

MY STORY
“THE LATTER RAIN”

BY F. BARTLEMAN

“Ask ye of the Lord rain in the time of the latter rain”
(Zech. 10:1)

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(photo)
F. BARTLEMAN.

(photo)
ESTHER BARTLEMAN. With Jesus.
“And who knoweth whether thou art not come to the kingdom for such a
time as this.” Esther 4:14.

INTRODUCTION.

“If any man willeth to do His will, he shall know of the teaching,” John 7:17. Constant, perfect obedience to the divine will is sure to bring new revelations of the possibilities of grace and glory. Only a few are willing to pay the price - to keep step with God. The author of this booklet enjoys the light of the Pentecostal experience, and has discovered the way into “the secret place of the Most High,” where God speaks to the one who will in stillness wait to hear His voice. Our brother has been privileged to see things and hear voices that are never seen or heard on land or sea. In the following pages he writes on subjects in which every Christian should be interested, but more especially those who are pressing the work of the world-wide evangelism.

We are evidently nearing the end of the present dispensation, and the foregleams of a new era are already seen by the faithful watchers. Only a few positively knew of the coming of the flood. Only a few were notified of the coming and presence of the world's

redeemer. Only a few are now privileged to see the gilding of the margin of the cloud which foretells the “rapture of the saints,” to be followed by the world’s darkest night. The design of this booklet is to stimulate the glorious expectation of the saint, and also sound the note of warning to the thoughtless, and to impel to new effort in preparation for the coming crisis.

J. M. PIKE.

PREFACE.

God knows I would rather die than to lead a single soul astray.

The contents of this book are offered without apology; with an exhortation to all to seek God's best. The responsibility we prefer to leave with the reader alone.

Seek God according to the understanding He gives you of Himself. Seek His will for you. If all were honestly seeking God the question would be solved, the difficulty removed.

Now to my precious wife and living children, who have sustained me in this work by their prayers and loving sympathy, and to the sweet memory of darling little Esther, who has gone on before, and has furnished me with inspiration through her heaven-ordained ministry in my behalf, I dedicate this book. She being dead, yet speaketh. I commend all to God.

F. BARTLEMAN.
Michener, Pa.
August 19, 1908.

My Story.

Life testimony is always of interest, especially in such connection as the present. Hence we venture to preface with these remarks. Born on a farm, of humble parentage, in the south-east corner of Pennsylvania, December 14, 1871, my life naturally bade well for a very uneventful one. But the purpose of God, so carefully concealed in every life, takes little note of circumstance or environment. His is a sovereign choice. Ours but to fall in with Him and obey. The power is with us to frustrate the whole. And most people do. But, “before I formed thee in the belly I knew thee” (said God of Jeremiah), “and before thou camest forth out of the womb I sanctified thee” (separated thee to Me); “I have appointed thee a prophet unto the nations.” Divine preference we cannot explain, but our highest joy should be to simply, contentedly work out faithfully His purpose for us. All such are “greatest” in the kingdom of heaven. A desire for greatness constitutes us “least.” “Seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not,” Jer. 45:5.

But children of seeming mere accident oft-times receive even an extraordinary commis-

sion from the skies. This is hid with Him. “Can any good thing come out of Nazareth? Come and see.” Oh, that God’s weak ones might be encouraged to obey their convictions from Him. “The lame take the prey,” Isa. 33:23. The weak and foolish and despised are used that no flesh might glory (1 Cor. 1:29). God must have the honor. Evidence, the miner boy, Evan Roberts, rocking the cradle of the present world-wide movement (brooding) of the Spirit. Personally, I thank God for even a humble place in the “Latter Rain,” the “Last Call” of God. I barely entered in. The rafters were almost too low (as at Azusa St.). The Topeka flood rose seven feet, and so must this, submerging every intellectual conceit.

The following is written for the glory of God, and to inspire some soul to obedience to individual call. No work or calling of God is small. “Now unto Him.” Born a weakly child, at one year of age I was given up to die, but the Lord seemingly had need of even me. I grew up practically an invalid, and was consequently left much to myself and solitary thought, doubtless escaping many prevalent vices thereby. I became of a philosophical turn of mind, naturally, and my thoughts were thus early drawn toward a search for God and good. I was much misunderstood, and few prophesied any good of me; thought I would amount to little. We must let God judge. I seemed to have gotten into the wrong

connection, largely, even the wrong family.

Hard work was our lot. Several times my life came near being destroyed, before I finally reached service for God. Mother was good and kind, but had not much religious light. She could not lead me into the kingdom. I think she had not herself been “born again.” She had no church relation. But she taught me bed-time prayers. Her life was one of suffering and hard toil and fear. Father had been a Roman Catholic, but left his church, through the perfidy of a priest, and had become practically an infidel. On neither side had preacher or priest ever been heard of in the family. Doubtless some had gone home to heaven, but left no particular light or testimony to shine on my path. It was all dark. Through this religious gloom I was left to grope my way to the God who had already called, and was calling me.

The light really sprang up in thy soul for the first time at twenty-one, and for one year I followed it closely, yieldingly, desperately, as my only hope, with little instruction or particular encouragement, guided only by Him. I was as ignorant as a heathen of its real meaning, or of the plan of salvation. God led me Himself. I had heard almost no preaching up to the time I became converted. From a child, however, I had hungered for God, though I scarce understood my real need. At sixteen my health became so poor I despaired of life and sought help from the

skies, but only the mute stars answered me. However, God knew me.

Strangest of all, my then unsaved aunt had prophesied when I was but four years old that “Frank would be a preacher.” Of this prophecy I knew positively nothing until I had been preaching at least five years. My aunt herself was converted sometime after me.

At twenty-two I was suddenly, gloriously saved. Alone in my room on the fourth floor of a boarding house, in Philadelphia, Oct. 15, 1893, the matter was finally settled, the darkness gave way, floods of light illuminated my whole being, the burden rolled off. God spoke Himself into my soul, made Himself powerfully known. I ran down stairs, and a block and a half, to a little Gospel Mission I knew of but had never entered, and breaking in on them told my simple but eloquent story of what had just occurred. It broke up the service and everybody in the house. A scene of glory filled the place.

I immediately united with the Grace Baptist Church, at Broad and Berks St., and Russell H. Conwell, the pastor, baptized me. Upon receiving my experience, he declared that God had chosen me for some special service. God grant that I may realize at least His full purpose for me, whatever that may be.

A few months later I realized His call most definitely to me to preach the Gospel, and began the preparation. I was prepared just about

this time, through the study of the Word, and my own heart's hunger, by the light of the Spirit alone. I had never heard it preached or testified to until eight full months after I had entered in, and had been trying to tell others what had happened to me. Soon after my call to the ministry I left my business, stepped out by faith, plunged into slum mission work, and later began traveling as colporteur and evangelist.

What knowledge I secured for preaching came through night theological school, books (often going hungry to secure them), and practical experience, mostly derived on the wing. I felt there was little time to lose. From the first I had a desperate passion for souls, and the conception of a great Savior, who could reach them. My vision was very large. I was full of faith and zeal. I was reaching out after the power of God to effect this, and realized many precious and powerful anointings of the Holy Ghost, for service.

Various demonstrations, manifestations, have been mine for years. These, however, I regarded as but incidental, in the main. My eyes were on Him, my desire toward Him, the Holy Ghost, Jesus enthroned. Nor have I cared for theological distinctions, or systems, particularly. There are many schools. All hold some good. No one has possessed all. Conscious realization has been my aim. According to faith and conception it has been un-

to me. The mind of the Spirit for us at the time should be our quest.

I soon found out, however, that I was reaching out, desiring and realizing, beyond the holiness people, with whom I had become later associated. They seemed to little understand me. God had led me step by step in contact with various religious bodies for perfecting. Many, like myself, for years have been being prepared for present developments by God, through enlargement of vision of possibilities, the mind of God and personal desire for realization. “A body didst Thou prepare for Me,” again, as for every fresh revelation, manifestation of the Spirit of God, in the line of development to the final consummation of “the sons of God.” These are the “bruised ones,” of necessity, that in time He comes to set at liberty. They are misunderstood, abused, resisted, persecuted, by those who think they thus even do God service. The natural man “receiveth not” in just whatsoever measure he fails to prove up. They persecute him that is born of the Spirit in greater degree, just as of old. The subtle principle of jealousy, unbelief. The Pharisees of old. The same principle holds good in the natural world. Columbus is loaded down with chains, etc. The next generation build our monuments, after present truth brought forth becomes established.

I soon began to travel extensively in the

States. Forty-three have been traversed, up to date, for God.

Married at twenty-eight, in the will of God, with a three-fold witness direct from the skies some weeks before, at the same moment to myself, my wife (now), in different parts of the city of Pittsburg, and a friend five miles away, as to the mind of God favoring this union, I settled down for a little time. But soon the missionary spirit was urging me to still farther fields, the region still beyond. A certain vagabondism in the blood, some one has said, is necessary for the making of a good missionary. Such was Paul. I may have had the former qualification at least.

The, Spirit had shown me long time before I traveled South that such was in His will, at future date. This trip was finally made on the Moody Gospel wagon, from Chicago, for a starter, after a walk of three hundred miles to reach that city. Later I traveled a thousand miles through the Southland on foot, to preach to the destitute and forsaken. This was before my marriage, however. For some years God had shown I should reach California also for Him. My heart travels worldwide to-day for souls, especially in prayer. Jerusalem and Palestine have been promised me ever since I realized my call to preach, if I keep faithful. I must reach them, I feel, if only to pray. The world-wide call to evangelism is heavy upon me. But I anticipate.

Finally we left Pittsburg for Colorado, driven by my ill health. God's agent to move me. A year later we reached California.

Again a strange premonition must mentioned. When we left Pittsburg I remarked quietly that we would be back in just five years. The statement passed out of my mind. I never recalled it until last spring (1907), when, after some months of prayer, because of calls from the East we had become assured it was the will of God for us to return. I had never had anything but the very strongest desire to remain on the Pacific Coast since reaching it. Just before we started back across the Continent the Spirit reminded me of my declaration, just five years before, and I recognized it prophecy. But in the meantime God had wrought out His purpose in my life, as I shall now declare; my little part in the "Pentecost," for which He brought me to the Coast and to Los Angeles. And the news was to be carried by myself in person back across the Continent, where I had before been. Two years were spent in Northern California before the Los Angeles experience.

And now comes both the gladdest and saddest experience of my life, and that to which I owe practically all of present specific realization, attainment and commission. All of present interest and recital circles around this. God had given me Isa. 58:12, when lamenting the destitute condition of my lineage, spirit-

ually. “They that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places; thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations; and thou shalt be called, the repairer of the breach, the restorer of paths to dwell in.” Little Esther was born to us in Pennsylvania. We carried her to California with us. In Colorado she nearly slipped away from, us. She was a frail child, too tender for this hard, cruel world. But we kept her by prayer. The poor man’s “one little ewe lamb” was pleaded, and God could not take her. But in California little Ruth came to live with us. (And later John Wesley.)

Little “Queen” Esther was very spiritual. One day when only three years old she sensed my danger by the Spirit, a mile away, at home, while I was digging in a deep ditch. She pulled her mother to her knees and pleaded with her to pray for papa. They did so. On coming home we compared the time, and it was exactly the time I got out of the ditch, just before tons of sand caved in that would have crushed and buried me. Many times she was used to bring the smile to my then care-worn face, though herself a great sufferer. She used to take delight in inciting me to smile. “Etchie (Esther) make papa aff” (laugh), she would gleefully cry. God knows I needed it. Sickness and sore privations in His service had well nigh finished me. I had come to California (as I thought) because of

this. “Thou didst hide Thy face; and I was troubled.” I needed His smile. She used to sing “Beauty for Ashes Here” in her childish way until my heart would well nigh break under its load. God was seeking, to comfort me even through her, but I never realized it as I should until she was gone. I never appreciated her as I should. I was too much bowed down. I kissed her one morning for the last time in consciousness, little realizing it was the last. Ah, that I could recall those days again, clasp her in my arms and give her the time and attention that I should, to get acquainted with her before she must leave me. But I did not, and the opportunity is gone forever, at least here below. I allowed myself to be swallowed up with sorrow, “the spirit of heaviness.” May some other soul be warned. Some things can never be recovered. The awakening was awful, when too late. And yet I would not dare call her back if I could. But oh, the loss, the sorrow, for a lifetime. I must now wait until I can meet her there. My heart must not grow hardened. God forbid that. I must not, cannot, dare not forget I miss her so. Only God’s grace can comfort and heal. God in mercy lightens the sorrow, as He said He would. Our little ones slip away so easily. Let us be warned. Oh, make the most of them. You will not miss or appreciate them till too late, when they are gone. It was a new experi-

ence for me. I had hoped my little Esther would stand by me on the mission field. But God saw better.

At this time I had lost the forward vision of younger years. Beaten and rejected by the ecclesiastical powers. This was saddest of all. The “hardening” of the years of unbelief in the people had also affected me. I had lost my zeal. To be sure I expected to remain true to my calling, but had little faith for anything much to happen, except to hold my own, and possibly gather a few souls in new fields. I thought with most people then that Jesus would soon come, of very necessity, if there should be left anyone for Him to come for, and deliver a little frightened crowd out of a dark corner. This had become the popular pessimistic view. How we excuse our failures, lack of faith. No wonder Jesus said, “Howbeit, when the Son of man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?” That question was directed to the Church, first. The “fearful and unbelieving” shall have their part in the lake of fire, from among this class, for failing God. A multitude of souls that faith should reach are involved in this sin of omission. We are but just learning its real meaning. To be sure wicked men in general shall wax worse and worse, and the nominal church will continue to grow colder, as a whole, but there should be a numerous company coming up while these are going down, and for this the Spirit

labors especially to-day. While comparatively they will always be a small company, yet numerically they shall yet be a mighty host, especially when augmented by the increase from the ripe heathen fields that God is calling to-day in this last outpouring of the latter rain.” The Christian (?) nations are cursed with light refused, and become darkness. There is no contradiction of Scripture statement, foreknowledge, in this. The highways and hedges are also being scoured for the “last invitation.” The “eleventh hour” workers are going forth.

The ground was prepared in the old dispensation, the seed sown in the early centuries the “former rain.” The “dark ages” represent the seed lying in the ground. In Luther’s time the blade sprang up, in Wesley’s time the ear was formed. Now the full corn in the ear is being ripened and completed for the harvest. The “latter rain” comes just in time, to effect this. It must be gathered speedily or be lost, spoiled. The harvesters are being prepared to-day, through the “Pentecost.”

But I had lost sight of that which I had seen in part from the beginning, and had striven for for years. I had, been beaten down. My faith for souls was practically all leaked out. He would now give me His faith. But as yet I did not see this. I must have definite preparation, dealing. And this time there must be no energy in the flesh. I must

be finally prepared, individually, for the vision and the service, for the deposit of the Spirit necessary for to-day. We had fondly hoped that our little family might never be broken by cruel death, but oh, how little we know of what is best for us for the working Out of God's plan. We must be broken, ground to a pulp, in order for the realization of God's highest preparation for us. Some must be sacrificed for others' good. Some are but born for this. It is the penalty for our broken state. But in the "restoration of all things," all things will be restored. Our sacrifice will yield its increase then. "Hope thou in God." We shall yet praise Him, together.

And so we moved to Los Angeles, in beautiful Southern California, just before Christmas, 1904. I had felt strangely drawn to this city for some time. It seemed somewhat to resemble Jerusalem of old, in its religious interests, of many and varied colors. Its mixed races and creeds, gathered from worldwide sources, and every State in our Union, made it a most interesting place. Possibly there is none other like it outside of old Jerusalem. God has His eye especially on it, for a multitude of reasons, in His plan. The people are coming that way. It is the American Mecca, Jerusalem for the Saint. And geographically exactly opposite old Jerusalem, also. We had only been in the city a short time when little Esther died. It was an awful

awakening. I was staggered, stunned. Could I after all have mistaken the mind of God? The country seemed so beautiful. I had really thought to preserve her life longer through this change. I am afraid I also had thought to give too much attention to my own physical man. I felt I had earned a rest. I was very tired and worn. But oh, so many preachers have come to Southern California, only to backslide. This was not at all in God's thought for me. Bless Him! He had a new service just ahead for me and must awaken. Man's extremity is ever God's opportunity. He brought me to my extreme. I was practically a failure, for my faith and zeal had waned. But I knew of no one who was doing any better. Many will testify to this. We had about run out generally before this change, individually in our work, while personally our hearts may have been clean, and true to God.

It was God's preparation in helplessness, for the present work. The former wave of quickening had again receded, just as after Luther's time, etc. God has brought us back up through the ages as a Church on stated waves of restoration. Each time the tide has brought us through the ages toward primitive realization, and the truth brought in on this wave in the purpose of God has been thus established. But when the pendulum has again swung back, the retrograde motion begun, or when the breathing spell has been had, the Church prepared for another step, the breath

of God is again felt and we go up further and higher still; that part of the Church that can be moved. Our need has been felt and we have cried once more for help, and God sends it. Out of seeming failure to higher success still.

For years many have been prepared for just this present time, in all parts of the world, through various processes; the ministry of intercession given of the Spirit for its accomplishment, the thought and desire of God imparted. My own awakening, or reawakening to this plan, was brought about through the loss of my little girl. She was out three and one half years old, but “being dead she yet speaketh.” God must needs set fire to my barley fields to get my attention for this. And as Joab of old could only be delivered the message that way, so God could only speak to me His thought by driving me in desperation of need to Him to know what meaneth this. And then He told me. But my little treasure, my heart’s love, was gone. She was the price. She had done her work up early and gone home in the morning. A little “morning glory.”

She seemed to have been born for just this, and only this. She had passed through the great ordeal ahead of me, but left me here so lonely. My heart was crushed. I loved her as I loved my life. I would have died for her. I thought of the long trip from earth to heaven as it seemed to me then, for such a little mite

of a pilgrim. Oh, how I longed to go forth with her, into the great beyond. She had been so frail. Too tender, the dear Lord told me, to stay here. He showed me He would take her, just before she died, but spared her until I was willing to give her up, that it might not quite kill me. He must have her. I did not yet know why. He showed me I was prolonging her suffering by my prayers. Then I gave her to Him. I know not how. He helped me, did it for me. Her pain ceased. She folded her own little hands, after reaching up for something she seemed to see and wanted, and she was gone.

The next day, beside the little black box that held all that was left of her to me, and that soon to be put away, God began to speak to me. Our covenant was renewed. He showed me He had done this to get my heart to Him in a new, deeper way. He told me my little Esther should still go hand in hand with me, after lost souls, but from the other side. Her memory, the memory of His dealing thus with me, should be the incentive. He told me not to mourn, but hasten to gather the multitude of souls He would give me in exchange for my little jewel, required of me. It was a fair exchange. I accepted it as such, though my heart was bleeding so. To the glory of God, I have never had a rebellious thought. He has kept me. I knew that He knew best and all was well. He told me it would not seem long, for He would fill

my hands so full of work that I would take no account of passing time. And it has been so. The vision was a mighty one.

Oh, how swiftly the days pass by. Time flies so rapidly. More rapidly every day. And God is working rapidly. All things are hastening to a speedy end. It is drawing very near. The six thousand years of this poor old sin-stricken world's labor and sorrow are almost over. The seventh shall surely usher in the Sabbath, the Millennium. I shall soon meet Esther again. We will rejoice together over our reward. She holds my hand. It grips me to the Throne. Jesus is coming soon. They that go forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall come again with rejoicing very soon. All is well. Little Esther is saved from the distress to come. I soon shall be. When we pass over we shall only be sorry for those left behind. We will joy for those who meet us there. Heaven is so real to me now. The things of Eternity so sure. Life is so serious. Oh, we must not trifle.

In the presence of death how real eternal interests become. We now have treasure there. Something we dare not lose. They are gone, but thank God we know where. We sorrow not as those who have no hope. I carried the form of little Esther in the coffin on my knees in the carriage, and laid her away on a dark and stormy day, to await the resurrection morning, without a cloud or pain. Oh God, the freshness of that morning air! I seem

to breathe it even now, in anticipation. By faith I do. And the messages given to the baptized saints to-day, through the blessed Holy Ghost, is that “Jesus is coming soon.” Let us keep busy for Him. He spoke to me one day on the street, some weeks after “Pentecost,” “Work quickly; I come quickly.” I stood still, with bated breath. Ah, it is a tremendous thing to change worlds after all. Far more than we know. After little Esther’s body was laid away I begged the Lord to open the door speedily. One week later I began services in Peniel Mission, Pasadena. There had been no quickening in the whole country. When God gave me the revelation and the promise beside that little confined clay, He gave me a “gift” of mighty faith, for it was not mine. Mine was all gone. The spirit of obedience was given me. The spirit of prophecy came upon me. A mighty ministry of intercession fell upon me for the realization of the vision.

At that time I did not know of a single thing out of the ordinary taking place in the whole wide religious world. Nor had I expected it before, as I have just described. The Revival in Wales had started a few weeks before, but the news had not, reached me. Evan Roberts I had not yet heard of. I knew nothing of brother Smale until months later, when he returned from Palestine and Wales. But my cry went up for “Pasadena for God.” I began to ask for and prophesy mighty

things. The mission boys took up the cry. I marveled at my own change in faith. I only dimly understood it as yet, but it was God. The boys were “dug out” in that meeting, precious material, all called of God, and the Spirit soon thrust two of them under the Lake Avenue M. E. Church. They began to pray. The revival broke out there, and in two weeks two hundred knelt at the altar. The city became stirred. Workers came in from all directions. The saints became enthused. “Pasadena for God” became the cry.

I soon began to claim the whole State for Him. “Pentecost” was the thought that was laid on my heart. I was directed of the Spirit to write for the “Way of Faith,” and began to prophesy. God showed me He would use the “Way of Faith” to report the coming “Pentecost.” Workers began to come in from other States, and foreign fields. To every one who interviewed me as to the purpose of their leading here I would declare they had been sent for “Pentecost.” This was months before the Spirit was finally poured out in the present nature and form. The vision rapidly enlarged before my mind, faith steadily increased. I prophesied more and more. Indeed, through all the past distress, the fluctuations of feelings and zeal, my faith has never changed, has not been in anywise materially affected by it. It was given from the heart of the great God, His eternal purpose, buried in Him from the ages,

as sure as the Rock itself. The ministry of intercession was the most real and tremendous. Indeed when Zion travails is when she must bring forth. I was in pain, as a woman, to be delivered. It seemed as though I carried a nation on my heart. In fact I did. My concern grew to the nation, then the world. My heart pumped out such energy that it seemed it must break down. It seemed my mind would be sapped of its very blood through the tremendous concern, solicitude and agony of those fifteen months of solid prayer prior to the final “outpouring” in the Spring of 1906.

Day and night the Spirit was heavy upon me for this, until it seemed that I must die. My precious wife remarked to a friend that I would die (I did not hear it), but God promised the I should “not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord.” “They that have gathered it, shall eat it, and praise the Lord.” The neighbors would frequently hear me groan in spite of all I could do, and would ask if I was sick. I was, for the sins of the people. “The groanings that cannot be uttered” had seized me. I was in birth pangs. At night I would roll and groan in my sleep, and wife declared I was pleading for souls even then. The mighty divine compassion, travail, agony for souls had gripped me, and I could not shake it off. The child must be brought forth. No one else could possibly feel this as I did, except such as might be

similarly exercised. Language utterly fails to describe.

I looked and listened far and wide for some one who could enter into this with me. But I found none. (There was a single exception. I must mention dear Brother Boehmer, who helped me much.) Of course there were some, but God hid them away from me. No man really seemed, however, to “stir himself up to take hold on God” in an effective way. None seemed but in a very small measure to understand my tremendous concern. Most seemed to be burdened only for themselves, if indeed at all.

God put me through about three months of the most excruciating heart-searching, individually, after the loss of my little darling, until I had no heart or desire for myself, but my life seemed to literally depend on seeing others helped. I could not live except for this, and only for this. In no other way could I escape myself. Friends came to me during this season of heart-searching and tried to lift me up, but I refused, for I knew that God had placed me there, and He only might bring me out, after His work was done with me, lest I lose the benefit.

But God “saw that there was no man, and wondered that there was no intercessor,” Isa. 69:16. It is even so very largely today. And this in spite of this most wonderful of heaven’s offered privileges. For this God wonders. Read the requirement of God in Ezek. 9. The slaughter weapon follows the sealing. Only

those found crying and sighing, for the abominations, are spared. And that long centuries before Christ. Ah, let the “priests weep between the porch and the altar” indeed. Thank God, since the “latter rain” was born in Wales, and brought up in India, the floods are being poured upon the dry ground, in California, and the nation, and world-wide, in Pentecostal power. And “there is lifting up,” from the pall of unbelief and fear, spiritual depression, hardness and ecclesiastical deadlock of the centuries more or less, but especially of these later days.

Later on during the summer of 1905, Brother Smale came home from Wales, and God made a Moses of him in Los Angeles. But before this the news had come of the awakening in the little principality in the British Isles, and it fanned our embers indeed into a flame. We began to really understand. As soon as I heard of Brother Smale and the meetings started in his church, I went at once, and the Spirit witnessed to the work in line with my vision. I threw myself into it with my whole soul. We had some wonderful manifestations, and the Holy Ghost largely led. I believe the dear Lord wanted to give us “Pentecost” then had we been able to enter in at that time. But we were not out in the clear. During those months preceding the “Pentecost” the Spirit was constantly seeking a company through which He could manifest Himself, and gather the people.

He used various agencies and instruments just as far as He could. But a company must be discovered to whom and through whom He could finally reveal Himself in the power that should prove the “burning bush” to draw the people aside again to see “what meaneth this.” To Him would “the gathering of the people be,” when He was fully revealed. All was expectancy, and growingly so, but He must “overturn, overturn, overturn it,” until He should come whose right it was. Jesus must have all the glory. This men were slow to render Him.

After the Spirit had made several desperate efforts, and a number had failed Him, He finally succeeded with a crude, weak “body,” that at least would not glory in the flesh in His presence, whatever may or may not have been the result since. There was little to commend itself even in this, aside from a desperate abandonment and childish faith. But these were the prerequisites for the beginning of the work.

A number of times during my ministry of prayer I had visions of the need, and the work to come. At one time God showed me His rejection of the church in its present condition. He repulsed them as He would an enemy marching against Him. Another time, while in prayer, I saw the whole human race before me. Their condition in God’s light was most pitiable. They resembled a large insane asylum turned out doors, in violence

and blood, not knowing for what they so fiercely strove. Then the hill of Calvary appeared in the distance, as the murky atmosphere of earth lifted, and I saw Jesus on the cross. God said, “This is the cure.” These visions would appear before me like pictures, thrown upon the canvas of the mind. “Your young men shall see visions.”

Sometimes I would lie awake all night traveling in prayer all over the States, where I had gone before, and the Spirit would kindle fires of promise everywhere. I would prevail with God. This has been later realized. Many times I was led of the Spirit to some vacant hall, and there in the night hours I would pour out my soul and the answer would come, almost before I called. It was a perfect circuit. The Spirit made intercession “according to the will of God.” Whole congregations were surprisingly revived. The Spirit would fall upon them most unexpectedly, and on many individuals, at the same hour I prayed for them. They were generally puzzled to understand the meaning of it all. They saw no connection in the matter. But God was working. It was my ministry. The Spirit generally kept me in such close touch with the battle that I knew beforehand when some new development would take place, and prophesied of it. It always came to pass.

Like Abraham of old, God seemed to desire to confide in me. Ofttimes I seemed to be given the map of war. I seemed to sit at a great

keyboard and press buttons of faith, while the electric currents of God's potency would sensibly leap forth in all directions through the universe. I was literally consumed with desire of prayer. Sometimes the conflict in the heavenlies would be terrific in its shock. I seemed in my spirit to draw a knowledge of the spiritual conditions from the four quarters of the earth. This brought a terrific strain, naturally, on my whole physical and mental being. And yet this soul travail is one of the very sweetest experiences man can realize. The fellowship of Jesus' sufferings.

One night, after a most severe agony of travail, prostrate on the floor, as I usually was, Jesus appeared to me, and oh, the memory of that meeting can never be erased from my mind, in time or eternity. He stayed some time (this was months before "Pentecost" came), and my soul and whole being seemed to flow down like molten metal before Him. I worshiped at His feet. I was lost in Him. Time and place were completely forgotten. There was no sense of them. It was the "pure Spirit" I would have been there yet had He not withdrawn. Quicker than mind could think my spirit recognized Him, and I hailed Him, "Blessed Jesus," worshipping Him. He was revealed to my soul. For days I seemed to walk in heaven, in that marvelous Presence.

It strengthened me greatly in my calling to intercession, and in assurance of the outpouring. He is showing Himself alive to many of

the dear ones today. Many have caught sight of Him. Sometimes the travail of soul would become so great I could not live at home. God had taken away, almost, the spirit of preaching, except when I would prophesy of the coming work. I was practically shut up in my closet fifteen months. When the pressure would get too great I would go out, driven of the Spirit, and something always came to pass. Things would be stirred for God mightily. Then I would go back to prayer again. My message at such a time was generally an exhortation to prayer. Like the prophets of old I would sally forth, hurl myself upon the people like a whirlwind, then hide away again. Few people understood me, most feared me, but God knew what He was about. It is all clear now.

At one time I felt so pressed it seemed I must have help. The battle was so hard. The saints had largely quit praying, for the time. I always seemed to feel the change. When the people were praying I was relieved. When they failed the burden almost crushed me. I prayed for help, and the dear Lord showed me He was sending Mother Wheaton, the prison evangelist. I had met her months before. But she might have been in the heart of Africa for all I knew, at that particular time. Three days later she arrived. She looked me up, and I said, “Well, mother, you are here.” “Why, yes, what do you know about it?” I said, “The Lord told me you were coming.” Said she,

“I was in Baltimore, about to start for Florida. The Spirit said, ‘Go to Los Angeles,’ and here I am.”

Very soon I had need of her. I became so burdened that night I could not go to bed. I believe I should have died attempting to sleep. I called on her for help, and she got under the burden with me. Together we prayed through. Many and marvelous were the experiences in prayer and preparation before God finally secured the little simple, humble company who received the Spirit in April, 1906. I threw myself full length in a last agony of prayer, my strength all gone, to reach this, and it came. My work was done. That particular burden left me then. It remained largely now for others to carry it on. I was so exhausted I could hardly live. I had prophesied of the final outpouring also, just before it came. But I still had one more most important part to play, in connection with the San Francisco Earthquake. During those fifteen wonderful months I had also been given a tract ministry, and thousands had been published and circulated, through faith. Just one month before the final outpouring, which kindled and spread the fire, the Spirit gave me the “Last Call.” In all, before “Pentecost” and since, over a quarter of a million of tracts have been published, all through faith. At this writing I have no stock on hand. Some forty odd messages in tract form were given me personally,

by the Spirit. Some mistakes were made. I missed His mind sometimes. But the call has gone forth, the “last call,” world-wide. And I know God has separated and commissioned me to world-wide evangelism, as many others. “God, even God, the Lord, hath spoken, and called the earth from the rising of the sun unto the going down thereof. Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined forth. Our God shall come, and shall not keep silence; a fire shall devour before Him, and it shall be very tempestuous round about Him. He shall call to the heavens above, and to the earth, that He may judge His people. Gather My saints together unto Me; those that have made a covenant with Me by sacrifice. And the heavens shall declare His righteousness; for God is judge Himself. Hear, O my people, and I will speak; O Israel, and I will testify unto thee; I am God, even thy God,” Psalm 50:1-7. This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears.

“When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like unto them that dream. Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing. Then said they among the nations, The Lord hath done great things for them. The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.” “They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. Though he goeth on his way weeping, bearing forth the seed; he shall come again with joy, bringing his sheaves with him,” Psalm 126:1-6.

Judgment, also, is beginning, at the house of God. (1 Peter 4:17). It must be sifted, shaken (Heb. 12:25-29). “A noise shall come even to the end of the earth; for the Lord hath a controversy with the nations, He will plead with all flesh,” Jer. 25: 31. Is not this being realized today? What mean as all this concern, interest and distress? Men’s hearts are failing them for fear. They are not prepared. God is working, pressing men with a last mighty, world-wide call for their final decision. I would rather live six months with the privileges of to-day than fifty ye of ordinary time. “A sound of battle” is also in the land. “Destruction cometh.” The nations are arming to the teeth in greed and horrid purpose of murder. They both hate and fear one another. The waves of lawlessness rise higher and higher each succeeding time, to lash their organized furs on their oppressors. The retribution of sin. A great arm of hell fast growing out to clutch with demoniacal power the throat of all law and society. Only He (the Holy Ghost) restraineth, and will restrain, till He “be taken out of the way,” with the ascending Bride. Then shall that “Lawless One” be revealed, the Anti-Christ, the heading up of all sin. Capital and labor must both take the “mark of the Beast,” Brain and muscle, forehead and hand. Only the Kingdom of Christ, in righteousness, shall stand. The times of the Gentile nations are nearly full, Israel is fast returning to Palestine. The

showers are also returning, the “latter rain,” physically, to bring forth the abundance of the promise. Jesus must return soon. Events hasten Him. Pasadena, Cal., March 17, 1908.

THE EARTHQUAKE

Having described my experience in intercession previous to and portending the present outpouring of the Spirit, I now write of my further experience, in connection with the San Francisco Earthquake, at that time. Both heaven and earth were shaken (Heb. 12:26) to the same end.

The Spirit was poured forth early in April, 1906, in Los Angeles. God covered the fire for a little time, protected it, until He had worked another work; also in preparation, for wide-spread outpouring. Then the fire ran rapidly, with mighty impetus. In fifteen months of previous soul-travail, the necessity of judgment had not occurred to me in this immediate connection. But further events convinced me fully of its necessity and purpose. It was an answer in part to our prayers, such as we had not expected. I had believed such things would follow the world-wide call, to mercy the Lord had been showing me He was going to give. The Word declares it for the “Tribulation.” But unbelief and denial largely shut this Peter also outside: the prayer gate.

‘When Thy judgments are in the earth, the

inhabitants of the world learn righteousness,” Isa. 26:9. Later, the “cities of the nations” are to fall, Rev. 16:19. The shadows or droppings of this are being realized now. We near the end. The San Francisco earthquake was a forerunner. God used it to awaken to this fact. Men seek God in times of adversity and trouble, feel their need. Better earthquakes for rebuke and warning than the indifference of God. God knocks at men’s consciences loudly today. These warnings are following thick and fast. He also started the milk of human kindness flowing through San Francisco’s distress. Hearts were opened and His Spirit entered. Selfishness was broken up. Christianity also had a chance to prove herself. An example was made of sin, but mercy tempered the stroke. Few, if any Christians were lost. Obedient ones escaped. Many were warned of God, and fled the city. Others were miraculously delivered. But at least ten thousand people, by official estimate, were destroyed. Los Angeles, the American Jerusalem, realized “Pentecost” largely through this. She received a warning of intended judgment also, but escaped through prayer. Many had come to us from other States and other lands, workers and missionaries even from heathendom, during the months previous, sent of the Lord. They had come up for “Pentecost,” but knew it not. They were to go back to the “regions beyond” and spread the holy fire. God had revealed it to us.

In the final outpouring, barriers were burned away. A heterogeneous body was thrown together, “baptized in one Spirit.” And so the present work began. A miracle in itself.

But to the Earthquake. Sunday, April 15, a few days after the Spirit was received by the little company in cottage prayer meeting, God spoke to me and said, “Tarry ten days.” I inquired why, for I had been shut up before for fifteen months. No explanation came, but He promised me strength. I obeyed. Monday and Tuesday I was shut up with Him, but no further directions came. Wednesday, April 18, I was again in my closet, when the first news was received of the earthquake. San Francisco was shaken down and burning up. I began to understand. It was in some way a strange answer to our prayers. God would reveal something to me in this connection. It was His hand.

It was a terrible time. Los Angeles was spell-bound. Nervous tension was high. Apprehension filled every breast. Friends, loved ones, money were all involved. Business stood still. Thursday we also realized a slight shock. We felt it a solemn warning. Soon the refugees began to pour in. Our concern now, however, was for Los Angeles. What would God say to us? I listened for His voice. “Did God do that?” was the question plainly written over the whole city, expressed or unexpressed. I waited closely on Him. The preachers became a mighty instrument in the

hands of Satan to drown His voice, as they labored to convince the people that the quake was not a direct agency of God. Only earthquake ground. (Well, God knows how to trap the wicked into such places, anyway.) The schools also were used to declare the same. The children were studiously instructed to that effect. But while men labored so strenuously to rule God out of it, they secretly cursed Him in their hearts for it. A short time later they were actually blasphemously thanking God for tearing down the old city and saving them the trouble, that they might build a new San Francisco, earthquake and fire-proof (and God-proof). They are insanely attempting it. But they will never strike “the foundations, whose builder and maker is God,” Heb. 11:10. Let them beware of Mal. 1:4. “Whereas, Edom saith, We are beaten down, but we will return and build the waste places; thus saith the Lord. They shall build, but I will throw down; and men shall call them the border of wickedness, and the people against whom the Lord hath indignation forever.” “A brother in the Lord received the following Scripture from God a few days before the quake, and escaped the city before the judgment came. “For this city hath been to Me a provocation of Mine anger and of My fury from the day that they built it even unto this day; that I should remove it from before My face,” Jer. 32:31.

But while hell worked for defeat night and

day to blot out the fact of direct agency of God in this, the Lord would offset it by another means. Saturday eve He at last spoke to me. He bade me write. I had been given “The Last Call” a month before. He now showed me all hell was being moved to drown His voice in the earthquake as He sought to awaken the consciences of men. I could realize this, for I had been in close touch with the battle through prayer for a long time. Heaven and hell had been very near and real to me for months. I sensed the battle, and it was awful. Heaven and hell seemed both to have come to town. Men’s nerves were strung to the breaking point. A touch would undo them. I seemed at times to realize the very disposition of the forces of good and evil and their relative strength for battle. The armies of heaven would march forth at the command of the saints, through intercessory prayer, and engage in deadly conflict with the hordes of hell.

The message God was giving me now would be used to beat back the powers of hell from their fell purpose and save His voice of warning to the people. They must hear Him. If they refused, it would fare much worse with them, after San Francisco’s example. It was a critical time. The Spirit’s operations were intense. An awful call to duty was being given me. Multitudes of souls were involved. God had promised me these. I must help save

them. The message must not be lost. He gave me the Word on earthquakes.

John Wesley's sermon on Earthquakes was cited, with other Scriptures the Spirit added. "Of all the judgments God inflicts on the ungodly for sin (John Wesley says) the earthquake is the most awful." The Word described San Francisco's condition exactly. The message ceased for the time, but was not finished. Sunday passed. Monday eve He spoke again. The rest was given. It was exhortation, invitation, warning. At 12:30 it was finished. The Spirit was mightily upon me. I had the most solemn apprehension concerning the mind of God for us. The situation was most grave. From 12.30 to 4 o'clock a. m. I was in the very presence of God. The Spirit witnessed most powerfully again to the divine origin of the message, at my further request. Intercession surged through me like a mighty wind. Mother Wheaton was sleeping in the next room. I rocked and trembled under the Spirit's sway. God made me to feel most terribly His indignation at the people. I cried to Him to shake the nation while I pleaded for them. I sought to restrain the spirit of indignation, feeling it could not be of God, but could not. He was making me to realize His wrath for sin. There seemed more wrath than mercy for the time. But mercy was remembered. My pleadings drove back the wrath clouds that rolled in black from Him. It was marvelous. I cannot describe it. But He finally put forth omnipo-

tence of grace on the behalf of souls. Mercy had conquered, largely at least. I pleaded for the message given. He assured me it should go forth. But what should finally follow, whether judgment, or triumph in salvation, was not shown me. His anger was at least deferred for the time, punishment withheld, the people put on trial. My burden was mainly for Los Angeles now. Volumes of power now shot forth from His presence to convict and convert, and I knew He had heard and answered my pleadings. He was working mightily and would work. Apprehension was not fully removed, but a respite had been gained. What should follow would doubtless depend on how we received the message. I was commanded to argue the question with no man. Deliver the message quickly, were His orders. It was His Word on earthquakes. The people would settle with Him. They must know it.

I went to sleep at 4 and arose at 7 a. m. The message was soon set in type. I ordered thousands printed as fast as they could. Seventy-five thousand were published and circulated in three weeks time. Fifty thousand more were printed in Oakland at my request, and circulated in the earthquake cities in about the same length of time. All the important towns in northern and southern California were canvassed with them. Possibly forty thousand were distributed in Los Angeles alone. I warned the printers to watch the work, but

the devil smashed a part of the type. God warned me he would try. But no time was lost. There was enough ahead. The pressure was terrific. All hell was surging around me. I seemed to work like lightning. My feet were like “hinds’ feet.” God overshadowed me. He raised up a small army of men to assist me in the distribution. Everything seemed to have been planned for this. Of course it was planned of Him. I was in touch with workers everywhere. Los Angeles was canvassed, the State, and hundreds sent to other States, some even to foreign lands. God’s children heard His voice and promptly obeyed. Offered themselves “willingly, in the day of His power.” I canvassed the business section of Los Angeles myself. Hell raged to destroy and hinder me. My life was in danger, but it was committed to God. A business man followed me half a block into another office and sought to quarrel with me. Failing in this he walked to the curb and deliberately tore the tract to pieces in his rage in the midst of a crowded thoroughfare. God’s Word convicted him. It burned like fire. “Is not My Word as fire?”

God gave me the soul of politeness all through. But I was true to Him. The messenger was not responsible for the message. The burden and consciousness of responsibility that rested upon me cannot be described. No one could possibly appreciate it fully except they had been in my place. I saw and felt

things no one else not in a similar position could see. My face bore an expression under this that seemed to convict at a glance. There was not a tremor of fear in my soul. He sustained me. I distributed the tracts in the street cars, and they literally created consternation. Everyone eagerly caught up all earthquake news. When they discovered its import they were simply appalled. Many were terrified. They knew not that God had spoken of earthquakes, especially in such explicit terms, as punishment for sin. People would frequently get off the cars before reaching their destination, or go beyond, in confusion. My very presence seemed to bring conviction at times. God was mightily upon me. Wicked men threw down the message the moment they caught God's Word, but in most every case they stooped and picked it up again, often with a sigh or groan and look of helplessness. They either read it or folded away carefully in their pocket. Very few were destroyed. It was a miracle. God held them to it. They must read and then decide. Proud, wicked men, ashamed for it, still were really curious to know what God had to say. They were frightened. Many were directly converted or reclaimed through it. How many God only knows. It was the one theme. How much it was used in the providence of God possibly will never be fully known. I knew the place He had given it with me, and trembled under it. I canvassed the saloons and dives on a big

Saturday tight, and thousands were warned by it. A dear brother stood outside each saloon and held on to God for my life while I worked within. In several cases the bartenders attempted to intercept me to do me violence, but God delivered me out of the mouth of the lion. My life seemed charmed. A merchant in San Diego picked up one of the tracts from the street, sunburned and one corner gone, but was so convicted by it he wrote me a letter. By this time thousands were inquiring after me, many of them for evil. The police were put after me. The people were being so disturbed. But God helped me to work quickly, kept me hid. I was most conscious of this and of my danger. His hand o'ershadowed me. I lived several lifetimes during those weeks. God's children were greatly exercised. It was not a madman's freak. The responsibility became more awful. The police were seeking me one night, but the Spirit warned me. I escaped as by the skin of my teeth. The devil would have cut the work short by casting me into prison. I was but half done.

The first consignment of tracts had been received the tenth day of my tarrying. I had forgotten that, but as I sought to wait before the Lord He reminded me of it and pressed me out to service. The King's business required haste. Heaven and hell were in terrible conflict over the souls of men. Earth and heaven were both shaking. Men's souls must regard God in a spiritual upheaval.

As a climax, Sunday, May 6, as I arose from bed the Spirit spoke to me. I had seemed to hear a voice the previous week, "This week and next." A curtain dropped before my life at May 13. All was blank beyond as though life ceased. I could see no further. God was hurrying me to finish the distribution of the message, but did not tell me so. He hastened it that way. I threw myself into it as though time would cease that day. The words He now spoke were these, "Los Angeles is in My balances, being weighed." I requested it again. Again it came. I said, "Lord, if this is of Thee speak but once more, and if not bid it cease." It came again more distinctly than before, "Warn the people." I arose, and we met for family prayer. The Bible fell open in my hands in answer to prayer. I looked for the message in answer given. My eyes fell on the account of Belshazzar's feast. "Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting." There was no possible collusion. It was enough. The Spirit and the Word agreed. I said, "Where, Lord?" And He showed me. I spoke to three congregations that day, and the message was generally received as from God. I exhorted the saints to pray that judgment might be averted, the hand of God stayed. They responded and sent up a mighty volume of prayer with redoubled interest. No judgment was prophesied, only the message delivered. We felt prayer might avert it. God's wrath was kindled against sin. But as in

Nineveh's case faithful warning might prevail. False prophets were on my track, seeking reputation, and the devil sought to bring the cause into disrepute.

God even sets the date sometimes for destruction, however, as in Jonah's case, but the judgment may be averted. He stirred us up to pray, with threatenings. Three more congregations were visited that week with the message, with similar results. Wednesday a letter was written to the Mayor, under direction of the Spirit. Thursday eve I gave the message last. Waiting upon God He gave me a black frown, and I understood He was not yet appeased. I asked for directions and went trembling once more to speak for Him. The people went down and pleaded with Him for mercy. It seemed to be enough. No more instructions came. The saints were now praying mightily under the greatest apprehension. It had the desired effect.

Saturday eve I got the last tracts out, before May 13. Then the burden rolled away. I had thought to watch in prayer all night until the break of day, but the Spirit said, "You have done your part; now leave the rest with Me." I had had no instructions to flee the city, so stayed. I went to bed at 8 o'clock and slept like a babe. Sunday, May 13, dawned bright and clear, and instead of judgment the Spirit was poured out in a marvelous way. The crisis was past. Still God had not forgotten, but only passed by. The work bounded forward

mightily, with a fresh impetus, from that very time. And still it bounds, world-wide. Few doubted the significance of this. I never have. The call to mercy is world-wide now. Judgment must follow soon on a corresponding scale. It is delayed but a little, while we do our part. Lee Spangler prophesied months before of the California earthquake, and the attendant spiritual awakening. The two go hand in hand; through history and the Word. Now, while it is mercy's call, oh, heed His voice. The storm clouds are gathering on the horizon, harbinger of God's great day of wrath. The "cities" are falling. San Francisco, Valparaiso, Kingston, etc. See that thou fall not.

F. BARTLEMAN.

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THE EARTHQUAKE !!!

"Come, and let us return unto the Lord: for He hath torn, and He will heal us; He hath smitten, and He will bind us up." - Hosea 6:1.

But what has God to do with EARTHQUAKES? "And THERE SHALL BE EARTHQUAKES in divers places. But all these things are but the beginning of sorrows." - Matt. 24:7-8. Judgment for sin.

"Arise, go to -, that great city, and cry out against it; for their wickedness is come up before Me." - Jonah 1:2.

Her sins have reached unto heaven, and

GOD HATH REMEMBERED HER INIQUITIES.” - Rev. 18:5.

“When Thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world learn righteousness.” Isa. 26:9.

“God is angry with the wicked every day.” - Psalm 7:11.

For IT IS GOD that “removeth the mountains and overturneth them in His anger; THAT SHAKETH THE EARTH out of her place, and the pillars thereof tremble.” - Job 9:5-6.

Therefore, “stand in awe, and sin not.” (Psalm 4:4), LEST HE RETURN, and “wring out A FULL CUP.” - Psalm 73:10.

“The mountains quake at Him, and THE EARTH IS UPHEAVED at His presence.

“His fury is poured out like fire, and the rocks are broken asunder by Him.” – Nahum 1:5-6.

“I WILL PUNISH the world for their evil, and the wicked for their iniquity.”

“THE EARTH SHALL BE SHAKEN out of her place, in the day of His fierce anger.” - Isa. 13:11-13.

And how else shall wicked men be kept in subjection? and wickedness be stayed?

God must needs make a fearful example at times. And who dares say that such is not deserved? God dare not wink at sin.

“The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.” - Prov. 9:10.

“THE EARTH SHOOK and trembled; the foun-

dations also of the mountains moved and were shaken, BECAUSE HE WAS WROTH.

“There went up a smoke in His wrath, and FIRE OUT OF HIS MOUTH DEVoured.

“The Lord thundered from heaven, and the Most High uttered His voice.

“Then the channels of the sea appeared, the foundations of the world were laid bare, BY THE REBUKE OF THE LORD, at the blast of the breath of His anger.” - 2 Sam’l 22; Psalm 18.

“Who shall not fear, O Lord, and glorify Thy name? for Thy righteous acts have been made manifest” - Rev. 15:4.

“Behold, the Lord maketh the earth empty, and turneth it upside down (perverteth the face thereof), and SCATTERETH ABROAD THE INHABITANTS THEREOF.

The foundations of the earth do shake, the earth is utterly broken, the earth is moved exceedingly.

“The earth shall stagger like a drunken man, and shall be moved to and fro.

“THE TRANSGRESSION THEREOF SHALL BE HEAVY UPON IT.” Isa.24:1, 18, 20.

“Fear ye not Me! saith the Lord: will ye not tremble at My presence!” - Jer. 5:22.

Shall I not visit for these things! saith the Lord: and shall not my soul be avenged on SUCH A NATION AS THIS?” - Jer. 5:9.

“THOU SHALT BE VISITED OF THE LORD OF HOSTS WITH EARTHQUAKE, and great noise, and the flame of A DEVOURING FIRE.” – Isa. 29:6.

“Come and see the works of God; He is terrible in His doing toward the children of men.

“Let not THE REBELLIOUS exalt themselves. - Psalm 66:5-7.

“Now consider this, YE THAT FORGET GOD, lest I tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver.” - Psalm 50:22.

“Hell hath enlarged her desire, and opened her mouth without measure; and THEIR GLORY, and THEIR MULTITUDE, and THEIR POMP descend into it.” - Isa. 5:14.

Even the demons “believe, and tremble.” - Jas. 2:19.

It is not a question of bravery, but one of wisdom.

The man is A FOOL who does not fear to grieve God.

It is utter SUICIDE for one to take his life in his hands in such a case.

God has arisen “to SHAKE TERRIBLY the earth.” - (Isa.2:19) - to shake the sin out of it.

“I (God) will shake all nations.” – Haggai 2:7.

“Yet once more will I make to tremble not the earth only, but also the heaven.” (SPIRITUAL UPHEAVAL, WORLD-WIDE REVIVAL.) - Heb. 12:26.

“And THE SEVENTH ANGEL (of wrath) poured out his vial into the air and there was A GREAT EARTHQUAKE.” - Rev. 16:17, 18.

The recent earthquake has literally shaken

this nation FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO BALTIMORE. The news of it has shaken the world.

WHAT NEXT?

Los Angeles received a slight shock later (a waning), at least for evil doers.

Rev. Lee Spangler, the prophet of Pennsylvania, declared some months ago that the following events would speedily transpire:

A destructive eruption of Mt. Vesuvius.

DESTRUCTIVE EARTHQUAKES IN CALIFORNIA.

THAT CHRIST WILL MAKE HIS SPIRIT FELT AMONG THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES, IN WHICH COUNTRY THERE WILL BE A FERVENT RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT.”

It would seem as though these drastic earthquake measures were necessary in order to accomplish this in the hearts of the people.

Will we appreciate the waning, and God’s wonderful and unprecedented mercy in sparing life, in the recent shock? Also His mercy in sparing the Sister City (Oakland), for a refuge, and so wonderfully moving upon the hearts of the people to alleviate the sufferings of the stricken.

The reaction will be beneficial to our own hearts, in creating sympathy and love.

Our present and imperative duty is to pour, without stint, the oil of divine love and sympathy into the wound so recently made by the Almighty, that it may be healed, to the glory of God, and to the salvation of the souls of the

people whose lives have been so miraculously preserved.

And let us “be not high minded, but fear” lest He spare not us. - (Rom II:20.)

Oh, people, tempt not God!

Would you charge God with causing the innocent to suffer? Be careful!
For your sakes they suffered! Look to yourselves!
Do you claim there is no God in earthquakes? – and yet you secretly
curse Him in your hearts for it. Beware!

And are you saying, “We will build another city, a greater one?” Is it for
God you would build it? or for greater crime?

Remember Babel’s tower!

What is puny flesh in the presence of an Almighty, angry God?

“And that which cometh into your mind shall not be at all.” - Ezek.
20:32.

“Ye looked for much, and, lo, it came to little; I (God) did blow upon it
(blow it away).

“Why? saith the Lord of hosts. Because of Mine house that lieth waste.”
- Haggai 1:9.

John Wesley has said: “Of all the judgments which the righteous God
inflicts on sinners here, the most dreadful and destructive is an
earthquake.”

Now note the indisputable fact of history that it has ever been the
wickedest cities that God has so visited.

There are innocent in every city, and God is mindful of them. He will
spare them from the destruction, or better yet, take them to heaven

in it, out of this wicked world. All shall work for their eternal good, and His glory, do they but commit their case to Him.

Innocent babes destroyed are safe with Him; will never grow up to become infidels and blasphemers, to be lost in hell. So now “go (come to us) and sin no more, lest a worse thing befall thee.” - John 5:14; 8:11.

Remember, while God has passed by, for the time, He is still within hearing distance, and may return. Be careful of your speech. Now, “except we repent, we shall all likewise perish.” - Luke 13:3.

For “God no respecter of persons.” - Acts 10:34.

The present, seeming calamity is but a blessing in disguise for a lost and ruined race, if we will have it so. A rude awakening to the fact that we are but transients here. Oh, people, let us take up our march for that City which hath foundations, “not made with hands,” whose builder and maker is God, and abideth forever.

Very soon this poor old earth will be struggling in the mighty throes of a final and complete dissolution. “Be ye reconciled to God.”

F. BARTLEMAN.
Los Angeles, Cal.
Written April 21-23, 1906.

THE LAST CALL.

There is a final end to everything, even to the long-suffering of a more than merciful God. There is a last call to everything; a time when the last note of appeal dies away and is gone finally and forever. Whether it be a simple call to duty or the all and eternally, important call to repentance and reconciliation with God.

The fact that the call has come again and again, and still appears to be forthcoming, is no proof whatever that it will always come. There must be a last and final call. The fact that a man is well to-day is no proof whatever that he will not be a cold corpse to-morrow. Indisputable facts refute such logic every day.

“Where is the promise of His coming? For since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were.” Ah, yes, but they will not always so continue.

A last call came to the Antediluvian world, and they, who had for a long time scorned the warning, perished miserably.

A last call came to the Johnstown people to escape to the hills, but they had often heard it before, and they laughed at the fears of the lone horseman as he galloped through the town shouting the swift words of warning.

Where are the signs of His coming? Ah, they will never be seen by the disobedient. To them he shall appear as a thief in the night, when least expected. If there is a sign it will be

that, but all too late for them, The door will then be shut.

But God's Saints shall have escaped to their Pella in the Air.

It is an awful thing, terrible beyond all possibility of description, when the Spirit of God leaves a soul. Hope is removed, the Spirit has plead for the last time, and has taken His final departure, grieved away, forever beyond recall. Darkness ensues, harbinger of certain eternal night. All chance is gone forever, the doom is sealed, blackness of despair seizes upon the soul. There is nothing left now but "a certain fearful expectation of judgment, and fiery indignation," while fiends of hell wait eagerly to drag the doomed soul to its final, everlasting and inexpressible torment.

Horrible picture! How would you sleep to-night were you to realize that God's blessed, pleading Spirit had left you at last and forever?

Ah, it is hope alone that keeps men alive. Presumptuous, it may be, in the case of many, but hope nevertheless.

Were men to fully realize themselves eternally lost they would plunge headlong into hell by an act of their own hands, without delay. The human mind could never stand the strain and keep its balance, necessary for this life. But the last call is coming, (has come to many); the last call to individuals, the last call to a rebellious world.

All down the ages God has plead and called, but men, for by far the most part, have closed

their ears and sealed their doom; plunged wilfully into a self-chosen, devil's hell.

And now, once more, at the very ends of the Age, God calls again.

What shall the answer be?

Oh, eternal, final destiny surely hangs upon the decision of this hour, for the present race.

THE LAST CALL, the Midnight Cry, is now upon us, sounding clearly in our ears - "GO ye out to meet Him."

God will give us this one more chance, the last. One more chance to seek Him; one more chance to work for souls.

"See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh." One more call to mercy, before the flood-gates of His anger shall be opened wide; the vials of His wrath be poured out upon a slumbering, cursed world.

For "as it was in the days of Noah, so also shall it be at the coming of the Son of Man." But it is mercy, then judgment on a corresponding scale.

A final call, then the Great Tribulation.

A WORLD-WIDE REVIVAL, then Judgment upon the whole earth. The magnitude proves its significance.

All is expectancy, politically, socially, financially, religiously.

Some tremendous event is about to transpire. To the Christian it means the coming of his King.

To the worldling the perfection of his dreams, the deceptive Anti-Christ.

Arthur T. Pierson has lately said: “I believe the Christ will return and end this Dispensation between 1910 and 1935.”

D. L. Moody said when dying: “I know how much better it would be for me to go, but I believe we are on the eve of another Revival like that of ‘57, and I want to have a hand in it.”

Evan Roberts has said: “It is light the world around. Jesus is coming soon.”

Hudson J. Taylor, (now in glory) said, ten years ago, in Shanghai, China: “Brethren, I have a conviction which I believe is of the Lord, that in the next ten years there will occur one of the bloodiest wars in the world’s history. In this war Russia will be the leader on the one side. The sentiment of the Christian nations will generally be against Russia. Contemporaneous with this conflict there shall burst out a Revival such as was never known in the Christian Church, and which shall spread throughout the world, turning many unto righteousness.

And, my brethren, it is moreover my conviction that immediately following this mighty outpouring of the Holy Spirit, the Lord Himself, will come.”

How shall we use the last few uncertain days left us?

How will we wish we had used them when we meet our King?

We may no longer presume on time, for “time shall be no more.”

The “fire” alarm has sounded; answer quickly to the call. Rush to the rescue.

“Howbeit when the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?” - in you?

F. BARTLEMAN,
Los Angeles, Cal.

“Tract.”
Written, March, 1906.

LETTER RECEIVED FROM EVAN ROBERTS

Loughor, Wales.

Nov. 14, '05.

Rev. F. Bartleman.

My Dear Comrade,

What can I say that will encourage you in this terrible fight? I find it is a most awful one. During the last few days I feel as though a deluge of sin has swept over our land. This to me, proves that the kingdom of the evil one is besieged on every side. Oh! the millions of prayers; not simply the form of prayer, but the soul finding its way right to the White Throne. People in Wales can pray during the last year. May the dear Lord bless you with a mighty, downpouring.

In Wales it seems as if the Holy One rests upon the congregation awaiting the opening of the hearts of the followers of Christ.

We had a mighty downpouring of the Holy Spirit last Saturday night. This was preceded by the correcting of their views of true worship:
(1) To give unto God; not to receive.

(2) To please God; not to satisfy ourselves. Therefore, looking to God, and forgetting the Enemy, and also the fear of man, we prayed the Lord's prayer, and the third time the Spirit descended.

I pray God to hear your prayer, to keep your faith strong, and to save California.

May the zeal of God do so.

I remain yours in the fight,

EVAN ROBERTS.

GET THE FLAME!

(Evan Roberts' Message to the Churches.)

While the fire of God is falling,
While the voice of God is calling,
Brothers, "Get the Flame!"
While the torch of God is burning,
Men's weak efforts overturning
Christians, "Get the Flame!"

While the Holy Ghost is pleading,
Human methods superceding,
He Himself the "Flame."
While the power hard hearts is bending,
Yield thy own, to Him surrendering,
All to "Get the Flame!"

For the world at last is waking,
And beneath His spell is breaking,
Into living flame.
And our glorious Lord is seeking,
Human hearts, to rouse the sleeping,
Fired with Heavenly Flame.

If in utter life-surrender,
You would work with Christ, remember
You must "Get the Flame!"
For the sake of bruised and dying,
And the lost in darkness lying,
We must "Get the Flame!"

For the sake of Christ in glory,
And the spreading of the story,
We must "Get the Flame!"
Oh, my soul, for thy refining,
And thy clearer brighter shining,
Do not miss the Flame.

On the Holy Ghost relying,
Simply trusting and not trying,
You will "Get the Flame."
Brothers, let us cease our dreaming.
And while God's flood-tide is streaming,
We will have the Flame.

THE TIME OF OUR VISITATION

Luke 19:41-44: “And when Jesus drew nigh He saw the city, and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known in this day, even thou, the things which belong unto peace! . . . but, thou knewest not the time of thy visitation.” When conditions have reached their worst men are aroused from their sinful lethargy, by dint of conscious, sheer necessity, to call upon their God. This has transpired with us, and, as a consequence, in answer to our earnest and persistent cries for help, our God has come. We need Him.

Opportunity once passed, is lost forever. There is a time when the tide is sweeping by our door, we may plunge in and be carried to glorious success and blessing and victory. To stand on the bank shivering from timidity, or paralyzed by stupor, at such a time, is to miss all, and most miserably and eternally fail. Oh, our responsibility!

The mighty tide of God’s grace and favor even now is sweeping by us, in its prayer directed course. There is a river (of salvation) the streams whereof make glad the City of God. - Psalm 46:4; 65:9.

It is time for us to “get’ together,” plunge in, individually, and collectively.

“The letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life.” We are baptized by one Spirit into one Body. - 1 Cor. 12:13.

Let us lay aside all “carnal” contentions, forget our petty, cursed differences, that separate us from each other, and from God.

If we are of His body, we are “one body.”

The opportunity of lifetime, of centuries, is at our door, to be eternally gained, or lost. There is no time to hesitate; act quickly, lest another take thy crown, and thou be covered with eternal loss and shame.

Oh, Church of Christ, awake! Put on thy wedding garments. A helpless world lies bleeding at thy feet. To the rescue! as at Earthquake shock.

First, be baptized, thyself, with power. Then fly to rescue others.

F. BARTLEMAN,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Tract written June, 1906.

NOTE.

The author’s permanent post office address is General Delivery, Los Angeles, California, but all orders for this booklet should be sent to J. M. Pike, Columbia, S. C.

The author purposes, D. V., to continue the present subject matter farther in a later booklet.