world and the tiresome days of trudging at the end of the way. I felt grateful to the Lord and repaid for all the hardships to have the privilege of enjoying those moonlight nights with God and the Ka Dos under the open heavens that were made by his hands.

No one need tell us that the important thing is for the Holy Spirit to do a work in the heart, convicting of sin, righteousness, and judgment to come, and leading the children of God into humble lives of Christ-like holiness and service. We know that is the important end of all.

I wondered how much work of the Lord was going on in the heart of one young man who danced in the spirit night after night. He had gone with us last year to help carry our bedding and was so dull of mind it seemed to me he could never understand enough to get saved. When I now left this place I had this man lead the way and carry my bedding. At night we lay on the floor, not far apart. Soon this man, whom I considered to be so dull, began to pray in Chinese. I simply marveled at his praying. He thanked the Lord for all His saving grace, prayed for His guidance in a clean life, and then prayed for others. He prayed for a long time as nobody can do except as guided by the Spirit. Naturally, this man could not have properly prayed half a dozen sentences. I knew then that the work of the Lord for him had not been confined to setting his body free. The next day as we were traveling I lay for a few moments resting under a roadside tree. I heard this young man say aloud to himself, "Quai Lo! Quai Lo!" (Happy! Happy!). I raised up asking, what is "Happy"? He said, "It's happy in heaven. It's like this." With that he shoved toward me a piece of paper at which he was looking, upon which he had tried to draw fern-like trees, and birds, and animals. "Heaven is like that", he said, "I saw it. I saw the Lord, too, and multitudes of people." No one ever told him anything about Paradise in heaven, and he could not have understood it anyway. But God took the things of Christ and showed them to him by His Spirit and showed him things to come, as He promised He would do.

The Dai school teacher we have mentioned did not tremble, shake, or dance, but the Holy Spirit worked in his heart nightly, dealing with him regarding the cross. He wept much. Even in his sleep he seemed to be kept near the cross of Calvary. I heard later that when he returned to his home in the Red River valley he was a changed man in Christ. He went about the Dai villages preaching in holy boldness, saying he was

now going to live for God and preach His gospel whether he was paid for it or not, even if it cost his life. He paid back money to a party he had in some way defrauded years before.

We went also to the center where several villages had come together by torch light and the revival and turning from sin had followed as we have written. The year before a man had intercepted us on our way to another village and so insisted that we go to his village and teach them to pray that at last we yielded and went. That night the people there tried so hard to learn to pray, and the next morning they still wanted us to teach them more. This year I stayed three days in this home. The husband, his two married sons, and their wives, and his unmarried son had all had anointings of the Holy Spirit and had been born again from above. All opium, all wine drinking, all tobacco, all impure talk had gone. It was a transformed home, such a transformation as only a real work of the Holy Spirit can bring about.

As we tarried there the Spirit was poured out again. The father stood off in a corner, quietly praying while others were being blessed and the members of the family were having more or less physical manifestations. He said he did not shake or dance, but he got it in his heart just the same.

The next day I heard this Abraham-like father of Israel telling a distant visitor about the work of the Holy Spirit in the heart. He told how the Holy Spirit made you think of your former lost condition like a sheep gone astray on the mountains; how the Lord died and brought him back home and made him think of the Lord's love until the tears came. The Spirit made him think of heaven and want to live heaven-like.

I do not expect to find a more consisted Christian family anywhere anytime than that Ka Do family on that Ka Do mountainside.

The son, a bright young man, was sent with us to learn more of God and His Spirit in order to go back to help spread the gospel of full salvation to regions beyond. What God has done in this Ka Do home can He not do in thousands of other Ka Do homes when His Spirit is poured forth there as it was in this home?

This home, the most respected in that section, took the lead under the anointing of the Holy Spirit that resulted in salvation coming to a great number and started a revival in several other centers, followed by a general cleaning up on sin.

Other villages that had been visited by the Holy Spirit wanted me to go there and help them seek the Spirit and teach them more about the Lord. Doubtless many weeks might have thus been spent with God's blessing, but I had to pass by these calls from hungry hearts, with a sad feeling in my own heart because I could not respond.

On this second campaign being led into villages that had not planned to join the Christian movement, the Lord so blessed our efforts that one hundred and fifty new families forsook heathenism. We had to leave them for six months before we could send

them a leader.

Dao Kai Wen was so zealous in preaching after having been with us at Adullam only two months, that I felt what the Lord had done for him He could do for others. Hence, I felt definitely led of the Lord to bring more Ka Do young men home with me that I might multiply myself. How many to bring was a question about which I was looking to the Lord for an answer. At this time I had a letter from Mrs. Baker saying a new friend had just sent a hundred dollars U. S. money. Taking this as the Lord's answer I sent out word I would take back with me every young man who would consecrate himself entirely to God! Then we all prayed, as our boys sought young men, that there would be a Lord-directed elimination so that not one would go who should not. The amount of money we had with us was limited, but God brought just the right number of young men to suit the amount of money. In my itineraries in the tribe I had not seen such a fine lot of young men as came to us at the place and time appointed as volunteer recruits for the army of the King.

On the day appointed we started for Adullam. Calls were coming from many sources, but we must turn our back on these to take time for further preparation for more effective warfare. Even after we started the Macedonian calls kept coming in, "Come over and help us." We had started up the road when messenger came after us to say that one of the poor women had suddenly received the Holy Spirit while working in the field. They wanted to ask me if they could get the Holy Spirit that way, when they were not praying. I sent word, "Yes, if you ask the Lord for the Holy Spirit He will give Him any time and place He sees best." I would that all the Ka Dos got the Holy Spirit at their work or anywhere else. This messenger and this call for light seemed like a typical call of all Ka Do land out of their darkness for light, a call to know more about God, more about His Son, and more about His Holy Spirit.

Nine days tramp, tramp, tramp brought us to Adullam. The number of young men was eighteen, and later became twenty. One was a Ku Tsong young man. Two were Bee Yoh, one of these being the leader of four hundred Ka Do families, who had been put in chains by a persecuting official.

After arriving home we rested only one day before we began teaching. The Lord began answering the cry of Ka Do land immediately by pouring out the Holy Spirit, so that one after another was baptized in the Spirit as on the Day of Pentecost, and all but one received special anointings of the Spirit. Most of these men could read their Bibles in Chinese, some having been in Chinese schools, some learning in their homes or from any workers who had come along. More earnest, open-hearted, single-minded students of the Bible and seekers after the truth will not be found. They just seemed to hunger and thirst after righteousness. One was the younger brother of the man who had died with the Bible in his hands after trying to come to Adullam. One was the boy he had encouraged to come and there were eight others from his settlement. Our God can make even death serve him.

These young men have returned to their people to go two by two to the different

settlements and endeavor to go from village to village and from house to house giving the people a clearer knowledge of the way of salvation and to pray for their sick. Those who are able to do so will gather the people on Sundays in central places to hold services.

These young men have a general knowledge of the Bible and its truth. They know the Lord. They will need more training and experience, but as they go forth in this simple, New Testament way the Lord will honor their work, souls will be saved, and a better knowledge of Christ and His salvation will be spread throughout the tribe.

These boys are not wise in themselves but believe in a mighty God to confirm His word with signs following, as He works through yielded vessels by His Spirit.

Now I am constrained by the Spirit of the Lord to start again for Ka Do land. Through the voices of these people the voice of the Lord is calling. What God has done for some He can do for the many. If He can anoint two and then ten with His Spirit to work in His vineyard He can thus anoint other tens. There were many more young men who wanted to come with us, but the urgent need of their help at that season to provide the daily food for their families forbade their coming. There are more Bee Yoh, and Ku Tsong, and Poo Maw, and Ka Do young men ready to give their hearts to the Lord in simple faith, study His Word, and step into the gap to help proclaim the Lord's eternal salvation until He comes again. These young men must be gathered and taught the Bible and to whole-heartedly seek the Holy Spirit. I feel the call and must respond.

Then there are the Ka Do settlements covering many days journey where no workers have been for many months. Some of these we visited for the first time last year have had no workers of any kind for a year and a half. They observe Sunday, for they have heard they should do that. They have no services, no preaching, no teaching. They simply sit there waiting with the heart cry, "Come over, O Christian, and help us, we pray." The enemy is busy everywhere every day with false rumors and threats of persecutions. No encouraging voice has been heard from the missionary or his worker for so long that something must be done and quickly or these people will tire of sitting and praying for the Christian to come over and help. They will go back to their wallowing in the mire. These open doors of opportunities will be shut forever.

I must almost run from settlement to settlement and cross mountain after mountain to encourage all these peoples to patiently hold on a little longer while we try to teach their young men to come to the rescue and lift the siege. I hear these peoples calling me.

Untitled

But the news that now came from these people
That in darkness so hopelessly lay
Kept me sleepless and restlessly tossing
Through the night till the breaking of day.

Then a moment I went off in dreamland
To my home that is over the sea;
And I saw there a few of my school-mates
Who for years had forgot about me.

Since we'd parted that day on the campus
Had a score of years passed, if not more;
So they asked me to tell them the story
Of my work on that far away shore.

Then I told them about the poor Ka Dos
And the debt and the love that we owe
To the Lord who has died to redeem us
To so witness that others may know.

I told how they had slept there in darkness
That was dark as a Stygian night,
But were walking now out of their slumber
At the breaking of heavenly light.

And how many more thousands are waiting
For the light of a happier day,
When the Son of God's love and his glory
Will dispel all their darkness away.

As I told them the heart-breaking message
From these Hsing Foo high mountains called "Wy,"
All the tears that so long we'd been hiding
Were unchecked as we started to cry.

This now wakened me out of my slumber;
I was lying there weeping alone.
So I talked of this woeful condition
To the one who is King on the throne.

All around me was rustling and hustling
Of the younger men's hurrying feet,
As they hurried and scurried and hustled

Getting ready this crisis to meet.
I arose then still weary from working,
With my thoughts yet beyond in the "Wy".
These recruits I must lead to their training
For the work of the King up on high.

So I looked to the One who will quicken.
With His strength for each one as his day
For His help on the tiresome long journey
To Adullam that seemed far away.

Hence we started away from the Hsing Foo
To go two hundred miles from its shore;
And we walked and we walked and kept walking
Till we walked to Adullam's wide door.

Now again I go bound in the Spirit
In response to the heart stirring call
Of the Ka Dos there over the Hsing Foo
To deliver them out of their pall.

— H. A. Baker

CHAPTER 4

How to Itinerate in Ka Do Land

Having already made two itineraries into Ka Do land, I can tell you what to expect if you are going with me. You may leave your streetcars and autos at home. You need not even bring a horse, for you are going to walk. There are horses out here, and you may have plenty of money, but you are going to walk anyway. The simple reason is that since some of the Ka Do boys who have been here studying are now returning to Ka Do land with us, it will make you much more “one of them” if you walk with them, talk with them, and eat with them than if you ride on ahead in comfort and leave your boys to trudge along by themselves. In Ka Do land everybody can walk. Whether he feels like it or not, whether he is sick or well, he walks. Everyone must also carry loads over the mountain roads to the markets many miles away. So, if you are going along to carry the Gospel of cross bearing to these people, you are going to park your automobile, tie your horse to a post, and walk. If you cannot walk along empty-handed while your men carry loads you do not need to expect to make a serious impression when you talk about hardship and cross bearing for Jesus’ sake. You may not be used to walking, and it may make you more tired to walk empty-handed than it does your traveling companions to walk and carry your loads, but you are going to walk on just the same. If you do not know how to walk I can tell you. You put the right foot in front of the left foot and then the left foot before the right foot, and simply continue the process, right, left, right, left, right, left, over well beaten or over stony paths, up mountains and down mountains, across valleys and again up mountains and down mountains. The right, left, right, left, must become a sort of automatic action that is independent of mountains, valleys, hunger, time, or distance. You may have to walk thirty miles a day, and you may have to walk from morning until night without a meal, but if you go along with us you must walk, walk, walk, I have walked over six thousand miles in my Ka Do trips, so if you go where I go to see what I see, you will have to walk as I walk.

If you are going to eat, you will eat the same way we eat. We eat rice. You, too, will eat rice. That is better food than most of the Ka Do people eat, but since you will be a guest, you will have the best there is and that is rice. But you must eat it **when** we eat it and the **way** we eat it.

The **When** is whenever it is ready. It may be at day-light or it may be after you have walked eight or ten miles that you will get your breakfast. There may be noontime rice on the way to Ka Do land, but there will be no noon meal after you get there; hence, you need not be looking around for a square meal at noon. Sometime in the evening, not certain when, you will have another chance to handle the chopsticks. Whether your breakfast was at daylight or at nine, whether you walked three miles or thirty, you will nevertheless not see the rice-bowl and chopsticks again until night.

The **How** to eat rice is to eat it the way it is brought to you. You will have to eat it hot, you will have to eat it cold, and you will have to eat it neither hot nor cold. It may

be “mushy,” and it may be neither dry nor “mushy”. The rice you must eat may be well steamed or not sufficiently steamed, well cooked or half cooked, and it may be scorched. You may not like scorched rice, but you are going to eat it anyway. There is glutinous rice that you never could like. There is also red rice, white rice, and rice that is neither red nor white. No matter what kind of rice it is and no matter how it is prepared you are going to eat rice and you are going to eat it when it is ready and the way it is prepared, whether you like it or not. Rice is what you will have for breakfast, and that is what you will have for supper. It is what you will have to-day, tomorrow, the next day, and every other day. Some seasons of the year you will have vegetables with your rice, usually bitter-sweet greens. All other seasons you will have slices of fat pork that serve as an “extra” with your rice day after day. You may, sometimes, have neither vegetable nor fat pork, but sick or well, hungry or not hungry, like it or dislike it, you must shove down the minimum of three bowls of rice so you can walk for a day.

There are things about **Where** you will have to eat. I'll tell you and if you do not want to go along, we will have to go on alone. There are no dining-rooms. There are no clean rooms of any kind anywhere. If you are going to eat with us you must ignore dirt and filth. You may eat at the table or on the ground. You may sit on a bench, squat on the ground, or stand. You may eat in the open court, in the house, or by the stable. You will have to eat with the many and with the few. When the many are present there will be two or three half-dead, skinny, mangy, lousy Ka Do dogs. These crouch under the table and crawl between your feet to get any morsels that may be dropped. Although these dogs are enemies as you approach the house, when under the table they are your friends. When you find some strange, mysterious particle of food that you cannot swallow, although it is smothered in rice, you watch your opportunity while the others are talking and quickly and skillfully flip this morsel of food to the dog under the table. You feel like thanking the dog and the dog feels like thanking you.

Although we must give little attention to the chickens, I will not take you wholly unprepared. Of course the chickens are on the job with the dogs. You need not be surprised or appear to notice it if the chickens, disturbed by dog or man, in their sudden flight stir up a cloud of dust and dirt that settles over the food.

I must mention the cat. Since I simply cannot get used to the cat, I will not be too hard on you at this point. But used to it or not, like it or not, you will have to tolerate the cat even if it does insist on crawling over the table and sticking its nose into some of the dishes before you get the first chance at them. I do not like the cat or its fleas no matter how tame it is or how lovingly it cuddles by me.

Since, as a rule, the Ka Do people are cleaner than the country Chinese, they seldom feed the prospective slices of fat pork in the house. But some do, and in this case you must be prepared to eat your food by Mr. Piggie who is gulping his mess.

You must travel light. Mattress and bed springs are not part of this campaign. A thin pad, an army blanket or two, and a thin sleeping-bag to keep these clean will be enough. You must expect to sleep on boards of simply the dirty floor. You will have

more bedding than any other person you will see while you are on this trip. You cannot take more. Your conscience will not allow it, since your helpers will have to carry that baggage for you day after day. Since you want to teach them how to endure hardship this will be hard to do if they have to spend their time sweating to make you at ease in Zion.

Now, if you will come with us as we travel, you will find the campaign harder for you with your “soft” bringing up than your travel companions will find it with their “endure-hardship” bringing up.

This campaign for God into these mountainous regions is to be considered an “over the top” advance on the front line trenches for the sake of the Kingdom of God that shall abide forever.

Soldiers may have to go without food for days; dying of thirst, they may lie for hours in their own blood; they may have to roll up in a blanket and sleep on the ground or in a muddy shell hole. They tremble and shake before going “over the top” to face danger and death. But they go. Going over the top is not a matter of **feeling**; it is a **duty**.

Should not a Christian think of his duty and march in a straight course as independent of fleeting feeling as does a soldier who faces danger and hardship for the kingdom that shall perish?

The Way that Jesus Went

The way that Jesus went
He expects His people to go,
That all of their lives be spent
So others His love may know.

He forsook His home up above
To live in the world and its night,
That He might lead its men
Out of pits of darkness to light.

He lived forsaken, alone
Without pillow to pillow His head,
Though He came from the Father's throne,
To raise us from the dead.

He suffered the scourge and scorn
Of those whom He came to save,
And lived a life forlorn
From the manger to the grave.

No will be the will of God,
No way but the road to the Cross
Was the way that Jesus trod
To save from eternal loss.

We're to travel the road He went
Through trials and sufferings sore,
For this is the way we're sent
To save forevermore.

It's the way of the cross leads home
It's the way to the golden shore,
It's the way of death to life
That Jesus leads as of yore.

— H. A. Baker

CHAPTER 5

The Third Campaign

The third campaign into Ka Do land truly was a relief expedition. Much of the tribe was like Macedonia calling: "Come over and help us, we pray." Although it had been almost two years since these people had forsaken heathenism, there was yet no one to teach them how to become Christians or to lead their meetings on Sundays.

With the exception of two, who remained to accompany me, The Ka Do boys who had been with us for Bible training had returned to Ka Do land where they began to work among their own people. When we later followed them, our first stopping place was the settlement where two hundred families had joined the mass movement through our efforts on the second campaign. At that time we were unable to remain to teach them, and we did not have anyone to leave in charge to lead them on.

Just before our arrival two of the Ka Do boys had already visited this center. Fifty-six families of the Bih Yoh tribe had already gone back to their idolatry. For six months after they forsook their heathenism there was no one to tell them what to do. Sad, but we could not get there sooner. This incident increased my fear that thousands of the Ka Dos might return to heathenism before workers could be supplied. Seldom can these people be induced to forsake their heathenism the second time.

The Ka Do section of these new believers had patiently waited for the whole six months. Upon my arrival I found a spirit of repentance among them as a result of just four visits from some of the young men who, having just preceded us, had preached under the anointing of the Holy Spirit. The local official making threats had the people frightened. After I got this matter adjusted the people at their own expense began at once to build a church. In a few days we had to pass on, but this time we left a Spirit-filled man in charge.

After a week or two spent in this nearer section of the tribe, the time came to start westward toward Shaw Maw Lai, and the Hsing Foo Wy where I knew there were hundreds of waiting families, whose needs had daily pressed upon my spirit. It may seem strange but for two or three months I had a presentiment that the devil intended to kill me if ever I went to the Hsing Foo Wy, the section beyond the Hsing Foo river. In the village where I spent the night before starting in the direction of Hsing Foo Wy, I could scarcely stand while I preached to the people. During the night my head so ached that I got but little restful sleep. When I arose in the morning my whole body ached; even my bones ached so that I could not steadily stand.

Never in my life had I seemed to be in a harder strait. I felt like I had a sudden violent relapse of the influenza, from which I had recently been delivered. I had just time enough to make a hurried excursion to the farther regions and the Hsing Foo Wy and then return home to help make the final arrangements for my son's departure to

America.

I was two hundred miles from home, but I could not turn back with the Macedonian call ringing in my ears. I dared not be sick, or I might reach neither the Hsing Foo Wy nor home. I felt that if I lay down and yielded my sickness might be prolonged or even fatal.

I believed duty called in the direction of Hsing Foo Wy. I was so weakened in body and mind that it took more than an hour to get my things in order, a task that should have been done in a few minutes. All in order, we at last started on the journey. That day we were to make a stage of twenty miles over difficult mountainous roads. As I started every step gave me pain; every bone ached. Slowly we went on. All day the devil pestered me with thoughts of gravest possibilities. As I forced myself along I firmly decided it was Hsing Foo Wy or die. I decided to walk until I could walk no longer; then, if I could hire a horse, to ride until I could ride no longer; and then hire men to carry me over the river into Hsing Foo Wy. If I died, the Ka Dos could bury me there.

Our progress was slow. At times we lay by the road side for a few minutes and then started on. Dark, but at last we had finished our twenty miles, and it seemed to me I could walk no farther. An assurance had just come to me that the devil's plans were defeated. Utterly tired out, I went into the house where we were to stay for the night, and there, as I sat down for a few minutes, a sweet sense of the peace of God flowed into my heart. I said to the boys: "My body may be sick, but there is wonderful peace in my heart" (Hsing li ping an deh hen). More and more an indescribable peace of the Holy Spirit flooded my whole being. In a few minutes I was entirely healed. Never in all my experience did my whole body, soul, and spirit rest in such unspeakable peace. Even in sleep there was the sense of heavenly peace. I must have been in the presence of angels that night.

I had already sent word that on Sunday we would have another meeting under the "big mango tree". Here for a year and a half, ever since my first visit to them, the people had tried to have services on Sunday. All they could do was to meet, visit a while, return home. There was no preacher, no one to break a morsel of the bread of life. Now, when at last we came, these people were still waiting, waiting.

This Sunday all the men, women, and children from all parts of the settlement gathered together until seven hundred were present. How I wanted to take a picture for you, but I dared not because the people would not understand, nor did I want to disturb the service. Several Spirit-filled young men stood with me by the tree as I preached for an hour or more. Ever since I had gone away leaving these people silently standing under that tree watching me go and now knowing when, if ever, they would have another preacher, I had thought of them. Now, after nearly two years, I was privileged to come again. What a joy to have these young men of their own tribe now ready to stand in the gap and lead the meetings from week to week after I must leave them! This time the people seemed to listen even more intently than before. That day they decided to

build a church, and before a month they had begun work on it.

Two of the evangelists went to the Poo Maw tribe, where an additional forty families yielding to their persuasions threw away their idolatrous possessions. The Chinese officials in that section took one of these Poo Maw Christians and hung him up by the arms all day long; one young man they took off to be a soldier; and all of the others they forced to sign papers renouncing Christian belief. Tracts, Bibles, etc. were confiscated or burned. The people dared not meet in public, and they were so terrorized that I knew I could do nothing more there until the government brought this open persecution to an end. Since the people themselves had not yet experienced a deep work of the Lord, they did not have the real Holy Spirit courage. Proclamations against persecution were later secured, and the number of believing Poo Maw families increased to sixty.

Two or three of our young evangelists had preceded us into the Hsing Foo Wy, where nearly all the sick for whom they prayed were almost instantly healed. Some of these people had malaria, one having been ill for more than a year. Although we could visit only a few centers, we found that wherever our boys had preceded us there had been a real stirring of the hearts of the people. Where the boys had been only a few days we could discern a real spirit of revival, and we knew that the people were in earnest in their intention to repent.

Just a day in a place. On we went. All we could do was to promise preachers. When we told the people to get the churches ready and we would help to get the preachers, they gladly consented.

Surely these people were scattered and neglected sheep. From the time they had decided to become Christians no one had been with them to teach them what it meant to be a Christian. In some places one or two who could read had purchased a Bible and a hymn-book. They could pronounce the Chinese characters and mechanically read, but they did not understand the meaning of what they read. No one could sing the hymns; nevertheless, Sunday after Sunday the people had met together under some big tree near their village and had tried to have a service. The evidence of this was to be seen in the tramped out grass. In some sections, however, the people did not so much as know that they were supposed to have church on Sunday.

There is something unspeakably pathetic about the way these people have seriously tried to do what they supposed to be right. We heard of cases where the people had been told that they were not to work on Sunday; therefore, the women did not even comb their hair on Sunday for fear it might be a sin. Of course these people had little knowledge of God. In fact, they were, in most cases, not clear who God was. They did not know exactly what they were seeking nor why they sought, but during this wait of one or two years, in spite of Chinese threats, these neglected people did not go back to their heathenism. On the other hand, throughout the tribe the people seemed like hungry children holding out empty hands in the hope of receiving some gift; they seemed like men in the night vigil watching for the breaking of another day; they seemed like the

hungry longing for the breaking of their fast; they seemed like men bound in chains of darkness hoping for the key that would loose them from their shackles. There in the valley of the shadow of death they sat, where their ancestors for countless generations before them had sat, without God and without hope in the world. But these now had dimly seen a ray of light in the sky. Some had vaguely heard that there is a God who helps the helpless and who gives hope to the hopeless; they had been encouraged to hope for a way out of the shadow of the valley of death.

Although in this campaign it was possible to visit only the main settlements, the young evangelists were told that wherever they went they were to enlist new recruits to help them in their work. This time the men who were to come to Adullam for training were to pay for their own food on the way. We prayed much that the Lord of the harvest would choose the laborers. This He did very definitely, choosing young men from all parts of the tribe.

An evening was set when all who were to accompany us home were to meet at the "big mango tree" settlement. About dark these young men came. The first one came in puffing and perspiring and threw down his bundle. "Who are you?" I asked. He replied, "I heard you were taking young men home with you to study the Bible, and I have come to go with you." He came from a settlement so persecuted that there had been no gathering of the people since they joined the movement two years before. Other young men came in from all directions until twenty-two arrived; four more were later added to the number.

As we approached this place in the afternoon the two evangelists who were with me asked if we could not pray for the Holy Spirit that evening.

After the people had gathered we talked to them about the plan of salvation and of the promised Holy Spirit for the children of God. As one of the young preachers led in prayer the people followed him sentence by sentence. Before they finished praying the Spirit fell upon the people. More than twenty were soon under the anointing of the Spirit, some shaking, some dancing, some weeping, all earnestly praying. Among those mightily anointed by the Spirit were quite a number of the new recruits, the young men who had just come to accompany me home. No one was more surprised at this manifestation of the Spirit than were the boys themselves. One boy who had tobacco on him the Lord shook within as without until that tobacco seemed to burn a hole into his body. He threw tobacco, box, and all upon the ground and tramped it under his feet. The leading Ka Do man of that whole region shook under the power of God two or three hours. When the others had finished he was still shaking and praying. That was the beginning of his being definitely shaken free from opium.

When I saw God's hand on these young recruits, I felt assured that they had been selected for the harvest in answer to our prayer that God, not man, would select the laborers for his vineyard.

The men who previously had studied at our home and who had received power

from on high were left to visit and to care for as many parts of this Macedonian field as possible while we returned home with twenty-six new recruits.

Look Up

Look up to the world of glory,
To the world of pure delight,
To the world that is just above,
Where everything is right.

Around us now are the shadows
In the world that is here below,
Which are cast from the world of glory,
Where everything is aglow.

Look up to the world of glory,
To the world of bright sunshine,
To the world that abides eternal,
Where joys will abide all time.

Look up, if your heart is weary,
To the home that is free from care
To the One who will keep His children
And all of their burdens bear.

Look up as you hear Him calling
To the world of love and peace,
To the world that is always gladness,
To the joys that will never cease.

Look up where the waters ripple
To the throne from which they flow
To the One Who is there upon it
And even your name does know.

Fly up to the land of pleasure
In the dawn that follows night
To the Christ Who awaits to see you
And everything makes all right.

— H. A. Baker

CHAPTER 6

God in the Adullam Training Camp

After marching two hundred miles we arrived at Adullam. As the Lord's business demanded haste, we rested only a day or two before we started Bible study. At once the Spirit of the Lord fell in our midst. This outpouring was attended by many physical manifestations, there was trembling, shaking, and dancing under the unction of the Holy Spirit. Some were prostrated on the floor. On one occasion twenty-five of the twenty-six new recruits were thus under the mighty anointing of the Spirit at the same time. Some men had visions of Christ, some spoke in unknown languages, and others spoke in prophecy in which they called men to repentance and told of the Lord's soon coming. In prophecy the Lord also urged the rapid preaching of the Gospel.

Every morning at daybreak the Ka Do men all prayed and early in the morning began to study their Bibles. Some of them could read, but did not understand what they read; others could read but little; some not at all. But no prospector hunting for gold could have gone about it more intensely than did these boys dig into their Bible to search out its treasures to carry back to their own expectant people. Some who had never studied had to dig as hard as the prospector digs to find his precious ore. However, they persistently dug away until they found what they were after. I still marvel at the way the Lord rewarded their untiring efforts. There were those who, it seemed, would never be able to learn the Chinese characters. However, they worked and worked and repeated over and over again until they began to make a little progress. Some of these who seemed hopeless can now read much of the New Testament. One of the best Ka Do preachers, who now understands and remembers what he reads, was one of the boys who did not know a character and who it seemed at first would not be able to read in a lifetime.

The boys studied or read the Gospels and the book of Acts. These books were explained verse by verse and chapter by chapter. The Old Testament was taught orally. Beginning with Genesis, day by day we related the incidents and experiences of the Old Testament and then New Testament incidents were told in the same way. Thus the boys were taken through the whole Bible. One incident or story was told at a time and the retold in the Ka Do language by two or three Ka Do boys. Later all were questioned and reviewed time after time. This way the boys got a little practice in speaking, while in the course of two months all got a general knowledge of the whole Bible.

The Holy Spirit in our midst made the Bible experiences very interesting and real. If ever seed fell upon fertile soil it did when it was sown in the hearts of these young men. Every sentence and every word seemed to fall into open hearts. As surely as the Lord opened Lydia's heart to receive the Word, so surely did he open the hearts of these Ka Do boys, so that minds that seemed dull of comprehension at first were simply transformed after anointings of the Holy Spirit.

In the evening we taught hymns, told Bible stories, preached, and all prayed for the fullness of the Holy Spirit. As the first thing to be heard at daybreak was Ka Do boys praying, so the last thing to be heard at night was Ka Do boys praying.

Sometimes the Holy Spirit, falling upon these men while they were sleeping at night, awakened them for a prayer and praise meeting. As the Lord anointed them day after day and night after night, as the Bible was taught and studied, and as the Gospel was preached day by day, these boys became increasingly eager to go back to preach to their own people.

With the exception of four, who wished to wait until after their return home, all these boys wanted to obey the Lord in water baptism. As they honored the word of God in this obedience the Lord met them in a wonderful way one by one, so that as they were buried with their Lord in baptismal water they were about as thoroughly immersed in his Spirit as in the watery grave.

Since the Lord was blessing the work of the Ka Do men who had already been to Adullam, we felt this new band of workers was also in the Lord's will in their desire to go back, and in His name at once help to spread the Gospel. They knew the most important things of the Bible; they had just been anointed by the Spirit of the Lord; they were zealous in their first love for God. In view of all the circumstances would not the Lord continue what he had begun if these men were sent out at once to labor in his harvest field?

I had just read of a missionary who went into a Chinese town where there were only three Christians. Within eight days these three and fifty others, the most of whom had never before heard the Gospel, were baptized in the Holy Spirit. In these eight days a church was started and set in order. From there young men went to preach in other places, where they started churches. The main church increased, so that after ten years it had over five hundred members. Having read this I was encouraged to believe the Lord through the Holy Spirit would do for these Ka Do boys and their people in a very short time what might otherwise take much longer.

When the boys were ready to return to Ka Do land to begin their labors for the Lord they desired special prayer for the Lord's blessing upon them. Accordingly, while every one prayed, we laid our hands on one at a time committing each one to the Lord. They were committed to him as ministers of his Word to carry the Gospel of life to those in the regions beyond. His promise was claimed for the continual anointing of the Holy Spirit to rest upon them so that the Lord would work with them confirming the Word with signs following. Thus, after a little more than two months in Adullam, these men returned to their native land from whence the preachers who were already at work there were already sending letters saying that the Holy Spirit was working with them.

In order to write neglected letters and get things in order I was delayed a little before I started on another campaign of four months in Ka Do land.

In the Spirit

We're to walk in the Spirit and talk in the Spirit
And live in the Spirit of God.
We're to pray in the Spirit and stay in the Spirit
In all that we do for the Lord.

When we're out of the Spirit, forgetting the Spirit
We work in the strength that's our own
And are missing His leading
To labor in vain all alone.

We're to be in the Spirit, endued with the Spirit
In all that we do or say,
And to walk in the Spirit and work in the Spirit
The same as at times when we pray.

We are "wise" in the Spirit through a gift of the Spirit
When given this gift from above.
We can act in the Spirit, not hinder the Spirit,
When filled with the fruit of His love.

There's a joy in the Spirit, a peace in the Spirit
As "fruits" to be given to men;
A patience in Spirit and a meekness in Spirit
For all who're delivered from sin.

There's longsuffering in Spirit and goodness in Spirit
And gentleness, "fruit" of His grace.
There's a temperance in Spirit and life in the Spirit
For the Spirit-filled saint in his ways.

The "baptism" in Spirit with the "gifts" of the Spirit
Equipping with power from on high,
And the "fruits" in the Spirit for life in the Spirit
Bring heaven down here from the sky.

— H. A. Baker

CHAPTER 7

Testimonies of God's Saving Power

During a recent conference of all the Ka Do preacher boys we listened for a long time as one after another gave his testimony. Had I known the real condition of these boys before I brought them to Adullam, it is doubtful if I would have dared to bring them. All I could do, at the time, was to insist that all who came must **repent**. They did repent, and they were sent out to preach. As I sat listening to their testimonies I marveled at what I heard.

A large number of these boys came from the richest and best educated Ka Do families. But every one of these boys said that until the time of his coming to Adullam he had not repented, was not saved, and did not know what he should do to be saved. A few of the boys dated their truly facing God-ward from the time they heard the call to repent and to come to Adullam with us. Many of the boys smoked tobacco and drank wine until the time they started for our home. Some of them occasionally smoked opium, but three of them had the habit; so they smoked daily. Some had gambled. One young man gambled all the money his father could make. One or the other of them had indulged in almost every kind of sin. Three of them took their last smoke of opium the night before they started for Adullam. One boy carried some opium with him for a few days, so that he might swallow it if his craving for a smoke became too strong. A little later he threw it away. Two boys started with wads of tobacco in their pockets, but these, too, were soon thrown away.

Another young man, who did no work, but idly roamed about for years, was used of the Lord to open the doors of the people's hearts and to bring about the biggest outpouring of the Holy Spirit that has come to Ka Do land. A little later you will read of him in Hsing Foo Wy where he danced on the mountain side in his enjoyment of a victory which he had won over the devil. Thus all these young Ka Do preachers at the time they were called of the Lord to come to Adullam were unsaved.

Soon after the last group of evangelists returned to Ka Do land I followed them with two who had remained behind. On this fourth itinerary I was gone nearly four months. Wherever I went I always had a few of the Ka Do workers with me to help preach and to interpret my message from Chinese into the Ka Do language. First one and then another of the boys worked with me for a few days at a time. Traveling with them, eating with them, sleeping with them, and working with them gave me opportunity to know them in their own homes in Ka Do environment.

In all the months I spent with the workers I never saw in word or deed any indication of any purpose but a full hearted desire to live and work for God. I never saw any sign of envy or jealousy of each other's spiritual experience or work for the Lord. Never did I see them manifest anger, ill-temper, or criticism. I did not hear an unkind remark about another's work, nor one word of bad language. Each seemed to rejoice in

the work of the other as much as in his own success. These men were as zealous to help the poor as they were to help the rich. Some of the boys came from the richest and best educated Ka Do families, and some came from the poorest. Often I had boys from both classes together for days at a time, but I never saw anything but the truest fellowship. At times when the Spirit of the Lord had mightily anointed them and had used them in a wonderful way, I freely warned them of any signs of spiritual pride. Such warnings were always accepted in the spirit of child-like humility. I never saw any sign of resentment at my criticism, nor any unwillingness to accept any suggestion that promised to advance the work of the Lord.

Here I found true Christian love and Christian fellowship. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one to another" (John 13:35). Here I saw the fruits of the Holy Spirit that were pleasant to the eye and good for food. I often felt like I ought to follow rather than lead these new born children of the mountains.

When these boys found themselves getting spiritually cold or losing spiritual power, on their own initiative they would fast and pray. They prayed in the morning; they prayed at night; they often prayed during the day; as we rested by the roadside they would pray; and when waiting for evening services they prayed. As I traveled and walked with them day by day and week by week their simple life and spiritual zeal often made me fear lest having preached to others I myself might be a cast-away.

I have been in the homes of many of these young preachers. In many of them since the sons have returned home the whole family has been converted. Tobacco, opium, unclean songs, and bad language have gone out and Christ has come in. What the Lord has done for these boys and their families more than repays all the toilsome journeys to Ka Do land and all the money and effort spent in behalf on the Ka Dos. The cross of Christ is the one great theme of their living and preaching.

One day the boys having walked and climbed mountains until they were tired stayed down by the pathway to rest. While sitting there they took out their New Testaments and began reading and discussing the account of our Lord's crucifixion as recorded in the Gospel of Matthew. As they read and talked, they thought how unworthy they were that the Lord should thus love them and suffer to save them. All the boys broke down and wept. Finally the Lord anointed them with the oil of gladness until they rejoiced in his victory over hell, death, and the grave; they rejoiced in his victory over hell, death, and the grave; they rejoiced in the glories of the world to come until they all laughed in Spirit-inspired happiness.

Everywhere the young men preached they made plain the need of the promised Holy Spirit for power over sin and evil habits. They hope for no results aside from the working of the Holy Spirit. They can preach only as they are enabled by the Holy Spirit. This is the result of victory in their own lives, and they know that apart from the Spirit of God they can do nothing. Their message might be summarized thus: (1) Repentance, (2) The Cross of Christ, (3) The Holy Spirit.

Those who could read read the Bible to the people and explained the meaning of what they read. Those who read less than the others preached as many chapters as they could read. All could preach the main theme: Repentance, the Cross of Christ, and The Holy Spirit. Among their own people they had liberty of speech, and the Lord so helped them that they often preached with much power, so that some who could not preach at Adullam were sometimes anointed by the Holy Spirit to speak with great power in their own Ka Do land.

Help Me Lord

Deeper yet in Jesus help me, Lord, to be
Until the love of Jesus be revealed in me.
Hide me, Lord, in Jesus; hide me all away
Until I be like Jesus all of every day.

Praising Him forever, praising God, my King,
Unto Him my worship and my service bring.
Help me Lord, I pray Thee, help me every day.
Help me in my service, help me when I pray.

Help me suffer hardship, blessed Lamb of God;
Help me, Lord, to ravel the road that Jesus trod.
I know Thee as my Savior, Who died and rose again
To save my soul from darkness and cleanse me form my sin.

Help me, Lord, be loving, kind in all my ways;
Teach me to be gentle all my nights and days.
Hold me in Thy presence; teach me there to be
In Thy presence now and through eternity.

Lead me, Lord, my Savior, by Thy holy hand
Through the shade and sunshine to the golden land.
Guide and guard and keep me in Thy will divine,
Mould Thou me and make me one who's wholly Thine.

— H. A. Baker

CHAPTER 8

Outpouring of the Holy Spirit in Ka Do Land and Attendant Results

For a year or more it had been evident that the Lord was about to pour out the Holy Spirit throughout much of the Ka Do tribe. Young men of the Lord's own choosing having been selected from all parts of the tribe and having been endowed with power from on high, now went back to carry the Gospel to all sections. Before I arrived on my fourth campaign the Holy Spirit was already falling wherever the boys went. It did not make much difference which of the boys preached or where they went; about the same results followed all. In every case where there was an outpouring of the Spirit it was attended with supernatural manifestations. Although a few of the boys had themselves had no supernatural manifestations aside from a clear heart experience of salvation, when these, like the others, went out preaching repentance, the Cross of Christ, and the work of the Holy Spirit, where they preached the Holy Spirit was also poured out and attended with the same manifestations as in the other cases.

In some instances there had been much preaching of repentance and teaching the people to pray before the Spirit fell. In other places where the people knew very little about Christianity the boys intended to teach them for some time before definitely praying for the Holy Spirit. In some of these places the Holy Spirit fell upon the people while the boys were teaching and before the Holy Spirit had even been mentioned. In other places the Spirit fell while they were praying.

In one center, the home of the young man who was that night interpreting for me, the interpreter suggested that, as the people knew only the simplest things of the Gospel and might be frightened at supernatural manifestations of the Spirit, we had better just preach and not tarry for the Holy Spirit until later. I thought that would be wise. At the conclusion of the sermon as the young man was leading in prayer the Holy Spirit came upon him in mighty power attended with physical manifestations and ten or more of the hearers were also anointed with the Spirit, but nobody was frightened. Those who received of the Spirit were so blessed that it made everyone else hungry for the same experience.

Our boys all believe that there is no salvation without repentance; no repentance without the convicting work of the Holy Spirit; and no working of the Holy Spirit apart from the cross of Christ. In every place, therefore, their first sermon, their second sermon and every other sermon contains all these fundamental truths. As they thus honor the Word of God and teach the simple Gospel message, the Lord works with them confirming the Word with signs following. All were equally used of the Lord.

A former prodigal, who could read but little, was especially zealous. He went to a place across the Hsing Foo river. A spirit of repentance came upon the people; then the head man, whose influence and power the people feared, opposed him. Since he had difficulty in getting the people to the meetings he decided to go up on the mountainside to

pray, and the Spirit of the Lord came upon him, so that up there alone on the mountain he was seen dancing in true Billy Bray style. After that the people again came to the meetings. At later visits from other young evangelists passing that way a few of the people received anointings of the Holy Spirit. The climax of power came, however, when this young man was himself leading an evening meeting. As the people expectantly prayed the power of God fell upon them. Fifty-six people were prostrated by the power of God in the open court, while thirty more were anointed by the Spirit.

In another place the people were uninterested. I had been there once, and the people came to the service, but after I left they were indifferent to the efforts of the boys. The boys, nevertheless, persevered in their efforts, during the day going from house to house to see the people, or going to the fields to talk with them. In this way the interest from day to day increased, until the Holy Spirit fell. All the people in the village, men, women, and children, turned out to the meetings. The Holy Spirit fell upon a greater number each night until almost everyone in the settlement was blessed with this visitation from the Lord. The people stayed up all night to pray, praise, and seek the Lord. There was a cleaning up of sin on a wholesale order.

In the first outpouring of the Holy Spirit, in nearly all centers, the Lord thus spoke to the people in prophecy in such a way and through such instruments as to convince them that the Lord was in their midst. This led the people to repentance. Although in most instances these outpourings had taken place before my arrival, I witnessed one of these initial outpourings. This was at Shaw Maw Lai, the place where the people had entered the mass movement during my first campaign and then waited a year and a half for some one to lead them on. Our boys had preceded me here and had prepared the way, but the people said they wanted to wait until I came before they prayed for the baptism of the Holy Spirit. When I arrived they gathered and listened in Shaw Maw Lai responsiveness. As I finished preaching I became suddenly ill and had to leave the meeting. I told the interpreter to lead the people in prayer. Soon I heard these Ka Dos praying and praising the Lord like the voice of many waters. I knew that God was there. When I returned to the meeting, young men, old men, young women, and old women were trembling or shaking or dancing under the power of the Spirit. Who taught those hands, those feet to move in rhythm to the praises of the King? God did. I tell you if these had held their peace even the very stones would have cried out in praises to their God.

After an hour or more of wonderful manifestations of the power of God, as the meeting became quiet and the people were about to disperse, the Spirit of the Lord came upon one of the women and prostrated her to the ground. Then the Lord spoke through her in prophecy by direct inspiration. The woman spoke in the Ka Do language in such a tone and rhythmical style that every hearer knew it was not of her own volition.

To those not familiar with this manifestation of the Lord's Spirit it should be said that in this type of prophecy, by full, direct inspiration, the mind of the speaker has no part in the message given. The prophetess is only a mouthpiece of the Lord. (That is the meaning of the word "prophet".) In some cases the one speaking is in a trance and

perhaps in vision is in the presence of the Lord in heaven hearing from the Lord's lips the words that, in fact, the Lord is speaking through the prophet's lips.

In this instance just mentioned I could not understand the message, but it was given slowly and clearly, sentence by sentence, in the Ka Do language. The people listened in almost breathless silence as the Lord entreated them in the most quiet loving voice. Since the limited Ka Do language necessitates the use of some Chinese expressions, I could understand these parts of the prophecy. I could understand the loving pleading to "huei hsin," repent or change your heart. In quiet, earnest tones the people would respond, "Yes, yes, we will repent." (O men iao huei hsin.) Although I could understand but few of the words, that voice from God coming through that woman's lips by the power of the Holy Spirit penetrated in some mysterious way my own heart. It penetrated everybody's heart. Thus the meeting ended quietly and at last in silence. Everyone could sense the presence of God. For a time nobody felt like speaking a word. God was not far from any of us, and He was speaking to us in "the still small voice." I know why the Ka Dos are turning to God. It is because, not man, but God is talking to them.

The next morning word came that the Chinese magistrate had come to "the big tree" settlement and was just in the act of starting a persecution to wipe out the churches in all the main sections of believers. I had been sick for several days, but although I had eaten little, I had made the daily stages and had preached every night. I felt I must not delay a day before seeing that official. I was weak. I could not take a morsel of food; nevertheless, I started on a "forced march" to the relief of the besieged. Although I could walk but slowly, alternately walking and resting, we made our way up one mountain and down another, and then up the second mountain, until finally we reached the end of our journey at dark.

Arriving at the magistrate's stopping place, it was with the greatest difficulty I managed to get an audience with him. Persistently I stayed right there until at last word was sent out that I might enter. Since the Christians had already been called together and were waiting to be addressed by the official, I got there just in time to save the day. An hour later and the magistrate would have begun his persecution. I had with me a sealed Government proclamation that I felt had been given me in answer to prayer. This guaranteed religious liberty and forbade any kind of persecution.

I again returned to Shaw Maw Lai. In accordance with my suggestion made on our former campaign, that we would send them workers if they built a church, they had built a simple thatched roof building on the mountainside near their village. The first time the Spirit fell in that place I was there. On the following Sunday, they later told me, the Spirit fell upon them again. When the worker in charge was leading the service in this church, the windows of heaven seemed to be opened and there was a mighty downpouring of the Spirit. Whether or not it could be said that the place in which they were all praying with one accord was shaken, as in the case of the first disciplines, it could, at any rate, be said of the people at Shaw Maw Lai, "They were all filled with the Holy Spirit" (Acts 4:31). I was told that the Spirit fell upon everyone present.

Several spoke in prophecy. I certainly praised God that after two years of anxiety I was privileged to see Shaw Maw Lai visited with the Lord's salvation. Young men from there went with me for Bible study, and they are now holding services in other villages.

One Saturday, as I was hastening on my way to reach the Hsing Foo Wy for Sunday, I stopped at a village on this side of the river. At once the villagers tried to persuade me to remain with them over Sunday. Some people from a distant place had heard that I was coming that way, so they had come to this village and waited two days for me. But my trip to see that magistrate having delayed me, these seekers after the Holy Spirit had returned home. At first I said we could not stay, but the people so persisted and coaxed that I felt the Lord would have us remain there. If we would only stay, they said, they would send word all around and tell the people to come to the Sunday meeting. That evening the Spirit fell upon several in the service.

The next day people from ten miles distance came to the Sunday meeting held under a tree, where the Lord again poured forth of His Spirit. After all others had gathered for the service I noticed an old gray-headed man with cane in hand come in with faltering steps. On account of his age he came later than all others, arriving almost too late for the service. I wondered if he would be too late for the service. I wondered if he would be too late for heaven. When the Spirit fell upon the people, I saw this old man praying most earnestly and shaking under the power. I have been moved many times by seeing old people tottering into the kingdom of God just in time for that great heavenly meeting.

From here we went on to the Sunday meeting on the mountain pass on this side of Hsing Foo river. Here people gathered from several centers. Twice before on two previous trips had I preached under this big tree on the mountain pass. This time there were more present than before, some of whom came from centers where there had been mighty outpourings of the Holy Spirit. Knowing this, I felt it would be best simply to preach to the people and send them away. Later we and our workers could gradually go from place to place, remove prejudice, and after the people had been taught lead them to seek the Holy Spirit.

Through an interpreter I preached more than an hour, but there was a lack of spiritual freedom in my preaching, so that as I finished speaking I had a most disappointed sense of not having reached the hearts of the listeners. As I closed the meeting with prayer there came a sweet sense of the Spirit's presence. At the same time a group of Ka Do women who were standing nearby could be heard quietly praying and praising the Lord in voices scarcely above a whisper. The glory of the Lord seemed to descend in our midst. Praises to God became more audible. Soon men and women in different parts of the crowd began to tremble and shake. Everybody joined in the praying, and soon many started to dance in the Spirit. Later on I counted over sixty who were visibly affected by this outpouring of the Spirit. Even men who had been prejudiced when they came were praying and shaking under the power of God.

When I began to pray my interpreter stepped to the edge of the crowd and began also to pray. As he prayed the Lord opened his spiritual eyes, so that he saw the workings of the Lord in our midst. I have spoken about how there seemed to be a spiritual hindrance in the meeting. Beh Da Go, the interpreter, saw demons half the size of a man, moving about in the crowd, when suddenly three angels descended among the people whereupon the hindering demons fled away and the three angels danced in our midst. When the angels danced the people danced. Among the trees and just above them the interpreter saw a host of angels flying hither and thither and ascending and descending. Only a few times have I had such a sense of heaven having come down to earth.

After this meeting we descended the mountain to the Hsing Foo river where over twenty people from one village were to be buried with their Lord in water baptism. As we began to baptize, the "shekina" glory of the Lord again descended upon us. The Spirit fell upon those standing by the river awaiting baptism and also upon the group of onlookers. Those to be baptized were almost entirely lost in the things of God as they followed our instructions to think only of Christ and His cross. I told them to give attention to nothing else, as we would do the baptizing. These people were so enshrouded in the Glory of God, so lost in heavenly things, and so drunken in the Spirit of the Lord that it took two evangelists to support them and direct their uncertain steps into the river. As I buried them in water the Lord seemed to immerse them in His Spirit. As I lifted them from the watery grave they seemed to arise from the dead in Christ's resurrection. Some of them as they came out of the water sprang out of my hands, leaping and praising God. Thus they were led to the shore where they continued to dance while immersed in the life of Him who is the resurrection and the life. They were victors over death and the grave. Some were prostrated on the shore under the power of God.

As I came out of the water I noticed a strong young man with open eyes gazing upward and weeping, as he had been doing all the time we had been baptizing the people. With wide open eyes he saw the glory of the Lord descend over the place of the baptisms in the river. Just above us he could hear the angels singing. His inner eyes and ears were so opened that he could see the glory of the Lord and hear the angels above us as distinctly as he could see the people being buried in baptism and hear them pray and praise their God. He said he could not tell why, but as each one was buried in baptism he was especially moved to tears. Surely by the Hsing Foo there are Ka Dos on the side of God and the angels.

On the other side of the Hsing Foo in one center of the Hsing Foo Wy I baptized one hundred people. As I could not be there on Sunday, we had our big gathering on Friday. The people left their work and came from all directions. Never had I felt the spirit of God rest upon a meeting more than upon this meeting under a tree at this place where the greatest outpouring of the Spirit had been. The people seemed to be just filled with the Holy Spirit. The glory of God was in our midst, but although the mighty power of God was upon the people, they stood in perfect order during the preaching.

I found spiritual order everywhere I went. I marveled, and still marvel, at the wisdom the Lord had given the young, inexperienced evangelist in leading inexperienced people when there were such wonderful supernatural manifestations of God's power. During the preaching and regular prayer there was always good order.

From the services under the tree we went to a nearby mountain stream to baptize some of the converts. As I began to talk to them the Spirit fell upon us all. There in this stream the people were baptized amidst mighty manifestations of the power of God. I noticed one care-worn old woman about eighty who was led into the baptismal waters, shaking under the power of the Lord. When she was baptized she received a mighty anointing of the Holy Spirit. Her hands were calloused; her face was wrinkled with age, but as it now lit up with the joy of the Lord, we rejoiced with her and with these others who were risen with Christ to walk in newness of life to the land where age and cares are done away, the land where there will be joy in the presence of God and his angels forever. Here was sufficient reward for the conflict I had with the devil the time I started for Hsing Foo Wy and he tried to make me believe it would mean my life.

I have now tried to give an count of some of the most striking outpourings of the Holy Spirit in a few of the principal settlements. At the time I left, the Spirit had fallen on from thirty to fifty villages. Letters now coming from Ka Do land tell of new villages being visited by the Lord. Many hundreds of people have had anointings of the Spirit attended with physical manifestations, while many more hundreds have had a definite work of the Holy Spirit in their hearts. Whether hundreds or thousands have repented is difficult to say. If in any of those Ka Do meetings we were to ask how many were willing to repent, live clean lives, and obey the true and living God, all would respond. If told to pray, all would pray. If given an altar call, all would have gone to the altar. How many really repented, how many really prayed through and were born again of the Holy Spirit only the Lord knows. We baptized three hundred in water. These were only the inner circle of a few of the centers. Others were waiting to be baptized at other settlements, but we had to pass these by for the time.

The rainy season was on, so I spent one month at "the big tree" settlement getting some more young men ready for the harvest field. The Lord blessed these, too, and they are now at work.

While I was in this "big mango tree" section fifty-six people were baptized in water, and there were constant outpourings of the Holy Spirit. Here we observed the Lord's Supper the last two Sundays. In all the Ka Do meetings, in all their praying, and in all outpourings of the Spirit of the Lord, the cross of Christ is always exalted. At the river bank while waiting for baptism the people said, "We think only Christ and His cross." At this breaking of bread "in remembrance", as these people were told to think of Christ and Calvary, the Holy Spirit made the great sacrifice a living reality. I saw strong young men weeping like their hearts would break. Jesus dying for their sins was a personal reality. I was never in a meeting where Calvary was so real to me.

No worker anywhere is promised any salary. When the people have grain the

boys are usually given their food in the places where they preach. In the season just before the year's crops were ripe, when food was very scarce, we have helped them with a little money for food, but in no case has anyone been given so much as half enough to pay for his food. The men have never asked for wages. In fact, I believe the boys would all feel that any Ka Do preaching for a salary would be open to suspicion as to his true motives. These boys know how Paul traveled and preached.

In several church centers the people have already built simple thatched-roof churches, but in some places they repaired old buildings to use for churches. In nearly all of these centers the people are planning to build their own buildings.

Thus within the last two years the Lord has poured out the Holy Spirit in nearly all parts of Ka Do land; He has endowed them with power from on high; and He has made them shepherds of His sheep in thirty church centers.

From this beginning there must be a going on. These young evangelists themselves are but new converts. They will have their own battles. They need to have more Bible teaching and help.

The hundreds of people that have been so suddenly swept into the Kingdom of God must be fed and led on the heavenly road. Great numbers have not yet been reached with real salvation. Many more young people must be trained; many more laborers must be sent into this waiting harvest field.

In many subtle ways the devil is busy trying to hinder the work the Lord is doing. But there is nothing too hard for our God. Unto him let our intercession prevail until mighty streams of salvation shall flow to every corner of Ka Do land; until Ka Do sinners be saved; until ka Do believers are baptized in the Holy Spirit; and until the Ka Do tribe becomes God's ambassador to the other tribes in darkness.

A Little Time with Jesus

Take a little time with Jesus
With the Bible in your hand;
Take a little with Jesus
Over in the Gloryland;
Take a little time with Jesus,
And you'll learn to understand
What He wants to have you do.

Take a little time with Jesus
Over on the golden shore;
Have a little talk with Jesus,
And your blessed Lord adore.
Spend a little time with Jesus
In communion more and more
And you'll get to be like Him.

Hide away awhile with Jesus
In a secret place with Him;
Leave the crowd and hide with Jesus
In the place that knows no sin;
Hide away each day with Jesus,
And you'll learn to enter in
Where peace and heaven reign.

Take a little sail with Jesus
On the Heaven's crystal sea;
Sail in quiet there with Jesus,
With just the Lord and thee;
Put your helpless hand in Jesus'
Who is everything to me,
And He'll share with you His throne.

— H. A. Baker

CHAPTER 9

God's Work According to God's Word in Ka Do Land

The **work** of God's Spirit in Ka Do land is according to the Word of God written by His Spirit, as shown in the following ways:

1. According to the Word, the Holy Spirit will “convict of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment” (John 16:8). One man who had been an awful sinner and an opium smoker was under terrible conviction of sin for thirteen days. During these days he spent much of his time alone on the mountainside weeping, confessing his sins and crying to God for mercy. He was convicted of sin and of judgment to come. At last, through the Spirit he was assured of God's righteousness and completely delivered from his opium. This was one of many cases.

2. The Spirit took of the things of Christ and made them real to these people (John 16:14). They wept at His cross, rejoiced in His resurrection, and were exalted with Him in glory in their personal experiences in the Spirit. The things of Christ were seen in vision, as were also things to come (John 16:13).

3. Men, women, and children were **born again of the Holy Spirit**, with the witness in their hearts that they were children of God, crying, “Abba, Father.” They became new creatures in Christ as was made evident by their deliverance from opium, tobacco, and wine and other bad habits, and as was shown by their becoming obedient to the things of God.

4. **Fruits of the Spirit** are in evidence everywhere there have been outpourings of the Spirit. We have already told of the evidence of the fruits in the lives of those young evangelists with whom I have been so closely associated. It is our own aim, also of all the workers, to lead men to salvation through the cross of Christ into a Christ-like, holy life lived in the power of the indwelling Holy Spirit, who is the possession of every truly converted child of God. For “if a man hath not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His” (Rom. 8:9). We have not only read the twelfth and fourteenth chapters of first Corinthians, but we have also read the thirteenth chapter. We know that the thirteenth chapter is the goal of the Christian life, and we and all our workers forgetting the things that are behind press toward that goal. We have no other. We see in all the working of God's Spirit a **means** toward that goal of a perfect life of perfect unselfish love. Thus we welcome all the works of God as **means** toward this end which is the goal of every true Christian.

5. There are many upon whom the Holy Spirit has fallen in **baptizing power** subsequent to their being converted to Christ and being born again of his Spirit, as (1) in the case of the mother of Jesus, the apostles, and others of the one hundred and twenty disciples on the day of Pentecost; (2) as in the case of the Samaritans who had believed and been baptized in water; (3) as in the case of the Ephesians who had first

believed and had been baptized in water; (4) as in the case of Paul who had a change of heart for three days, and (5) as in the case of Cornelius and his friends who were already converted believers given to good works and much prayer.

Like in New Testament instances the Holy Spirit was **heard** to fall as a **mighty wind**, was **seen** to descend as a **dove**, and was also seen as a **fire**. There were those who spoke in unknown languages as in the New Testament cases quoted above. This is also in accord with the Word which says: "These signs shall accompany them that believe... ..they shall speak with new tongues" (Mark 16:17). This "sign among the Ka Do believers, who sought no such 'sign,' is a mark of God's hand 'accompanying them that believe.'" No matter what others may say, speaking in other tongues is a true, consistent manifestation of the Holy Spirit. The Ka Dos knew nothing about arguments pro and con. They were as innocent as babes on this question. But when there were mighty outpourings of the Holy Spirit there were those who spoke with other tongues magnifying the mighty works of God.

6. **Prophecy.** As already explained, both men and women prophesied and were the means in God's hands of bringing many to repentance. Here was literal fulfillment of the Scripture which says: "It shall be in the last days, saith God, I will pour forth of my Spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy," (Acts 2:17).

7. **Visions.** The Word continues: "And your young men shall see visions" (Acts. 2:17). In accordance with this pure word of prophecy, there were many visions. Two young men in particular, one a Ka Do evangelist and one a Poo Maw evangelist, had repeated and most wonderful visions of Paradise. They saw the golden street which our orphan boys in Adullam had seen. They also saw the street with the river flowing from the throne of God that John saw. They saw wonderful mansions and parks with birds, animals, trees, and flowers. There were many visions of heaven and hell, of the Lord in his glory, of the judgment coming upon the earth, and of the return of Christ. A Ka Do church with visions is more New-Testament-like than it would be without visions.

8. **Dreams.** There are Scriptural **Holy Spirit** inspired dreams. "Your old men shall dream dreams" (Acts, 2:17). One middle aged Ka Do man in a most marvelous, Spirit inspired dream was taken through heaven much as were the boys in vision. This was not a "vision", neither was it an ordinary dream. It was the first clear fulfillment of the above prophecy I had ever witnessed.

9. **Trances.** At the time of visions and many of the deepest workings of the Holy Spirit many people in a trance were lost in the things of God. They were oblivious to their natural surroundings. "Whether in the body or out of the body" they knew not, but they were present in the midst of things eternal. Paul was in a trance in the Temple, and Peter was in a trance on the housetop. Likewise were these people in a trance in God's temple and on the housetop of spiritual things. This working of God's spirit in Ka Do land accompanied by trances is more New-Testament-like than it would have been apart from this manifestation.

10. **As Drunken Men.** There were the onlookers who, as on the day of Pentecost, saw such **physical manifestations** that they “were amazed, and were perplexed saying one to another, ‘What meaneth this?’” But others mocking said, “They are filled with new wine.” This scene was repeated in Ka Do land. At outpourings of the Spirit there were those “amazed and perplexed, saying one to another, “What meaneth this?”” These honest inquirers found the “meaning” to be that an active, living God was acting. Like in the New Testament for instance, there were those who saw nothing reverent, nothing holy, nothing at all. They just saw people acting like drunken folk. All else was a mystery. They mocking say, “.....” and keep on mocking. Let them mock. Mockers had before mocked at what they had not experienced and could not explain. In Ka Do land mockers were few. Ka Do people filled and drunken with the Lord’s new wine were many. I saw one young woman who for some days just seemed to live in heaven, continually under the anointing of the Spirit day and night. She was so drunken with the Spirit she staggered as she walked. I have been drunk that way, too, so I know what it feels like. It feels like heaven to me.

11. **Visibly receive the Holy Spirit.** In **all five** of the New Testament accounts where it is recorded that believers received the Holy Spirit, or were baptized in the Holy Spirit, there was more than an inner spiritual work of the Holy Spirit in the **heart**. There were in each case physical manifestations that bystanders could **hear** or **see**. In the case of the Samaritans “Simon **saw** that through the laying on of the apostles’ hands the Holy Spirit was given” (Acts 8:18). Simon with his natural eyes saw two things. (1) He saw the apostles lay their hands on believers, and (2) he **saw** that the believers **received** the **Holy Spirit**. Simon did not see into the heart. There were **external manifestations** that could be **seen** or **heard**. Also in Ka Do land there have been many hundreds who have received the Holy Spirit attended by such physical manifestations that onlookers could **hear** or **see** that the Spirit of God had fallen.

12. **Trembling** and **Shaking** is a manifestation of the Holy Spirit that has attended the work of the Holy Spirit in Ka Do land. As in the case of many of the workings of God, all of which are mysterious to mortal man, I may not be able to explain all the “whys,” but I can record the **facts** of God’s manifestations. That outpourings of the Holy Spirit may be attended with **physical shaking** is proven by the instance of the first disciples, for “when they had prayed the place was **shaken** wherein they were gathered together; and they were all filled with the Holy Spirit” (Acts: 31). If the falling Holy Spirit can shake a house He surely can shake a man. When the Spirit fell upon Daniel and his friends he saw a vision, while “a great quaking fell” upon his friends (Dan. 10:7).

All who are familiar with church history know that physical tremblings and shakings of the body have accompanied all church revivals. The “Quakers” were persecuted because they quaked, and the “Shakers” because they shook. Fox said he wished the Lord would shake everybody until He shook all the sin out of him. Paul and Silas praised the Lord in that jail at Philippi until the power of God almost shook the jail doors off their hinges. I wish we could have more Holy Spirit quakers and shakers like I saw in Ka Do land.

13. **Prostrations.** That during mighty workings of the Spirit of God people are sometimes prostrated to the earth is well known to all who are familiar with the facts of every great revival in history. This is both an Old and New Testament manifestation of the power of God. Saul was prostrated in the presence of Samuel and his school of prophets (I Sam. 19:23, 24). Paul and his traveling companions were all prostrated to the earth under the power of the Lord when they were on their way to Damascus (Acts 26:13, 14). This was as far from any human intentions or volition as it was from Saul's intention to strip off his garments and lie prophesying all day in the presence of Samuel. The many prostrations under the power of the Holy Spirit in Ka Do land were no more humanly planned or brought about than were those mentioned in the Bible.

14. **Dancing in the Spirit** is perhaps a more unusual physical manifestation of the Holy Spirit in present day church experience. Nevertheless, this has been one of the most common manifestations in Ka Do land. Dancing under the unction of the Spirit is a true working of the Spirit of God. Christ did his miracles through the power of the Holy Spirit. Peter and John, having been baptized in the Holy Spirit, did their work in this same power. When at the door of the temple Peter healed the lame man, it was through the power of the Holy Spirit that "his ankle bones received strength" and his whole body was so filled with the resurrection glory-life of the Lord that "**leaping up**, he stood and began to walk; and he entered with them into the temple **walking**, and **leaping**, and **praising God**" (Acts 3:7, 8). Hence, "walking, and leaping and praising God" is a perfectly Scriptural way of praising, to say the least. We have seen great numbers repeat this identical scene when the Holy Spirit fell upon them. Their "walking, and leaping," and dancing, and "praising God" was no more a natural performance and a working of the natural mind than was that of the lame man. Such manifestations are not physical emotions of the natural mind. As it is the Holy Spirit who **endues**, so it is the Holy Spirit who **moves** the body by supernatural power. This is a manifestation of the glory life, the heavenly joy. At times of such manifestations, while praising God, in vision people are often in heaven dancing with the angels where, as at the Prodigal's return, there is "music and dancing" (Lu. 15:25) and making merry.

I have seen Ka Do men and women of more than fifty years of age supernaturally dance in the Spirit for an hour or two at a time. The next day they would do a hard day's work in the fields and then climb a mountain to be present at the service where they might seek the Lord again the next night. This dancing takes all the "tired feeling" away, for it is an anointing of the eternal life in the Spirit that "quickens these **mortal bodies**" and will one day raise them above all the mortal into immortality.

Did everyone ever see people of this age naturally "leap" and "dance" for any kind of joy? I never did. In fact, they could not thus dance if they so desired. If you think so, try it. One Ka Do man tried to do it. He said that when his wife danced in the Spirit she did it of her own volition because she was happy. "I could do that myself," he said. He decided he would try it, so, unnoticed, he went into the house, shut the door, and tried to dance. In about three minutes he reappeared and smilingly said "I admit that must be of God. I am tired out at the end of a few minutes, and my wife can dance in the spirit for two hours and not be at all tired. Nobody could do that in his natural

self.”

Dancing under the unction of the Holy Spirit was a common Old Testament manifestation. David danced before the ark. His wife was barren to the day of her death because she criticized him. If God was honored, when under the power of the Holy Spirit, Miriam singing in prophetic utterances led the women of Israel in dancing because they had been saved out of Egypt with a mighty salvation (Ex. 16:20, 21), is not God pleased when He is thus praised for the work He has done in the mighty salvation of the Ka Dos out of Egyptian bondage? If in days of old they were told to praise Him in the dance (Ps. 149:3), to “praise him for his might acts, praise him, according to his excellent greatness; praise him with the trumpet sound; praise him with psalm and harp; praise him with timbel and **dance**; praise him with stringed instruments and pipe; praise him with loud cymbals; and praise him with high sounding cymbals” (Ps. 150), is not God pleased when He is thus honored and praised today? Has God changed?

15. Laying on of hands. Of the signs that were to follow the Gospel among all believers one was to be, “they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover” (Mark 16:18). In this way Spirit-filled boys have laid hands on many sick who have in many cases been instantly healed, while others have recovered more slowly. To none of the boys has been given the gift of “healings” or the gift of “miracles” (I Cor. 12:9,10), but many, many have been used to heal the sick.

In the New Testament days the Holy Spirit sometimes fell upon all present (Acts 2:1-4). But also the Holy Spirit was imparted through the laying on of the hands of those who were themselves filled with the Holy Spirit. Paul received the Holy Spirit through the laying on of hands; the Ephesian Christians received the Holy Spirit through the laying on of hands; and the baptized Christians in Samaria received the Holy Spirit in this way. Some of the Ka Do preachers also received the Holy Spirit in this same way, and others in Ka Do land have thus received the Holy Spirit through the laying on of hands at times of special anointings for the particular time and person. This is a work of God that is necessarily supernatural.

16. Demons cast out. “These signs shall accompany them that believe: in my name shall they cast out demons” (Mk. 16:17). One Ka Do boy who had been demon possessed for many years spent most of his time wandering about in the mountains. He would gather pine needles and every kind of leaves, boil them in a short time, and eat them. The people in his village scarcely considered him a man. Through the laying on of hands in the name of the Lord he was completely delivered. Although the Ka Do evangelists have met with several cases of demon possession, so far as I am aware, every one has been delivered.

17. Baptism in Water. In New Testament days men and women were baptized as soon as they believed. When the “old man” died, he was buried. When the new man was born from above, he arose out of the watery grave to walk in the newness of the resurrected life. The same day they heard their first Gospel sermon, the same day they

believed and repented, the three thousand on the day of Pentecost were baptized. Baptism also immediately followed belief and repentance in the case of Cornelius and his friends (Acts 10:48), in the case of Paul (Acts 9:18), of the Samaritan believers (Acts 8:12), of the Ephesian believers, of the Eunuch, of Lydia and her husband, of the Phillipian jailor, and of every other New Testament instance on record. In accord with this, as far as possible, Ka Do Christians who gave evidence of repentance and had the witness in their hearts that through Christ their sins were forgiven, were baptized in water. I found that, as a rule, those who had any doubt about their salvation or felt they were not willing to be wholly on the Lord's side did not dare be baptized.

18. The Lord's Supper. When the first church was founded on the day of Pentecost and the three thousand were baptized, from that day "they continued steadfastly in the Apostle's teaching and fellowship, **in the breaking of bread** and in prayers." Thus, "**day by day** continuing steadfastly with one accord in the temple, and **breaking bread at home** having favor with all the people" (Acts 2:42, 46)

If this "breaking of bread" was the Lord's Supper it may have been observed "day by day." The Lord's word was, "as oft as ye do this in remembrance of me" (Luke 22:19). How often the disciples are to remember the Lord is nowhere stated in the Word of God. How could His disciples remember their Lord too often?

The Lord met with the Ka Dos when they broke bread in remembrance of Him. They wanted to continue to break bread in remembrance of Him after I left. Why shouldn't they? Will not the Lord meet with them where even two or three are gathered together in His name to break bread in remembrance of Him? If the first disciples continued day by day "breaking bread at home," why cannot the Ka Dos themselves in their own home churches break bread together?

19. Young Preachers. Nobody would suppose that the young men who had just been converted, given only two or three months of Bible study, and then sent out to the waiting harvest field could be so mightily used of the Lord as have been these Ka Do boys. But God's ways are not man's ways. The work of the Kingdom of God, after all, is advanced not by might not by power but by the Spirit of the Lord. With Him any man might do anything. There is no limitation with God. Since the situation in Ka Do land was an emergency that no ordinary mission policy could have met, God met it by miraculously raising up these native workers.

I have been surprised at the way the Lord has opened up the Bible to these consecrated young men and how well they can preach without having had previous experience in public speaking.

These men must have further Bible teaching. Will not studying alternated with preaching be the best way to learn the Bible? The Bible can be learned by doing. It cannot be learned by "cramming." The Lord has showed me what he can do in using young men who have started to act before their love grew cold. The Lord has used these men in bringing salvation to many people, working through them in the power of the

Holy Spirit in much the same way as He must have done in the early church. Here the work and the Word agree, for it can be said of these young Ka Do workers, “The Lord working with them confirming the Word by the signs that followed” (Mark 16:20).

We repeat what we said at the beginning: God opened Ka Do land and God is working in Ka Do land. He has been working by signs and wonders. He should be expected thus to work, for He is a wonder-working God. We may not understand all of His work nor all of the manifestations of His mighty Spirit. But even if we cannot understand **why** God works as He does work, we can humbly accept **what God does**. I have tried to give a correct record of what I have witnessed of God’s working in Ka Do land.

I have never seen anyone in Ka Do land seeking or praying for any of the particular manifestations of the Holy Spirit about which I have written. The Ka Do seeks God. God gives the Ka Dos the Holy Spirit in mighty power, and they accept without question what God gives as His loving will for them. Everybody keeps hands off of God’s working. Nobody criticizes. Nobody stops manifestations of the Spirit. As I have said before, there were some occasions, when in meetings held by myself or the boys, we were going to postpone seeking for the baptism of the Holy Spirit until a later date. On these occasions the Holy Spirit, unexpected by all of us, fell and was attended with physical manifestations. Clearly this was something which God did. It was nothing we had planned. We never saw any harm come from physical manifestations on any occasion, but on the other hand, none of us know of any place in Ka Do land where there has been a real work of repentance except in the place of physical manifestations of the Holy Spirit.

The prophecies that were largely the means of bringing Ka Dos to repentance came, in every instance, after a long period of physical manifestations. Had we stopped manifestations, we would have interfered with God’s plan of talking to the Ka Dos.

Some day we may all find that in our wrestling “against the principalities, against the powers, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places” (Eph. 6:12), we have not pressed the conflict until we have broken through the demoniacal resistance into the spiritual realm of the power the Lord meant for His church to have. This conflict is of a more far-reaching nature than most people suppose. When the powers of Christ and Satan close in severest battle there will be a supernatural evidence of the supernatural conflict.

God can be trusted. What He begins he can finish. These simple children of the mountains yield themselves into the Father’s everlasting arms. When they ask for bread, He does not give them a stone; when they ask for fish He does not give them a scorpion. Resting in God, they are persuaded that He is able to keep that which they have committed unto Him against that day.

In this record we trust will be found a call for prayer on behalf of the Ka Dos and the adjacent tribes that God will continue His work in Ka Do land until it shall

reach every village and every home; and that this church having been established by the Holy Spirit, may dwell in His fullness, going on from glory to glory, until it be guided by “gifts of the Holy Spirit” and bear “fruits of the Holy Spirit” unto that better day when it shall be found in Him a church without spot or wrinkle or any such thing.

The first New Testament church having been endued with the life of the Son of God was sent into the world as Christ came into the world. Christ said, “As thou didst send me into the world, even so send I them into the world.” The world that slew Christ also slew the first disciples that He had sent into the world. The world that shed His blood also shed the blood of His disciples. The foundation of the church was laid in blood. Likewise the finished work on the perfected church will be in the blood of its saints, for the path of the saints has always been the martyrs’ road.

Like roaring lions are the enemies scattered among and around these Ka Do sheep. A repetition of the scenes of Russia is temporarily held in check by proclamations from the government. But the enemy of the true church is sharpening his sword that will be red with the blood of the Ka Do church in that soon coming day when shall come the dominion of him to whom shall be given “a mouth speaking great things and blasphemies; and there was given to him authority to continue forty and two months, and he opened his mouth for blasphemy against God, to blaspheme His name.... and it was given unto him to make war with His saints, and to overcome them; and there was given unto him authority over every tribe and people and tongue and nation. And all that dwell in the earth shall worship him, everyone whose name hath not been written from the foundation of the world in the book of life of the Lamb that hath been slain” (Rev. 13:5-8). I feel the breath of this antichrist in my face every time I go to Ka Do land.

As I write these concluding words a letter comes from Ka Do land saying that in one section the smaller officials are searching out all who go to church and are beating them with clubs. All church services in that center are stopped. We trust that once more the arm of the law may sweep aside this local persecution, but Ka Do land is moving into the final conflict. The Ka Do Church has seen the lights of the heavenly city, has set its face toward the New Jerusalem, but bonds and afflictions await it. If Christians ever prayed, they ought to pray now for the Ka Dos that they may have courage for the conflict; that those who are to be martyrs may testify by their death; and that those who come out of the conflict with the power of evil may have not a hair of their head touched or the smell of fire upon their garments.

I seem to see the Ka Dos in that multitude John saw when he was caught up to heaven and allowed to see the future. “I saw, and behold, a great multitude which no man could number, out of every nation and of all tribes and peoples and tongues, standing before the throne, arrayed in white robes, and palms in their hands.... These are they that came out of the great tribulation, and they washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore, are they before the throne of God” (Rev. 7:9, 14).

Unto Him

Without the birds keep up a singing,
Within my heart there keeps aringing
Praising Him we both adore.
In our hallelujahs praising
All our melodies we're raising
 In a chorus evermore.

From the praise He's putting in us
Come the songs that now begin thus
Stirring us from day to day.
They are bubbling from the heart-springs
Flowing into swelling park-streams
 Of the land where children play.

We are living in the morning
As with jewels He's adorning
All that lives and moves with Him;
And we know that He's above us
From the way we see He loves us
 As we now His life begin.

Like in morning nature waking
In Creator's life partaking—
Birds and beasts and trees and flowers—
So is daybreak now within us
 By the Spirit which is ours.

— H. A. Baker

Part II

Excerpts from the Adullam News

CHAPTER 10

A Ka Do Church *Adullam News No. 45 (Excerpts)*

The Old Ka Do Women

They looked hopeless, those two old Ka Do women. Their faces wrinkled into deep ridges by age appeared to be about as dead as the mountain ranges and valleys among which they had spent all of their lives. The other two hundred persons present showed evidence of comprehending with varying degrees of understanding the Sunday morning sermon about the things of God. But those two old women! Were they hopeless?

I stopped preaching and with my interpreter went back to those two old women,, one on either side of the church, and talked with them one at a time.

“Now Listen. Pay close attention and try to understand what is being interpreted to you in your own language.”

They looked dazed. What was I talking about? Their faces were as unresponsive as though they were deaf and dumb.

I returned to the front of the church and continued my sermon. After much effort on my part and with the help of the mothers and that of the Lord all of the disturbance from crying babies ceased. A Holy-Spirit quietness prevailed. Everyone was enabled by the Spirit to listen attentively to what was being said about the binding, the mocking, the scourging, and the crucifixion of Jesus — everyone except those two old women. They could not even compel their eyes to give attention. They stared blankly here and there with a kind of half-dead gaze. Their eyes apparently were taking in nothing and they might as well have been deaf, it seemed to me.

By the time the simple talk ended and we were ready to take the Lord’s Supper, as He commanded, the Holy Spirit was indeed in our midst fulfilling the promise to take the things of Christ and show them unto us.

“This is my body” Jesus said. “I am the bread come down from heaven.”
“Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink His blood, ye have no life in you.”

I held up a piece of bread made from rice flour, broke off a bit and said: “We eat this as though it were a part of Jesus’ flesh intended to give us life and strength from heaven. This is Jesus’ blood,” I continued, as I poured the liquid into a little earthen bowl. “We drink this remembering Jesus’ blood that cleanses us from all sin. Unless we drink His blood we do not share His life. The blood is the life. At His cross we now drink His shed blood which now becomes His life in us. There at the cross His blood cleanses us and there the Holy Spirit brings us life. Now we will all stand before Him;

we will not utter a word while we trust the Holy Spirit to make the body on the cross and the flowing blood living realities; then we will eat and drink, partaking of the life of Jesus.”

All present stood. Silence. Sobbing. Then outright weeping as though a dear relative had died. He had died, the One nearest akin. Quiet praying and thanksgiving became audible. It increased to loud praying — united praying and thanksgiving in one voice.

Nearly two thirds of those present were women. The majority of them were under supernatural anointing of the Holy Spirit, shaking under His power while tears trickled down the care-worn faces — once heathen. The young women and smaller girls and quite a number of the men also were weeping. All of them had been baptized in water — old women, young mothers, girls, men, and boys. They all were free from wine, tobacco, immorality, and bad language.

As I now moved among them questioning and observing closely, so far as I could discern, every one of them appeared just then to be buried with Jesus in baptism and raised together with Him in newness of life. All could and did pray. All appeared to fix their eyes upon the cross of Christ and resolve anew to continue more earnestly than ever their course toward the city of light and love.

After bountifully partaking of the hidden manna one after another resumed her seat. When at last all of the others had sat down my two old Ka Do women remained standing, one on either side of the church. With eyes closed as they still prayed and praised, both were praying and thanking the Lord in clear, strong voices, thanking Him for dying on the cross and saving them — great sinners. For the time being they were lost to their natural surroundings and living in the spiritual realms in Christ.

The Holy Spirit Must Open Hearts

Unless the Holy Spirit works in our hearts, what hope have we of making spiritual things real to these old heathen women? I see no hope. All of their life time these ignorant people have been concerned in thought, in word, in work with only things that relate to their food and their daily living. They have never crossed more than the nearest mountain range. When they are old their minds become so inert that it would naturally be impossible for them to grasp any spiritual truth. But they do grasp it. They do find Christ. They do get saved. How? Just one way. The Holy Spirit opens their hearts as He did in the case of Lydia and those other women by the river at Philippi.

In our meeting yesterday were more than a dozen old Ka Do women present whose deeply wrinkled faces spoke the same story: they were too old to think new thoughts, especially about spiritual things. But there they were before my eyes — and praying, some in low and some in loud voices. All of them had gotten near enough to Jesus to learn to love Him and to understand something of His love for them when He died on the cross to save them. They now loved Him more than they had formerly loved

their pipes, their wine, and sins of paganism.

Now they prayed; they praised; they thanked Jesus for dying in their stead and washing their sins away in His own precious blood. I drew near and heard them. The tears were trickling down the valleys between the wrinkles on their care-worn and sin-worn faces. Nearly all of these old women were shaking under the anointing of the Holy Spirit as they prayed and wept. Their old loves were gone. They had found a new Lover. Now they thanked Him and talked to Him and He talked to them through His Spirit, "Whom He hath given to them who obey Him"

When I saw this dozen or more old Ka Do women thus praying and being blessed I thought, "Here are a dozen or more real miracles." When I saw those two old women I had considered hopeless now outpraying all of the others I thought, "Here are two still greater miracles." If these two old women can be so gloriously saved at the foot of the cross when the Holy Spirit brings them there and holds them there while He makes real to them His nail-pierced hands, His blood, His redeeming grace, then no heathen is too old or too sinful for the work of the Holy Spirit. Where the Holy Spirit is honored and wholly depended upon to work for us and with us and among us, heathen as old and as dead and as hopeless as these two old ka Do women will get saved. No pagan, civilized or heathen, is too old or hard — hopeless.

Salvation comes not through self, our own efforts, our own methods, or our natural ability. All of our own efforts are vain. It is "By My Spirit," saith the Lord. There is no other way but God's way to save any man, heathen or other pagan. It must be by "My Spirit," saith God.

Those Old Ka Do Men

Yesterday four old Ka Do men were in the gathering at the cross. They inspired me much. How responsive their faces were while I talked! How their faces shone and their eyes sparkled — as much as old eyes could sparkle — when I was telling them how much the Lord can do. These men knew what I was talking about. Had not the Lord done something for them? Yes, a big something.

If ever any one was bound to a tobacco pipe or a wine bowl, some of those old men had been so bound, and that for decades. For years they had listened to the Gospel. They approved of its benefits for others. As for themselves, well, tobacco and wine had stronger appeals.

Over and over again our best workers had talked to these men. Their baptized sons and daughters had done all in their power to persuade these men to forsake their heathen habits and join the rest of their families on their way to heaven. I, too, had often preached to these men about the Lord's love and His willingness and strength to save them. I had warned, I had rebuked, I had talked to them in person, time after time. In all of the ways I knew I had tried to break into this Satan-held fortress. I had attacked from every side and angle I knew. All was in vain. At last, like the others who

had worked with them, I gave up in despair. Surely those old men were hopelessly gospel-hardened and were gospel-proof. No use giving them any more time and attention> I would ignore them and give my attention to others more hopeful. The leader among these men was the most hopeless of all. After years of my “last time” persuasions I left him undisturbed for a year or two in the enjoyment of his sins. Then one day when on an itinerary again as I passed this man’s home I saw him sitting in front of his house. I felt an impulse to talk with him once more. To my surprise I found his heart more open and responsive than usual. I once more assured him that it was not too late for him to make it safely to heaven, although he already had one foot in the grave.

“All of your family are bound for heaven,” I said. “When your wife was dying, her body already bound ready for burial, and you were all gathered about her weeping, did not the Lord take her in vision to heaven and then raise her up from her death-bed?”

“Yes, that is true.”

“There is a heaven, and you know it. You have the proof. Your wife has seen it. Before your eyes God raised her from her death-bed to tell you about it. You are going some place very soon. Why not listen to our persuasions and make heaven your eternal home? If not to heaven where Jesus is, where will you go one of these days?”

“I will repent and be baptized at the next convention,” he said.

“No, do it now. Now is the day of salvation. Your ‘next time’ talk is merely an excuse, not a promise.”

“Not now, next time. I will get some of my pals together and we all will be baptized together next time.”

No use talking more, as this was apparently another worthless conversation. I forgot all about it until eight months later when I returned for the annual convention in that place. When I arrived there I was told that some old men wanted to be baptized.

“Who?” I inquired.

“The old men who promised to repent when you were here eight months ago.”

“Have they broken with wine and tobacco?”

“No.”

“In that case I will not baptize them.”

On the way to the evening service I saw one of these old men in front of his house smoking a pipe two or three feet in length while the man almost enveloped himself

in a cloud of tobacco smoke.

The old hard-shells came to the meeting that night and declared that they were going to be baptized.

“Be baptized?” I protested. “Have you broken your wine and tobacco, as I said you must?”

“No, but we will repent and be baptized and smoke and drink no more.”

“How am I to believe that? How do you know you will repent? For eight years you have been promising me that you would repent by the time I returned and be ready to be baptized when I came. But every time I came I found you drinking and smoking as bad as before. All of your promises to repent in the past have been but empty words.”

“That is true. But we will be baptized now, for did we not say that we would be prepared to be baptized when you returned this time?”

“Prepared? What do you mean by being prepared? Is smoking and drinking a way of getting prepared? Your getting ‘prepared’ is a joke. You are not prepared and I am not going to baptize you.” Final, I thought.

The Holy Spirit Preparing a People

It was now time for the evening service to begin. Fourteen or more unconverted persons were present, exclusive of the old men I have just been telling about. At the close of my talk no one would indicate a willingness to repent and be baptized. All of my persuasions proved to be in vain. I then went to the rear of the church to talk with each one personally.

“Why are you not willing to come out clearly on the side of the Lord? Do you want the devil? Or do you want Jesus?” I asked the first one.

“I want Jesus.”

“But are you willing to repent, or do you want to live in sin?”

“Yes, I am willing to repent, but I cannot repent. My disposition is bad. My temper is incorrigible. I am afraid that after I should be baptized I might say something that I should not say. I must reprove my disobedient children. The cows and hogs and many other things may cause me to lose my temper and sin against the Lord. I cannot repent.”

“You cannot, it is true, change your own bad disposition if you try and thousand times for a hundred years. But you can turn to Jesus and allow Him to change your disposition. That is what it means to repent. It means to turn to Jesus and ask Him to

forgive your past and to transform your future. If you are willing to have Him do this and sincerely come to him He will give you the Holy Spirit to come into you and change you. Are you willing to do that?"

"Yes, I am willing. I really want to belong to Jesus, and I want to repent."

"The Bible says, 'Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Spirit.' Do what Jesus says for you to do — be baptized for the remission of sins — and He will take care of you. The burial in water means that the blood of Jesus washes you all over and makes you clean and sinless. Does that satisfy you?"

"Yes, yes. That is what I want."

"Are you willing to be baptized tomorrow and trust in Jesus to forgive your past and give you His Holy Spirit to fill you and to lead you?"

"I am willing."

"Then get up to the front of the church and tell this to Jesus."

She walked up to the front, and covering her face in her hands she began to pray. The Christians began praying for her. While they all prayed I talked with the second and third and the fourth as I had with the first. One after another decided to make the greatest decision in life and launch out with Christ. The people kept praying more and more earnestly. And I kept persuading those unconverted to make the great decision. One after another went up to the front until I had persuaded the fourteen to repent then and there.

By this time every one in the church was earnestly praying with more and more unction of the Holy Spirit. The power of the Spirit fell increasingly in our midst until many were shaking under His power, and some were dancing. What brought the greatest joy to me was to see before long that the Holy Spirit was especially working among those standing in the corner in front — those fourteen who just before they had gone to the front had considered themselves hopeless sinners. There they were now, every one of them praying under the real anointing of the Holy Spirit. Ten of the fourteen were either shaking or dancing under the anointing of the Spirit, while the other four were either weeping or showing other signs of the real anointing of the Holy Spirit.

As I have written before, in spite of my efforts to make repentance in itself stand out clearly, in the minds of the Ka Dos and other tribes people repentance and water baptism are inseparably connected. They consider repentance and baptism as united acts of obedience. In this they have helped me much to get back to the Bible in the matter of water baptism.

If a man intends to repent and follow Christ he should at once be baptized as

proof of this purpose, these people believe. If he refuses to be baptized, saying he is willing to repent but will not be baptized till later, these people say that means no real intention of repenting. They reason like this: "If Jesus said, 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved,' and if baptism is a sign of leaving the things of the world for the things of heaven, and if baptism is an evidence of intended repentance and remission of sins, how, then can a man repent and not be willing to obey the Lord at once in water baptism?" Is this not scriptural reasoning? In Bible days repentance, salvation, and baptism in water by immersion were inseparably associated, as any one who studies the practice of apostolic days can ascertain.

As in the case of Cornelius and his friends, these fourteen Ka Dos we have just been telling about were receiving the Holy Spirit before they were baptized in water. But as in Bible days, no matter how mighty the manifestations of the Holy Spirit may have been, our Christians do not consider it an out-and-out stand for Christ nor a clear arraying on the Lord's side until they have obeyed Him in water baptism.

The four old Ka Do men were not included in the fourteen who prayed standing in the front corner of the church that night. I had not asked them to pray there. I had rather abandoned them as hopeless and left them to find the Lord the best they might, if they really wanted to seek Him. They prayed what they were able where they say on the front bench.

At the conclusion of the meeting I told the people that the baptismal service must be at sunrise the next morning, as I had to make a long stage that day. Then to make my intentions doubly clear I said to the old men:

"But you old men must wait until the next time to be baptized."

"Oh, No. We are going to be baptized in the morning," they said.

"Next time," I replied, "will be your time. For eight years you have been putting off repentance and baptism till the 'next time.' Now that you have not broken your habits it is my turn to say, 'next time.'" Although the men still insisted "tomorrow," and I still insisted, "next time," I supposed I had the final word, and so went off to where I was to sleep.

They Were Baptized

The next morning without any suggestion from me the Christians went all through the settlement seeking lost sheep, whom for years they had been trying to get into the fold. By sunrise no one had appeared at the baptismal side. Had those intending to be baptized changed their minds? No. One by one they began to come and keep on coming until twenty-five came to be baptized.

Some of those who came were the mothers of the younger Christians. They could not pray a great deal, not like the younger people. Because of this and for other reasons they had given up hope of being baptized, thinking salvation and heaven were

not for them. Now the Holy Spirit made a great reversal, for here they were ready for baptism. Every one was happily surprised but no one was more so than my helper and I who had known all of these people for years. We had thought these older people never could be brought to a definite decision to be baptized and come out boldly for the Lord. This now had turned into almost a community round-up.

I now baptized all of the twenty-five. This included the fourteen that had made their decision the night before, as already related. It also included these old women I have mentioned as having been so hopeless. The number did not, however, include those old men whom the night before I had so definitely and emphatically refused to baptize. They appeared quite reconciled to this fate now as they say squatting in Ka Do fashion in front of the others, right by the edge of the baptismal pool. With undisguised pleasure these squatting old men watched me baptize the last one of the twenty-five. I started out of the water.

I was met by one of the old men, the leader and the worst one of the lot, deliberately stepping down into the water just as had those I had baptized.

“Why, No. As I told you last night, I cannot baptize you men until the next time.”

“We are going to be baptized right now. We told you we were going to be ready to be baptized when you came this time, and here we all are, waiting and ready.”

“But as I told you last night you did not get ready. You still drank and smoke and have not given any proof whatever that you ever will repent.”

“We are really going to repent right now. If we say we will repent we will repent. If we say we will not drink we will not drink. If we say we will not smoke we will not smoke. We repent. Baptize us.”

Just as in the past all of our arguments had failed to move these men when we wanted them to be baptized, so now all our arguments failed to reverse their emphatic decision to be baptized. They insisted. I desisted. But they won.

“All right I will baptize you on your own responsibility. If you do not repent the sin is yours.”

“We agree.” I baptized them, but I cannot say I did so gladly.

I continued my itinerary, and had no way of hearing from that church for some months. But I occasionally thought of those old men who were determined to “take the Kingdom of God by force.” I certainly feared that I had over-done the baptizing that time.

A few months later I met a Christian from the church where I had so unwillingly

baptized those old Ka Do men. At once I asked, "How about those old men? Do they still smoke and drink?"

"No. Not one of them."

"Do they ever go to church?"

"Always. They are zealous — hot hearted."

Was I surprised? Was I happy? The devil had lost a hard and long-drawn-out fight. In spite of the men's mistakes and mine the Holy Spirit had won.

Those baptisms took place two years ago. It is not surprising that, as I have already said, I was encouraged just yesterday to have these old men sit on the front bench before me, drinking in every word gladly. They once had been my great discouragement in that church. Now they sat on the front seat as my great encouragement, for as I now looked into their happy faces I was reminded once more that nothing is too hard for God, and that His ways are not like ours.

Those old Ka Do women that I have spoken of who were under the anointing of the Holy Spirit yesterday, shaking and trembling and praying, and who were weeping as they partook of the Lord's Supper, were among those twenty-five that I baptized two years ago when I baptized the old men.

The church was well filled yesterday. The leader said that so far as he knew all present were free from wine, tobacco, immorality, and such sins. The spiritual standard of the church had risen from the time of those baptisms. As I yesterday passed among the backless benches I asked:

"Do you love Jesus? Do you love Him most of all?"

"I love Jesus," one old woman answered, and began to cry.

Itinerating

Here is a typical day that pretty well describes every day for the last two months, as well as my itineraries in general. Awake at five o'clock in the morning. I must awake at that time in order to pray at least one hour before daylight. If I am to walk every day and preach every night I must have that hour of prayer before I get out of bed, and supplement this with prayer after I get up and at other times during the day. Without the definite miraculous touch and strength from the Lord day by day the work I do would be impossible, absolutely so.

By daylight or before (in winter) after praying an hour in bed I get up. I should add here that my praying is really much praising and worshipping. More than anything else my refreshing and strength come through praying and praising and singing in other

tongues, the variation of which seems endless. This is an unmerited gift of the Holy Spirit to me to enable me to do the work the Lord has appointed me to do. Sometimes in these seasons of communion with the Lord singing in tongues turns into singing in English a hymn that is in poetical rhyme and in a tune I have never heard. Seven or eight verses are not unusual. Since I cannot write music and after the hymns are sung I cannot recall the words, it is very evident that this blessing is for my own personal benefit and edification. However, many of the poems I write start in about this way, the first lines beginning to run through my mind without forethought on my part.

At any rate, my experience and observation is that unless a person does his praying before daylight and before the world and its activities come flooding in, he is not likely to pray and get the power from God he should. At daylight I begin the work of the day. The circumstances under which I wash and shave day by day would be interesting and ever varying. By the time I have washed and shaved and rolled and wrapped my traveling outfit breakfast is ready. After breakfast there will likely be baptisms. The baptizing may be in a nearby stream. It may be that those to be baptized must follow us a distance along the trail we are to take, until we come to a suitable stream for the baptisms. The baptisms being finished, we start on immediately toward the church we are to visit at night. If this be distant, as is usually the case, we will walk all day without food. That means that we have breakfast shortly after daylight and have supper near or even after dark. Occasionally we have a little cold rice to carry with us to eat in the middle of the day.

During the last two months, no matter how long the day's stage or whether I had walked all day without food, as soon as I reached my destination and had put our baggage down, without delay with my interpreter I went from house to house seeking to talk personally with each one who had not been baptized.

All of these people having heard the gospel and knowing its fundamental meaning, it is important now that I urge them to make a definite decision to obey the Lord and come out clearly on His side, obey Him in baptism and henceforth serve Him alone.

I am sure to find many who suppose they must be almost perfect before they can be baptized. They see law, not grace. When they come to understand that they can be saved by trusting in the merits of the cross of Jesus and in the working of His Holy Spirit, many of them decide to be baptized in His name. Although they had prayed and had given up tobacco and drinking, in most cases they had never seen that salvation is by God's loving grace and on the merits of the cross alone.

Having gone from house to house and having talked to as many individuals as time allowed, by dark we returned to our stopping place. Since we may not have eaten since daylight, it is needless to say that by this time any food has a fine flavor. Having now eaten our rice, or our corn, or a mixture of the two, whatever it may be, we are ready for the evening meeting. The people work in their fields until very late in the busy season. In some cases after working thus all day they come to the evening meeting

without having taken time for the evening meal. They would rather miss that than miss the heavenly manna they hope to receive at the meeting. They want to hear more about the Lord and the way of salvation. They listen carefully, attentively, prayerfully. I constantly thank God that He sent me to preach to such responsive people. In imagination I look all over the world and then say, "Lord, keep sending me to Ka Do Land. Give me more strength, help me to travel faster, open more doors like these already opened."

When we believe all have arrived who will come to the meeting the service begins. We hang up a hymn sheet written in large Chinese characters, so that it is easily readable. The meaning is explained to them in their tribal language, and all of these people soon learn to sing in the Chinese language. They sing well, and they like to sing.

I wonder if I really preach what are formally called sermons. If I do, I have only one sermon, one text — Jesus. What I try to do is to talk to the people about the things they need to know about Jesus and His Cross and the way of life. I rejoice at the way the Holy Spirit has made the Cross of Christ the central theme of every preacher, every Christian, and all who in these mountains call upon the name of the Lord. In the service I try to get every unsaved person present to repent and come to Jesus to live for Him alone.

As I have already written, these evening meetings end with the confession of sins if there be a movement of the Holy Spirit that leads to confessions. Finally we all pray aloud in unison and at the same time expect the Holy Spirit to work in our midst with miraculous manifestations. One time I kept a record that showed that in seventy-five successive meetings, or rather meetings in seventy-five places were in at least seventy instances attended by supernatural physical manifestation and spiritual manifestations of the Holy Spirit. When I do not thus see the Holy Spirit working miraculously I wonder what is wrong.

As we all pray together at the conclusion of the evening service the Lord moves in our midst forgiving sin, restoring believers to renewed happiness in the ways of grace, and laying His blessed hands upon the weary giving them strength. The Lord is not far from us. He works with us and for us and in us. "Go,.... I will be with you," He promised. He is.

After praying for the sick and talking some more with any who linger, I return to my stopping place and get into bed under my low mosquito net that is more than anywhere else my home. As I look back over the day I see something accomplished for the Lord. I pray and go to sleep in peace.

My next trip will be the hardest of the year because it will cover our winter season, which compared with Ohio freezes, can not be called winter. Where we live we do not have hard frosts, and in some of the higher sections the frosts, although heavier, are not severe enough to kill all the leaves. As a rule it is warm during the days which are usually clear from November to June. On winter days when walking, I wear only

cotton clothing, the same as in summer time. I must, however, carry extra clothing with me, for in mountainous country as soon as the sun goes down it gets cold. For the evening services, always without fire, I add to my other clothing a warm woolen sweater, a pair of extra trousers made from heavy overcoat cloth, and warm woolen socks.

The only heat in the homes comes from open wood fires built on the clay floors. Since there are no chimneys, the smoke gets out the best way it can, usually through the open spaces about the grass roofs of the poorly build mud-wall houses. Consequently, I get my full share of the smoke, as I usually sleep in the attic on the woven bamboo floor through which the smoke from the rooms below easily penetrates. Sometimes this bamboo is plastered over with cow manure; nevertheless, the smoke gets upstairs through many other openings.

The staircase, as a rule, is a notched log, almost perpendicular, and reaching from the ground floor to the attic through a large opening in the attic floor. If I can sleep in the far end of the house I may escape some of the smoke, but as there is usually fire in more than one room I can seldom avoid the smoke. I try to get my bedding arranged and mosquito net hung (a net keeps out more than mosquitoes) in the early morning before the smudge gets too thick, so that when I return at a late hour from the services I need not fumble with blinded eyes trying to arrange my sleeping outfit. As everything in the attic is covered with smoke dust as well as other dust, it is impossible for me to keep my clothes clean for more than a day or two. When I return from these winter trips my net is dark-brown from the smoke, and I am smoked somewhat like we used to smoke our hams in the smokehouse. At any rate I keep from spoiling; therefore, I must have been smoked enough. As a matter of fact, after all these years I am fairly well adjusted to the conditions, although the smoke hurts my eyes as severely as ever. When I see the Lord working among the people I am so happy and get so much blessing in the meetings that I actually sleep more soundly and peacefully in those smoky attics on the board beds or on the bamboo floors than I do in my comfortable bed at home.

Winter is in many ways the nicest time of the year. From February until May it is ideal weather with spring sunshine every day; then, as a rule, there are no rains, no freezes, and no thaws. The flowers come in full beauty. It is not uncomfortably hot in daytime, at least not in the shade, and the nights are always cool enough for comfort.

They Confess

These Christian Ka Do people think they were worse sinners than any other people. They detest themselves. They hate and despise themselves. They confess their wrong-doings and regret their lack of doing with many tears, often very bitter tears.

I notice that the best Christians are the most confessing Christians. That is because the indwelling Holy Spirit reveals to them what is inside. They see their depraved and hopeless nature in contrast to which the Spirit reveals the love and perfection of Jesus. This contrast and comparison make personal imperfection the

reason for great regret.

As I was finishing a recent Sunday sermon, I decided to have the Lord's Supper immediately following my talk without giving any opportunity for confessions such as we frequently have. While I was speaking a Ka Do woman arose suddenly to her feet, covered her face with her hands, and in a clear, strong voice began to confess her mistakes and failures. As this was evidently the Lord's prompting, I stopped talking to let that Ka Do woman speak. The more she told of her side-steps, the worse she appeared in her own eyes. She broke down with bitter weeping.

No sooner did this first woman sit down than another arose to confess; then another and another. I do not know how many made their confessions. Each one spoke under much anointing of the Holy Spirit, and the deeper their sins were, the greater the grace of God appeared to be.

From half-grown girls to old women, all who arose to confess ended in weeping. Their sense of short-comings and their longing for the perfection of Jesus was genuine. They were not speaking formal or empty words.

Gross sins such as adultery or even a return to wine and tobacco did not appear in the list of confessions that day, for the reason that the confessors were free from such offenses. But the sense of imperfections and the need of a closer walk with Jesus made what many might consider small sins appear to be grave consequences. After all, the Holy Spirit makes small sins important.

The faults confessed were impatience, ill-temper, laxity in prayer, and other failures. Deep regrets were lack of love for Jesus, forgetfulness of His cross and shed blood, and unconcern for the unsaved. Those who confessed tried to make a clean breast of everything. They did not want to leave one stone unturned. If they forgot something, they got up again and exposed it.

As I have written before, I still marvel at these confessions. Even small girls and old women, who naturally could not speak in public, stood up in a church full of people, and without a halting sentence spoke in strong voices with a choice of words that could hardly be improved. Truly this was the work of the Lord, and it was marvelous in our eyes. The deeper the work of the Holy Spirit became in the meetings, the freer were the confessions and the more the anointing rested upon those who confessed.

One evening as a woman was confessing in broken-hearted contrition the Holy Spirit suddenly came upon her with power, causing her to speak with "other tongues." Her sorrow turned to joy. Shortly afterwards another woman had the same experience. The Lord honors a broken and contrite heart. It is in His Word, and I see it corroborated nearly every night.

Last night was the Sunday ending of a week of daily meetings in the church where I am not writing. It seemed to me that during the week all the women and some

of the men had confessed all they wanted or needed to confess. Before dismissing the service, however, I gave them an opportunity to speak. As no one responded immediately I dismissed the service with prayer, or I thought I did. No sooner was my last word spoken than a man in the rear of the building began with much feeling to confess in a loud voice. All the other people, being one in spirit and very sympathetic with each other, sat down.

Although the woman had formerly done more confessing than the men, for women the world around are more tender-hearted and susceptible to spiritual things than men are, that particular night turned out to be men's night. They had kept pent up inside the kind of things the women had been exposing. When I was dismissing the service, I suppose the men saw their last chance slipping away from them, and so before one man had scarcely finished his last sentence another jumped up to lay bare his misdeeds. And thus one by one nearly all the men made known their need of forgiveness. Some of the women who had allowed their former chance to go by now found another. Eager to make a clean breast of their faults, both men and women continued their confessions for more than an hour.

I wondered what would happen in the way of blessing were Christians at home as free to confess their sins in specific detail as are these tribal people. Our Christians leave no vagueness. If the sin is adultery, they plainly say so. If it is indulgence in wine, opium, tobacco, wife-beating, home quarrels, or angry words it is glaringly exposed. What would the Lord not do to help us were our confessions as void of generalities and camouflage as theirs are? In our confessions we want to save a little face and not be too embarrassingly specific. Our tribes people, however, do not try to save face. They try to save heart by getting fresh cleansing in Jesus' blood and fresh life in His Spirit.

I know my own disposition and that of my white-faced friends at home. I, for one, regret that I do not have more of the Ka Do, the Lo Lo, the Poo Maw, and the Ku Tsong's broken-hearted contrition. The Lord loves it. As I listen to them, I realize that I help them a little; they help me much. And I know that the best churches we have are the most confessing churches. The best Christians we have are the most confessing ones.

In the early days of the tribal work the women in a church of the Lo Lo tribe were especially given to making confessions. At the conclusion of a service they would get down on their knees, bow their faces low, and with uncontrolled weeping confess their large and small sins. At that time the Holy Spirit worked among them with manifestations of supernatural power. Eventually a scornful leader in the community, a man in the grip of many sins he could not and would not forsake, criticized the women. "Who wants to hear you women tell all your faults?" he sneered. "We have heard enough of them," he scoffed. Not only the women but also the rest of the villagers were afraid of this man's tongue. The women ceased confessing their sins. The Holy Spirit no longer worked as formerly. Later the ungodly man died, perhaps by order of the Lord. That church, however, has never again been able to draw nigh unto God as it did in the early days of confession. Although the people will at times tell their faults, they are never broken-hearted. They never weep. Confession is cold. Their heeding man's ridicule

more than God's call for heart-broken confessions of sin was a great mistake.

Confession is a two-sided subject. On the one hand the Holy Spirit working in power, leads to confession and repentance. On the other hand, confession and repentance lead into the fullness of the Holy Spirit. They work together. Weeping and mourning in the Spirit lead to joy in the Spirit; humility in the Spirit leads to exaltation in the Spirit; clean confession of sin leads to a clear possession of the Holy Spirit. Those who consider themselves poor in the Spirit are blessed, for "They shall be comforted." The meek get a part of their inheritance now. Those who hunger after righteousness get filled in the present life.

I look at my Ka Dos and my Poo Maws and my other one-time lost sheep, and then I look at my Bible. I see my people and my Bible agreeing. First they confess; then they are blessed.

Last night, the conclusion of the week of meetings, God was in our midst in greater power than I have ever seen in that church. Never before had there been so much confession, and never before so much possession. Jesus was there where people confessed sin and drew near to God. God drew near to them.

They Pray

They pray — some more, some less — but they pray. "Lord, teach us to pray," Jesus' disciples pled. This also is my plea and the plea of our tribal Christians.

When I am away from these Christians who are scattered far and wide over the mountains, I often feel concerned about them, a concern somewhat like Paul described as "anxiety for the churches."

For the most part our Christians are uneducated. Aside from those who lead the meetings few can read, and many of the leaders are just beginning to read with real understanding. Although these under-shepherds are making progress, how can I expect them to nurture babes in Christ when they themselves are such young Christians, as counted from the date when they were born from above?

At the best, I can visit our churches, some forty of them, but once a year and then for only a few days at most. Who can constantly feed all these Christians? Who can lead the strong and encourage the weak? Spiritual food they must always have or die. There is a reason for some "anxiety for all the churches."

Food must come from Jesus. He is the bread, and He is the meat come down from heaven. He is the living water. Except a man eat His flesh and drink His blood he cannot have life. After all, spiritual food must come straight from Jesus. Each one must seek his own daily food from Jesus. Each one must go to Jesus for the means of life in Him. The Ka Dos and other mountain children do go to Him for food, and they do live and grow.

When I get out among them I have a great sense of relief. They pray. Yes, thank God, they pray. They go to God for food. They get it. They live; they grow. I see them growing, and my anxiety turns to joy.

They could, however, never really pray did not Jesus help them by His Spirit. The Holy Spirit teaches and enables them so to pray that they grow in the grace and admonition of the Lord. I plainly see that these servants of the Saviour are not dependent upon my personal ministry for their stability and personal character. It is the working of the Holy Spirit in each Ka Do and other Christian that counts.

A host of Christians at home pray for the tribal Christians. I, too, pray for them, depending more upon what the Lord will do in answer to prayer than what He will do through my personal ministry. But unless these people themselves pray, the channel for the blessing from heaven for which we all pray will not open.

When I see and hear them pray I have great satisfaction. They are anchoring to the Rock of Ages. The storms of time cannot sweep them away if they anchor well. Although I am not with them, Jesus is. If I die, they will not die to Jesus as long as they pray.

Last evening at the conclusion of the service we all stood and prayed together, at first quietly, and then louder and louder. As fervor grew the answer came from heaven. The women on the one side of the church were a swaying, moving group, and the men on the other side were but little less under the anointing of the Holy Spirit as waves of glory rolled in from Gloryland. All the people present prayed. No exceptions.

For one week we have been having Bible study in this church where I am now writing. Now and then a group could be heard praying as they laid aside their books for a season of praise. They stimulate me. When I am intently engaged in other work, I am often called to prayer by hearing them pray on their own initiative. Not all remember to stop their work to pray, but some do, and they are the ones who set the example for the others.

I could not expect these old tribal women, in the natural to pray a word. Nor could I expect the younger ones, at best, to utter more than a very short prayer. Another missionary working among tribal folk much like the Ka Dos told me that she did not expect her women to learn to do more than repeat the Lord's prayer or a part of it. She certainly did not expect extemporaneous prayer from them. She thought that impossible. She also thought the baptism of the Holy Spirit as on the Day of Pentecost impossible. Moreover, she supposed praying like the New Testament Christians under the anointing of the Holy Spirit impossible, whether in known or unknown language.

We know all this is possible, for we have seen and heard it among our simple-hearted people, and we have experienced it ourselves. At one center we saw God's old-time power at work during a one week's convention and Bible teaching period. Several

of the women from different churches, together with a few of the local women, slept in the church, a one-time heathen temple. I slept in a near-by home where I could hear those women as they prayed at intervals all night long. The praying that wakened me during the night was no formal praying. It was prayer inspired by the Holy Spirit. It came from the heart and from God.

When the convention people went home at the end of three days, the local women returned to their homes to sleep. The next night, to my astonishment, I again heard praying from the church. The women had returned to the church to sleep so that they might be free to pray during the night. They prayed late. After midnight they prayed again. Long before daylight they were all up and praying together.

How can these young women pray so earnestly and so long? The answer is plain: they pray in the Spirit. The Bible exhorts "praying in the Spirit." Although that may mean praying in other tongues in contrast to praying with the understanding, yet in a real sense praying under the anointing of the Holy Spirit is also praying in the Spirit.

Some did pray with other tongues. Some prayed with the understanding in their native dialect. When the Spirit enables they can pray. When the Spirit does not enable they cannot pray. But He does enable, and they do pray.

In a Buy E village the Christians also pray much. For several years in the beginning of the work they had no regular leader. The Christians, however, met together and prayed. When prayer became difficult, they fasted. In answer, refreshing always came. More fasting meant more and better praying. The Lord baptized several in the Holy Spirit, and nearly all the others who had been baptized in water received anointings of the Spirit. The night I was there everyone in the church could pray and did pray. God answered. The women, like our Ka Do women, were especially moved upon by breezes from heaven.

A few years ago the Lord baptized a husband and his wife in the Holy Spirit. And now it looks as if the couple are going to dance together all along the King's Highway to His palaces in Eden's parks by the golden streets. This man was made a leader by the Lord when he baptized him in the Holy Spirit. He is usually away from home on Sundays caring for a new, live church which he has started among some other tribal people.

When this leader is away from his home church there is no one to preach in it. Buy E Christians gather together in the little thatched church, nevertheless, and there they sing hymns and pray both individually and in unison. Since they are Spirit indwelt, Christ in them and they in Christ, they find it true that where a few are gathered together in the name of Jesus He is in their midst. They pray; God hears. Perhaps I need to be more concerned about my own prayer life and definite touch with the Lord than about the praying of those Buy E's. At any rate, they, like Ka Dos, encourage me to continue my praying and fasting.

In another village which I visited the Christians were praying long before daylight. No one in the village could doubt it. From this place I went to the first convention held in the new church started by the Buy E leader. The Poo Maws and the Ka Dos in that church are among the poorest of the poor in worldly goods, but they are rich in heavenly treasures.

Although I had been there but twice before, this time I baptized eight, about the only unbaptized believers there. The others had been baptized in the places where they had attended conventions. Here again, I found a group that prayed long after the evening services. As in other places, I was awakened by the sound of prayer during the night, and the people were up praying long before daylight. As such praying opens hearts and quickens minds, it was easy for me to speak to those attentive and understanding listeners. Their much praying kept them near the cross of Christ.

On Sunday morning before the Lord's Supper, when I talked about the crucifixion I talked to people who understood. Although in the natural they were poor, ignorant, and dull-minded, I received a blessing by being with them. When I am away they will pray. God will take care of them.

When I Pray

Jesus, listen when I pray — when I pray. —
Hold me by Thy blessed hand;
Teach me, Lord, to understand
All Thy will for me today
When I pray, when I pray

Savior, touch me when I pray — when I pray —
Touch me, Lord, and make me whole
In my spirit, body, soul.
Perfect me in every way
When I pray, when I pray.

Savior, fix my eyes when I pray — when I pray —
On Thy thorn-pierced holy face,
And so guard me by Thy grace
That my thoughts may never stray
When I pray, when I pray.

Help me listen when I pray — when I pray —
To Thy quiet, kindly voice,
So that Thou shalt be my choice
In all I do or think or say
When I pray, when I pray.

Keep me quiet when I pray — when I pray —
Hide me from the world below,
As to higher heights I go
Into realms of endless day
When I pray, when I pray

— H. A. Baker

CHAPTER 11

Itinerating in Ka Do Land *Adullam News No. 50 (Excerpts)*

500 Miles With God

The longest itinerary I ever planned is finished. It took me over 500 miles and covered more than three months of constant walking and talking. I foolishly feared that it might be toilsome, when I should have known it would be joyous, for God was in it, and therefore Jesus was with me.

I can summarize some general impressions: I never before walked so far so easily. Not once was I really fatigued. In fact, at the time of the evening meetings I was not tired enough to remind me that I had walked all day. I preached every night except five. In many places I preached three times a day where we had conventions. In some instances I was able to have several meetings a day in addition to walking fifteen miles or more. Yet in spite of constant meetings, I had unusual liberty in talking and was the freest from a sense of strain that I have ever been. In fact, the anointing of the Holy Spirit was so constant that preaching did not tire me on this trip. Never since I came to China have I passed a winter so free from colds, attacks of native infirmities, hoarseness, or other various ways the devil has tried to hinder my work. Nor have I ever before been able to return home feeling like a "youngster" to pass a sixty-sixth birthday. And never have I felt more ambitious or surer that "If God be for us," we need fear no man who is against us.

Personally my spiritual experience and walk with the Lord is far below what it ought to be and what I wish it were. I want to give no wrong impression here. Although the anointing of the Spirit was indeed constant, I could not help thinking that the work would result in a hundred-fold bigger and better harvest if I had the deep work of the Holy Spirit that I see at times and now and then experience momentarily. In reporting what I see on these trips I wish I might write in such a way that the readers would get their eyes off of me, a mere reporter, giving the news of the work of the Lord. My own part is to be willing to obey the Lord at any cost, to be yielded to Him in mind and body, to give all my strength regardless of what might look like physical hardships, to launch out in the assurance that the Lord's strength will increase my own; and to be yielded in spirit so that the Lord may overrule my own natural spirit. So far as I succeed in these desires, just so far and no farther am I useful in the service of the Lord. Can I make it clear that without the anointing of the Holy Spirit and apart from the fact that Christ in a measure is using just a weak vessel of clay all my well-meant efforts to do His work will be useless?

I spent six weeks of this itinerary in the field of the Danish mission south of Ka Do land. This work was begun some thirty years ago. Two years ago at the request of the native leaders and the resident missionary I visited that field. This winter the

missionaries were all away on furlough, but after consulting the one who was just then leaving the native leaders again invited me to visit the churches. Since the time of my visit two years ago more than a hundred families have become believers in that Danish mission.

On this itinerary I visited more than twenty groups of believers. In every community where three or four families could be gathered together we held a service, and then we had a four-days general convention in the old central church. I was surprised and pleased to see how definitely the Holy Spirit is working in all the places I visited. The manifestations of the power of the Lord were especially evident in the sections which have become Christian within the last two years.

One of these sections in the past had a bad reputation as the breeding place for robbers. Although there had never been a real outpouring of the Spirit upon these believers of about a year, they were zealous and built a thatched church in a week's time. Being still in the transient stage with no real understanding of salvation through the blood and the indwelling of the Holy Spirit not well grasped, they were not as well grounded as were those upon whom the Spirit had fallen in power. When I arrived on Sunday the church was well filled with these members of the Bee Yoh tribe. I at once suggested that we all pray. As they bowed their heads praying what they were able a Spirit-filled student from the central school began to pray under a mighty anointing of the Spirit. Naturally quiet, he now prayed in a loud voice in a strange language, though the words were very clear and distinct. The people were greatly impressed when they saw that the God Whom they had so recently come to believe is a living God Who can speak through His people. After the service I baptized nine.

The next night I visited a near-by village whose people attended the church I have mentioned. Here ten more were baptized. After we started on our days journey two boys came hurrying along saying that twelve persons were waiting to be baptized at the church we would pass. The people had already gathered for a service as they knew we were to pass that way. At the conclusion of the service the school boy formerly mentioned again prayed in some very clear language. This was followed by interpretation in which the way of salvation, the glories of heaven, the coming judgments of the world, and the main truths of God's grace were made known.

I think it was the day before this meeting that the boy had gone into the church to pray at three o'clock in the morning and never stopped until after seven. By daylight his loud praying had brought most of the villagers into the church to join him. He spoke in tongues with interpretation; he prophesied and he preached; he had a vision of Jesus. As he described the broad and the narrow ways, he did not know that he was addressing those present in prophecy.

On the broad way — a very broad way — were hurrying travelers of every description, people riding, people walking, some carrying loads, others driving loaded horses, and some driving herds of cattle. Farther down at the end of the road he saw the travelers one by one falling into the abyss in which an almost colorless flame was

roaring, "like that of the furnace where they melt iron to make plows." All kinds of worldly persons and earthly activities seemed to be there. In response to the persuasions of two Christians in white standing by the cross at the crossroads, the travelers with only now and then a rare exception after a look at the narrow way replied that the narrow way was too hard to travel and too unpopular. "Not interested," they said, and hurried on down the broad way toward the fire "like the ones used to melt iron for plows."

I did not suggest a service before I should leave the next morning because the women would all be busy preparing the morning meal. Soon after daylight — I had already washed and shaved — the young man in the home asked me to go with him to the church to pray. Two or three others soon came in. As we prayed the Holy Spirit came upon this young man. Another who had entered the church also received the Spirit, and then another. And then the women, one by one, came as they heard the loud praying in the church. As each one came in and joined the standing group the Holy Spirit fell upon them, shaking them under His power. In the course of half an hour nearly everyone in the little village had gathered in the church, leaving breakfast and other duties to care for themselves. Together we prayed and wept and rejoiced.

Among those present that morning were a man and his son from a pagan village. After hearing the Gospel in this place, they decided to become believers in truth, return to their own home, throw away their idols. I noticed that the son had come forward and was standing near the others praying and praising God with upstretched arms while shaking under the power of the Holy Spirit. At first while trying to pray, he saw the Holy Spirit fall upon him like a ball of fire more than a foot in diameter. The Spirit filled him and sent his arms into the air praising God. The next day at his heavy work making iron plows he felt tired and as usual took a little wine. His stomach was no longer a place for wine. The young man vomited. That was the last of wine for him. To his unbelieving friends he testified that he now had no desire for wine or tobacco but all the time kept thinking of Jesus.

The father, a former official in that community, had smoked opium and tobacco, and had taken plenty of wine until he came to this Christian village. He had decided that after he had lived a good example for a time he would be baptized, but in view of all the miracles he was now seeing he could wait no longer. For eight days he had taken no opium and henceforth was going to live a clean life for God. He believed it was no use for him to try to preach the gospel to his people until by example he had proved to them that the Lord had worked a miracle in his own life. As he lives among Chinese of some ability he will have plenty of persecution. I was happily surprised to hear him freely talk about the Lord to his friends.

I shall never forget the inspiration brought by a young woman of the Bee Yoh or Lo Lo tribe. Coming late to the meeting in one of the homes where the room was packed out, she managed to get just inside the door. After my talk as we prayed together she praised the Lord in some beautiful, clear language. Then she sang in this beautiful unknown tongue and later sang the interpretation in Chinese. Her voice was low, but

sweet — so sweet. That sweet voice, that wonderful singing! How shall I describe it? I cannot. I can only say I never heard a more beautiful song nor do I expect to hear sweeter singing this side of heaven. At times the singing gave place to a beautiful spoken language followed by interpretation in excellent Chinese.

The first night of the general convention, at the very conclusion of the service this prophetess under the anointing of the Spirit sang in prophecy in the manner I have just described. In a miraculous way she soon set forth the love of Jesus for sinning men and so tenderly brought us to the feet of the bleeding Christ on the cross that our hearts were melted and broken. All over the house the people were weeping. I could not help thinking: "My, if I could preach under such an anointing of the Holy Spirit and in such a tender loving way as did this prophetess, and if native preachers could preach this way, what wonders would be performed among these or any other people." This woman was busy during the day carrying water and in other work of the convention. Of course the Lord knew how to keep her from becoming puffed up by not anointing her in this manner in every service. He did, however, use her to bring the people nearer to Him than did all my preaching and to show us what blessings in Christ may come to men under the anointing of the Holy Spirit.

In the six weeks I was in this section I baptized one hundred and seventy. The people and myself were refreshed and encouraged, and we feel that fires were kindled that will continue to burn and spread.

Two days of travel brought me back to the border of Ka Do land, my own people. Here again in many places young men and women spoke in prophecy or through tongues and interpretation, and stirred the people present to tears at the foot of the cross, or led them to rejoice as the one in the Spirit was rejoicing in Paradise. Such messages direct from heaven put the seal of God on all I preached and gave me great joy in seeing how it is by His Spirit alone that Jesus saves and keeps men.

Two Weeks With the Boo Kos

Some members of the Boo Ko settlements became Christians soon after we moved into Ka Do land thirteen years ago. Persecutions and the test of time have purged out all but the really honest children of the Lord. Although trials have taken away the dress, nevertheless according to promise the Lord through the power of the Holy Spirit has tightly held His own with an unerring hand.

In the farthest of the Boo Ko settlements I recently received much encouragement and inspiration. While love of the world, love of the approval of unbelieving friends, love of the habits of unregenerated life, together with fear of persecution have caused all the men except one in the particular locality to revert to paganism, the women with their daughters cling more and more closely to Jesus.

The other morning as we began eating breakfast a half-grown girl in an adjoining room began to pray and praise the Lord. "She is going to fast today," I was

told. That remark rather pricked my conscience, because I, being delayed there a day or two on account of impassible rivers, should also have taken that opportunity to fast.

Having finished my breakfast, I went into the next room where the little girl was getting things from the Lord. She was really in the Spirit. I was too hungry for some the same blessing. She must have been receiving more than she could contain, for an overflow was left for me. With this anointing of the Holy Spirit upon me the rest of the day I rewrote some of my manuscript for my unpublished book **Heaven And The Angels**. That little girl's praising and praying most certainly helped bring heaven and the angels down to me at the very time I most needed them. I was told, moreover, that when the older women do not have time or perhaps the inclination to fast for a day the young girls fast and pray. Although the older women do fast at times, the girls do not depend upon their mothers to lead them in fasting. They have learned how and when to go directly to God for the liberty and peace in the Holy Spirit that they need and know is their inherited portion.

In the evening service there were twelve girls and women present. And twelve girls and women received definite supernatural anointings of the Holy Spirit. Without exception they all prayed in the Spirit. The one man, who leads the meetings in a weak way, was the only one who could pray but little and who has never had much more than an intellectual knowledge of the Lord. In spite of his need for what the women and girls enjoy, his efforts are too feeble to get him far in this direction. As we prayed together here again I got my share of the shower that was falling. Heaven seemed to be all about us, and I thanked the Lord for the great privilege of being among the Boo Kos. We raised no question as to whether they were more blessed than usual because of my presence or whether I was specially blessed because of their presence. We were all blessed because of Jesus' presence.

I am not certain that any of those present in this service first received the Holy Spirit in a meeting that I myself conducted. Perhaps some of them did. I do not know. The fact is that at some time in some meeting or convention some of the Boo Kos received the Holy Spirit. From such a beginning others from time to time received the Spirit. Thus it has been in all the churches among the Boo Kos or the Ka Dos or any of the other tribes, in fact in every church in every place under our supervision that I visit. After one or two in a church receive the Holy Spirit, if the work is led and the people seek the Lord, as time goes on one after another receives the Spirit. As I visit the churches I see advance in the work of the Holy Spirit from year to year. Of the many hundreds, perhaps two thousand or even more, I doubt if as many as one in twenty first received in a service where I was present. Cannot we see how the Lord expects us to trust Him to care for His own through the miraculous working of the Holy Spirit in His church? It is not preaching, after all, that holds the children of God to Himself. It is the Holy Spirit within the sons of God that holds them fast. Preaching and other efforts only contribute to this end.

The Lord's Supper

The next morning, Sunday, we had the Lord's Supper together. The Christians like to remember the Lord's death as He told them to do, therefore in all the churches where there is a leader to take charge the Communion Service is observed each Lord's Day. In this way they get closer to the Lord Jesus and to the fellowship of His suffering, they say. As we partook even the smallest girls were really praying in the Spirit.

Another Boo Ko Settlement

In this settlement only a few of those baptized in water ever retracted on account of the pull of the world or because of bitter persecution. These some twenty Christians are making progress from year to year. They gather together two and three times a week to sing and pray and receive some Bible teaching. In these more than ten years, manifestations of the power of God in their midst have never ceased. Here the men as well as the women are going on with the Lord, but as usual the women and girls most easily break through the barriers and get in where the Lord is.

The Children Coming

As the adults and older children have been baptized in water, now the younger children want to be baptized. Having been born into these new Christian homes they have been taught to pray and praise the Lord ever since they could talk. Who could forbid baptism to these children who love the Lord and live in fellowship with Him as definitely as do the older people? Just before I left that settlement, one chilly morning before sunrise seven boys and girls gathered at the roaring mountain stream that rushes by their village. As they stood there with hands over their eyes praying there was no mistaking the intonations of their voices. They were praying in the Spirit, and I knew it. As they came out of the cold water, one by one of their own accord they again covered their faces and continued to pray unmindful of their cold wet clothes. The Spirit of the Lord was upon them and He impartially gave me some of the same hidden manna of which the children were partaking. I especially noticed one of the smallest boys, son of fine Christian parents, praying with real Holy Spirit inspired unction.

Meditation

Returning with the children from the baptismal service, I meditated on a former experience with some "intellectuals" among whom I worked for a time. In their clamor for wisdom it was most difficult to get their attention long enough and seriously enough to lead them to a knowledge of the Lord and His rightful claim to their lives. Harder yet was it to get them to a heart-knowledge and heart-hunger for Jesus. And now here I was away from all the currents of the modern worlds making my way over the river-rolled, round rocks with these children of the recent night with heaven coming down all around us and the glory of the Lord upon us. I understood something: God knew what He was talking about when He declared that the wisdom of this world is foolishness

with Him. The “intellectuals” need God, and I like them. But they are a million miles farther from the gates of heaven than are these people here in the mountains that know not and care not whether the world is round or flat. When I think of others worse fooled by modern civilization and education and false customs I want to talk to them about the only way of life that abides. And so I say: “Here, Lord, am I. Where You send me I will gladly run your errands.”

Other Boo Ko Churches

In another settlement there must be a hundred or more real Christians who have long been faithful after several years of severe sittings and persecution. This congregation is made up mostly of young men and women who by their spiritually healthy and live wide-awake testimony have impressed the Chinese living in surrounding sections. Now former persecution has turned into considerable admiration.

The worst persecutor of a few years ago, the highest Chinese official over a large area, while smoking his opium at an official conference was overheard to say to his pagan friend: “Christianity is really a good thing. These Christians do not steal or rob or gamble or live in fornication or adultery, but are honest and clean living people. This is all good. Christianity is a good thing. In fact my older brother has become a Christian.”

The man continued: “Look at Lee Chin Liang. Before he became a Christian he was bad-living man and could not read a word. Now he not only lives a good life but also reads and explains the Bible. Although I can read Chinese, I cannot explain the meaning of the Bible. This Lee goes all around preaching and doing good. Many of the other young men and women have also learned to read. Yes, Christianity is really a good thing.”

Conformed or Transformed

Something has taken place in these Boo Ko Christian villages that has done my heart good: transformation. In the past the women in each tribe have had their own particular tribal type of dress. Being very zealous to maintain their own customs, they have adhered strictly to their type of clothing from generation to generation. A few years ago the Chinese official by force attempted to change the style of dress and failed utterly. However, after some of the women became Christians they decided that their tight form-fitting, short trousers were not befitting a Christian. A few of them made a declaration of independence: “From now on we are going to wear the long loose-fitting trousers such as the country Chinese women wear.” For a time it looked like war, but the younger women won over the older generation.

The age-long custom of wearing huge silver earrings two or three inches in diameter connected by a silver rod across the forehead as well as wearing other silver rings and ornaments galore disappeared. As the love of Jesus and the Holy Spirit came into their hearts away went the ornaments and in came a power and love that has not

departed in these ten years.

A Chinese Family

In another place I spent one day with an old Chinese family, now divided into four families. From the time they decided to forsake paganism for Christianity they all stopped the use of tobacco and wine. They began to pray at once, and the Lord worked at once. When the old grandfather, age seventy-six, became a believer he was using opium, wine, and tobacco constantly. He threw away all his pipes and was instantly delivered from these evil habits without any terrific suffering that is usual in breaking the opium habit unless the Lord works a miracle, which He surely must have done in this case.

The members of these four families insisted that they be baptized. I was especially impressed with the earnestness and spiritual understanding of the older and of the youngest, one seventy-six and the other eight. I think the little granddaughter had the inner circle on spiritual things. She talked like an adult about what the believers were saying and doing. She was the only one in the group who could sing ten notes correctly, an accomplishment impossible to the older Chinese. Better still, she could pray well, the best of them all.

Home Again

After spending two weeks in the mountains of rainclouds as well as gloryclouds among the Boo Kos I came back to my Ka Dos. In the service last evening an exemplary Spirit-filled woman had the happy experience of seeing angels in radiant glory as she sang and praised the Lord in the Spirit. Another woman after climbing a mile or two over steep rocky paths to the church laughed in the Spirit so exuberantly as she saw heavenly scenes that she caused us all to rejoice with her. Thus you see these Ka Dos are getting what the Boo Kos got. Here is a group who certainly love the Lord.

Our Field

I feel reluctant to write about my itineraries, for how can I do it so that the Lord will get all the credit? All these years I have repeatedly wished that I need make no reports of my efforts to do the work of the Lord among the tribes in these mountains. It is impossible to avoid giving wrong impressions. No one who has never lived in these mountains or among such a people as are here can understand the conditions under which I work or have a clear conception of the type of people. Some readers suppose all our people are so ignorant that they cannot distinguish their right hand from their left. Others suppose all these mountaineers are sitting with outstretched hands waiting to hear the glad tidings of salvation ready to accept it at once.

The fact is that in some communities among the more capable of these tribal people their average intelligence and talents, in my opinion, are fully as high as were

those of the rural community in which I spent my boyhood days. On the other hand, among the less capable tribes the intelligence is very low.

As a rule whole villages decide to forsake heathen practices and accept the Christian system, or as a whole they reject Christianity. We find it impossible to reach individuals in these “rejecting” villages. The answer to all our efforts is: “We do believe,” or “I will believe if all the other villagers believe.” In all the regions surrounding our present field of activities the devil has spread so many false reports and created so much prejudice among the people that we have not been able to any great extent to drive a Gospel wedge in any direction. We can get an entrance only as the Lord miraculously opens doors, sometimes by means of Christian relatives of those who live in the pagan communities.

As far as susceptibility to the Gospel is concerned, these people “have minds of their own.” On the whole, because of inherent disposition and because of other circumstances which we have not time to discuss, the tribal people are more yielded to the Gospel than are self-centered and self-dependant people at home. When the Gospel really gets hold of a man and makes him a new creation in Christ, I can see no great difference whether he be black or white or red or yellow. My work is among fifteen tribes as well as among the Chinese. I cannot see that any one class makes better Christians than another. Neither can I honestly say that I consider myself a better Christian than some of those to whom the Lord sends me to minister. I see many who seem to have easier access to God than I have, and in view of their more limited knowledge of the word of God, for anything I know to the contrary, they may have a higher standing with Him.

When a village has decided to “become Christian” it simply means that prejudice has been broken down and the door opened to hear the real meaning of the Gospel. We must then begin at the bottom and preach the Gospel just as we do to the unconverted at home. The more open-hearted ones readily accept Christ and are baptized; others are very slowly and with much difficulty persuaded after seeing the works of the Lord for many years. Many, on the other hand, hearing the general import of the Gospel to live clean lives reject it from the very start and seldom will listen to it again. It would seem as easy to convert the devil himself as to convert many who are definite “Gospel rejecters” in every community where we work. Thus it is that what is done to make these people real Christians must be done by the Lord through the power of the Holy Spirit.

I Will Go Where the Saviour Leads Me

I'll go where the Saviour leads me on,
And all of the way I will sing my song.
Though the path be steep and the way be rough
I'll follow my Lord till He says, "enough."

It is my duty; it is my will
The purpose of God to now fulfill,
The sufferings of Jesus help complete
As I follow His nail-pierced hands and feet.

It is not a matter of pleasure or pain
As I journey along to the Lord's domain.
It's a matter of walking with Christ, my Lord,
And shaping my life to His holy Word.

I'll count no cross too heavy to bear
As Jesus' love and life I share,
For I want to go all the way He went
Before my life on earth is spent.

I will cast on Jesus my every care
As His sufferings in part I try to share
In doing the work He sent me to do
In the strength that He daily gives anew.

It may be high on the mountain peak
That Jesus will lead this wandering sheep;
It may be valleys and gloom and night,
But with Jesus there it will be all right.

Through valley and vale to the mountain high
Is the way that leads to the clearest sky,
Where I gaze on the city not far away,
That I soon will reach at the end of the day.

— H. A. Baker

CHAPTER 12

Prophecy *Adullam News No. 51 (Excerpts)*

The Lord Speaking

Years ago, through a careful study of the Word of God I came to the conclusion that as the time of the Lord's return to earth drew near we should expect to see more of the gifts of the Holy Spirit manifest in the church. As the unbelieving world grew worse and worse, I thought that the church of the really saved believers would get better and that its light would shine brighter. In my other books I have given the reasons why I believed this would be true, especially during the final years of the age as the church went through the severest test and greatest tribulation.

In **Visions Beyond the Veil** and in the unpublished manuscript of another book, **Tribulation to Glory**, I have tried to give the scriptural reasons for believing that in the final days of unbelief in God and in the midst of Satan's supernatural workings, the Lord by His Holy Spirit will work with more supernatural signs and wonders than the earth has ever seen. Those who have read **Visions Beyond the Veil** will see how the Lord at the time of that outpouring demonstrated and verified the above conclusions.

For example, the Lord would take two children when in a state of trance, and standing them before us, cause them to speak in tongues and interpretation. Both, however, spoke in unknown languages, though in two distinct and different tongues. At such times the two were in vision preaching to a heathen crowd before them and were consciously preaching through tongues and interpretation that neither of them understood.

On the Day of Pentecost people of thirteen languages were amazed at hearing the disciples who understood but one language speak to them through the unction of the Holy Spirit in thirteen languages. This is a bible evidence that God does speak to unbelievers through tongues miraculously. In accord with this fact we have Paul's inspired statement that: "Tongues are for a sign, not to them that believe, but to them that believe not" (I Cor. 14:22). It is a matter of history in missionary records that in the past there have been rare instances when the Holy Spirit has come upon a missionary and he has preached to a heathen crowd in their language that he himself did not understand.

Speaking to heathen unbelievers through interpretation of tongues would carry out the same purpose as in these instances, in that the Lord under unusual circumstances would thus miraculously have the Gospel preached to those in need in a way otherwise not so possible or effective. This idea, however, in no way excuses a missionary from learning the language of the country to which he goes. What the Bible and the experience of our Chinese orphan children led me to hope to see, the Lord

allowed me to see — namely, the heathen preached to through tongues and interpretation.

Last year the Lord poured out the Holy Spirit on a Chinese church under my charge in greater manifestation of the gifts of the Holy Spirit than I had ever witnessed. The unbelieving Chinese in this large village had long persecuted the believers. The heathen in this remote place held tenaciously to the belief in their gods whom they believed to be the real guardians of their village.

At the time of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit just mentioned, the meeting became so noisy that I was certain it would attract the attention of passing unbelievers who would come in to see what was going on. Sure enough, they came. Because of their past persecution, I was fearful lest the unnatural physical and spiritual manifestations might make it a furnace seven times hotter for the little group of Christians. For a moment as these former persecutors crowded about the door I was almost “scared.” I could not stop the meeting. That would clearly interfere with the work of the Holy Spirit. Nor could I stop all the unusual manifestations that were going on, simply to conform to the ways of man. Foot-bound Chinese women were dancing. Some were laughing in the Holy-Spirit-induced joys of Paradise. Some were talking in tongues, some were speaking in prophecy, and others were in a trance acting out the sufferings of Christ. I am sure the unbelievers gathered about the door had never witnessed such a scene, and I never had.

Staring with amazement, the unbelievers looked on. I expected ridicule. I was surprised to see earnestness. After my first anxiety, I decided there was no reason to worry. The Lord began this outpouring and it was His business to see it through. Having come to the conclusion that the whole affair was far beyond my power to manage, I decided to take it easy, rest in peace, and wait to see what the Lord was going to do about it. The earnestness of the on-lookers was the first visible evidence that the Lord was looking after His own affairs and knew what He was about.

After an extended period of manifold and wonderful, as well as amazing, manifestations the meeting became quieter as the power of God lifted from one after another. I was getting more and more interested in seeing what the Lord would do next. When all except two had quietly taken their seats, a very consecrated man and a woman who had been dancing (separately) under the anointing of the Spirit during the meeting stood still. The man was motioning and speaking in an unknown language as if he were preaching. The woman, like himself in a state of trance, was led by the Spirit to turn around and stand before the people gathered about the door. Her eyes were closed. Facing the unbelievers, she was used of the Lord to give the interpretation of what the man was preaching in other tongues.

Addressing the on-lookers before her, the woman, now referring to the man preaching in tongues, said:

“What he said is this.” Then she interpreted several sentences. Again she turned

toward the man, apparently listening while he spoke. Turning again to her audience about the door, she continued: "What you are hearing but do not understand is this." Again she proceeded with the interpretation.

Throughout all her interpreting she did something I have never seen a Chinese preacher or evangelist do, but something that ever since I came to China I have seen done. She emphasized her speaking and drew interest with the same kind of dramatic gestures used by Chinese story tellers and others who gather crowds about them on the streets attracted by dramatization peculiar to China alone. Here the Lord by His Holy Spirit was speaking to the Chinese in a strictly Chinese way, more Chinese-like than I had ever before seen.

The message was interpreted a few sentences at a time. While the man gave and partly acted out his words, the woman assumed an attitude of carefully listening; then she would interpret every sentence that had been spoken in unknown tongues.

The message was from the Lord Jesus. Speaking in the first person through interpretation of tongues directly to the people, how lovingly and tenderly He told the people Who He is. He explained Who the true God is. He expresses His love for erring man and their need of a Savior. He explained the cross and the way of life: I can only say that if the Gospel was ever preached in tenderness to lost men, it was so preached that night. The love and the gentleness and the tenderness of that message, without any stinging rebuke for the persecution that had taken place in mistaken ignorance, is beyond my power to describe. I shall never forget it. Would to God we all could preach the Gospel of love to lost heathen in such heart-touching tenderness and love as Jesus Himself spoke that night through tongues and interpretation. We were all touched. We were all brought low before Him.

What do you suppose was the effect upon the heathen gathered at the door? They listened breathlessly to every word. Not a sound; not a whisper. No one laughed.

When the message ended, the man and woman opened their eyes and quietly sat down. They did not know what they had done. Dead silence followed; no one wanted to speak or move. We all seemed to be spellbound by the Lord. At last I arose and simply said: "This is the true God Who has talked to us. He loves us all and wants to save us. We are glad you came to the meeting. We welcome you."

Apparently all were impressed. All were reverent. They went away quietly and thoughtfully. I think that every person present that night went away believing that a supernatural God had spoken. In spite of all my initial fears, I never heard any adverse criticism after that meeting. Because unbelief and prejudice had bound these people tightly, it would take a mighty working of the Holy Spirit in their hearts to make them willing to become adherents of the God they had distained. Now I feel certain that the attitude of that whole village has turned favorably to the God we proclaim, Our Great God and Savior, Jesus Christ. Recently I was told that more families had decided to become Christians.

In addition to the influences just related, there was a further reason for their becoming Christians. Less than a year ago this village was in the hands of Communistic brigands for four months. The Christians gathered for prayer to get the leading of the Lord. As they prayed the Holy Spirit came upon this same man and woman about whom I have written. The man in a trance again spoke in other tongues and the women again interpreted. The Lord told these Christians not to be afraid, and that they should not flee from the place, as He would protect them there. They were fearlessly to meet for prayer and to praise the Lord much in their homes.

The unbelievers in the village who had anything worthwhile in their houses fled. The brigands plundered their homes, and few, if any, did not suffer severe loss.

One day when the Christians were meeting for prayer in the home of a widow, the worst man in that whole section with some of his followers came with the express purpose of burning that house. The head man under him came into the house and seeing the Christians gathered there told them that it was a good thing to be a Christian. "Be true Christians," he said, "and your God will help you. Do not be afraid. Hold your services as you have been doing, and no one will molest you." This under-leader then went out to where the vicious head brigand was and told him that the Christians were a good lot of well-behaved people who do no one any harm. "Leave these Christians alone," he advised his leader. The man took the advice and left them alone. Jesus had said that He would protect them.

Although the brigands helped themselves freely to the things that belonged to the unbelievers, not a home of the Christians was molested. This line of demarcation became evident to the unbelievers. The head official of the village, who some years earlier had taken the lead in a very bitter persecution, now came to the Christians and wanted to know why they dared remain in the village when all the other people fled. "Are you not afraid?" he asked. "Did your God tell you to remain?" he questioned.

"Yes, He did. He told us not to run away, because He would care for us," replied the Christians.

Twice again this same man, wondering at the courage of the Christians, came asking if it were really true that their God had told them to remain and that He would protect them.

When it best suits the Lord's purpose, He still speaks to His people who are willing to hear Him through the gifts of the Spirit.

Glory-Peaks

Glory-peaks! Among and upon higher peaks of glory to the halo of the Lord is where the work of the year in Ka Do Land ended, and from whence I descend to tell about it. Never before did any year or period of my work end in such a climactic manifestation of God's glory-world. The many months of incessant long itineraries

without any period of rest terminated in the general convention and several local conventions where the Lord walked and talked with us in ways long desired. For twenty-eight successive days in conventions and other meetings there was not a day that Jesus did not speak to us through prophecy or interpretation of tongues attended by visions of the glory-world and the King of Glory.

For some years a few of the young men and women had shown evidence of possessing “the gift of prophecy.” During the past two years since my long periods of fasting, some of these persons spoke in clear prophecy or through interpretation of tongues in their own local meetings or conventions. The mixed meetings, however, with those present with different grades of spirituality and receptive capacity to appropriate the deep things of God considerably hindered the fullness of the messages I believed the Lord intended to give us.

Why not have a “School of Prophets?” I reflected. That unquestionably would be Biblical, for Elijah surrounded himself with a “band of prophets,” and so did Samuel. If we could have such bands in different places, and after seasons of revelations and direct contacts with the things of God they would scatter to spread the fire of the Lord, might they not be more effective in preaching the real Gospel of Christ than those sent out trained by other methods commonly followed? Why not try it? To that end I determined to call together about a dozen young men and women who showed evidence of having the gift of prophecy. I believed that if I could have them for a few days where there would be no interference by the presence of others who might be indifferent or lacking in zeal, the Lord might take these earnest young people into deeper things than they had hitherto experienced. We could at this time be free without hindrance to launch out into the depth of God. It would also be easy to correct any irregularities and to see that everything was developed in scriptural order. During the days our band of prophets would be together we could be free to pray and wait upon the Lord as much as we wanted to day or night. I longed for such a time for myself and felt certain that I, for one, would receive much from the Lord while seeking Him among such a group of Spirit-filled young people. I thought that I would not preach at such a gathering, but would confine my talks to giving such instructions as might be needed to correct anything that was not in scriptural order as well as to give helpful suggestions.

A difficulty arose. If I called only my select group together, on the one hand, there was the danger at the very start that I would give them the impression that they were my favorites and perhaps the favorites of the Lord. The tendency would be to cultivate pride, the very thing that most hinders the deep working of the Spirit of Christ, the lowly Nazarene. On the other hand, there was the danger that the other Christians in the churches of the various tribes would feel that I considered them an inferior class. They might feel “hurt” and in some cases be jealous.

Because of this possibility, I decided to enlarge my “band of prophets.” I set a date for the time to gather together and then as I made my itineraries I made it known that we were going to have three days of seeking God’s best. I announced that those who had spoken in other tongues or in prophecy or had unusual liberty in the Holy

Spirit while praying and others who had received supernatural manifestations of the Holy Spirit were especially desired to attend this gathering. Anyone, however, who was zealous for the Holy Spirit might come.

On the quiet I had personally urged each of my “band of prophets” to be sure to attend the meeting. Knowing their zeal and the great blessing they enjoyed in the direct contact with Jesus that had been their portion, I was quite certain that they would come. I had not openly used the expression, “Band of Prophets.” That expression was to be my own treasure kept in the secret chambers of my heart. I expected few others than my “prophets” to come.

The day and the hour arrived. What was my surprise to see first of all the arrival of a string of women, mostly Boo Kos, middle-aged and old, twenty-eight of them. I felt somewhat disappointed, for I was hoping and looking for my young people. Soon some of my prospective “prophets” began to come, and other young and old people arrived until we had a total of seventy. I went to bed rather dubious, for it was not the personnel I had anticipated for my “band of prophets.” Perhaps too many in one group would hinder the liberty in the Holy Spirit that I desired. But why be concerned? Did not the Lord know what He was doing, and was not this His work? I decided it was and went off into peaceful sleep, perhaps too peaceful, for it was nearer daylight than usual before I wakened to pray.

I arrived at the church shortly after daylight. Although I did not intend to preach or talk to the group, I did not even get a chance to tell of my intention, for they were already there praying in unison. I joined them, and we were all off toward the land of glory.

The longer we prayed, the nearer we got to Glory-Land. How long was it? An hour or more than an hour that prayer rolled on, gathering momentum. We were not approaching Glory-Land. As we got in there some of the seekers climbed right up on top of the glory-peaks and looked over into heaven and saw the King of Glory. Others were gazing in raptured admiration over into the Paradise of God, while some, on the border where we get into Glory-Land, were on another mount weeping as they gazed at the One upon the cross hanging on the nails that opened the door and the only way into this Land.

When at last the others became quiet and seated, the time had come for “my prophets” to begin. Who it was that prophesied first and second, I do not recall. I think it was the one whom in my mind I call the “little prophetess,” who prophesied at the time. As she stood trembling under the anointing of the Holy Spirit, in vision she saw Jesus and talked with Him.

Her face turned heavenward, she stood before us speaking in the Chinese language. While she talked with her beloved Lord, we silently listened to both sides of the conversation. The Holy Spirit, speaking through the lips of this godly Ka Do virgin, gave us all of the sacred conversation, a private heart-talk, the girl thought. The girl

was thanking Jesus for all that He had done for her. Her joys in Paradise in the land of pure delight often overflowed in exuberant laughter.

Jesus' "little girl", as He called her, was reminded that the joys she was now experiencing were hers because He had died for her. When she saw the nail-prints on His hands she began talking about His suffering for her. There she stood before us, hands by her sides, trembling as she thus talked in a low, sweet voice:

"Oh, Jesus, how you must have suffered to die that way for me. I was only a useless little girl, a sinner. O Jesus, they beat Your body with lashes, did they not? And Your blood was shed. That is what washed my sins away."

On and on she talked until she could talk no longer. Her voice broke. She began to weep. Broken-heartedly she knelt down before us all, and wept outright as only the broken-hearted can weep. We all wept with her there at the foot of the cross.

Jesus had taken us all over into Glory-Land and then had brought us back to the mount on the border to let us see that its entrance is by the cross and over its blood.

Weeping turned to praying, and praying became one volume of prayer. After we were all held at the foot of the cross for a season of reflection, once again we were led over to the land of joys and up to the peaks of glory. How long this continued I do not now recall. Perhaps an hour. Having wept and prayed, one after another at last arose and sat down — all except some of our "prophets," shall I say? Now some one else, in trance caught away in the things of the Lord, had become His mouth-piece and was talking to us in prophecy. One or two or three talked, one after another in Bible-order, while those while those made tender in their hearts by the Holy Spirit listened silently and reverently. Jesus talked to us, and we all listened to every word; then again we were brought before the cross of Jesus and caused to gaze upon Him there until once more we were brought to our knees in contrite prayer. This alternate praying and prophesying by others was again repeated.

It was now ten o'clock. The meeting had begun before six. Breakfast had been waiting for two hours. The meeting was dismissed for breakfast, and all who desired could now eat and afterwards continue waiting on the Lord. But who wanted breakfast after having partaken so bountifully of heavenly manna and of the fruit of the tree of life that is in the midst of the Paradise of God? Perhaps half a dozen persons went to breakfast.

After resting an hour or more we gathered for another meeting. I did not even attempt to tell the people that I was not going to talk to them. The first person who entered the church began to pray, and so did the second, and the third and fourth and all who followed. Without cessation the experiences of the morning were repeated until four o'clock. It was now the Lord's order for us to have a little rest. After supper we had another series of prophecies, visions, praying, and praising, until ten o'clock. After almost a whole day and evening in Glory Land or at the foot of the cross we retired for

the night.

The second day was a repetition of the first. Once more when I arrived before sunrise at the church many of the people were already there praying well on their way to Glory Land. The third day was much the same save that we reached higher and higher peaks and experienced greater appreciation of the love and grace that saved us on Calvary's hill.

To describe all that the Lord did in our midst those three days is so impossible that I had decided not to attempt it. I feel now, however, that something should be said that might encourage others. Those whom I hoped would come as my original "band of prophets" came, and, with few if any exceptions, they all prophesied. So did many others. As I recall it, we had prophecy in every meeting. Many were in vision caught up to Paradise. There they beheld mansions and floral displays and gardens of fruits utterly impossible to describe. In our presence they, in vision, received apparently some of the fruit to bring back to earth. As in the case of the orphan children I tell about in my book, **Visions Beyond the Veil**, so it was in this case. Those caught up to heaven knew they were to return again to earth, and when leaving heaven knew they were coming back to earth.

When in heaven, several of the people saw Jesus and talked to Him. Not a little of the prophecy was given when the person prophesying was in vision in conversation with Jesus. Of course they did not know that they were prophesying to us.

A number of these "prophets" had no visions, but as far as I know every one of them was in a trance when prophesying and upon coming out of the trance did not know that he had been prophesying to us. The very fact that those prophesying were thus lost to self-consciousness made it all the more clear that it was the Lord speaking through them to us, and that the prophecies did not originate in the minds of the persons speaking.

Along with the prophecy came interpretation of tongues. Here again, the Lord left no room for doubt that it was He Himself Who was talking to us. When the others were seated, two would remain on their feet in a trance, sometimes seeing visions and sometimes not. One would speak very clearly as though addressing an audience in some very distinct, though unknown tongue. After speaking a few sentences he would wait while the other speaker would immediately give the interpretation in the Chinese language. As soon as the interpretation was finished the first speaker would continue his message. Thus it proceeded, a few sentences at a time and then the interpretation. There was no doubt but that this was literal interpretation, for in the unknown language at times a Chinese word or phrase was also spoken. In the interpretation into Chinese we could see that the formerly spoken Chinese word or phrase came in at the right place. In fact, the two thus speaking, the one in tongues and the other interpreting, was just the same way that I always preach in Chinese and have someone interpret my message into the desired tribal dialect, a few sentences at a time. During these days all the tongues and interpretation followed this order. If one of the speakers rejoiced, the

other one also did so at the same instant. If one wept, the other wept at the same time. When the Spirit lifted, both came out of the trance at exactly the same second. When the two whom the Lord has been using came out of the trance, if unattended with vision, they knew nothing of what they had spoken. This was undoubtedly “tongues and interpretation” and the Lord was the One who had done the speaking through His servants’ mouths.

Time after time when many were dancing under the power of the Holy Spirit, perhaps exploring the wonders of Paradise, the Lord would most orderly lay three or four of these persons on the platform at my feet. There they usually lay silently lost in a trance until the meeting became quiet again; then one of them in the name of the Lord would begin to prophesy. Very often two would prophesy, one speaking a few sentences and then the other adding a few sentences as orderly and as consistently as though but one person were speaking. Sometimes a third person would add something when the other two were quiet for a minute.

When the Lord said that was all for the time, the power of the Spirit would leave all of them at the same instant, and they would at once come back to self-consciousness.

The spirit of these prophecies was just what you would expect from a loving Lord. He talked in a loving way about all the important things you would want Him to say. He confirmed what the workers and I had said. He also told them that what had been said in preaching and in Bible study was to be carefully followed. The hopeless condition of the world was repeatedly emphasized, and we were again and again told that it would soon be destroyed.

Whether through prophecy or through interpretation of tongues Jesus talked with us, it was always in an unhurried, clear Chinese language with words so perfectly chosen and in a spirit so gripping that I daily longed to be able to speak thus to my people in the same spirit and with such language.

During these days many had visions, and many spoke through interpretation of unknown tongues, but the Lord did not make anyone His “special” prophet or prophetess or exalt one above another in such a way as to induce spiritual pride. I soon found out that the Lord was not replacing my preaching and teaching ministry. Rather He was exalting it and emphasizing it and putting His approval on it. He was supplementing it and making it all the more definitely effective. By example and in words to the people, He verified what I had concluded to be the teaching of the Word of God. The “gifts” of the Spirit, including the gift of prophecy, are not intended to replace regular preaching of the Gospel, but are, on the other hand, intended to supplement and strengthen the work of preachers and evangelists.

During the three days of the gathering together of the “band of prophets” I saw at one time or another all but four of the seventy persons present anointed by the Holy Spirit. Not all prophesied, nor did all have visions or trances, but everyone in spirit was

caught up to the mountain tops of glory, looked over into the Paradise of God, imbibed the fragrance that blows from the flowers of Eden, and tasted of its life-giving fruits. There we were able to see Jesus in His beauty and hear His loving voice soothing and encouraging us for the battles of life that lie ahead of us until that day when we shall indeed stand in His presence to return to the battles of earth no more.

After three days we returned from the glory-peaks to the work of the annual convention. As usual about five hundred attended. At times when we all prayed together it seemed to me that at least half of those present were under supernatural anointings of the Spirit. Visions and prophecy continued much as during the preceding three days when few of us ate more than one meal a day. During the convention there was also much fasting.

The three days of convention were, as formerly, followed by two weeks of Bible study. Two hundred and twenty remained for this study. Seventy-five of this group were young women, all but a few of whom had been with us before and could now read parts of the Bible in Chinese. Many tribes were represented, but all were one in Christ like a big family of brothers and sisters.

Prophecy, visions, and tongues with interpretation continued throughout this period of Bible study. Never before had we had a convention in which the Lord had moved so definitely in our midst or spoken to us so directly. Not had we ever before had such an ideal Bible study with the Lord Himself talking to us in prophecy and interpretation, and so beautifully fulfilling the promise: "It shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, that I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh; your sons and your daughters shall prophecy, and your young men shall see visions" (Acts 2:17).

At the end of the two weeks the young men and women returned to their homes to demonstrate the love of God and to tell the blessed story to their friends. I left at once to conduct seven local conventions. Some of my "band of prophets" were present at nearly all of the meetings; some followed me from place to place for several days. God alone knows how much I valued their presence. When I had said all I could in my simple talks, sometimes far below what I hoped they would be, and after all had prayed and many had been anointed from above, the meeting would conclude with someone caught away in the Spirit speaking in prophecy. That put approval on all that had preceded and gave us the touch from heaven that we all desired. Every convention ended in the same way. The last message in each place came straight from heaven.

Beginning with the day our "band of prophets" met, throughout those three days and then the three days of convention, followed by two weeks of Bible study, and later out among the churches for seven more conventions and other meetings, in all twenty-eight days, we heard from heaven and the Lord every day through prophecy or interpretation of tongues, as I have described. The work of the year ended with all of its thirteen hundred miles of walking-itineraries on my part, more than three hundred water baptisms, and my sixteen years of service among the tribal people in Ka Do and other adjacent lands. Soon I shall be starting the work of another year with another

gathering of my “band of prophets”.

They Prophecy

“And in the last days it shall be, God declares, that I will put out my Spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams; yea, and on my menservants and my maidservants in those days I will pour out my Spirit, and they shall prophesy.... before the day of the Lord comes, the great and manifest day” (Acts 2:17-21 Revised version.)

This prophecy is being fulfilled before my eyes in these last days. Among native Christians of more than ten tribes here in this province of Yunnan, Southwest China, the Lord is visiting His people just as He said He would before that Great and Awful Day when he will return to judge the world. In every one of the last eighteen conventions in these many different places among these peoples of diverse customs and dialects the Lord has worked miraculously through “gifts” of the Spirit. But what has surpassed previous manifestations has been clear and unquestionable prophecy direct from the Lord. Unless I am mistaken regarding two conventions which I do not clearly recall, everyone of these eighteen conventions has been blessed and helped by prophecy. In fulfillment of the Scripture just quoted “sons and daughters prophesy,” and young men and women see visions.

Although we have our regular services where the Lord has always been in our midst, we have long believed that in order to bring the work to a higher and more New Testament-like plane the Lord must speak to us by direct prophecy more than He has in the past. This is true because in pure prophecy there is a gripping power, a stirring power of truth. A “Thus saith the Lord,” for which there is no substitute.

I am now seeing in considerable measure what I have long believed and have written about in my books: It is the Lord’s order just before His return to speak directly to His “sons and daughters” through gifts of the Holy Spirit in order to encourage and equip His people for the trials and work of the last days as nothing else can do.

At the very conclusion of many a convention where the Holy Spirit had been working in miraculous “gifts” and I had said all I could in my own teaching, after the last sermon had been preached and the last song sung the glory of the Lord has come down in an unusual way, and a “son” or “daughter” has prophesied. I sat and listened with joy and wonder as the Lord spoke directly to us. In these prophecies He put His seal and approval on all that had gone before. In former years I never felt that a convention ended perfectly. I always felt that there was something better to which we had not attained. Is it any wonder that at the conclusion of so many recent conventions the Lord Himself took it into His own hands and by using a consecrated son or daughter as His mouthpiece ended the convention perfectly, so it seemed to me?

Not all conventions have ended on such a high glory-plane. I do not want to give

a wrong impression. Some prophecy is more free, more comprehensive, and more gripping than others. There are many hindrances to pure prophecy, mostly Satanic, I think, that limits the far-reaching heights that pure prophecy might attain. But having heard no small amount of the kind of prophecy I had long hoped to hear, and having seen the spiritual blessings and awakening that such prophecy brings to a congregation as nothing else can do, I cannot but hope and pray that what I often see I may continue to see in every meeting. May the Lord thus appear to every group of saints.

Pure Prophecy

In what I have just written I do not mean by the word “prophecy” speaking under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit as the Spirit puts thoughts into the mind of the speaker. I sometimes preach under the anointing of the Holy Spirit when I feel certain that the Spirit puts thoughts into my mind, one thought following another as rapidly as spoken. Where such inspiration is unhindered by the intrusion of personal thoughts, I suppose this may be called a type of real prophecy. But this is not what I mean in my use of the word “prophecy” in the article I am now writing.

In **pure prophecy** the mind of the speaker has no part. I mean **prophesying** when the mind of the speaker is inactive. I mean the Lord’s using the mouth of the prophet on the same principle as a speaker talks through a megaphone: the instrument exerts no self-activity, but is, on the contrary, simply a used instrument for the time being. Where personal conscious or unconscious thoughts are eliminated and only God’s words and ideas are used we have the highest type of prophecy, pure prophecy, God alone speaking. This is doubtless the way the Bible prophets spoke as mouthpieces of the Lord.

I am convinced that these “sons and daughters” among the tribes of the mountains here speak in pure prophecy as mouthpieces of the Lord for the following reasons:

1. In most instances when these Christians prophecy they are in a spiritual trance under the anointing of the Holy Spirit and do not know what they are saying or that they have been talking. When they come out of the trance they say that they know nothing about what occurred while in trance they prophesied. Their own minds were inactive.

2. In many cases, like the Old Testament prophets, these men and women are in vision caught up to heaven and see the Lord Jesus and carry on conversation with Him. Actually they speak in the Chinese language what they hear the Lord saying to them as they look into His face and also speak what they say to Him. When they arouse from this vision-trance they say they were lost to all consciousness of being on earth. They only know that they were in Paradise or elsewhere in heaven in the presence of Jesus. They did not know they had spoken a single word in our hearing. They were not speaking to us out of their own minds. They only spoke as moved by the Holy Spirit — pure prophecy.

3. A third type are those who are not in trance but are conscious of their presence in our midst, also conscious of all that takes place. The Holy Spirit comes upon them and for the time makes them the Lord's mouthpiece. They usually speak in "tongues" part of the time, but altogether unexpected to themselves, they suddenly hear words in Chinese coming from their own lips. These sentences were not first put into their minds and then spoken. They were first spoken and then entered their minds after being unconsciously spoken. The Lord speaks through them independent of their own inactive minds. If active at all, it is to wonder what the Lord will speak next through their lips, as they have no idea until they hear the message spoken. Here again, it is the Lord speaking, not man's anointed mind. Since this is from the Lord, it must be pure prophecy.

4. Here we consider "interpretation of tongues" in the same class as prophecy (I Cor. 12). Sometimes two persons stand in our midst in a state of trance. One speaks a few sentences in "tongues" and then the other one interprets them into Chinese. A few Chinese words are sometimes mixed in with the "tongues", and these words occur at the proper place in the interpretation. As the length of the interpretation is the same as the message given in "tongues", this principle holds throughout. No one ever doubts that the interpretation is literal and exact. The message is given and interpreted a few sentences at a time in exactly the same manner as I preach in Chinese a few sentences at a time and the man standing by my side interprets them in a tribal dialect.

When these two in trance, one speaking in tongues and the other interpreting, have finished their message, the Holy Spirit lifts from them at the same instance, and both become self-conscious at exactly the same time. Neither one is conscious of what he said or that he was speaking in our presence. Therefore, since their own minds had no part in giving the message we class this type of interpretation as pure prophecy direct from the Lord.

5. Sometimes only one person speaks in tongues and it then given the interpretation. One boy while in trance spoke for a time in tongues; then he said in Chinese: "What I have spoken is this." He then gave the interpretation of the message in Chinese. Having done that he again gave the same interpretation in the Ka Do dialect as half of the congregation were Ka Do women who do not understand Chinese. When the boy came out of the trance he knew nothing of what had taken place. This was pure prophecy.

A school boy mightily under the power of the Holy Spirit walked up on the platform and with open eyes delivered a short, well-worded, clearly spoken address to those present. I was surprised to learn that he was in a trance and did not know what he had done. The Lord simply used him independent of his own mind or self consciousness — pure prophecy the same as "tongues and interpretation."

The foregoing mentioned instances are typical of a great many others. They explain what I mean when I say that here in these mountains "sons and daughters of

God” prophesy, as the Lord said they would do before that awful day of judgment about to come upon the earth.

No one is a special “prophet” nor does prophecy in any way replace or do away with the regular services of the church. It supplements and strengthens the church and brings instruction, inspiration, and encouragement to pastor and people alike, as it is impossible aside from such pure prophecy direct from the Lord.

I have frequently seen the whole audience broken down weeping at the foot of the cross through the prophecy of some simple boy or girl who could not naturally have spoken a word in public. The entire congregation, in thought, is caught up to Paradise by beholding the glory-lit face of some “son or daughter” in trance rapturously enjoying the beauties of Paradise and its mansions of splendor. The prophesy of some of these humble people stirs me more than any man could by his preaching to do the work of the Lord while it is yet day. I am impressed that the end of things is at hand.

Just a Vessel

Just a vessel for His use,
Just a vessel made of clay.
Whatsoever He may choose
Be His will for me today.

Empty me and make me clean;
This, my Lord, is what I pray.
Purge me, Lord, and put me in
A useful place today.

Take this vessel in Thy hand;
Carry me from place to place;
Pour from me on thirsty land
As Thou dip'st me in Thy grace.

Just a vessel free from sin
Where the Potter sought at will
For a little piece of earth
Valueless in money worth.

Whish He washed and purified
In the blood of Calvary
From His feet and hands and side,
That from dross it might be free.

Just a vessel free from sin
As the Potter's moulded clay
Burned by fire, without, within,
Use me now, my Lord, I pray.

— H. A. Baker

PART III

Excerpts from the autobiography of H.A. Baker

CHAPTER 13

Last Days in Ka Do Land

Step by step, year by year there came about a separation of wheat and tares, sheep and goats, until the final outcome was forty churches. Some of these consisted of small groups of saints; but all of these churches were made up of real saints — separated believers — who had broken with the heathen life and who loved Jesus most of all. In all, I had baptized six thousand. No church records were kept; but I believe that as large a proportion of those I had baptized continued to persevere as those who profess salvation in our best churches at home.

In the early years I was very anxious lest my people be caught in the snare of the anti-Christ before they were grounded in the Lord enough to withstand his persecution. However, during my few last years in Ka Do Land I felt satisfied that all of the forty churches were as firmly grounded on the Rock which cannot be moved as I could ever expect.

Each of these church centers had built its own simple church. Every church came to have its own consecrated, well-liked and tried-out leader.

Although I have been calling all of the area where I worked Ka Do Land and have spoken only of Ka Dos, as a matter of fact, I had villages and settlements of half a dozen different tribes. I also had families and individuals of another half a dozen or more of still different tribes. In all, my Christians spoke more than a dozen different languages.

Space will allow only a bird's eye view of the picture — just a glimpse here and there. My descriptions are so imperfect and lacking as to be little more than mere hints. In all of my writing I feel that my partial accounts of Ka Do Land affairs fail most of all to paint the whole picture. At any rate, I must not leave Ka Do Land without writing some more outline sketches.

The Co-Workers

I have already shown the utter hopelessness of one worm like me to expect to be able to meet the Ka Do Land emergency without the help of proper co-workers. Now, where did the Lord go to get the right kind of co-workers to meet the tremendous need? To a Bible school? To a college? To a theological seminary? To a big German missionary organization with plenty of educated and trained missionaries with plenty of money? This was a very big and a very difficult work to be done, a work that could be accomplished only by experts. Now where did the Manager go to get His experts? Did He choose “big” men? No, he reached low down and selected a bunch of “worms.” He gathered out more worms to co-operate with that one lone worm He had already picked up. Worms work best with worms. Little worms helped by God can do more than big worms can do without God. What! Worms to tear a mountain down? Yes, God uses “nothing” to make “something” bigger than man ever dreamed about. That is the way He made the world. He still uses the same pattern — never changes the pattern, the Bible says.

Now take a look at the “worms”, the “nothings” whom the Lord chose to do the big something in Ka Do Land. Among the young men who became my co-workers there was not one who according to man’s standards was a person of ability; not one naturally capable leader. There was not anyone educated well enough to understandingly read the Bible. Many of these future leaders and co-workers in the beginning could not read a word. Some of them at first found it so difficult to learn to read that I thought it would be impossible for them ever to learn; yet they kept working with such determination that all who really desired to do so did learn to read. Some who at first seemed most hopeless became these who best understood the Bible and were the beset preachers and co-workers.

However, originally these men were worms — earth worms, who had rolled about in the earthly dirt. According to their own confession, when these men first came to Bible study they were unconverted. They confessed to having groveled in every kind of sin — stealing, robbing, murdering, cheating, lying, drinking, swearing, smoking opium and tobacco and indulging in almost every sin in the heathen catalog. Everyone seemed to have been down in the pit and to have rolled around on the dirty bottom, and yet these “worms” were what the Lord wanted. He washed them clean in His blood and used them to help thrash the mountain.

It was the anointing of the Holy Spirit that transformed these “nothings” into “somethings.” It was the Holy Spirit that gave them that strong desire to be able to read and understand the Bible, regardless of the effort required. It was the Holy Spirit Who made it possible for these men to live lives and do work for the Lord that was naturally impossible. Seeing that what the lord had for these men to do was not a work to be done “by power” — man’s power — but by the Spirit, the Lord endued these earnest men with His Holy Spirit. One evening when I had brought together twenty-six of the young men for Bible study and for seeking the Holy Spirit, when we all prayed the Lord poured out the Holy Spirit, anointing with manifest supernatural power twenty-five of the twenty-six at the same time.

Although I had occasional times of Bible study for short periods, for the most part, the co-workers had to study alone; yet it was not alone, for the Bible says that the anointing Holy Spirit will teach us.

In all of the eighteen years I worked in Ka Do Land I always had co-workers to help me. No matter what tribe I visited or what language was needed I always had an interpreter. In all of those years with all of those itineraries, some of which lasted two to four months, I always had volunteer co-workers to carry my load and act as my interpreters. I seldom knew ahead of time who would accompany me for more than the first few days. There were times that within a day or two of the time to start I did not know which men would be my co-workers to carry my things and interpret for me. Yet when the time came I never failed to have a co-worker. When one man’s home duties necessitated his return, there would be another man to continue with me. He would be followed by still another when need be. It seemed like almost every man who studied with me would like to travel with me, help carry my things, and make known to others what he had learned about Jesus.

Now let us stop to think and reason; how many miracles would it require in eighteen years to always have a co-worker ready to carry my things in itineraries that covered some nineteen thousand miles and thousands of engagements when no worker

could be with me for many days at a time and nobody knew long ahead of time whether or not he could be with me? Would the sum total require several thousands of miraculous guiding miracles? I thought so. I put that many to the Lord's credit.

These Lord-appointed co-workers walked with me, talked with me, worked with me, ate with me, slept with me, and prayed with me many days and many years. At times they carried my load from dawn till dark over tiresome trails up and down the rough mountains — gladly, without a word of complaint or a penny of pay.

Not only on these trips but also in their homes I have talked with these co-workers and ate and slept with them and watched them. I got to know what they thought and how they wrought. I never expect to know any man whom I shall honor and respect more highly than those son-like co-workers. I feel like I never did nor never could express to them the thankfulness I owe. I now quote from something I wrote for the Adullam News.

“In all the months I spent with the workers I never saw in word or deed any indication of any purpose but a full hearted desire to live and work for God. I never saw any sign of envy or jealousy of each other's spiritual experience or work for the Lord. Never did I see them manifest anger, ill temper, or criticism. I did not hear an unkind remark about another's work, nor one word of bad language. Each seemed to rejoice in the work of the other as in his own success. These men were as zealous to help the poor as they were to help the rich. Some of the boys came from the richest and best educated Ka Do families, and some came from the poorest. Often when I had boys from both classes together for days at a time, I never saw anything but the truest fellowship.” End quote.

The body of tribal saints was like one big family; though made up of different tribes, we were one entirely harmonious whole. We had no quarrels; we had no difficulties with “church problems.” Local and general affairs were easily taken care of; we had the Bible. What the bible said we all said and we all wanted.

We had no “church elders.” Among the six thousand I had baptized there was not one who qualified exactly with the New Testament standards for a church elder. Our old men could not read. The young men lacked some requirements. The churches did not “elect” or appoint any leaders, co-workers. I did not appoint or “elect” the co-workers. In His own time or way the Lord Himself put each one where he belonged and would function best without anyone being “officially” or publicly exalted above another. The whole system was much like one organic body with every organ automatically and naturally functioning where it was placed and belonged.

We were not a New Testament church body functioning under New Testament times. We were New Tribal churches functioning under tribal circumstances in tribal times. I would like to write a chapter or two right here, but I must pass on to some other views of the general picture.

They Fasted

In the earlier years of the work, especially, the saints were given to much fasting. Two of the Ka Do churches used to unite on a mountain side every Wednesday to fast and pray. Sometimes the attendance at this fasting meeting was larger than at the Sunday service. A brother from one of these churches, empty handed went to a level

spot on a cliff, where he fasted and prayed for eight days. He later fasted for ten days, eleven days and seven days at a time. I do not know how many times he took those long fasts. His is a wonderful story too long to relate here.

Conventions were times of fasting. It was not unusual for the half of those present to fast. Bible study periods were times of fasting, each person fasting as personally led. Old women fasted frequently. One old Poo Maw woman, who had a wonderful baptism of the Holy Spirit, was so determined to keep free in the Spirit that she would fast from one to six days at a time, depending on her need. The most spiritual women were most given to fasting. The young women, more than others, liked to fast. They would sometimes take their mattocks and go to dig in the fields all day without food. The men, especially the co-workers, liked to fast. Even the little girls would fast.

One morning where I was stopping for a day, at breakfast the little daughter, perhaps ten years old, said that she was going to fast. While we ate, the little girl went into the adjoining room and prayed. I could tell that she was praying with the unction of the Holy Spirit. Having finished my breakfast I went in where the little daughter was indeed praying under the Spirit's anointing. Led by that fasting child I, too, got an anointing. These saints have often led me to fast with them.

The Last Six Months

I did not suspect that those next six months were to be my last days with my people. It was well that none of us knew that those days were to be our final times together. Had we known that it would have been too heart-breaking for all of us.

The communists had captured the Ka Do Land area a year before I began my last six months. These were days of incessant hard work. In addition to itineraries which covered every part of my work in Ka Do Land I again visited the work I have told about in the Kotchiu region eight days away; I also visited a distant Pentecostal mission where the missionary had already left. The most difficult work, however, was that of the conventions. I held conventions of one to three days in every one of the forty churches scattered throughout Ka Do Land.

In every place there was an unusually good attendance. Although the Communists had not yet begun persecution, which was reserved for a later time, and although they talked about religious freedom, the tribal people had a feeling that the new order was wrong. They thought it offered no hopeful future. That being so, they had better get ready for heaven, as some expressed it. Accordingly, the people pressed into the church services and conventions with an eagerness they had not shown since the first years of the mass-movement. People with whom we had worked in vain came saying they wanted to repent and follow Christ. Some, who had never been to church before came now to seek the Lord and His salvation. Everywhere we saw an unusual seeking after God; and everywhere we saw God seeking His lost and wandering sheep.

In these conventions there was a deeper work of the Holy Spirit than usual. In almost every place the Lord Himself spoke to the people telling them to repent and prepare for the Kingdom of God, for the end of the world was at hand. He was going to destroy the world. People who never before had been so moved upon spoke out in prophecy saying "shih gai yao meih wang" (The earth is going to be destroyed). We had this prophecy everywhere, along with the statement that Jesus was coming soon and

that men should repent. I and my co-workers had long preached this, the Bible had declared it, and now the Lord Himself in our midst was giving us this same final word and call. All of this helped cause backsliders to return, and it brought sinners to the Lord.

My last days in Ka Do Land were very tiresome because one convention followed another with no chance to rest between them. I spoke three times daily except the days that I walked between churches. Even those days there were meetings at night and sometimes in the early morning before starting on the day's travel. Very frequently those who came to a convention all wanted to fast. In that case there was no food that day until the evening meal. It sometimes happened that a one-day fast was followed by a fast at another convention the next day. With the help of the Lord I was able to conduct all of the forty conventions without interruptions and with His blessing in every place.

In the last six months, including my travel to and from the capital and my visit to another mission, I walked an estimated twelve hundred miles. In that time I baptized eleven hundred believers.

The same as in previous years, my itinerary among all the churches and all of the local conventions was to be followed by the general convention for three days. This convention, in turn, was to be followed by ten days of Bible study and seeking the Lord on the part of the co-workers and other young men and women.

Since the conventions in the forty local churches had been unusual revival seasons and the Lord had moved so graciously in every place, I expected this following general convention to be the best we ever had — a fitting climax to all the other conventions in Ka Do Land. I was not disappointed. Over eight hundred tribal people assembled for the convention. As I expected, from the first service the Lord was in our midst with unusual power and blessing.

We had three services every day. The Lord poured out the Holy Spirit in every service. This all contributed to make the third and last day the grand climax of the general convention and of all the conventions that had been conducted in the forty local churches.

This third and last day of the convention was Sunday. We would have the Lord's Supper in the morning service. Very early I had prayed the best I could with poor success and little spiritual anointing. I seemed to be completely tired out, finished. As I went to the tabernacle for that service and the Lord's Supper I felt very sad. That service and that whole Sunday should be the day of spiritual mountain peak in glory land. As I approached the tabernacle it seemed to me that so far as my leading was concerned the day was doomed to be an anti-climax. Thus feeling so dead, so unspiritual, so helpless, I stepped into the tabernacle where the people were already assembled and had been quietly praying. When I stepped into the place I seemed to have stepped into another world — heaven. Jesus was there. His out-flowing love flooded the place. It flooded my soul. Angels must have been present everywhere. My spiritual deadness, my despondency, was gone.

We would first partake of the Lord's Supper. Taking an emblem in my hand, holding it up I began to speak. As I did so a Ka Do brother began to weep out loud. I had him quieted and was again preparing to speak when others began to weep. This out loud crying soon spread all through the congregation. To speak and be heard above the

weeping was impossible. Thinking of Jesus' death caused these saints to weep brokenheartedly like they cry when burying their own dead. These simple people on such occasions unrestrainedly give expression to their grief by crying right out like children. And so there was loud crying now because the One they loved above all others had died. He had died in their stead for them. The Holy Spirit now made this death for them a clear reality. Although my voice could not be heard above such contrite weeping, I did not want to speak. I, too, was there where Jesus died. All at last having become quiet, when I again began to speak about the cross the whole congregation again broke out in loud, heart-felt weeping. This was repeated three times before these children of the mountains could restrain themselves while I talked to them about the death of Jesus — not a new story; the same story they had heard many times that grew sweeter with each hearing. Partaking of the Lord's Supper that day was no formality. It was much as though each one partook of a small portion of Jesus' flesh and a trifle of His blood.

As I then at the foot of the cross partook of the Lord's Supper with my people among whom I had suffered and rejoiced so many years, I did not suspect that I would never again break bread with them until I did so in the kingdom of God beyond death and the grave.

Having tarried at the foot of the cross, we all rose to our feet to praise and worship Jesus and receive of His life through the gift of the Holy Spirit. As we unitedly praised the resurrected Christ, He filled the tabernacle with His life and glory, attended by many manifestations of His power.

I had a baptismal service immediately after noon, that included almost every person present who had not been baptized. Then we wanted one more uninterrupted Holy-Spirit-meeting, the one purpose of which would be to receive the Holy Spirit. And so while I was baptizing in the stream below the tabernacle I had the men carry the benches out of the tabernacle and arrange them in the court outside the open side of the tabernacle. In the mean time the women having gathered fresh green pine needles from the nearby mountain side, spread these needles all over the tabernacle floor, making a beautiful green and fragrant carpet.

When we assembled for the meeting I requested all who had received the Holy Spirit with supernatural physical manifestations, especially dancing in the Spirit, to assemble inside the tabernacle and sit on the carpet of fresh pine needles. The others were to sit on the benches in the court or to stand near by. This was not to be a *preaching* service; it was to be a *receiving* service.

I knew that the Spirit would move in our midst as soon as all was ready and the opportunity given. Now that all were assembled and silently waiting, we were ready to *receive*. I then asked all to stand, look to Jesus, and to receive His Spirit. As the people did so the Holy Spirit enveloped the whole assembly. Everyone inside the tabernacle was soon dancing before the Lord of glory. The whole tabernacle was filled with orderly dancing saints yet not one interfering with another. The sea of upraised hands seemed to be offering waves of praise in worshipping and adoring the King.

This had not continued very long until one after another began to be prostrated on the pine needles. There was no violent falling. As all were dancing with closed eyes, how was it that each one could be so easily laid down on the pine needles? I thought the angels, who undoubtedly were there, must have gently laid each one in the right place. It was not long until the whole tabernacle floor was almost completely covered with the

slain of the Lord. As I recall it, not one person remained dancing or standing. This had to be the working of the Lord through His angels, it seemed to me, else how could such a large number of people with closed eyes while dancing close together be so gently and systematically laid out on the pine needles without stumbling over or bumping one another? When the first of these were prostrated here and there, large numbers not yet so prostrated, with closed eyes were dancing all around them without treading upon anyone. This had to be supernatural. There was no other way to account for it.

The slain of the Lord were so many that I wondered whether there might be as many as were filled with the Holy Spirit when the Spirit first fell on the day of Pentecost. I counted. I counted one hundred and thirty laying before me, informally distributed in trance and lost in the things of God. What a scene!! I never shall forget it. In addition to the one hundred and thirty in the tabernacle there were many outside who received the Holy Spirit at the same time attended by miraculous manifestations.

When the power of the Lord had lifted from some of those in the tabernacle, groups gathered about those still in heavenly realms, and sitting about them eagerly listened to prophecy and revelations being given by the ones still in trance. This time of blessing and revelation and meeting in the presence of God continued until time for the evening service in which some received the Holy Spirit for the first time.

It was with much reluctance that this last meeting of the convention finally broke up and the people retired for the night. Very early the next morning my people of various tribes and languages were loath to separate and go in different directions to their homes. Their love for one another and for the Lord and for the season of heavenly refreshment they had been enjoying all combined to make this parting and homegoing attended with a sense of sadness. When would I meet again with this big family of God's people? Never again till we meet in the Father's house. "God be with you till we meet again."

A Bible Study Period

The convention people having returned home, we were ready for ten days of Bible study. This was to be the best one we ever had. We never before had so many young people come; we never before had such deep working of the Holy Spirit. Remaining for the Bible study were two hundred and twenty young men and one hundred young women. At the time of our first Bible study we had only young men. Then the young women who had been saved and had received the Holy Spirit kept wanting also to come for Bible study. Some of our best men thought it would be a good thing to try teaching some of these most zealous young women. This proved to be a true leading of the Lord.

The Tribal Young Christian Women Come

In the past none of the tribal young women had ever been sent to the few Chinese schools widely scattered among tribal villages. Thus it was that the young women could neither read nor speak Chinese. Their life-work was settled: They were to cut down the big pine trees, then cut them up into fire wood and carry the wood back home on their backs. They must cook the meals to feed their fathers, husbands, and brothers. The heavy work of pounding the rice to husk it and the arduous work of

grinding food in the heavy stone mortars was all strictly the work of the girls and women. It was also their job to gather leaves from the mountain or find food in one way or another for the hog. After a scanty breakfast it was the women's duty to take their heavy hoes and dig all day in their quite unproductive corn fields. No wonder the little girls I have told about all had calloused hands and the young women soon became old women. When Jesus came saying, "Come unto me, all ye who labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest," His was a welcome voice. Most of all, the hard-working, heavy-laden tribal women came and found that Jesus made their burdens lighter. Jesus helping these women also helped the Christian men to help their women.

The biggest change was in the young women who came to Bible study. Having been to Bible study and there associating with like-minded young men and women, these young women acquired a confidence that, after all, they could be "somebody," not just wood-cutters and hog-feeders. They yet remained humble at their humble daily tasks. That was just what Jesus liked. He was looking for such people. He quickly and gladly adopted them as His daughters. That was their great joy that eased their heavy daily tasks.

These young women found study very difficult. They must first learn the Chinese written characters (words) and their meaning, when they themselves did not know any Chinese language whatever. I wonder who in our homeland ever saw any pupils work as hard as did these young tribal women (and men). They were determined to learn to read the Bible. That alone was the book we all studied or cared to study.

As soon as any of the young women were able to read a little they began teaching those who knew less, the way the young men were doing it. So it came about that in this present last Bible study period with one hundred young women present, most of whom had studied with us before, they had advanced to the place where they could be divided into a dozen classes with young women leaders teaching the less advanced to read. The only difference in the plan followed in teaching the young men was that among these always were a number (in this case fifty) who could read the Chinese Bible. I taught this group, who could understand my mandarin language, and then had them separate to teach the other young men and women.

The Moral Transformation

The moral transformation that had taken place with these young people certainly was miraculous. Whereas in the past among the young people there could scarcely be said to be a moral standard, now here were more than three hundred live young people in the prime of life living the Christian life with its high moral standard. So far as any knew, all of these who now came for Bible study were living free from moral reproach. I still consider the greatest miracle I saw in Ka Do Land to be the way so many young men and women saved out of such low moral conditions were by the Lord enabled to live clean lives, as these did, in the midst of unprincipled believers, where constant temptation was terrific. These young saints were like the beautiful Regal Lilies that grew out of the dirt on some of the mountain sides amidst wild grass, weeds and thorny bushes. I still remember those beautiful Regal Lilies that I saw here and there on the Ka Do mountains, and I cannot forget the Regal sons and daughters of the King, clad in garments made white and pure in Jesus' blood, now as God's holy

ones dispensing beauty and fragrance here and there in the midst of the moral filth and wilds of the mountains and ravines of Ka Do Land.

As the regal lilies were a striking contrast with the conditions from which they grew and under which they now shed forth their enchanting beauty, so were those converted and Holy Spirit anointed young women different from those among whom they lived, as will be seen from what I now relate.

The conspicuous thing that distinguished each tribe as different from another was the style of dress worn by the women. For a woman not to wear her particular kind of tribal clan-dress was unthinkable.

These various tribal clan-dresses included silver ornaments and trinkets and special kinds of needle work and other adornments. Some features were for show. As at home, there were also features designed by the devil to excite the lusts of men. The tribal dress customs had been observed so long — for centuries — and were such matters of clannish pride that for a young woman to refuse the tribal dress would bring down the wrath of the ruling elders and mark her as “queer” and disgusting because of disregarding the way that “everyone does it.” What tribal woman would dare face the results of a radical change of dress? I can answer: Christian tribal young women. They had received the Holy Spirit. He taught them to think and reason. Away down underneath the rubbish of their heathen conscience there was a latent better conscience which the Holy Spirit brought to life.

At first I had been too busy of my hurried short visits to more than touch on the most vital things of great importance. I had never mentioned the dress question. I and my workers had read the Bible where it said, “Do not love the world or the things of the world,” I John 2:15. The young women had heard us preach that verse. The Holy Spirit helped them understand what was of the world. These young women had heard me and my workers read out of the Bible and preach: “What fellowship has light and darkness..... What has a believer in common with an unbeliever..... therefore come out from among them, and be separate from them, says the Lord..... then I will welcome you, and I will be a father to you, and you shall be my sons and daughters, says the Lord Almighty.” II Corinthians 6:14-18. These young women had also heard how it was that Jesus had died outside the camp and the Bible said that they should also go out there where He was..... outside the camp..... “bearing His reproach.” Heb. 13:13.

Not long after we moved in Ka Do Land, after an evening service in one of our conventions Josephine asked me, “Have you noticed the tribal young women are wearing no silver ornaments or fancy needle-work embroidered garments?” At the next service I took notice. Sure enough, there they were right before my eyes — young women of different tribes all neatly and modestly dressed in plain garments devoid of any special clannish tribal designs or undesirable features. From their dress you could not tell from which tribe any of these women had come. But it was apparent where they had come from, they had come “out from,” out “from among them,” as the Bible said Christians should “come out.” Think this through. Here were young women who had courage, young women who had backbone, young women willing to become fools for Christ’s sake. They preferred the approval of God to the praises of men. Their concern was not what friends would think; it was what would Jesus think. But what did Jesus think of such women? This is what He thought: “I will *live in them* and *move among them*, and I will be their God and they shall be my people..... I will welcome you..... and you

shall be my daughters." II Cor. 6; 16-18. I welcomed them, too, as my spiritual daughters in Christ.

Here I must refrain from writing a chapter or two concerning what I think about our white women's dress. I can summarize what I actually "know" in one sentence: *I know* that our women's style of dress pleases the devil more than it pleases God. Take it or leave it, nominal Christian or confessedly pagan, that sentence expresses it. No modifying clause.

Our women once knew the real meaning of the word "modesty." It concerned life, before its meaning became depleted. It was a Bible word that meant much when it was said, "that women should adorn themselves *modestly* and *sensibly*." I Tim. 2; 9. I still can remember when women dressed "modestly and sensibly." When we first went to China all cultured Chinese women adorned themselves "modestly and sensibly" with suitable clothes that completely covered all of their bodies except hands and face.

Now to return to my sons and daughters in Ka Do Land and endeavor to finish my story. I once more find myself lacking in language. How can I describe the thrills of joyful satisfaction I felt when at this last Bible study of the first evening meeting I saw assembled before me those three hundred and twenty young men and young women who "loved not the world or the things of the world," who had "come out" and by the Holy Spirit "separated" themselves from Satan's world-styles and customs; who preferred to please God rather than man; who had been chosen by God to be sons and daughters?

The sacrifices I had made, the dangers I had faced, could not be compared with the joy that now was mine as I looked into the faces of these godly young men and women of many tribes and tongues. Had Jesus not promised that they who would leave sons and daughters for His name's sake in the present life would receive a hundred times as many sons and daughters? Had I not sent our only son home to America thinking I might never see him again? Had not the Lord given me a hundred times, yes, two hundred times as many sons plus all of the hundred daughters assembled before my face in this present life? He then also had sent back to us the son we had sent home, helping make the measure overflow.

Studying the Bible

In this last Bible study period we followed the usual plan — a prayer meeting and talk in the morning, Bible study during the day, and a service at night.

The Bible study I cannot adequately describe, for the reader never saw anything just like it. Such concentration, such devotion; whoever saw the like? The evening meetings likewise cannot be described so as to be understood by any save those who have been in such meetings or have themselves experienced similar things from the Lord.

Every morning and evening after I had given my talk, when we all stood to seek the power from on high which would make us effective witnesses, the Lord gave abundantly of His Holy Spirit. There were manifestations of power everywhere. Young men and women were dancing all over the tabernacle. As they entered deeper and deeper into the things of God they were prostrated until every evening the slain of the Lord were not less than thirty of forty. When at last all had become quiet, the time came for Jesus to talk to us. Someone, usually one of the young women still lying silently in a

trance, would then become the Lord's mouthpiece. Had not the Lord, long ago said: "In the last days..... I will pour out my Spirit..... and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy"? And so the Lord poured out His spirit upon us and sons and daughters prophesied. Sometimes the Spirit used two at the same time to prophesy, each alternately prophesying a few sentences in the unbroken prophecy. Thus we heard directly from heaven each evening as Jesus spoke through tongues and interpretation sentence by sentence when both the speaker and the interpreter were in a trance. Later on one after another when coming out of the trance would arise and be quietly seated or retire for the night. Every night there were some, however, who continued deep in a trance. When these could not be aroused and it became too late, their friends would take them up and carry them off to bed. From their heavenly halo they would come back to earth-consciousness sometime between midnight and morning.

They Danced

Why was it that every night during those ten days of Bible study those menservants and maidservants danced? Why was it that from the time the Holy Spirit was first poured out in Ka Do Land there were those who had danced whenever the Spirit had fallen in power? I suppose believers danced for the same reason that King David took off his outer garments and danced mightily before the ark that was being returned from the devil's heathen world to the ark's rightful place of glory in the kingdom of God. I suppose our rightful place of glory in the kingdom of God. I suppose our people danced for the same reason that Israel having been delivered from the bondage of Egypt — saved — Miriam took her timbrel and led all of the women in a holy dance before the Lord.

The reason believers of several tribes danced in all parts of Ka Do Land is the same reason why I and my co-workers also danced with these simple saints in almost all parts of Ka Do Land. Was not that humiliating? If so it was an attainment, a glorious up-lift, an exaltation to be allowed with many so much better than I to enter the palace of the King and unite with them to dance in His presence.

So far as the Bible record goes, David was the only king who ever got low enough to be exalted high enough to dance in the presence of God. Since David's wife did not like it, she criticized him. Accordingly, she became barren till the day of her death because of her opposition to God-directed dancing.

A big church organization in a section of Ka Do Land with plenty of money and men had those who fought and bitterly opposed our dancing in the Spirit. Like in the case of David's wife, the result was that this mission became so "barren" that, so far as our workers could discern, they did not give birth to one truly born-again child.

Believe it or not, understand it or not, dancing in the rhythm and praise led by the Holy Spirit is a glorious dance. No wonder that David at the conclusion of all his glorious Psalms exhorts the people to praise God "with the timbrel and dance." Ps. 150:3.

Thus it was that the final few days of all our many years in Ka Do land ended in a glorious climax accompanied by triumphant victory-dancing in the Spirit. In all of the forty churches, then in ideal order, was victory-dancing and then prostrations, while saints were caught up to heaven in vision.

As already related, the three days of general convention were immediately followed by those ten days of Bible study and seeking God on the part of young men and young women, the future leaders in the Lord. As we have seen, every night nearly all of those were anointed with the glory-life, while many danced the victory-dance before being slain by the power of the Lord to lie in His presence.

He Took Me Away

“I am going to take Pastor Baker away to a good place,” Jesus said. The man who thus prophesied had never prophesied before, nor did he prophesy again. I heard the prophecy, but I made no remark. Was that true prophecy? Why should the Lord take me to another place. I was then in a good place. Everything was going just right. May be Jesus was going to take me to the best place — heaven. Anyway I would wait and see. If it was true prophecy, it would be fulfilled. It was prophecy. It was fulfilled. Jesus really did take me to “a good place.” I am in it right now — in Formosa.

Although I had planned and hoped to spent the rest of my days in Ka Do Land and even prepared my grave, Jesus did not plan it so.

After five years in Ka Do Land and seventeen years in China without a furlough it was the will of the Lord that Mrs. Baker return to America. After a terrible attack of typhus that took her into death valley, on account of very poor food and the hot climate it seemed that Mrs. Baker could not recover her full strength. The war had begun, and there was evidence that conditions back there in the mountains might become very wild any time. Thus everything considered, we were led to believe that Mrs. Baker should go home. She did so on the last passenger boat to cross the ocean. We both suffered much as though the other had died. We did die, in a way, for apparently Mrs. Baker could not return to the hard life in the mountains, nor could I leave my people and go home.

We both suffered along and alone for eight years. At the end of that time Mrs. Baker returned to the capital of the province, where she remained for three years without going on into Ka Do Land, because of uncertainty as to how things would develop. During those hot and rainy summer months when work in the fields hindered gospel work among the people in the mountains, each summer I had gone to work at the capital where Mrs. Baker then was.

Although at the capital and at some other places missionary homes, churches, hospitals, schools, and all missionary property was being confiscated, since all was going well in Ka Do Land and we were not yet having any persecution, we decided that it would be all right for Mrs. Baker to return to the mountains to our own people there. Accordingly, we were all happy to make plans that as usual for the summer I would go to the capital and at the end of the summer Mrs. Baker would return with me to the mountains.

Alas! Just before we were ready to start back to our real home the command came from highest authority that all foreigners must leave China. Even the communists in that province had no choice in the matter. They or no one could help us. We had to leave.

When at the end of the summer the Ka Dos came to get us and to escort us happily back to our home in Ka Do Land, in order to make it unmistakably clear to every one that we did not willingly leave them, I took the men who had come and had

them meet those in authority. These officials told them they must return home without us. We could not accompany them.

When our men sadly returned without us they took our hearts along. I wanted to go back to that grave I had prepared on that lonesome mountainside. I had then been in China twenty-seven years without furlough and seeking no rest but the "Sabbath rest for the people of God."

They Carried On

According to our usual plan, as soon as I returned from the capital at the end of each summer we would at once have our annual fall convention, followed by the period of Bible study. At that time we would then plan our conventions, itineraries, Bible study periods, and church visits for the following year.

Thus it was that according to this usual plan the saints of the various tribes expected that when they assembled this time they could joyfully welcome Mrs. Baker eleven years after they had so broken-heartedly bade her good-bye. Too bad! Too bad! Who could stand it? When our good people gathered, not only were they disappointed in not seeing Mrs. Baker, but also I, upon whose leadership they had depended those many years, had been taken away — forever.

When they tried to pray, they could not pray. They could only weep. They cried till they no longer had strength to cry, I heard. Then they prayed and arose to work.

Every one worked harder than ever, determined to make things go better than ever before. All was in such good working order in past years and so harmonious that all went along without a hitch. As usual in the annual fall convention and Bible study period the local conventions, the itineraries, and church visitations were planned for the year ahead. Then the programs for the year were zealously begun.

I had just one letter two months later. It said that the churches everywhere were filled more than ever before. Backsliders were returning home and sinners were coming to God. In that two months the workers had baptized four hundred. Others in other places were waiting to be baptized, perhaps other hundreds.

No more news from Ka Do Land. How was it after the storm broke? No further communications allowed.

I will always be homesick for Ka Do Land. Our last days there were times of glorious climax in every way. But how do my people fare now? For many years I had taught them to expect to suffer under the reign of the antichrist. It seemed to me they were prepared. They are now under his godless reign. For three days in succession a band of these antichrists had visited the best worker in Ka Do Land and confiscated everything he had: every bit of his food supplies for the year, all of his cows and buffalo, every one of his plows and tools, even his shovels and hoes. These devils kept taunting him to have his Jesus rescue him. That man was Nee Da Go whom I have told about, our most faithful and best preacher. He had carried my loads thousands of miles and interpreted my messages and was the most free in the Spirit of all our men. He was the most loved of all. He took the despoiling of all his goods without a word of complaint. All this depredation, while apparently the work of a distant village of brigands, was carried out without a word of protest by the local officials, and we suppose with their full approval. Who knows? Perhaps Nee Da Go our best, most consecrated, and most

loved leader may be the first Ka Do of that number who must be killed before Jesus will come. Rev. 6:10. At any rate, I am sure that Nee Da Go, and I trust that all of my people, believe that it will be more glorious to enter the kingdom of God through tribulation, as the Bible says is the way, than to expect to enter without a scratch. I always taught my people that, since in any case we must likely die, the most glorious way would be to die as a martyr for Jesus. My people, O, my people, the antichrist did not catch you unawares. How blessed that you knew to flee to Jesus the true Christ and perhaps be found among His most beloved throughout the countless ages — the martyrs.

Pastor Djang, the founder of the most Christ-like Pentecostal mission in nine provinces in China, where all things were held in common, has been killed, we hear.

Evangelist Wang Ming Tao, the most outstanding evangelical evangelist in China has been in jail many, many years. He probably is dead.

Where are my tribal fathers, and mothers, and brothers, and sisters, and children? Were they martyrs? Are they in prison? Are they suffering the loss of all things for Jesus' sake? Let's pray.