

THE VOICE OF HEALING

Volume 3

SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA, JUNE, 1950

No. 3

Finland

Rewarded With Revival; Communists Oppose; Seats Rationed; Dead Child Raised To Life; State Church Accepts Divine Healing

"I have been sent from the presence of Almighty God to tell you that you are to take a gift of Divine Healing to the peoples of the world."

THIS HAD BEEN THE MESSAGE WHICH THE ANGEL BROUGHT TO BROTHER BRANHAM AT 3 O'CLOCK ON THE MORNING OF MAY 7, 1946. FOR ALMOST FOUR YEARS BROTHER BRANHAM HAD LABORED IN ONLY TWO COUNTRIES, U. S. A. AND CANADA, ALTHOUGH HIS MINISTRY WAS KNOWN BY REPORT IN ALMOST EVERY COUNTRY OF THE WORLD. IT WAS, THEREFORE, WITH A CONSCIOUSNESS OF UNFOLDING DIVINE PURPOSE, THAT BROTHER BRANHAM AND PARTY BOARDED A PLANE AT NEW YORK, APRIL 6, 1950, WHICH WOULD TAKE THEM TO ENGLAND, AND FROM THERE TO FINLAND, NORWAY, DENMARK, AND SWEDEN.

(CONTINUE READING ON PAGE 4)



Rev. William Branham of Jeffersonville, Indiana, pictured in center, was assisted by three able ministers, W. J. Ern Baxter, left, and Jack Moore and Gordon Lindsay, standing, who ministered to the war-mangled Scandinavian and Finnish peoples day and night. Also pictured is Howard Branham, brother of the evangelist, who accompanied the group.

On the opposite page are a few of the many photographic tokens which depict the glorious revival days that the Branham Party spent in Helsinki and Kuopio, Finland.

Top left: Brother Branham embraces little girl who was wonderfully healed.

Center: Braces and crutches are no longer needed, and this little girl walks normally now.

Right: Dr. Eino Manninen, pastor of the largest Pentecostal church in Finland, views pile of canes and crutches discarded during one service.

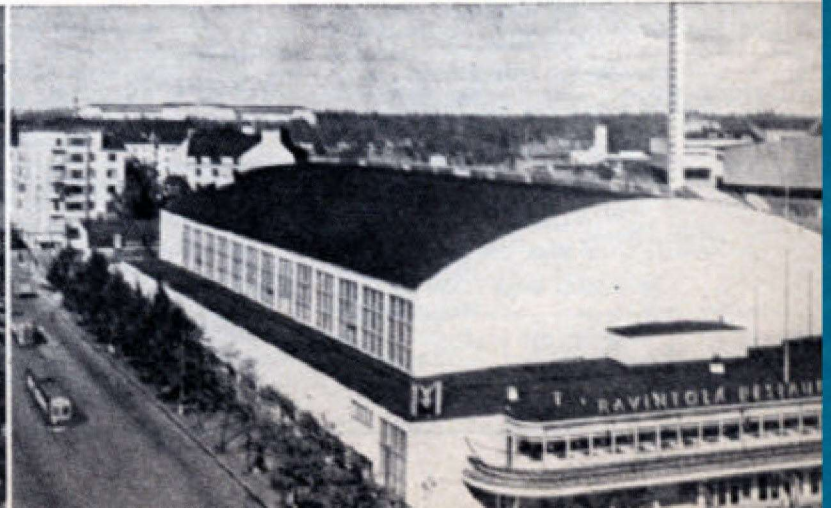
Center left: The Finns are a gentle, honest people; however, these officers of the law were on duty to handle the crowds during the Branham campaign in Kuopio.

Right: These five little Finns had never spoken or heard until the angelic commission sent the Branham Party to their country. They were healed during one of the Lindsay-Moore afternoon services.

Bottom left: Another happy deaf mute smiles at being able to hear the joyful sounds.

Right: Little girl leaves Brother Branham carrying crutches on her shoulders.

Below are shown interior and exterior views of the auditorium in Helsinki, Finland, where between eight and ten thousand persons gathered to witness the outstanding Divine Healing ministry of Evang. William Branham. Thousands stood in line for hours to gain entrance to the meetings. A large tent was erected, yet thousands were turned away and gathered behind rope fences to listen to the services through loud-speakers.



Healing Campaign Schedules of Associate Editors Using Special VH Editions

WILLIAM BRANHAM Tent Campaigns

Chicago, Ill. About June 20
Continuing Appx. 18 Days
For information write:
Rev. Dalrymple, 1738 W. Marquette,
Chicago, Ill.

Cleveland, Ohio Aug. 1-18
Kansas City, Mo. Latter August

GAYLE JACKSON

New Orleans, La. June 4-July 4
Tent on N. Jeff Davis Parkway
Dallas, Texas July
Pastor H. C. Noah

DALE HANSON

Oklahoma City, Okla. May 14—June
Big tent at 1800 W. Reno
Peoria, Ill. Last of June—July
Contact Rev. Walter Smith,
110 Easton Ave.
Ottumwa, Iowa July
Union Tent Meeting
Pastor T. A. Tousley, Chairman

LOUISE NANKIVELL

Elkton, Va. July 4-16 or longer
Camp meeting nightly except Monday
Contact Rev. W. A. Stewart,
2514 Washington Blvd.,
Baltimore, Md.

T. L. OSBORN

York, Pa., Campaign cancelled
Scranton, Pa. July 12-30
Canton, Ohio Aug. 9-29
2 Services daily 2 and 7:30 P.M.
except Mondays
Large tent campaigns

We list in this directory the names of those who we believe have a proven Divine healing ministry, and who are laboring in harmony with the policy of THE VOICE OF HEALING to unite in spirit the members of the body of Christ, and whose lives are above reproach.

Permanent Addresses of Evangelists whose Schedules Have Been Listed in The Voice of Healing. All Correspondence To Them Should Be Sent to These Addresses.

William Branham, Box 325, Jeffersonville, Indiana.

F. F. Bosworth, Box 678, Miami Beach 39, Florida.

Jack Coe, 711 Alabama, Beaumont, Texas.
Frank Cottingham, 519 Church St., Cheraw, S. C.

Charles Dobbins, Box 487, Fort Smith, Ark.
Clifton Erickson, 538½ So. Chelan, Wenatchee, Wash.

William Freeman, Branson, Mo.
Velmer Gardner, 538½ So. Chelan Ave., Wenatchee, Wash.

W. V. Grant, 711 N. Main, Malvern, Ark.
Franklin Hall, 3236 Orange Ave., San Diego, Calif.

Dale Hanson, Box 795, Tacoma, Wash.
L. D. Hall, Box 697, Grants Pass, Oregon.
John Hauck, Creswell, Oregon.

H. E. Hardt, 467 Penn. Ave., York, Pa.
W. A. Henry, 6900 Orchard Ave., Bell, Calif.
Harold Horton, 18910 Wormer, Detroit, Mich.
Gayle Jackson, 802 S. Kings Highway, Sikeston, Mo.

U. S. Jaeger, 7402 44th Pl., N. E., Seattle, Wash.

O. L. Jagers, Pawnee, Ill.
Louis Kaplan, 22-50 49th St., Astoria, N. Y.
Gordon Lindsay, Box 4097, Shreveport, La.

Harvey McAlister, 380 Riverside Dr., 4-Dy, New York City 25.

E. H. Miles, Box 142, Station D, Atlanta, Ga.
Louise Nankivell, 900 N. Karlov Ave., Chicago, 51, Ill.

Thelma Nickel, 405 So. Wheeling, Tulsa, Okla.
Wilbur Ogilvie, Chowchilla, Calif.

T. L. Osborn, Box 4231, Tulsa, Okla.
Oral Roberts, Box 2187, Tulsa, Okla.
Abraham Tannenbaum, Shenandoah, Va.

Richard R. Vinyard, 8043 Lowell, Overland Park, Kans.
Doyle Zachary, Box 333, Greenville, S. C.

MIRACLES

Richard Vinyard

Crossed Eyes Straightened



I have worn glasses since I was 6 years old. One of my eyes was so weak that it went crossed and almost blind as I grew older. The first thing I did in the morning was put my glasses on, and the last thing at night was removing them. I could see nothing without them.

One night as I sat in the meeting when Brother Vinyard was praying for the sick, I was led by God to have him pray for my eyes. I am now completely healed since he prayed; my eye is straight and I can see perfectly.

Mrs. Delasy,
3024 83rd St.
Jackson Heights
Long Island, N. Y.

(Note: Evang. Richard Vinyard recently conducted a very successful campaign in the Russian Church in New York City. Rev. Anne Scirmont reports this to be its greatest revival in twenty years.)

Jack Coe

300 Receive Holy Ghost Baptism in Tyler, Texas

For the past three years Brother Jack Coe has carried the message of deliverance up and down the west coast. Large crowds have thronged the big tent night after night and have seen and experienced the hand of God in delivering the sick and afflicted. Surely Bible days are here again, the blind see, the deaf hear, the lame walk and the poor have the Gospel preached to them.

April 12, 1950, was a great day for the fair city of Tyler, Texas. Rev. Coe put up the big gospel tent in the Le Grand Memorial Park. God has saved many souls and healed the sick in every service. As

OTHER HEALING CAMPAIGN SCHEDULES

Schedules should be addressed to Miss Anna Jeanne Moore, and should reach her by the 20th of each month. For information regarding these campaigns, please write to evangelist's address, not to TVH office.

A. A. ALLEN

Dallas, Texas June 11
Oak Cliff Assembly of God
919 Morrell St., H. C. Noah, Pastor
Chicago, Ill. August 6
Calvary Tabernacle, L. D. Doss, Pastor

JACK COE

Lubbock, Texas June 12
Large Tent

CHARLES DOBBINS

Odessa, Texas May 26-June 18
Tent at Tom Green and 14th Sts.
Carlsbad, N. M. June 23-July 16

CLIFTON ERICKSON

Terre Haute, Ind. Beginning May 28
Assembly of God

W. V. GRANT

Texarkana, Texas June 18
Contact Victor Dial, 1925 W. 9th St.

HAROLD HORTON

Denver, Colo. May 30-June 11

FRANKLIN HALL

Wheatley, Ont., Canada June 11-25
Camp Meeting

HARVEY McALISTER

Savannah, Ga. June
Write Box 1442, Savannah
Panama City, Fla. July
Write Box 851, Millville Station
Venezuela, S. A. August

WILBUR OGILVIE

Grand Junction, Colo. June 23-July 4
West Slope Camp Meeting
Salt Lake City, Utah July 9-16
Utah Camp Meeting

H. E. HARDT

Patterson, N. J. June 11-25
Broadway and Summer Sts.
10 a.m. and 7:45 p.m., except Mondays
Shade Gap, Pa. Aug. 7-31
Old Camp Grounds

LOUIS KAPLAN

Endwell, N. Y. June 1
Elim Tabernacle
Portland, Me. June 26
Frye Auditorium
Laconia, N. H. June 15
30 Clay St.

VELMER GARDNER

Sioux Falls, S. D. June 25-July 9
Green Acres Camp Meeting
Contact: Rev. Wm. Dirks, Box 501,
Sioux Falls

Dickinson, N. D. July 12-16
Cut Bank, Montana July 19-30
Rev. Wm. McNutt, Box 1281

Missoula, Montana Aug. 2-13
Union Revival, First Assembly of God
337 Stephens Ave.

ORAL ROBERTS

Memphis, Tenn. June 9-25

ABRAHAM TANNENBAUM

Baltimore meeting cancelled
Rockford, Ill. Continuing in June
Big Tent

RICHARD VINYARD

Lyons, Kansas May 23-June 11
Large Tent
Linden, N. J. June 20-July 15
Rev. Stanley Carol, 416 Bower St.

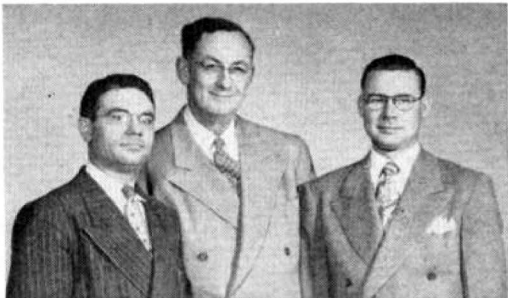
DOYLE ZACHARY

Schoolfield, Va. June 15-July 2

MINISTRIES

many as 300 came to the altar in one night. Approximately 300 have been filled with the Holy Ghost and the meeting is still going at the time of this writing.

The crowds were so large that the tent had to be enlarged and an extra prayer tent erected. The big tent is 270' by 80'. The next campaign will be held in Lubbock, Texas, beginning June 12.



Rev. Michael Vincelli, Merrill, Wisconsin, Chairman of Publicity Committee (right); Rev. Harvey McAlister of New York City (center); Rev. H. J. Waterman, Jr., Wausau, Wisconsin, Chairman of McAlister Healing Meetings, sponsored by twelve churches, Wausau, Wisconsin.

Harvey McAlister

Lady Testifies To Having Seen Christ in Meeting

Eight Hundred and Fifty Persons Agree to Spend Quarter Million Hours in Prayer

A lady, Mrs. Walter Pasco, Tomahawk, Wisconsin, attending the Harvey McAlister Healing Meetings, sponsored by ten Assembly of God churches, and two Four Square churches, in Wausau, testified to having seen the Lord in the midst. This lady, one of very many sufferers, standing before platform in the Youth Building, heard a voice, inaudible to others, saying: "Open your eyes and look!" Here is her own story:

"I did open my eyes and look, and directly in front of me in the midst of a great throng, with hearts just like my own hungering for Christ and reality, there stood the Lord Jesus Christ with nail-pierced hands and feet and thorn-scarred brow in all His loveliness, His tenderness, His sympathy, His compassion, still "touched with the feeling of our infirmities" as in the days of His flesh. He was robed in pure white, whiter than snow, whiter than any earthly white—across His left shoulder was a crimson scarf, a more crimson crimson than any crimson my eyes had ever seen—the hair of His head (hung down to His shoulders), His beard, His moustache, was the most beautiful brown imaginable. The expression on His face and the look in His eyes no words of mine are adequate to describe."

Most significant, Brother McAlister had just drawn to a close a faith-inspiring message, framed about words of the Master:

(Continued on Page 11)

Wilbur Ogilvie

Wyoming Justice of Peace Sends Testimony of Healing

Below is copy of letter received from Ralph W. Gering, pictured at right in his office in Casper.



BUSINESS PHONE 244
RESIDENCE PHONE 2394-R

P.S. Very Good Testimony Mrs. Ogilvie

RALPH W. GERING
JUSTICE OF PEACE, DISTRICT NO. 1
COUNTY COURT HOUSE
CASPER, WYOMING

L. F. PERRY
CONSTABLE
PHONE 244

In the year 1943 I was afflicted with Coronary Thrombosis—very low for many weeks, then gradually improved and able to get out, but not able to work. Then arthritis of the heart developed and I suffered a great deal.

When I heard that Wilbur Ogilvie, a Healing evangelist was coming to Casper to hold meetings, I decided to go; that was the first meeting of this kind I had ever attended. The first night I got a seat in the second row, and while Bro. Ogilvie was praying for the sick, the Spirit came down and my heart was healed immediately. As the meetings continued, I attended, and believing God, had my deaf ear prayed for, which I hadn't heard through for 39 years. The ear drum was broken by a 125# air hammer, and only a miracle could restore it.

Next morning I went to my office and at once called my wife, and praise the Lord she was praising him too, for I could carry on a regular conversation with her, hearing every word very plain.

Do you wonder I am so happy? I am saved and healed that I may be a witness to others.

RALPH GERING
Justice of Peace

T. L. Osborn

Deaf Mute Dismissed From School After Being Healed in Osborn Meeting

We quote the following excerpt from a letter from T. L. Osborn:

"The campaign in New Castle was glorious. God met us with tremendous power and glory each night. One night three young people came from Cleveland, all deaf and dumb, and each one was marvelously healed. I have their picture, but am waiting for time to elapse in order for their healings to become proven before I send it in. One lovely young lad, deaf mute from birth, was perfectly healed. Upon his return home, his father raged with anger at the ignorance of his wife taking him to such a meeting and demanded that the boy be returned to Pittsburgh to the deaf-mute school. This the mother had to do, but in perfect faith that the boy would be returned. True enough, in one week, the school authorities notified the father to come for the lad, as he was not deaf nor mute, but that he could hear everything and speak clearly. Some notable cases of cripples were set free. One lady confined to a wheel chair with multiple-sclerosis arose after prayer and walked some, and recovered almost miraculously. Between one thousand and eleven hundred answered the call to accept Christ, and the conversions were surely marvelous. This we praise God for above all else.

Several perfect deliverances from epilepsy, diabetes, T. B., ruptures, arthritis, and all manner of other diseases were absolutely beyond dispute. One young man who was having as many as 5 convulsions a day, and three a night was instantly healed sitting in his seat. A baby totally blind was healed beautifully, besides several other blind eyes.

The campaign here in Hagerstown, Md., is having a very healthy beginning. The tent was jammed full the fourth night of the meeting. Yesterday in the afternoon service three notable miracles were wrought while I was preaching about "Jehovah-Rapha." One man who could not raise his hand at all was healed immediately. Another young man who could hardly walk without his cane threw it down and began to walk the aisles and praise God. The greatest of all was an old lady who had not had her feet on the ground since last October, brought in a wheel chair, immediately shouted her healing, and came out of the wheel chair alone, gloriously healed, and walked entirely across the tent, glorifying God. She took her place on one of the benches and after the service walked to the car and got in without help. There were many, many other similarly miraculous cases. Praise God."

"This Is Finland"

Rev. W. J. Ern Baxter Writes His Impressions of
the Branham Meetings in Finland

(Continued from Page 1)

A three-day series of farewell meetings was held in New York City, Monday the 3rd through Wednesday the 5th.

A few days stop-over in England proved a thrilling and valuable experience to the whole party. Time did not permit our sight-seeing ambitions to take us out of London, but we filled every waking moment listening to the voice of this ancient city as it spoke from historic architecture and ancient landmarks. History's thrilling story may here be seen in panorama commencing with the times of the Romans as symbolized in the sunken Roman pavements to be seen in the cavernous corridors beneath the Church of All Hallows by-the-Tower, right through to the bloody record of the last horrible war, yet to be clearly traced in the many remaining scenes of devastation and destruction created by cruel and indiscriminate bombing.

Language Difficulties in Sweden

Thursday, April 13, we flew to Stockholm to meet with Pastor Lewi Pethrus to finalize plans for the Swedish meetings before proceeding to Finland. There was some misunderstanding about the date of our arrival at Stockholm and Brother Pethrus was not at the airport to meet us. We must have provided an amusing spectacle as we stood around the airways bus depot trying to make ourselves understood. Finally we decided the best thing to do was secure hotel accommodation and then hunt for Pastor Pethrus. This we did with the help of a smattering of pigeon German, pigeon Swedish, and pigeon English. I fear that in all cases I was the "pigeon." Feeling more secure within the walls of a friendly hotel, we ventured again to try to locate Brother Pethrus. Eventually we were informed that he was out of town and would not return till after midnight. The next morning we met him and some of his associates who received us most kindly. That afternoon we flew to Helsinki and made ready for "The Battle of Finland."

Brave Little Finland

We were not the first to engage in battle in Finland. Through the years this courageous little nation had been the scene of struggle, only finally gaining its national independence in 1918. During the last war it was again caught up in the storm of international warfare, and overrun by both Russians and Germans. Although such subjection was inevitable, nevertheless, this independent people at no time lost heart. After the war, in spite of the swaggering beast to the east, the Finns continued their independent way, maintaining democratic principles. At the present time a conservative government is in power and the last election saw a decided waning of communist influence. The Finnish people, however, are not laboring under an illusion. They know that Russian strength could overpower them in a matter of hours. In the meantime, they intend to go their way and trust God for the future.

Brother Branham had felt especially called to Finland, and right from the beginning of the meetings it was evident that this brave and suffering people were ripe for harvest. Like the American slaves, their bondage and sorrow had been woven into

plaintive minor spiritual songs which had reached the throne of God. Finland's only hope was God!

"Such Music"

Finland's largest auditorium had been secured for the evening meetings. Its seating capacity is approximately 7,000. Every service held in this hall witnessed a capacity crowd while hundreds and in some cases thousands stood outside. A brass band and large choir provided the music—and such music. During our stay in Finland we were constantly moved to tears under the spell of their singing.

Pastor Manninen

Saturday and Sunday, April 15 and 16, the services were under the auspices of the Finnish Pentecostal church. This congregation of about 2,000 people is led by Pastor Manninen, an energetic and able little man who has served this particular congregation since its organization 25 years ago. A former athlete, Dr. Manninen is still a man of unusual activity, even taking a fling at national politics. He missed election by only 700 votes, which votes he claims, represent some of his wise church members who lovingly refused to help him step out of his high calling. He laughs about it now. He is greatly loved by his people and deeply respected in the city of Helsinki.

A considerable Swedish community is to be found in Helsinki, and a large and active Swedish Pentecostal church holds forth in a fine church building on one of the main streets. Many years ago the Finnish and Swedish believers met together. This made interpreters necessary in every meeting, as there is a great difference in the two languages. The wisdom of dividing into two congregations was generally agreed upon, and for 25 years they have gathered in separate congregations while maintaining the closest of spiritual fellowship.

In view of this situation, Dr. Manninen had arranged that two days should be given to the Swedish people, so Monday and Tuesday we ministered under their auspices. In all of these services the power of God was mightily manifest, with many healings and scores won to Jesus Christ.

Sister Isaacson Interpreter

The great handicap under which we labor in all these foreign meetings is our inability to speak the various languages. Although we have been provided with excellent Spirit-filled interpreters, our liberty of speech is greatly hindered. Lack of word equivalents, differences in sentence construction, and many other things, combine to make preaching through an interpreter an arduous and sometimes discouraging task. This is intended in no way to cast a reflection on our interpreters. They all did a grand job, especially Miss May Isaacson, who served not only as an interpreter in services, but ordered our meals, took our phone calls, did our shopping, and generally kept us informed. Canadian born of Finnish parents, and now a naturalized American citizen, Miss Isaacson speaks excellent Finnish, and proved to be indispensable in the Finnish meetings. Others who helped interpret in the Finnish meet-

ings were Brother and Sister Mattson, Brother Watonen and Sister Mumu. Brother Nyman was our Swedish interpreter.

"I Was Sure the Russians Had Me"

Tuesday evening Brother Lindsay and Brother Moore preceded us to Kuopio to commence the meeting there on Wednesday night. The rest of us followed on Wednesday evening. The trip to Kuopio took about ten hours. I am sure the coach in which we were riding had square wheels. We spent most of the night struggling to keep from falling out of our berths to the floor. About 5 o'clock in the morning, the Finnish conductor thrust his head through the curtain and let out a stream of Finnish. Half dazed from the night's hectic ride I was sure the Russians had me, and I wasn't sure that I cared much!

Memorable Kuopio Meeting

The meeting in Kuopio was outstanding. We were there only five days but much was accomplished. A tent was pitched on the property adjoining the church, and many who were unable to gain access to the church filled the tent, while hundreds more crowded the streets. Those in the tent and on the street heard the services through loudspeakers.

Many wonderful healings took place with people experiencing deliverances in every service. Hundreds testified to healing received in the services, in their homes, on the streets, and while sleeping. A spirit of expectation reigned! Many deaf were healed, and the last two nights of the meeting piles of crutches and canes were left at the altar. One little girl removed the brace which she had worn on her leg for years, and ran all over the church while the people shouted and wept for joy.

Kuopio is a much smaller city than Helsinki, having a population of about 40,000. Situated about 200 miles south of the Arctic circle, there are periods of the year when it is constantly light. The city officials were very sympathetic toward the meetings and sent a book on Finland to be presented to the party as an indication of their good will.

We left Kuopio by train after the Sunday night service. The 100-voice choir from the Kuopio church gathered on the station platform to sing us a farewell. With the harmonious strains of a beautiful Finnish hymn fading in the distance, we closed another chapter in the book of Branham campaigns, and agreed that it was one of the best chapters thus far written.

We arrived back in Helsinki Monday morning, and after getting settled in our hotel, we started to make preparation for a second "session" in the capitol city. People started gathering at the large hall early Monday morning and had to be dispersed by the police. Apparently reports of the earlier meeting had circulated throughout the city and countryside and people were going to be sure and see what it was all about. Each remaining day of the meetings as many as 7,000 gathered three and four hours before service to seek entrance to the auditorium. Thousands were turned away and gathered behind impromptu rope fences to listen to the services through loudspeakers.

State Church of Finland Officials Attend

God gave us a great service on Monday night, renewing our strength, making us forget our fatigue in the greater consciousness of His presence. **100 State Church ministers were present at this meeting and witnessed a demonstration of power which God in mercy seemed to especially provide for the occasion. This, with the simple presentation of God's Word, won the hearts of some of these religious leaders, and precipitated a crisis in the official religious life of the nation, which we trust will result in national revival.** About 1,000 people stood at the end of the service to indicate their desire to receive and serve the Lord Jesus Christ. The services continued through Friday with blessings and power, and the rough and crude attacks by the communist press only accelerated the attendance and interest.

The day services were conducted in the Finnish Pentecostal church of which Dr. Manninen is pastor. These meetings were given over to Bible instruction with Brother Lindsay and Brother Moore praying for some sick at the conclusion of each service. God's rich blessing rested upon these services. Associate Pastor William Watonen was also a great help in the meetings. Being an American, his knowledge of English stood us in good stead more than once. All through the Finnish meetings we enjoyed the hearty support of a corps of pastors who stood by to help in any way possible. It was a display of unity and love from beginning to end, with no competition among ministers but rather a unanimous desire to see the glory of God.

Communist Opposition

We realized that the meetings were causing a great stir in almost every department of Finnish life, and were aware that the communist paper had urged our expulsion from the country. We felt, however, that it was getting a little "warm" when one of the ministers came to us on the platform during the Wednesday evening service and advised us that the authorities wanted detailed information about us before midnight. The brother who brought the information was himself a former police chief in a neighboring city, and had been able to secure some consideration for us, or otherwise we would have had a visit from the uniformed gentlemen themselves. The last we heard of the whole matter, was that Dr. Manninen was to interview the authorities the following Wednesday. We were happy to know that, D. V., we would be in Norway by that time.

State Church Accepts Divine Healing

The last service was held on Friday evening. Saturday morning a phone message informed us that a meeting of State Church ministers would convene that morning at 9 o'clock, and would we pray that God would speak to their hearts about facing the challenge of the supernatural which they had witnessed in the Branham meetings. The party immediately went to their knees. We later received word that the meeting had seen a real desire on the part of a majority of the ministers to experience a revival of divine power in healing and other supernatural manifestation.

It was originally intended that the services should carry on through Sunday. It was felt, however, that for certain reasons, we would be wise to conclude on Friday. Saturday morning we slipped away quietly in two automobiles, traveling through the Finnish countryside, to a beautiful old Royal Swedish summer home, situated near Kotka. This was the area most severely bombed by the Russians during the last war. It is only 30 miles from the Russian mainland, and about 12 miles from a high-

ly fortified island which has been "absorbed" by Russia since the conclusion of the war.

This ancient estate is considered to be the oldest in Finland, dating back some 1,000 years. It is the old summer home of Swedish kings, and we listened with keen interest as our hostess told us stories of weary kings who came there to rest, and relax from the arduous duties of royal life.

Farewell to Finland

We returned to Helsinki, Monday. Tuesday we left by plane for Oslo, Norway. Pastor Manninen and Mrs. Manninen, Associate Pastor and Mrs. Watonen, Sister Isaacson, and a small company of others, gathered at the airport to bid us good-bye. As the plane took off, and we saw that small group of Christians waving farewell, they seemed to be representative of the brave and kindly little nation of which they were citizens, and we couldn't help but wonder what the future held for Finland. Brother Branham expressed our feelings as he turned to me and said warmly, "God bless Finland," and we replied, "Amen!"

What God Hath Promised

*God hath not promised
Skies always blue.
Flower-streun pathways
All our lives through
God hath not promised sun without rain
Joy without sorrow, peace without pain.*

*God hath not promised we shall not know
Toil and temptation, trouble and woe
He hath not told we shall not bear
Many a burden, many a care.*

*God hath not promised smooth road and wide
Swift easy travel, needing no guide;
Never a mountain, rocky and steep,
Never a river, turbid and deep.*

*But God hath promised, strength for the day,
Rest for the labor, light for the way,
Grace for the trials, help from above,
Unfailing sympathy, undying love.*

—Annie Johnson Flint.

Victoria, Texas, Stirred by Ministry of Charles Dobbins

By Willis E. Berry, Pastor

"And there was great joy in that city." . . . The city of Samaria was made joyful over the same things which recently caused hundreds of people to flock to a large tent in the city of Victoria, Texas. Evang. Charles B. Dobbins, of Fort Smith, Arkansas, was with us for four and a half weeks, during which time scores were saved, about 45 received the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, and many were wondrously healed of various sicknesses and afflictions. Outstanding, undeniable miracles of healing occurred, being too numerous to describe adequately in this report. One woman received perfect hearing after 18 years of partial deafness; a 2-year-old girl, whose body had not functioned properly for six months, was healed the night Bro. Dobbins prayed for her; one man had a cancer drop from his body after being prayed for; many were delivered from sinful habits.

Evang. Dobbins' anointed ministry brought spiritual truth to people of all denominations. Several Catholics surrendered their hearts to Christ. Our local church is still gleaming wonderful benefits from this campaign.



Evang. Charles Dobbins

SUBSCRIBE TO

THE VOICE OF HEALING

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

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

Gordon LindsayEditor
 Jack MooreCo-Editor
 Miss Anna Jeanne Moore
 —Managing Editor

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F. F. Bosworth Wilbur Ogilvie
 William Branham O. L. Jagers
 Harvey McAlister T. L. Osborn
 Dale Hanson Gayle Jackson

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

THE VOICE OF HEALING PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Subscription Rate—Per Year.....\$1.00
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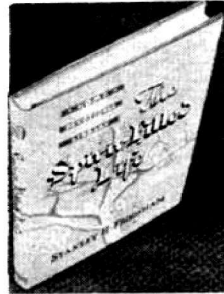
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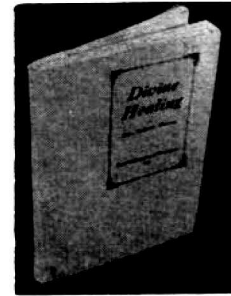
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The Life Story of Gayle Jackson

Chapter III

"Little Marie"

Here, at this time, I would like to mention the sweetest blessing that ever came to our home. My wife and I had been married a year when we adopted Little Marie. We took her from the St. Peter's Orphanage at Memphis, Tennessee, where she had been placed as an infant. Marie is my wife's sister. She is the fifth child in their family, and her mother died when she was born. My wife was the oldest child, being only fourteen years old at the time of her mother's death. There were three children between my wife and Marie, ranging in ages twelve, nine, and down to the little brother who was two and one-half years old when their mother died.

Their father, realizing the great responsibility of children and caring for a small infant, placed the baby in the orphanage, (not to be adopted out, as he paid them to keep her), to remain until she was old enough that the other children could take care of her. During the time she was in the orphanage, my wife and I married. We visited the orphanage quite often, and we felt that God would have us take Little Marie to bring her up as our own. We did so, and have never had one moment of regret, as she has always been an angel to our household. We feel that we have been richly rewarded for taking her and loving her as our own, as she has been the source of much joy and happiness to our hearts. She gave her heart to God as a child and was filled with the Holy Spirit and has lived a pure life for God. She is grown now and married to a fine Christian man. It is our privilege to have them with us in the Gospel work at this time. I feel that it is in order to explain this, since Marie is just like our own child. We have no children of our own.

God blessed us as we traveled far and near—my wife and baby and I. We were having great revivals, but my heart was hungry, oh! so hungry!—and there was such a God-given desire in my heart to see God move in a miraculous way. I sought

God earnestly. I read my Bible and spent much time in prayer and fasting. It was a common thing for me to go without food or water for three days at a time, and praying several hours a day, earnestly seeking God for His guidance and greater revivals. God honored my sincerity by giving great revivals wherever we went.

About the time that the first year of my ministry had passed, God began to speak to me about healing. I had spent most of my time preaching salvation and a Spirit-filled life for every believer, but God had begun to speak to me about the sick and suffering.

Called To Healing Ministry

It seemed that every blind, cripple, or sick person that I met was inaudibly crying out to me for deliverance. Over this feeling of compassion, I wept much, and prayed and fasted more, until my pillow at night was wet with tears. So I began preaching healing, as taught in the Bible, and praying for the sick on each Friday night in my meetings. In these services we saw a few miracles and many healings. This was very encouraging to me, so I continued this type of ministry for about eight years with outstanding results. Then, one Sunday afternoon in November, 1939, out of the clear sky, God made it plain to me that I was to go to the little town of Sikeston, in the southeast part of Missouri, and build a church to the glory of God. It is a town of about 10,000 population. At that time I had my evangelistic schedule and dates made several months in advance, to conduct revivals in various cities in Florida and Texas. I knew that it was God that was leading me to Sikeston, so I obeyed. I cancelled my meetings and dates and went to Sikeston.

We labored in Sikeston for nine years, but our labors were not in vain. God gave us a very fruitful ministry. Our church grew until our Sunday School attendance reached the average of 363. We had a lovely group of members. It seemed that we now had everything that we had hoped for:

a good church, nice income, and many kind friends. At this very moment, when it seemed that we should have been the happiest, I became the most restless that I have ever been in all my life.

Restlessness, Misery Strike

I prayed and prayed. When I retired at night I could not rest. I would get up from bed and go into the living room, kneel by the divan, and bury my face in the rug. My heart was so heavy. Hours and hours I spent talking to God. Every day and night I asked Him, "What is it, Lord?" while from the natural standpoint I had everything that a minister could ask for. It seemed that my prayers had been answered, but in my heart was that indescribable something that kept me so stirred that sleep left my eyes and I could not rest. I sought God, but the restless feeling remained. I became desperate. I told God that I would do anything that He said to; that all I possessed He had given to me, and I would give it all back to Him if He wanted it. I felt that if I were willing to sacrifice material things that God had given to us, that maybe it would help. In my desperation, and in my hope to find a solution to this new experience, I talked the whole thing over with Evelyn. I told her that I felt if we would give to God of the material things with which He had prospered us—that would solve my problem.

Material Sacrifice Does Not Avail

She readily agreed that whatever I thought we should do, she would stand with me. We had built and paid for a little home at a total cost of \$7,300. It was ours with no indebtedness against it. We mortgaged it for \$7,500 and took every penny of the money and all that we had saved, placed it all together, and gave \$10,000 to our church building fund. This we both did cheerfully; but, to my surprise, this gift or sacrifice did not change my feelings for the better—if anything I grew more restless than ever.

(To be continued)

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Resurrection In Finland

warm and tender the human heart when nothing else can.

Dead Raised to Life

On our way down from this mountain we witnessed a sickening sight. A car just in front of us ran over two little school boys about 10 or 11 years old, knocking them down and out. The car left the road. We stopped our car and looked upon the terrible scene. Both boys appeared to be dead, lying perfectly still. We hurried to pick up one and another car carried the other. As I lifted the lifeless form into the back seat where Bro. Branham and Sister Isaacson were sitting, I knew that it was too late to help . . . his pulse was gone. But as we drove on towards the city, we lifted hearts and voices in prayer, and after a bit we heard Bro. Branham say, "His pulse is beating again." . . .

And I immediately remembered the vision he told us about in Miami, Fla., of a little boy being raised from the dead. He hadn't known when or where it would be, but he knew what the little boy would look like. By the time we reached the hospital, the little fellow had regained consciousness and was crying. He was soon sent home, and the other boy is well on the way to recovery. Bro. Branham had a vision about him and said he would live.

Space in Building Rationed

Concerning the meetings, we have never seen it on this wise. Such moving scenes! The people are here from beyond the Arctic Circle, from borders of Red Russia. The building is full, besides a tent erected next to the building. (Think of a tent 200 miles from Arctic Circle.) The streets are full, hundreds standing everywhere for hours. Space inside is rationed by means of cards that allow the person only one time inside, if he can get in. It reminds us of the days when they brought the sick and laid them in the streets of Jerusalem. We still have that vast stream of suffering humanity, as the Lord's attitude is still the same (moved with compassion when he saw the multitudes.) It is only our faith that is different. But here we saw more faith than in most any place yet. The largest crowds stand up for prayer when altar calls are made that we have ever seen.

God has many poor saints here in this north land. After spending a little time in Paris and coming here, I told the group it was like coming out of a dark rat-hole onto the top of a mountain in the sunshine. What a difference where Rome rules and where people are not hood-winked. We wish some days that all of you could be here and see how wonderfully God is working—it would bless you. You are a city built on a hill . . . Even people in this distant land ask about Life Tabernacle.



This little boy was picked up by the Branham Party after being fatally struck by a car.

The following article is gleaned from a letter written by a member of the Branham Party, Jack Moore, to the church of which he is pastor, Life Tabernacle, Shreveport, Louisiana:

"The most welcome visitor of all here is the sun. Existence would be impossible but for it, for we are less than 200 miles from the Arctic Circle. All would be a frozen mass of desolation and death but for the sun. Here, as elsewhere, the stream of crippled, sick and blind flow on to eternity. It is truly a dying world. . . But we have a Sun whose healing beams reach even here, the Son of God. My heart cries "Shine on me today," for if it shines not our love is frozen and our feeling for Him and His people congeals in indifference. But may He ever be the bright and morning Star of all my future . . . for without Him life would be dark and dismal indeed . . . even in Life Tabernacle!

Yesterday was a great day. I spoke first in morning service and Bro. Lindsay followed. The Spirit helped us; then we prayed for some and God met us. In the afternoon, Bro. Branham, Bro. Lindsay and I and Sister Jacobson, our interpreter, in company with a group of pastors, went on a little sightseeing trip. They took us up on a hill near the city where there is a look-out tower from which we saw the chain of beautiful lakes and countryside, all frozen over. The city of Kuopio has a population of 40,000. The Russians mass-bombed this city in the dead of winter during the war. People of little Finland have suffered much, but they give God glory for their freedom which they now enjoy.

On the tower our friends began to sing some of the songs of their worship. One in particular about Golgotha was so moving that some strangers that were visiting the tower became visibly moved and asked that they sing more. We were all greatly moved and felt the nearness and presence of Him who died on that hill far away. As I sit here in my hotel room, facing the glorious and marvelous sunrise, I realize that my poor feeble mind cannot begin to describe what my heart feels. His love can

Special Message From Brother Branham

We are now preparing to leave Europe for home and the U. S. A. We have had a wonderful trip, and the people everywhere have been kind to us. I wish to report to our friends at home that our dear Lord Jesus has been good to us and given us victory in practically every case of sickness or affliction I have prayed for. O how I love Him, and I want to thank our dear Christian friends and fellow citizens of the Kingdom of His dear Son, for your faithful prayers which have meant so much to us. Brother Baxter, Brother Lindsay, Brother Moore, and Howard and I are very grateful to you all. If our Lord Jesus is willing, we are returning to you soon and to serve again in His lovely Name—beginning in a great tent meeting at Chicago during the latter part of June.

I am your Brother in Christian Service,
William Branham

P. S.: I understand that Brother Lindsay is preparing a special 40-page edition of THE VOICE OF HEALING, which will completely report our trip. (Ed. Note: This issue will be ready by the first of July and will cost 25c.)

Communist Opposition

Tuesday night in Helsinki . . . We returned yesterday morning from Kuopio to the capitol city of 400 thousand people. At the evening service tonight the building, the largest here, was packed, as it has been from the beginning; and outside in the damp cold, many hundreds, perhaps as many as two thousand, waited patiently just to get a glimpse of Bro. Branham as he came out.

The whole city is stirred, the papers are writing, some for and some against us. Of interest is the Communist paper . . . it is leading the fight. Of course, we are not anxious to stir them up by fighting back, as we are only ten miles from the Iron Curtain. All of you could appreciate your country more if you stayed here awhile. It seems that half these sick people are plagued with nerves and heart trouble, the strain under which they are now living is so great. One talked to me today who told a very sad story . . . She just happened to be able to speak English; no doubt there would be many far worse if we were able to understand their language. To see this dying world without being able at the same time to see a Living Redeemer would be too much for us.

My time and space are gone so must say farewell to everyone. I am thinking of your faces as often I do. There isn't space for names, but as Paul said, "You whose names are in the Book of Life": may God give you peace and bless you with Life here and in the world to come. Amen.

Your servant,

Jack Moore.



The Lord showed Bro. Branham in a vision that this child would recover also.

A GREAT visitation from God, beyond all expectations, has come to Clarksburg, W. Va., and the surrounding country.

During the two weeks meeting approximately 1500 came forward for salvation, and hundreds were prayed for to receive healing for their bodies.

The largest public auditorium in the city, the Carmichael Auditorium, with seating capacity of nearly 3,000 was filled the first week with people standing, and the last few days of the meetings the doors were locked and hundreds of people were turned away. At times there were as many as 500 standing in the streets, and the management was so concerned they sent for a detail of special police to handle the crowd.

Our evangelist, Louise Nankivell, of Chicago, was so mightily used of the Lord that it was hard for the natural man to believe what he saw done before his own eyes. It was said by some of the leading people of the city that it was like the days of Christ when He walked upon the earth.

Paralyzed Woman Walks

It was only the second night of the meeting that Mrs. Cunningham of Weston,



Nearly 3,000 crowd into Carmichael Auditorium in Clarksburg, W. Va., during Nankivell Campaign, April 16-30. Some nights 500 and more stand in streets. Below: Mrs. Cunningham testifies to healing, after not being able to walk for 7 1/2 years.

Apostolic Days Repeated In Nankivell Campaigns

Rev. Russell W. Harvey Reports

W. Va., paralyzed for 7 1/2 years so that she could not walk alone, was called out of the audience by discernment. When brought forward she was prayed for by our Sister Nankivell and was immediately able to walk up and down the aisles and raise her paralyzed arm above her head. On a later night she was found to be sitting up in the balcony which she succeeded in reaching by herself.

The same night a lady who had been given up by her doctor to die was brought in on a cot. After being commanded by our Sister in the name of the Lord Jesus, to rise up and walk, she found herself to be set free, and went about praising the Lord, and attended the meetings thereafter.

An outstanding miracle which thrilled an overflow audience was the healing of a Free Methodist lady, whose body was bent over half way to the ground so that she could not stand erect. She stated she had been in this condition for some three years. When the power of her infirmity was bound, she was instantly loosed and her body became straight. So overjoyed was her family that her daughter and sister rushed from the audience to the platform. The daughter, breaking into audible crying, embraced her mother, while the sister cast herself down upon her knees and threw up her hands toward heaven with praises unto God.

Cripple Straightened, Plays Ball

Another remarkable demonstration of the unlimited power of God was manifested in a young man who had been afflicted from childhood with polio so that one hip was out of place, one leg was considerably shorter than the other, and he was unable to walk without crutches. The next day he was out on a ball field playing ball with his friends.

What is more, there was a man brought into the service one night in an ambulance, whose body was so afflicted with heart trouble that everything was wrong with him. He was not only raised out of his bed, but walked out of the auditorium that night. Two nights later he was standing on the platform telling the people how he had been saved and raised out of his bed right there in the auditorium. He has since been working in his garden and going around as though nothing had been wrong

with him.

This series of meetings was notable for the number of people who were raised from beds. Not only was the floor filled nightly with bed-cases, but night after night paralytics, people too weak to stand, many who had not walked in years, rose from their beds.

There was such an exhibition of faith on the part of the people, that it was a common thing for people to tell of being healed just sitting in their seats. **Others received remarkable deliverances as they were called out of the audience by our sister through the spirit of discernment. She would describe cases of people in the congregation, whom she had never seen and were total strangers to her.**

There was a case of Mrs. Sandy, of Nutterfort, W. Va. who was called out in this manner. She had been suffering with spinal trouble, headaches, and hemorrhages. She was exuberant over being called out this way as she said she didn't think this could happen to her. When hands were laid on her, all aches, pains and troubles left her body immediately, and she attended for ten nights thereafter walking 14 blocks without any difficulty.

Faith rose to such heights that people were healed in their homes from just reading the circulars announcing the meetings. There was an instance of a Mr. Forinash whose aunt had sent him a circular, and who was instantly healed while reading it, so that the body braces that he wore were no longer needed.

A typical case of healing in the meeting can be expressed in the words of a man's own written statement:

Blind Man's Statement

"Due to an eye injury I was blind in one eye for over 30 years. The doctor, an eye specialist, said that I would never see from that eye again. In the last few years I had gotten so that I couldn't read for any length of time because the blindness in one eye weakened the other eye. On the night of April 22, 1950 I entered in the healing line in Sister Nankivell's meeting and was prayed for. **The Lord healed my eyes and gave me excellent vision.** I can read as much as I like with no ill effects at all. I am 79 years old.—Signed: John V. Parrish, Farmington, W. Va., Rt. 1.





Crossed Eyes Straightened 4½ Years Ago; Still Perfect

Dear Brother Hanson:

Here is a picture of our younger girl, Joyce, who is now five years old.

In the summer of 1945 at Tacoma, Wash., when she was a little baby about 6 months old, we had you pray for her for God to heal her eyes from crossing.

She was completely healed after you prayed for her and they have never crossed since. It has been 4½ years since she was healed and her eyes have never troubled her anymore, for which we thank God.

Charles & Bethel Thackwell
W419 Sharp
Spokane, Wash.

Report of Well-Known Doctor With 45 Years Service

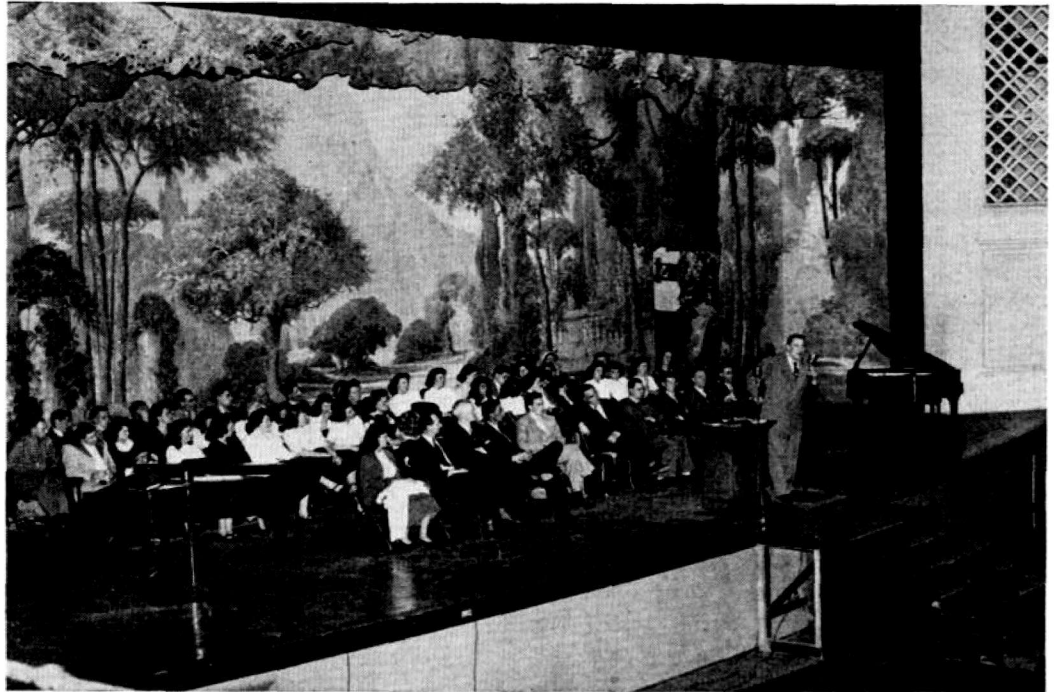
I have been attending the city-wide revival at the auditorium here in Colorado Springs, Colo. The first meeting was on March 5, with the Hanson Evangelistic party. The Lord's presence was there in a wonderful way and when Brother Hanson preached I knew I had never heard such a sermon in my life before. He spoke on the Word of God and quoted many Scriptures. I had never felt or seen the works of God in such forceful manifestation. Many people were saved and healed of their various infirmities. Surely the Lord was in the midst confirming His Word with signs following. May the good work continue and God be praised.

Dr. M. F. Loub
Bennett Building
Residence, 510 N. Wahsatch
Phone Main 1195-W
Colorado Springs, Colo.

NOTE: Dr. Loub was healed of sugar diabetes after he gave us this written testimony and report of the revival. Tests showed he was 100 per cent healed and all sugar removed from blood.

Dale Hanson Conducts Union Healing Campaign In Presbyterian Church, Joliet, Illinois

Outstanding Testimonies From All Sections of Country



Evang. Dale Hanson preaches in large Colorado Springs auditorium during recent union campaign there.

Union Revival Held in Joliet With 7 Churches Aiding

Brother Dale Hanson and party have just concluded a successful evangelistic campaign in Joliet, Illinois. Brother Hanson has a forceful ministry. Everything he says is based on the Bible. He preaches the Word of God. The Lord has been gracious to him, giving him a divine concordance so that when he preaches he often quotes 75 to 100 verses of Scripture in a single sermon. He says he does not do this from memory but that the Holy Spirit puts the words in his mouth. When you hear him you know this is so. When he thinks of a particular subject or theme, he says a whole group of Scripture verses from all parts of the Bible will come to him bearing directly on that theme.

He is an evangelist with a healing ministry, but he places the salvation of souls before the healing of minds and bodies and preaches a strong Christ-centered message aimed at winning souls for the Lord before he undertakes to pray for the sick. His is not just a healing ministry. His is a soul-stirring and soul-saving ministry founded on the revealed word of God. While he has not been with us long, he has made a deep impression on our community. The Lord bless him richly as he continues to preach God's word.

J. G. Franz, Pastor
(Host Pastor)
Central Presbyterian Church

NOTE! !

Pastor Franz of the Central Presbyterian Church was thrilled at the Revival. This is Joliet's largest church. We packed out the end of the first week. Miracles of healings. One outstanding healing was the 2½-year-old baby given up as hopeless by over 500 doctors all over the world. He is marvelously recovering and walks and his toenails can be seen for the first time since birth. The disease is falling off in bed.

Foul and Unclean Spirit Cast Out—Healed of Fits

May 20, 1949

I want to praise God for what He has done for me. I have been bound by Satan for these past 11 years with fits, commonly called the "Clumsy Strikes." For five years I have not worked for my family.



Three years ago I was in the mental hospital, and God brought me out in answer to prayer.

On May 9 Bro. and Sister Hanson laid hands on me and prayed for me, and I haven't had the fits since. Praise God and to Him be the Glory for sending His Son that we through Him might have healing for our bodies. I know I'll have no more fits now, as the unclean and foul spirit that was binding me, has gone.

I cannot tell what I suffered, but now I am enjoying the liberty that the Son of God enjoys.

John Cole
Elias Victoria
Carbonear, N. B.,
Canada.

NOTE: This man had as many as three epileptic fits a day. At times he would run against a wall or fall writhing to the floor. Several times the fits were so severe the police had to strap him in steel braces or a straight jacket. Since he was healed in the St. John's revival, he has not had a single attack. He went back to work after the wonderful healing and the whole community knew of the miracle wrought by God's anointing.

Harvey McAlister—

(Continued from Page 3)

"For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them," and called the seekers to the front when this vision was given of Him. And, as we write about it, with hearts filled with gratitude and praise, we exclaim: "That appearing of the Christ among us was truly prophetic of what was to happen for, though not visible to mortal eyes nightly, yet there was the realization, felt by all, of the consciousness of His brooding Presence. The One whose name is "Wonderful" was in our midst and we beheld with wonder and adoration His wonderful works—signs, wonders, miracles."

Brother McAlister, being told of Christ having appeared, said: "This is by no means the first time He has appeared on the scene under my ministry. I myself with my own eyes have seen His lovely person. I have heard His sweet voice speaking with me. And very many others, in my meetings, have seen Him and heard His voice—and on occasions two and more have caught a glimpse of Him at the same time."

Upwards of six hundred engaged in prayer one hour each day for the duration of the united effort. Then, towards its end, gripped by a conviction that God was answering their prayers, Christians of all denominations and many with no church affiliations at all, eight hundred and fifty of them, agreed to continue one hour daily for the rest of the year alone with God in the secret place of prayer—250,000 or a quarter of a million hours of prayer. And worthy of mention, each day, as members of the publicity committee would make contact with the editorial staff of local newspapers, the question always first on the list was: "How many hours of prayer to date?"

Brother McAlister employs the simplest ways in His Christ-like efforts for the relief of sufferers. He studies Christ's methods, and endeavors to follow in His steps. He avoids practices which could be interpreted as professionalism by on-lookers. He listens with patience, and with a kindly attitude, as each tells of his or her troubles. Then, with simple confidence in His Heavenly Father, he pours out his heart in prayer in Christ's name that the power of God's Spirit may flow through his hands and into the part of the body afflicted. Very many testify to feeling a warm glow, especially in the location of the ailment and an instant release from all pain and suffering. He never appears in a hurry and rarely ever stops ministering any night as long as there remains a single person in need.

The four words, "Biblical, Sane, Practical, Appealing," which appear in each issue of "The Word of Healing," are in keeping with the characteristic features of

The Voice of Healing Brings Minister Into Full Gospel Experience

Dear Brother Lindsay:

I am glad indeed to send you my testimony. I feel like shouting "Glory" just to be about the business of witnessing to the wonderful things that my Lord has done for me the last few months. **And to think that the Lord began this chain of leadings and blessings by placing a copy of "The Voice of Healing" in my hands.**

I am a minister in a denominational conference and church, and have been for nearly twenty years. For all of those years I had been an opponent of the Full Gospel way, and a skeptic as far as Divine Healing was concerned. I actively fought the genuine Pentecostal experience, and any manifestation of Gifts of the Spirit. I preached against them, and lectured against them, and thought I was honoring God by so doing. Perhaps that has something to do with the fact that God allowed me to spend six weeks in a hospital on one occasion, seven weeks another, three weeks still another time, and then finally three weeks again. Three of those four hospital trips led me to the very brink of death, the doctors giving my loved ones no hope whatever. But God raised me up, **AND I KNEW IT WAS GOD**, but still I saw no reason to take Christ as my Healer!

Receives Copy of The Voice of Healing

Then in June of last summer, 1949, there came to my hand a copy of your blessed magazine, the one with a sketch of the life of Charles Price in it. I read the account and was so convicted of my shallowness, indifference, and powerlessness that I went into my bedroom, locked the door and prayed through to victory. That was the beginning. Soon after, I took my wife and two children and attended several of your meetings at Sioux Falls, South Dakota. And there, before I knew that these were Full Gospel folk, I learned to love and trust Bro. and Sister Wm. Dirks, and you, Bro. Lindsay, and your good wife. By the time I discovered that I was with Pentecostal people, I had so much confidence in all of you, that I was ready for God to let me in on the truth. I think you will remember how I asked you about it, and just your brief statement of the simple truth was enough. I went home and began to tarry for the mighty Baptism of the Holy Spirit, and it was only a few days! Then the Holy Spirit came upon me while alone in my study, and filled me so sweetly,

Brother McAlister's ministry. The meetings are "strictly undenominational in spirit" and people of all faiths, Catholic and Protestant, instantly sense the atmosphere and feel quite at home.

At a fellowship luncheon of the ministers of sponsoring churches and their wives, each stated that not one single word of unfavorable comment regarding the meetings had come to their attention during the three weeks. A letter was sent to all pastors of Wausau advising of coming meetings, describing their character, stating that no union services would be held Sunday mornings and nights in order not to detract from attendance at regular Sunday services of their own churches, and soliciting their prayers and a sympathetic attitude.



Rev. H. J. Locke

and gave me the blessed evidence that I needed, and according to the Word.

Now Preaches Gospel of Deliverance

In the meantime you had prayed for me in the healing line, and I tried to accept my healing, but my background was against me. But since you prayed for me again at the Little Rock meeting, I have been able to walk with Christ as my healer, and healing is mine! **I AM RECOVERING!** And also, I seemingly am unable to preach any more without including the Full Gospel of Deliverance. My people are hearing about the Healing Christ every Sunday and every Prayer-meeting Service. And to my surprise they are drinking it in like they never have my preaching before. Brother Lindsay, the people, for the most part, are not opposed to the Full Gospel Deliverance. **It is the cold, formalistic ministry (like I was) that oppose it!**

Late last summer after having been filled with the Spirit, Brother Dirks asked me to teach in his Christian Workers Institute at Sioux Falls. So we worked out a program whereby it could be done. Since that time I have been having the time of my life the first part of each week, teaching those earnest young men and women in the school.

Now the Lord is leading me out of my denomination and I shall soon be out in the ministry of the Full Gospel. It seems that the Lord is leading me to give my full time to the School during the school term, and then the summer months perhaps in evangelism as He leads. My superintendent has told me that I cannot remain as pastor in the conference and also teach in the school. He has also given me to understand that he is rigidly opposed to any sort of ministry of healing, of Full Gospel, even forbidding me to have Bro. Dirks in my pulpit. But I am not afraid of any of these men or things, I am now God's man, "Spirit, Soul, and Body," and am now "persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day!"

Yours sincerely, set for preaching boldly of the Full Gospel of Deliverance,
Rev. H. J. Locke,
Menno, South Dakota.

OUR BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH...

HELL AND ITS INHABITANTS

From "Scenes Beyond The Grave"

Literary Classic on The Hereafter
24th Edition Just Off Press

Marietta, a woman of 25, lay nine days in a coma, from which family and physician could not rouse her. She spent these days in Heaven and Hell. Upon regaining consciousness, she told what she saw. The family pastor printed in book form what she related.

It was so well received that 23 editions were printed within a few years. One hundred years have elapsed, and no one has republished it until now. There is no book like it that we know of, that so clearly pictures both Heaven and Hell. The editor considers it in a class with Pilgrim's Progress. The scenes of Heaven are beautiful beyond imagination, while the scenes of Hell are shocking. We print a portion of what Marietta saw in Hell. Republished by Gordon Lindsay. Price \$1.00. Order now.

* * *

Chapter XIII

The Abyss—Realm of the Desperately Wicked

DURING these reflections I unconsciously passed away from that sphere of gloom to a region where I could perceive nothing but lonely space. No sun or stars were visible to my sight. Darkness more dense closed around me, and I felt that my doom was sealed, and I should soon become the companion of spirits in those fantastic realms. And when I began to agonize beneath the idea of departing hope, I heard a voice as from the distance, in tones soft and melodious, say, "Look unto Jesus: He is the life of the soul." In a moment an inward feeling arose in rebellion to the idea of adoring that Jesus who was crucified; when suddenly all that seemed to sustain me departed, and again I descended as from an immeasurable height, into an abyss inhabited by beings whose condition I did not at first discover, but who were finally revealed as more desperate than those from whom I had just escaped. They gathered around me and commended me for the doubt I had entertained concerning the Divinity of the Son of God. Then a spirit of giant intellect, approaching me, said:

Address of the False Philosopher

"Religion, the Religion of the Bible, so much revered by many who live in darkness and are undeveloped, is but a spiritual farce. The God of the Bible whom Christians call Savior of the World, was but a man. Religious faith circumscribes the range of human thought, fetters the noble intellect, and prevents the progression of the race. Those thou hast just visited, are a class of spirits who, blinded by the delusive dreams of Earth's religionists, have entered the spirit world unprogressed; hence they still cling to the idea of Redemption through Jesus Christ. They appear to suffer; their suffering is but imaginary. Light will ere long reach them. Then will they be enabled to discover the folly of their religious education, to which, though discarded by their better being, they cleave with insatiable desires. We are free. Our intellect ranges unrestrained, and we behold the magnificence and the glory of

the peopled universe. We enjoy the rich productions of the sublime attributes of mind, and thus—and not by the Religion of the Cross—we arise into the more exalted spheres of intellectual attainments, and the moving grandeur of terrestrial things.

"Marietta, for so thou art called, we saw thee when darkness overshadowed thee, and well did we understand that for a moment, from the force of education, thou wouldst have offered prayer for salvation in the name of Jesus. We heard that voice that spake from above thee, saying, 'Look to Jesus'; still that did not save thee. Learn, then, that from the native unfolding of thy being cometh salvation.

Free Thinkers in Hell

"What dost thou see, Marietta? Abandon thy thoughts of the empty Religion of the Bible, and behold the wonders of this sphere of existence. This is the Second Sphere. Around thee gather minds from the varied spheres of Earth, minds whose strength of intellect could not yield to the force of an imaginary religion. They were not awed into reverence by the priestly garb, nor sang the idle notes of psalmody, the heartless 'music' of the church.

"These sing of nature, of which they are a noble part; and thus united, ascend the octave of mental progressive harmony."

Here the spirit addressing me became greatly annoyed; and the nebulous appearance which encompassed him was agitated under the influence of successive shocks, which caused his very being to convulse and writhe beneath its influence. I could not perceive whence they came, and was greatly terrified, as I saw the whole scene changed at every successive touch, which was attended with flashes like broad sheets of lurid light, playing upon the cloudlike form which enveloped him.

Exposure of the False Philosophy

I could also perceive that he was intensely struggling to overcome some power which was about to control him. Every energy was exerted to its highest capacity, to roll back the tide that was overwhelming him. Suddenly he groaned, as in the bitterness of one sinking to irremediable despair, and then yielded to the intrusive influence, when, lo! a vast arena opened to my view, in which I saw at one glance every imaginable species of vice, forms and fashions of human society, government, clans, and all the varied phases and forms of worship, originating in every kind of religion, from the heathen to fashionable church-going people, who heartlessly worship under the name of the holy Religion of the Cross.

The Pandemonium—Mock Worship

As this scene opened, I heard a voice from far above me, saying, "Marietta, fear not; but behold a pandemonium, where congregate the self-deceived; hoppers in false philosophy, together with the despis-

ers of God; and where also arise, in spectral form, the false religions of Earth; where hypocrisy unveils its hideous shape, and religious mockery speaks in its own language; where are exhibited human wolves, who appeared in sheep's clothing, that they might indulge their cupidity upon the humble and unsuspecting. Hark! listen to that wild chant which breaks from the thousands who sit in the galleries of song. They once sang—heartlessly sang—hymns dedicated to the worship of the living God. Listen to the hoarse voice of the heavy organ before which they are congregated. See, they arise; observe their manner, and seek to understand what they utter."

As I approach the description of this scene, I most sensibly feel my incompetency. The reality none can ever know, save those who personally behold it. I am only able to say, that every evil device which prevails with man, appeared organized and moving in a perfect scene, and each spirit was an actor performing the part cultivated by him while in the body. I knew that if they expected bliss, all was unreal; and yet all struggled to obtain enjoyment, which, however, from its dreadful fantasy, recoiled upon the suffering soul with inexpressible horror.

The False Priest

As I looked upon them, the occupants of the broad galleries arose; and as they sang, the hoarse voice of the spectral organ jarred, as note after note of their attempted music fell from lips whose very accents mocked the effort. My soul pitied them, as I saw them sink back in utter despair; and yet I thought I could perceive design in their movements. Below them were seated a fastidious audience, before whom was standing, in a pulpit of Gothic architecture, one clad in priestly garb—one who had dishonored the cause of the Redeemer by hypocrisy and the love of vain glory—who had made the cause of the holy ministry a by-word, by a soulless profession of love for the gifts of grace. This representation of speculators in religious things, moved in the mock dignity of his clerical profession. Before him lay an open volume, from which he attempted to read, but every effort was baffled. His voice was shrill and piercing, and his accents inarticulate. His features became distorted, and he writhed and agonized. He then attempted to read again, which resulted as did the first, increasing his sufferings, until he burst forth in the most vehement expressions, cursing his own being, and all around him, and then blasphemously addressing himself to the Author of Existence, charged God with all wrong, the source of every sorrow, and even desired to gather together the strength of all created intellect with which to curse the Creator of the Universe. His oaths, his manner, and his insatiable passion, caused him to appear so desolate, that I felt impressed with fear that he had power to accomplish

great destruction in whatever direction he moved.

Soon, however, my anxiety was relieved by the sudden exhaustion of his entire force, and I saw that he too, was limited in power, and was, moreover, to a very great extent, under the will of his audience.

One glance at the throng before him was sufficient to reveal the cause of much of his suffering. There were seated those whose countenances bespoke interior hate, mingling with wild maniacal relish; those who mocked his futile effort and indulged in fiendish delight at the expense of his dreadful sufferings. Yea, they relished his manifestation of keen despair as the uneasy wound relishes that friction which affords present maddening pleasures, but terminates in more excited pain. As he sank back, the expression of his countenance was that of horror beyond description. His being assumed every imaginable distortion. Around him flashed lurid fires, and his entire outward expression, revealed an inward consciousness as restless as some burning crater. His whole appearance bespoke agonies equal to the worst conceptions of the relentless sinner's hell, and reminded me of the language of Jesus, who said, "And they shall go into outer darkness, where there shall be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth; where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched." While he lay enveloped in the fires of his own unhallowed passions, one of his audience arose and thus addressed him:

Condemnation of the Hypocrite

"Thou fiend of darkness! thou child of hypocrisy! deceiver, matchless deceiver; thine is the hell of a heartless religious teacher. Adequate sufferings thou canst never endure. Thou madest merchandise of religion and the souls of men. Yea, because of this, thou didst dwell in temples of human glory, receiving the adoration of men; then thou didst wrap thyself in the garments of ease at the expense of souls; thou didst not seek to reach the ruined heart with the soul-redeeming Truth of Heaven, but to please the ear and charm the fancy. Now thou art tormented. Arise! thou false teacher, arise! and in thy silken gown display the order of thy false apostleship. Speak to us smooth things. Direct the movement of this broad gallery of mimic song. Hold thy blasphemy! vent not thy cursings, for lo! thy Maker is just; wish not to move him from his throne. His august majesty thou didst mock. Through thee, his glory should have shown, and by that light thousands should have been led to seek his face."

At this sharp rebuke the sufferer sought to escape, whereupon the speaker continued:

"Nay, thou hypocrite! even though thou wouldst thou canst not flee. Cast thy vision over this vast throng of sufferers, then ask thyself the cause. Though these have sinned, and each to his Master standeth or falleth, canst thou behold them in peace and a sense of innocence? Didst thou strive to lead them up to God? Yea, rather thy learned essays and elaborate expositions of the Sacred Word, adorned with poetic genius, addressed with most eloquent display, did they not lull in deeper slumber the dormant spirit, while wreathing thy mortal brow with human laurels?"

Despair of the Wicked Priest

Here the spirit addressed cried out, "Hold! hold! spare me! I suffer the tortures of unabating remorse! Dread retribution! stay! oh, stay! nor cut thy victim down. I own my sufferings just. In life I sought the means of human pleasure. I trifled with the souls of men, and heart-

"The Wicked Clergyman"



"Hold! hold! spare me! I suffer the tortures of unabating remorse! I see the madness of disappointed spirits. These, my parishioners, drive me mad with their bitter imprecations. Spare me a deeper hell!"

lessly wrote of eternal things. I formed my prayers for human hearing, and interpreted the Sacred Text to gratify the capricious, the selfish, the vaunter in holy things, the usurper of human rights, the oppressor. Horror, the horrors of immortal night and keen remorse take hold of my spirit. I hear the voice of lamentation. I see the madness of disappointed spirits. These haunt me. If I seek to fly, before me congregate like ghosts the multitude of ills hanging upon the soul that here finds no rest. These, my parishioners, drive me mad with their bitter imprecations. Secret sins, like demons commissioned to inflict on me immortal pain, arise from the vault of memory. Spare me a deeper hell!" During these ejaculations the whole audience arose and mocked his agony. At the close, the spirit addressing him resumed his animadversion, saying:

Bitter Incriminations in Hell

"Well didst thou know our delight was to please thee; and when we indulged in the gratification of desires unhallowed, and leading in the ways of death, no reproof was administered by thee, our religious teacher. The Bible—oh! that sacred Book, gift of God to guide the wanderer to bright mansions in heaven—was made, by the false interpretations of the pleasure-loving and heartless divine, the passport to this scene of woe, where sins ripen into living forms, where fashions, with their gaudy folds, enwrap the spirit as with innumerable sheets of inextinguishable fire, and where Mammon, like a spectral goddess, sits in the clouds of death, which encanopy the abyss.

"The law of being, inverted, culminates in the fantasy in which thou art moving. This thou hast done, urged on by the love of glory, the glory of the hypocrite, whose form of religion is like a whited sepulchre, to the outward view fair as the spotless Church, which reflects the glory of the Spiritual Jerusalem from bright worlds on high. But thy heart was the seat of pride and lust, a cage of foul birds, a den of reptile thoughts. Yes, a sepulchre of

dead men's bones, the anatomic fragments of departed, heartless divines, the legacy of religious bigots.

The Wages of Sin

"Curse not thy Maker. This is thy harvest. Listen to that scripture so often carelessly falling from thy lips. 'He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption.' 'The wages of sin is death.' How those passages of Holy Writ ring through the brassy chambers of souls congregated in the realms of night. Yes, they ring as from spirit to spirit they move, touching each immortal sensation drawn to its highest tension by the horror of the doom and the phantom scenes that arise like ghosts from beneath these spheres of death.

"No, false teacher, let God be true; for sin hath formed us thus. We suffer the consequences of violated law, the law of our being."

As he spoke these words, a fearful trembling seized his form. He became more and more agitated, until he, with the great congregation, quaked and fell like dead men; and losing identity, presented one vast body of agitated life. Above this body arose a thick atmosphere of moving atoms, so dense, that it appeared like a part of the mass below.

Mercy Spurned

The sight was too much; and being unable to endure further these scenes of woe, I shrank back and exclaimed, "Is there not a God of mercy, and can he behold and not save?"

Ministers . . . READ!
Laymen . . . Read this article
and pass on to your pastor.

PROPHETIC ARTICLE OF THE MONTH:*Sketch of Conditions Existing at the Edge of the Iron Curtain at the Present Hour*

Our View of THE "IRON CURTAIN"

By GORDON LINDSAY
Member of Branham Party

WE are now on the last lap of our journey to Helsinki. The stewardess hands us a European edition of the New York Times. Rather startling news appears in the headlines. An American plane has been lost in the Baltic sea, apparently shot down by the Russians. *The spot where it has disappeared is only a few miles from where we are at the moment!* Arriving in Helsinki, we are anxious to learn more about this incident. But American newspapers that are up-to-date, are difficult to obtain. Rumors come to us that are grim. When we are able to obtain newspapers, (a few days old), we are startled to learn that Russia has admitted shooting down the plane, and presents the flimsy excuse that it has flown over *verboten* territory in Latvia. This, of course, is only subterfuge, as the American plane was not armed, and was quite unlikely to make a flight of this nature, much less fire on Russian planes, as the Soviets charged. There are dark whisperings in the corridors of the hotel, for the Finns dare not say anything openly against their BIG NEIGHBOR. We note the stern U. S. State Department warning which is handed to the Russian foreign office by our ambassador:

"The ambassador of the United States has been instructed to protest in the most solemn manner against this violation of international law and of the elemental rules of peaceful conduct between nations . . . The United States further demands that the most strict and categorical instructions be issued to the Soviet air force that there will be no repetition . . . confidently expects the Soviet government will express its regret . . . and will see to it that those responsible for this action are promptly and severely punished. . . ."

But the latest word reveals that Russia shows no such repentance but rather has publicly decorated and commended the aviators who have done this deed. What is the significance of all this? Only one answer seems plausible. The day we left France, there came the first boatload of defense supplies for that nation. A day or two later a similar shipment docked at England. Is it that Russia, seeing that every passing day will make her task of over-running Europe more difficult, is seeking to force the issue?

A rumor reaches us that relations between United States and Russia have been



Top: One of the reminders of war. Destruction in Vipurri.
Center: A Russian concentration camp for civilians, taken by a soldier.
Bottom: Across the inlet is the "Iron Curtain."
Right: Uncensored photo—Harvest of Death in Russo-Finnish War.

broken off. We learn it is only a rumor but it is not pleasant. At a moment's notice, Russia, whose guns cover the Helsinki airfield could suspend further travel. *Finland has no exit from the North.* The prospect of being stranded in this border country is not a happy thought. Leningrad is less than a hundred miles away, Moscow only 500.

Our situation is realized the more keenly as we learn that the Communist newspapers, upon witnessing the tremendous effect these meetings are having upon the people, now turn fiercely against us. *Without doubt, Red informants in touch with Moscow are present in the auditorium each night.* In fact our activities are referred to in newscasts from Russia.

There is another report in the newspapers which interests us. A bomb is set off in the Viking, a British European Airways plane, while it was en route over the English Channel. This happened only

a couple of days after we crossed. We are specially interested because we had noticed this very plane as it rested on the Northold Airport at London. Brother Branham had asked the meaning of the word "Viking," and Brother Moore had explained it was the name of roving seamen who came from Scandinavia during the Middle Ages.

We made a visit to the American Consulate. In answer to our inquiries, officials informed us that they had no further information of significance on the international situation other than what we already had. They asked us to register however, and promised that if any unforeseen development occurred they would notify us promptly.

We Glimpse the Iron Curtain

As will be remembered, Russia, at the close of the war with Finland, took certain strategic portions of her territory, for the purpose of erecting fortifications. *The near-*

est of these is only ten miles from Helsinki. A strange curiosity comes over us to visit the edge of the "Iron Curtain." Two brethren agree to take us over there. We do not realize fully the delicacy of any approach to Russian territory, especially that upon which she has fortifications. As we drive along we pass beautiful bodies of water, which are apparently inlets from the sea, as the Russian area is surrounded by the ocean.

About ten miles from Helsinki, we approach the Curtain. We observe a bridge, passage of which is barred off, and a soldier standing nearby. On the other side of the bridge is forbidden territory. We would like to get some pictures, for we have been taking snapshots of Finland wherever we go. The brother who is with us thinks we had better ask the guard about this. We watch him as he goes to make inquiry. Apparently, the guard is startled. He replies to our friend that under no conditions may pictures be taken. As he returns our car is surrounded with soldiers. The driver of the car ahead which contains part of our party, decides to leave in a hurry. We are left alone. The soldiers ask our Finnish friend a few questions, which he parries. They hesitate a moment as if not knowing what to do next; in the meantime our driver pulls out, with the soldiers staring after us. We are relieved when a turn in the road hides them from view. We do not wish under any circumstances to be detained where *Red soldiers are only 600 feet away!* What they might do if they thought we were taking pictures is unthinkable. That spying is about the last profession in the world that we are interested in might not occur to them. We all feel better when we are back in the hotel. We have no desire to get involved in the European situation.

The Communists Are Aroused

As our campaign comes to a close, we find it has aroused the attention of Parliament. The Communists, observing the effect of the meetings upon the people, have become alarmed. These pro-Russian politicians are shrewd enough to know that every man who believes in God is one less candidate for Communism. It is because of the faith of the Finnish people that has prevented them, as yet, from being absorbed in the communist orbit, as has been the fate, practically, of every other state that borders Russia. Though Finland thus far has held out, nevertheless the Communists still have hope, and one can imagine their annoyance and anger as they observe the national interest these meetings have aroused, which is evident to them when they see thousands of people standing half a day in the cold wind for the privilege of attending the services.

The news at last comes that we have been half expecting. An order, forced by the Communists, has been issued for us to appear before government officials. But we have an unexpected ally. In fact, the

circumstances appear to be providential. Mr. Finnel, former chief-of-police at Kuopio, and who is a very influential man, attended the meetings at Kuopio, and became a warm friend of the party. As the saying goes, "a friend in need is a friend indeed." It so happened that he was in the government building attending to some business at the very time that the agitation concerning the activities of the Branham party was going on. He caught the words, "Who are these Americans? How did they happen to come here? Who let them in Finland?" Mr. Finnel at once came to our defense. He said to them, "I know these Americans and will vouch for them. I will take full responsibility for their actions here." Because Mr. Finnel is a very influential man, they have decided not to arrest us, but they delegated our friend to come to the hotel and secure the desired information concerning our passports and visas. Since then we have heard nothing further of the matter from the Finnish government.

Because no plane reservations were possible until Tuesday after the meeting, Brother Manninen arranged a unique trip for us. We are to go to a royal estate in Eastern Finland. King Gustavus III spent considerable time at this estate, and other members of royalty have lived there. It is now owned by a wealthy Christian lady. We find that the estate is located only a little way from the Russian border proper, where was fought the terrific battles of the Mannerheim Line in the winter of 1939-40. Kotka, a seaport town is nearby; it was considered the most bombed city of Finland during the war.

We arrive late in the day. After a sumptuous feast composed of many courses, some one turns on a Russian newscast on the radio. We cannot understand the language, but some of our Finnish friends can. As the words are interpreted to us, we are startled. We are told that Moscow reports "that there are American spies in Finland at present." The reporter on the newscast added, "Finland had better be careful and not be so friendly with these Americans." Of course we know we are the ones to whom they are referring, and we do not feel too comfortable. It had never been our ambition to be an object of discussion by the Kremlin. Especially when their guns are only a few miles away. As we write this, we are to leave on a plane for Oslo in a few hours. Our mission completed we shall not be unhappy to leave for other quarters, though in our heart there is a deep affection for the Finnish people who have treated us so kindly.

OUR IMPRESSIONS WHILE IN FINLAND MAY BE SUMMED UP BY THIS WORD: RUSSIA MEANS BUSINESS. WAR IS INEVITABLE. ARMAGEDDON IS NOT FAR OFF. THE LAST CALL OF GOD TO THE NATIONS TO REPENT IS NOW GOING FORTH. THERE WILL NOT BE ANOTHER.

LETTERS . . .

To The Editors

Lorne Fox Congratulates

Dear Brother Lindsay:

Just a few lines to tell you that we appreciate your Second Anniversary edition of THE VOICE OF HEALING. Congratulations to you on this occasion.

May we also add that your article on Palestine in Prophecy is of special interest in this April edition, and should awaken a great number of readers to the tremendous times in which we are now living. Your article is clear and to the point, as well as inspiring, and without doubt has touched many hearts.

At the moment we are in the last few days of our Terre Haute, Indiana, campaign in the Armory. God is giving us a gracious revival. Just last evening the Armory was crowded. Altars are filled with people for salvation, healing miracles and deliverances are profuse, and many are being filled with the Holy Spirit in the Holy Ghost anointing rallies. Just last evening, among those healed, were two young men who stood side by side—both of them badly crippled in their limbs. The Lord instantly healed them both—one man had been crippled since birth, with deformed knees. Will be in Waukegan, Ill., in the High Gym auditorium in June, then to Springfield, Mo., with a great return campaign in a tent, and thence to Joplin, Mo., in the same tent. God gave us a tremendous revival in Springfield last November.

We pray the riches of His grace to be your portion as you begin your third year with THE VOICE OF HEALING. This may be your last year BEFORE HE COMES! How glorious the thought!

Your brother in Christ,

Evang. Lorne F. Fox

Lester Miller, Nazarene Preacher

Dear Editor:

It is marvelous how you and your paper are helping to unify God's people in these last days. People who used to spend much of their efforts fighting other churches, are united to fight the devil. I never expected to see prejudices broken down to the extent that they have been.

I am a Nazarene preacher but I have as good fellowship with all the Full Gospel preachers as with those of my own denomination. We have the Church of God, and Assembly of God, in Minot, and we all unite for a great union singsgiving every three or four weeks, and the Salvation Army, Baptists, and an independent church cooperate in these services. The Lord meets us in a marvelous way.

May God bless you good, as I know He is.

Yours in Him,

Lester Miller,
Lorraine, N. D.

April 26, 1950.

Velmer Gardner Reports 900 in Florida Sunday School

We are now in our fifth week of revival at Panama City, Florida, with Bro. J. B. Davis. The Sunday School has averaged 911 during the revival. Over 400 have already sought salvation. Scores have been healed. Some of them are very outstanding. One lady suffered with sugar diabetes for over 10 years. We prayed for her and four weeks later she went to the doctor and he pronounced her healed. Thirty-five have already received the Baptism of the Holy Ghost.

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