

# The Latter Rain Kvangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

Saved -- By a Warm Heart

THERE was a Christian man who, many years ago, had a very strange experience. A little baby had come into the home and when he was almost a year old he was taken very ill. They sent for the doctor who, after an examination, said it was rather a mysterious malady and advised that they call another physician. Together these two physicians held counsel concerning the baby. It was very evident that the life of the child was fast ebbing away. While the two physicians were still there, his eyes flickered and his pulse stopped beating. Both doctors said, "The baby is gone!"

The father, in rehearsing the matter to a friend, said, "I had prayed about this child and I was reconciled if it was God's will, to give him up, but somehow I couldn't feel that to be God's will." So he said to his wife, "The child is not gone. The physicians have made a mistake. Bring some warm blankets." He went over to the child, tore open his clothing, and then he took that baby and pressed his heart against his own warm heart. For ten hours he stayed there with that baby's heart against his own, and at the end of the ten hours that baby's heart was beating again. Today that baby, now a young man, is in the ministry, preaching Jesus Christ to lost men. He was saved by a warm heart; saved by a heart on fire.

*The world does not need our cold logic; it does not need our oratories. What the world needs today is hearts set on fire by the Spirit of God. Then a revival will come; then cold hearts will be rekindled with fire from above.*

Dr. Will H. Houghton at Founders' Conference.

Ask Ye of the LORD Rain in the Time of the Latter Rain

The Latter Rain Evangel

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A red cross on our wrapper signifies that your renewal has been received.

A cross opposite this note means your subscription expires with this number.

From Our Satisfied Users

WE WELCOME this month a number of new readers. If you are receiving The Latter Rain Evangel for the first time we invite you to become a regular reader, and assure you of more than one spiritual feast from its pages. If you have a friend in whose spiritual welfare you are interested, send him a year's subscription to the paper. Its monthly visits coupled with your prayers may reach the heart of the unsaved and be the means of a complete change in his life. We know of a number who have been saved through reading its pages. The regular price of the paper is \$1.25 per year, but during the month of March we will make a special offer of \$1.00 to new subscribers. Will you not avail yourself of this special offer and secure for yourself and friends a paper that will help you Godward? Please let us hear from you at once.

\* \* \*

TESTIMONIALS from satisfied users—how coveted these are! How widely used today in advertisements of every description from patent medicines to preachers! The Latter Rain Evangel, too, has its hundreds of satisfied users. As a monthly religious periodical it has gone forth carrying spiritual food products—salva-

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tion for the lost, "the sincere milk" for the babes in Christ, as well as the meat for the strong man. And how encouraging it has been to receive numberless unsolicited testimonials from these "users"—some of twenty years' standing, scattered throughout the world. From across the seas, from the isolated hamlets of our own United States, as well as from our large cities, these testimonials have come; hence we make bold to recommend the paper. From the following testimonials, just a few of the many we have received, it will be seen how God has used the paper to meet the many-sided needs of the human heart:

"The paper is food to my soul. As a shut-in I cannot think of doing without it." Writes one of our subscribers in Sweden, whom the Lord is using to bring others to Christ and then to teach them in the things of God: "My understanding of the Scriptures has greatly increased by your paper. We enjoy it so much and look forward to it each month."

One who has recently come to the Lord testifies, "I have received more help from the reading of this paper than from all the sermons I have heard. It makes the Bible so plain."

And another along the same line: "Just recently two friends to whom I lend the paper were talking and both said that they got more help from The Evangel than any other paper they read, as they can understand what they read in it, while other papers are so vague that they fail to get the message."

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## Weighed in God's Scales

ROBT. A. BROWN

*In the Stone Church*

*"God pondereth the heart"* (Proverbs 21:2).



HE SCRIPTURAL meaning of the word "ponder" is to weigh. How little man knows about the human heart! We judge our fellowmen by their actions, but God alone can judge our motives. He weighs, as easily as a goldsmith weighs gold, the thoughts and intents of the heart. In this text He is pleased to show us the accurateness of His examination; He takes nothing for granted, but brings everything to the scale; His scales are exact.

In the reign of King Charles I., the goldsmiths of London had a custom of weighing precious metals before the Privy Council. On one occasion they made use of scales, poised with such exquisite nicety, that the beam would turn, the master of the company affirmed, at the *two-hundredth part of a grain*. Noy, the famous attorney-general, considering this, said, "I shall be loath, then, to have all my actions weighed in these scales." "With whom, in relation to myself, I heartily concur," says the pious Hervey, "and since the balances of the sanctuary, the balances in God's hand, are infinitely exact, O! what need we have of the merit and righteousness of Christ to make us acceptable in his sight!"

First of all, God weighs the purposes of the heart upon His scale. You may deceive me, and I may deceive you, but we cannot deceive God. We read, "God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Though you may flee to the uttermost parts of the earth, God will meet you there—"Whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me." You may refuse to give God a place in your life, but one day the doctor will shake his head and say there is no hope, and your family will gather around your bedside, to be with you as you depart from this life to meet a rejected Christ.

Being a Christian does not simply mean shaking hands with the preacher and attending

"What is the value of this estate?" said one gentleman to another, as they passed a fine mansion surrounded by fair, fertile fields. "I don't know what it is valued at; I only know what it cost its late possessor." "How much?" "His soul." "*What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?*"

church; the devil himself is a fairly good church member, as far as *attendance* is concerned. Nor is it sufficient for us to be Sunday Christians, for the Lord weighs our daily life, in public and in private. Almost anyone can be a Christian in church, but it is quite another thing to be a Christian in the home, at the shop, among your friends, in your everyday life. Some men are not decent to their wives, and some wives are not decent to their husbands, but let me say that if you have not enough religion to keep you in the home you have not enough to keep you out of hell. The battle-ships and the army of America are the provision of our country to route the enemy that would invade our shores, but our army and navy are not the greatest strength of our nation; our greatest strength lies in the Christian home. Is your daily life, in the balances of God, wanting?

Trials are often used by the Lord to weigh us. Passing through a hard place has one of two effects on people; some harden and others sweeten. I knew an Italian woman, who had one child, about two years old. She loved the baby, and she loved the Lord. While I was away on vacation, the child took suddenly ill and passed away. They telegraphed for me and I arrived on the morning of the funeral. It was unspeakably sad. There was nothing, apparently, in this world that could console the mother. Although she had received the baptism in the Holy Spirit, she hardened under this trial. I said to her, "Don't you love Jesus?" and she said "Yes!" Then I asked her, "If Jesus had asked you for your child, would you not have said "Yes!" but she replied, "No!" and remained unbroken. God had plucked the little flower of her home from the flowerbeds of earth and planted it on the hill-tops of glory so that she might look up, but instead of looking up her countenance fell. Have you grown bitter because of trial? Or like the great Apostle, have you said, "None of these things move me," knowing that "God is too wise to err, too good to be unkind"?

Prosperity is another scale in which the Lord often weighs us. In Proverbs 17:3 we read, "The fining pot is for silver, and the furnace

for gold; but the Lord *trieth the hearts.*" In the midst of prosperity, have you forgotten God? That may be His method of weighing your heart. Every dollar you have that is not used for God becomes a snare. You say, "Oh, I don't have much!" Perhaps you have all that God can trust you with. Many people thought they could not spare the tenth of their income only to find that they lost all they had. If you have held back that which belongs to God you may pray until Jesus comes and you will never have a revival in your heart unless you meet His conditions. If you don't use for His glory that which He has given you how can He trust you with more? Last year I broke my arm and I had the time of my life getting it back to a normal condition. After it started to knit together I found it was stiff because I had not used it. It is the same with talents. It is not the number of talents you have that counts so much, but whether or not you are using those He has given you. I repeat, God's gifts, whether talents or riches, if unused, become a snare.

*Truth* is another scale which God uses to weigh our hearts. Of a certain place, where Jesus preached the truth straight from the shoulder, it says, "Many went away and followed Him no more." And some, after hearing this message will say, "I don't believe in that kind of preaching," but whether you do or do not believe, God will measure you by the truth you have heard.

Hearts are divided into five classes. First, there is the *natural* heart. You remember the story of Daniel at the feast of Belteshazzar, and God's message to the king, "Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting." You may not be altogether wrong and yet be found *wanting*. Then there is the *divided* heart. Is your heart wholly for God, or is part of it for the world? The Psalmist says, "I will serve the Lord with my whole heart." The reason that the devil ensnares so many people is because their hearts are divided; they are not clear over on God's side. Then there is the *unstable* heart—the people who have broken their promises. I know a man who turns to God every time he hears a sermon but as soon as he goes away he forgets all about his vows to God. *God pondereth* (weigheth) *the heart*.

Then there is the *deceived* heart; the man who "thinketh himself something when he is nothing deceiveth himself." There was a young man who belonged to the church, in fact he was an elder of the church, and the day came when

he was dying. The cold perspiration came out on his face and as he realized the end was near he said to the minister standing by his bed, "Brother, is this death?" And the minister replied, "It looks like it."

"Oh," said the elder, "I cannot die in this condition! Bring me the check book." They brought it to him. He said, "Write out a check to the city of F— for five thousand dollars and tell them that this is money I took from the city fund." He had been employed by the city and had gotten this money wrongfully. So, with the death sweat upon his brow and his hand trembling he wrote his signature and in a little time passed out into eternity. Yes, your deeds will meet you on your death-bed. The devil will try to deceive you to the very end, but thank God, you can get right with Him tonight if you so purpose in your heart.

Then there is the *penitent* heart. "A broken and a contrite heart, oh God, Thou wilt not despise." Happy is the man or woman who has that kind of a heart—loving only that which is good and hating all that is evil. If you come to God with a sincere, penitent heart, He will open the eyes of your understanding and give you a pure heart, for this is the gift of God to every one who will pay the price.

I was born in the North of Ireland but lived in England for many years and there served on the police force. I noticed that in some places the people put shutters on their windows for safety. It closed out the light, and do you know what was the result? We policemen found that there never were so many robberies in any other section as where they had the shutters closed. People soon learned their lesson and began pulling them completely off and a bright light was left burning whenever they went out at night. What keeps the devil out? It is the light. But when you pull the shutters down over your life there isn't a man of God that can help you, for you have shut out the light. It is the light that shines into a man's soul that sets him free. And the man who sins against light sins against God.

Now the important thing is to be born again. You may turn over a new leaf; you may say, "By God's help I will do better," but that is not the new birth. A godly sorrow worketh repentance, and repentance brings a change of heart.

"God weigheth the heart"; not your hands or your feet, but your heart. Happy is the man or woman who can say in the words of the poet, "My heart is fixed, eternal God. Fixed on Thee! Fixed on Thee! My immortal choice is made, Christ for me!"

## Words that Pierced

*"Sharper than a Two-Edged Sword"*

Lee Krupnick, Tulsa, Oklahoma

(Continued)



DID NOT let my wife know it at the time, but it was just like someone sticking a knife in my heart when she said, "My Lord Jesus Christ stood persecution far more severe than this, and if Jesus could stand it surely I can." Something seemed to have touched the very depth of my heart with that statement, made from a heart that was broken with grief. I shall never, never forget the look in her tear-streamed eyes as she looked at me, and I could not help but notice a wonderful light on her face, and she looked more beautiful than I had ever seen anyone look in my life. I left the house and walked around, but the words spoken by my wife kept ringing over and over again in my heart, "*If Jesus could stand it, surely I can.*" When I returned to the house I found that that awful hatred had left me. The baby was still awake and I asked her where mother was. She replied, "Mother's in the bath-room praying for you, Daddy dear." I went to bed.

A few days later my wife told me there was an evangelist named Watson Argue who, with his wife, was about to hold a revival at their church. She asked me if I would go. I don't know why, but I went and sat on the very last row. This evangelist made a pretty good talk about Jesus, and from then on whenever I heard the word "*Jesus*" the words my wife uttered kept coming to me, "*If Jesus could stand persecution surely I can.*"

I went a few more times and everybody at that church seemed so kind and congenial. The more I went the closer to the front I sat. I noticed after the altar call the people went to the front and knelt down, some praying in a loud voice. They seemed to pray with such feeling and while to me they didn't have much for which to thank God, they praised Him with great sincerity. After service I took my wife home and then went to a wrestling match. While I sat there among a crowd of about 5,000 people they all started shouting and screaming and hollering over a couple of wrestlers bending each other's arms back and pulling each other's legs. Suddenly, when they started to shout and yell there flashed before my mind the memory of those people who were kneeling at the altar,

praying to Jesus. I thought to myself, "Surely, if these prominent business people, these cultured, respectable people can holler and scream over two almost naked men, there is nothing wrong in people kneeling at the altar, shouting and praying to God."

The next day I was in town and I passed by an art store that had the most beautiful picture of Jesus with some children. I went in to buy the picture and happened on to a Jewish friend of mine who was making a purchase of some scenic picture. When I saw him I became embarrassed, for I didn't want him to know that I wanted a picture of Jesus. Then, too, it came to me, "How can you bring a picture of Jesus into your house?"

I continued to go to that church and kept getting closer and closer to the front. The messages of the evangelist were different from anything I had ever heard. And the pastor of that church was so wonderful to me I just learned to love him. He told me that their people had been praying for months that I might be saved. Something about the way those people prayed—so different from anything I had ever before seen or heard, deeply impressed me, and moved upon my heart in such a strange way I wanted to catch every word of what was being said. It was truly wonderful to me!

Yet, there were questions and doubts that came creeping into my mind. I had been brought up in a faith so entirely different, and it wasn't easy to discard the Jewish religion. I argued with myself: "Why give up the true religion of the Jews? They have the first and only religion; why accept a substitute? The New Testament is man-made. The Christian has manufactured his own belief. Why come to God through someone else? If Christianity is right, why so many denominations? The Jews are united. Why do the Christians persecute the Jews when the Jews gave the Christians their Christ?" And so I questioned on and on. Finally, after diligent searching on my part, and being assured by people who really knew the Bible, I began to see the light.

A few days later I passed by that art store again, and there was the picture of Jesus still in the window. I could not take my eyes from it, and when I tried to move I could not. There

was something in that face, the light around His head, that held me spellbound. Suddenly I walked straight into the store and bought it. I wanted to surprise my wife and called up the house. Finding her out I took the picture and riding out to the home I hung it in the living room. Just as I finished hanging it I heard her coming in. When I opened the door she couldn't help but see that wonderful picture of Jesus hanging on the wall. She stood there speechless; then she started laughing and crying, threw her arms around me and wept for joy, that I, of all people in the world, should bring Jesus' picture into the home!

I went to church every night, but I told the pastor and people that I didn't want anyone to "sell me religion." When I was ready I would give my heart to the Lord. The revival meeting was drawing to a close and I was almost on the front row, and by Easter Sunday I was sitting on the very front row. The Evangelist preached on the Resurrection. Suddenly I seemed to be getting what I thought was a terrific chill, yet it was very hot outside. It was a beautiful Easter morning. While the Evangelist was talking I began to quiver and cry, and the words kept ringing in my heart, "*If Jesus could stand it, surely I can.*" Suddenly someone touched me on the shoulder, the dear pastor of the church, Rev. Owens, who said, "Won't you come?"

He didn't have to say any more. Something within was moving me forward. I knelt at that altar and Jesus came into my heart to stay forever and ever. Around me were those who were praying and singing, and something left me—a terrific burden. I felt so different and had so much joy that I was truly a new man. All I could see, all I could feel in my heart was Jesus, taking me into His bosom. The most wonderful love that a human being could ever have was the wonderful love that Jesus gave to me when He came into my heart that Easter morning as I knelt at the altar in that Pentecostal church! I was truly *born again* and so full of joy and love I could not contain myself. I then realized why my wife went to the Pentecostal Church at Fifth and Peoria, in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

A few weeks after I was saved I had a great desire to read the Bible, in order to know more about Jesus. I read as I never had read before and I learned to love the Author of the Book. I read every chance I had, morning, noon and night. It finally turned out that around two

and three o'clock in the morning instead of my shouting to my wife to turn off the light and quit reading the Bible, she would say to me, "Please turn off the light and don't read the Bible anymore tonight."

Around the office I would talk to the boys and in the restaurants I would meet people sitting at the table and I would start a conversation about Jesus. Wherever I went I talked about Him and had no more desire to go to the ballgame, wrestling matches, shows or dances. They meant nothing to me and I wasn't happy in that kind of an atmosphere. All I wanted to do was to hear and learn about Jesus.

The business manager of the Baseball Club called me and wanted to know why I quit running out to the ball games. The promoter of the wrestling matches and the manager of the theatres wanted to know why I quit frequenting those places. I might say that through my affiliations with the newspapers I represented, being the authorized representative of the biggest syndicate in America, and also for many years in charge of the photo department of *The Tulsa Daily World*, I could go anywhere free of charge. I had press privileges. So my reason for withdrawing from these worldly amusement places was not because of the expense; I told these men the reason I quit was because I found something more wonderful than they could offer me. When they asked what it was I told them that I had found the love of Jesus. One of my friends at the newspaper office said to me, "Why don't you give God a rest?" I asked him if he was ever in love, and if he was ever in love with anybody he should try to stay away from them and he would understand my love for Jesus, and that the more I was in communion with Jesus the happier I was. I realize that in belonging to the Pentecostal Church you really have to suffer persecution, because the way is a narrow way, but thank God they have power with Him. I could have joined one of the other kind of churches and become very popular among my many friends here in Tulsa, but I saw nothing but beautiful buildings where you could eat, drink and have a good time, and occasionally go to a religious service. That was all there was to it with many of my friends. The scripture in 2 Tim. 3:5 fitted them perfectly.

Some think Pentecostal people are fanatical and have too much religion, but in all the years I went to the other churches I was never able to really find the Lord. I would a thousand

times rather have what I have in my heart than all the popularity, glory and honor they could ever offer me. Through Jesus I found what I was never able to secure in 35 years from the world. I thank the Lord I know what 1 Cor. 4:20 means. I have the love of the Lord Jesus Christ and thank God for the dear Christian wife who so nobly stood the terrible persecutions month after month because I was so blind and could not see why Jesus Christ meant so much to her.

Soon after I was saved I was privileged to have different groups from other churches call upon me, men whom I had known for many years. I had many friends. (During the year 1927 I was selected king of the Annual Rose Carnival in Tulsa; the city had a popularity contest among the various employees of the oil companies, clubs, churches, city officers—in fact everybody was entitled to be a contestant in a city-wide popularity contest sponsored by the Rose Carnival Committee, similar to the Annual Rose Carnival held in Pasadena, California each New Year's day. I was selected by a vote of over 300,000.) I was happy to meet these men because they told me they had heard of my conversion and were happy to hear about it. They asked me to go to some of my Jewish friends and ask them to join their church and be converted as I was. I asked them, "What do you have to offer the Jews?" — I meant what proof of what true Christianity was. The life my wife was living was the greatest proof on earth of what 1 John 2:15, 16, 1 John 2:6, 2 Cor. 5:17, etc., really meant. I told the men that the Jews had been watching the Gentiles from the big, modern churches for years, and the way many of them lived was no inducement to the Jews to give up their faith. In fact many Jews know their Bible better than the Gentiles who attend church on Sunday; that it would take more than big membership to cause the Jews to come to Christ; it would take people who lived the life that Jesus taught in His Word in order to bring the Jews to their Savior. When modern churches quit worldly amusements, dances, bridge parties, plays, etc., etc., and realize that only by living the life of Christ in the Spirit and power of God they can draw the Jews away from their ancestral fathers' teachings, then and then only will they come in great numbers to accept Christ.

Some friends came and spent many precious moments with me, endeavoring to prove that the Pentecostal faith was wrong and that I

should join their church. I told them that a real Christian spirit would be to seek for *lost souls* instead of trying to discourage a newborn babe in Christ and if they wanted to talk to me they would have to talk about my Savior as I loved to hear about Him.

I must praise the Lord because I know He truly heals. I had been under the doctor's care for ulcerated stomach before I was saved, suffering terribly. I had been X-rayed by different doctors and each showed I had a dangerous case of ulcerated stomach. I was ordered on a milk diet for six long weeks. Every 15 minutes I was given a small glass of cream and milk; then nothing but strained foods, but I still suffered.

A short time before I was saved some of the people at the Pentecostal church told me the Lord would heal me. I was in such a condition I was willing to try anything. My pains were so terrific I felt I wanted to end it all. They prayed most earnestly and anointed with oil, but all the time they were praying I thought in my heart, "Go on, you 'miracle' people. If you can heal me go to it, but some of the best doctors in the city couldn't help me and I don't see how you can." After they finished they asked me if I felt better and I said, "Yes." But a short time after I suffered those terrible pains again, and they continued. The good Christians again prayed for me but in my heart I doubted.

One day I was home with my wife and baby and became deathly sick. The pains were so terrific I said to my wife, "Honey, I'm afraid it can't go on much longer. I just can't stand it." My wife looked at me with tears in her eyes and said, "Honey, do you really believe the Lord will heal you?" The way she said it and the way she looked at me were so different—there was so much sincerity and so much love in her heart that I was strangely moved and I looked at her and said, "Yes, I do. I really do believe the Lord will heal me." She said to our baby, "Come over here, Mary Jean, and pray for Daddy." Then she asked me to look to Him and pray from my heart, which I did, and prayed in faith with our little baby, and the Lord, the Great Physician operated on me during that prayer and healed my body. From that time on I was completely cured from that terrible, ulcerated stomach. I can now eat anything and everything and never have any signs of any pains whatsoever.

(Continued on page 15)

## When a Sinner Listened In

MISS MATTIE HOWARD

In the Stone Church, Feb. 9, 1936



WAS one of the worst of sinners, right in this city of Chicago, in 1920-21, before I went to the Penitentiary, and in 1929 and 1930, but when God saved me He did a clean work. The Bible says the "Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to them that believe." I thank God I was simple enough to believe.

I do not claim to be a preacher. I never went to Bible School a day in my life. In fact I never knew anything about the Bible until Sept., 1932, when I heard the Scripture over the radio. To show you how little I knew about the Bible, the minister spoke about Matthew 11:28, and I looked in the Bible for page 1128, and I couldn't find it. Then I looked again and I saw there were different books. I looked at the chapters and thought I'd find a book with 1128 chapters, but there were not that many, so I started to look through Matthew until I found that verse (11:28), "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest." That word "rest" was the sword that struck me. I needed rest in body and mind.

I had been a Catholic for fifteen years, went to confessional and bowed down before their altars, but knew nothing of the power of God unto salvation. I drove cars for the bandits in the big cities, helped them rob banks and dispose of their money, helped them to rob jewelry stores, took the jewels to the wholesale houses and sold them and they would turn around and sell them to the jewelers again. If I told all I knew there would be judges and bankers involved. I thank God there is an Almighty who will judge righteously. You can lie and deceive and pretend, but God knows your heart. I finally decided I'd get out of it all, for my life was in danger hourly. I got a job right here in Illinois. I worked a month in Lake Forest and the woman found out who I was and I was fired. Then I went to Glenco. I used my own name, but when they found out who Mattie Howard was, I was fired.

Then I decided I'd get away from it all and go back to my mother, but I was too late. My mother was dead and buried when I got to Colorado. I sat beside my mother's grave all



night and pledged myself I would try to be the good girl she wanted me to be.

I believe I was saved because somebody prayed for me. There's a song which says:

*Somebody prayed. Did you? Did you?  
Somebody carried the burden through,  
Somebody prayed. Did you?*

I know three who prayed for me. For twelve long years one woman prayed, and another prayed nine years, and my mother often talked with God about me. Finally He heard and answered. I believe He said, "If that woman will yield in My hand, if she will fall on the rock and be crumbled, I will prove what I can do." Praise God, I yielded and He broke my proud spirit!

Often I longed for death. I have a scar on my arm where I slashed myself with a razor-blade, but, praise the Lord, He did not let me die in my sins. I tried to hide myself, went off to the Rocky Mountains and found a job in a private home. Nobody came to see me. I had no fellowship. I'd walk the floor with pains in my head. I felt I would go crazy. The devil dangled before me either insanity or suicide. There were all kinds of big churches in the city, but no one from those churches came to invite me there. The woman from next door never said, "Will you read my Sunday School paper?" She wasn't concerned about me. I was only a maid in the home. But she went to church every Sunday in her big Chrysler car. No one ever came to me and said, "Miss Lee (I was living under an assumed name), in the Name of Jesus I want to be your friend." I thought all Christians were hypocrites and that there wasn't any God. I became bitter and the bitterness became



corroded. But all this time there was something inside, a longing I couldn't explain. If somebody had only said, "I love you." I have always been fond of stringed instruments and that made me tune in to try and get Chicago, W. B. B. M., but nothing came. I twisted the dial a few times and got nothing, but the Lord knew. I was dusting a table, and then I heard that song over the air:

*Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,  
That calls me from a world of care—*

I was in such a world of care; why must I be reminded of it! And then they shifted into

*Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling,  
Calling for you and for me.....*

Then the pastor, the Rev. S. H. Patterson, came and said, "Good morning, friends. I know this morning there is some one who is listening in who is weary, troubled and discouraged. You think nobody cares. I do not know who you are, but God knows." I thought, "I wonder if there is a God, and if He knows where I am." Yes, He knew where I was, and all the time those stringed instruments were playing in the background. If they had stopped I believe I would have tuned off. Then the minister said, "My soul is stirred this morning. I have such a burning within to help somebody to get right with God. Will you not listen as I read?" Then he read, "'Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' The same Jesus who said that is standing right there by your side. Drop on your knees, close your eyes and put up your hands." I was afraid to look around. "Oh God, help me! I have already said there is no God, but if there is, show me. I want to do right, but I don't know how." Then I heard the minister say, "The time is up but I invite you to the Radio Prayer League Church," and he was gone.

I thought I would go to that church to get rest. I went, and somebody met me at the door, "Praise the Lord, Sister!" I said, "I don't know, but I guess so." I thought I would go to that church to get rest. I heard three sermons, and I decided I would try it out to see if it was true what they said. I went to the altar and meant business with God and something

happened, for the power of God brought salvation to me as I believed.

Then I began to wonder what I would do with myself. As I said, I was living under an assumed name. I couldn't get any work under my own name; everybody was afraid of me. So I went by the name of Miss Lee. But in the first sermon I heard at that church the minister said, "You cannot deceive God," and "Thou shalt deceive no man." Immediately I was converted and the Spirit of God witnessed with my Spirit that I was saved, the Spirit of God began to say, "You cannot deceive God. Thou shalt deceive no man." I tried to shake it off, but with a determination I stood up before that whole congregation and said, "I am not Miss Lee. I am an ex-convict and served seven years in the penitentiary." The old devil said, "Now see what they will do! They will cast you out." But I had the witness that I did the right thing, and after the meeting the people came to me, put their arms around me and said, "Sister, we do not care a thing about what you *have been*. It is what you are going to be from now on that we are interested in." I said that by the help of God I would never make them ashamed of me. I am glad I said, "by the help of God." Otherwise I would have failed.

I was wondering how I would tell the woman for whom I worked that I was not Miss Lee, but Mattie Howard, the ex-convict, but I thought it would be better to lose my job than to deceive, but she was all right about it and said, "You may be Mattie Howard tomorrow if you like." I told her I had gotten saved, and asked the butcher, the cleaner and the ice-cream man, "Did you know that I had gotten saved?" I began to testify to everybody. They didn't understand it, but some of them became curious to find out what it was all about.

Every time I go back to Denver where I found the Lord I go into that prayer room where I received the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, and where the fire fell on me, and I receive a fresh infilling. The way to keep the fire burning in your heart is to open up the windows of your soul. Fire spreads, and if one gets revived it will be contagious. Some one who is cold and indifferent will become revived if he comes in contact with one who is on fire for God.

*"Oh the bliss of speaking a word that affects three worlds, making a change in heaven, and earth, and hell, as devils grind their teeth in wrath, as men on earth wonder, and as angels rejoice when they hear of sinners saved."*

## Three College Ship-Wrecks

- I. *The Only Daughter*
- II. *The Pride of His Mother*
- III. *The Son of an Aged Minister*

REV. R. R. JONES  
President, Bob Jones College

### I. THE ONLY DAUGHTER

SOME time ago I spoke to a great Southern audience. I pictured the atheistic drift in the educational life of America. A man sat on the front seat and followed my every word with an expression of agony I have rarely seen on a human face.

When the service was over his pastor said to me, "Did you see that man who looked like the incarnation of agony? He sat in the front seat today. He is a member of my church. He is one of the truest Christians I have ever known. He is on my board. He had one daughter. She was a beautiful child. She grew up in the Sunday School and Church. She finished high school.

"He sent her off to a certain college. At the end of nine months she came home with her faith shattered. She laughed at God and the old-time religion. She broke the hearts of her father and mother. They wept over her. They prayed over her. It availed nothing. At last they chided her. She rushed upstairs, stood in front of a mirror, took a gun and blew out her brains."

### II. THE PRIDE OF HIS MOTHER

Let me tell you another story, and I could tell you numbers of them, for my work has taken me into forty states, and for over twenty-five years I have had to deal with the souls of men and women, and I know what is going on. A few years ago I was conducting a revival campaign in the shadow of one of the great universities in a Northern city. One night I dismissed the crowd and started down town. A young fellow followed me down the street, out of the shadow into the light, out of the light into the shadow. I didn't like to have him stay behind me like that, so I turned around and said, "Jones is my name. Do you want to speak to me?" I noticed that the young man was crying, so I put my arm around him, and took him up to my room in the hotel. We sat down.

I shall not tell you about the preliminaries of

*When Mary Lyons founded Holyoke Seminary (Mass.) for women, her purpose was that it should have not only a high educational standard but be eminently spiritual, and she carried out her purpose to such an extent that in the six years she was Superintendent NOT ONE GRADUATE LEFT MT. HOLYOKE UNCONVERTED.*

*Today many of the colleges have swung with tremendous rapidity into the whirlpool of apostasy and Christian people are giving their money to support institutions which tear down that which they hold most sacred. Thank God for those which are true to the Bible. Wheaton College, one of the few institutions that is fundamental and strongly evangelical has recently been the scene of a real revival among the students. The power of God so manifested itself at the chapel services that classes were suspended, and for days the Spirit of God moved upon hearts, bringing about genuine conviction of sin and sincere repentance. The article below shows the tragedies that are daily being enacted in lives that are misled through atheistic teachers.*

our conversation, but at last he told me this story: "My father died three months before I was born. All he left me was his good name, and all he left my mother was the memory of his love. My father had been well-to-do. He lost all he had just before he died. The home where I was born was sold under mortgage. My mother was a plucky little woman. She got a little house on a back street and got a job to support herself and take care of me.

"I grew up in Sunday School and Church. I am not bragging about it, but I had the reputation of being the brightest boy that ever graduated from the high school in our town. I shall never forget the day I finished. The little auditorium was full. My mother was sitting back there. Her face was beaming. I received every honor that it was possible for a boy to get. I won the medal for being the best athlete. I got the scholarship medal. I got a medal for being the most popular boy in school. It was a great day. They gave me honor after honor, and my mother sat back there and smiled at me through her tears.

"The exercises were over, and I made a break to get to my mother, but the crowd flocked around me to congratulate me. Mother is a timid woman and she slipped out so people wouldn't see her crying. I ran down the street to the little cottage, and mother was sitting there with tears flowing down her face. She was smiling through her tears. I put my diploma and the medals in her lap. I leaned down and kissed the tears away.

"'What are you going to do now, son?' mother asked me. 'I am going to go to work and support you, mother, and you are never

going to do another thing. You are such a sweet mother to me.'

"Mother smiled and said, 'You are going to college this fall.'

" 'Why, how am I going to college?' I asked.

" 'I am going to send you,' mother replied. 'All your life I have saved a little money each week; sometimes two dollars, sometimes three dollars, but always one dollar. I have enough to send you to the leading university in this country!' My heart leaped for joy.

"Last fall my precious mother packed my trunk and she put her own Bible in the tray of the trunk, the Bible she had marked, the Bible she had prayed over, and over which she had wept. Mr. Jones, I am a boy, but when I came to this school I was as pure as the purest girl who ever lived. I entered the dormitory and took my mother's Bible out of the tray of the trunk and laid it on the table.

"The students flocked around me, calling to the other students to come see my Bible. 'We have a country boy come to town and he brought a Bible with him!'

" 'He will get over that,' someone said.

" 'Just give him time. Let him get in biology. The biology prof will fix him. The Bible is all right for country people and for ignorant folks, but we have outgrown that.' I paid no attention to them. I read my Bible. I said my prayers. I went to Sunday School and Church.

"At last I got in the biology class. You have got to hand it to that teacher. He was a better psychologist than he was a biologist. He dropped doubts in my mind every time I went to class. Little by little he broke down my religious resistance. After a while I lost my faith. I didn't believe in my Bible. I didn't believe there is a God. I was miserable, but I tried to be decent for my mother's sake. I do love my mother.

"But I couldn't be decent. I had lost the inward urge. I had lost the power to be good. Oh, God, I hate to tell you this, Mr. Jones, but one night I went out with the boys. I have lived in awful sin. I have been drunk for six weeks. I have gambled away the money that mother saved. I have gone with wicked women and my faith is all ruined.

"Today I had a letter from my mother. She will be here tomorrow. Oh, God, I can't see her. I couldn't look at her. She thinks I am pure. She thinks I am the same boy that I was when I left her a few months ago. I couldn't stand to look into her eyes. If I did look at her

I couldn't kiss her, for I have an unspeakable disease. I am going down town in the morning before mother gets here and buy a gun and blow out my brains. If there is a hell, as my mother's Bible says, it isn't any worse than the hell I am in."

If we don't bring back to the schools of this nation the Word of God and the old-time religion, this nation is gone. The educational institutions in America are sleeping over atheistic volcanoes.

### III. THE SON OF THE AGED MINISTER

Some time ago in a city in the great Northwest, we were conducting a revival campaign in a large tabernacle. One night I dismissed the crowd and started out of the building. A feeble old man came down the aisle and took me by the hand. "I would like to speak to you a minute, Brother Bob," said the old man, with a trembling voice.

"All right," I replied, "I will be glad to talk with you."

He looked at me a minute and then said, "Let me get where I can prop against the wall, for I am feeble and old and trembly in the knees." We walked down the aisle toward the door, and he leaned his old stooped shoulders against the wall.

"Brother Bob," he began, "I am an old superannuated minister of the Gospel. I came to the great Northwest as a missionary. It has been nearly sixty years now since I arrived in this country. When I came here I brought my bride. Oh, how happy we were! We were young and everything was beautiful. We were happy in God's work.

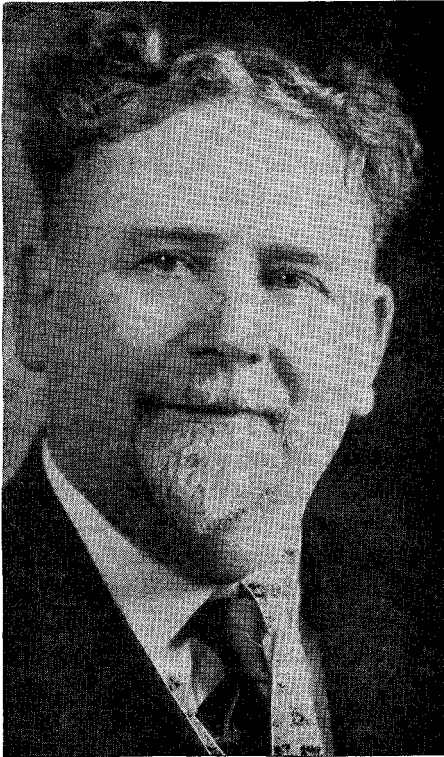
"After I began my ministry here in the Northwest it occurred to us that my denomination had no school anywhere in this section of the country. We preachers had a conference. We said, 'We must build us a church school so we can educate our own children.' We perfected the plan. I subscribed a hundred dollars a year. You know I never made over a thousand dollars a year preaching. My dear sweet wife made her pledge, and though she wasn't strong physically, she did her own washing and saved the money to give to the school. We never had but one child. He was a boy."

The old man's face lighted as he continued, "He was a great boy: bright, clean, obedient, Christian. He graduated from high school with honors. We were proud of him. He was president of the young people's society in my church.

(Continued on page 23)

**D**AYTON, the "Air City," is known not only as the home of the famous Wright brothers, inventors of the first airplane ever flown, the National Cash Register Company, the Frigidaire and other divisions of the General Motors Corporation, but Dayton has a church that is unique in its belief.

The first thing that catches your eye as you near the beautiful edifice of Bethel Temple, is the large Neon sign which reads, "Jesus Saves." And how appropriate, for the Temple is indeed a "Life Saving Station," proclaiming the Word of God in all its fulness. As you draw nearer you can hear the peal of the large pipe-organ, the beautiful singing and the orchestra. Entering the large auditorium, the lady ushers see that you are seated comfortably. Looking toward the platform you are impressed with the beautiful life-size painting of Jesus returning in the clouds of glory, and the words, "Behold He Cometh!"—a picture you will never forget. Then you will notice the choir (consisting of forty-five voices) kneeling, and after a moment



A. B. COX, Pastor

of silent prayer they sing softly, "Where He Leads Me I Will Follow." The orchestra of twenty pieces is all tuned up and the service begins. You are so impressed with the worshipful singing and prayerful attitude of the

congregation that you feel you are in the presence of God. And as the Word goes forth, either a deep conviction takes hold of your heart-strings or you feel a hunger in your soul to have the joy and peace that the congregation is enjoying.

The church consists of three large buildings: a large, stone structure which houses the auditorium, a parish house consisting of a large prayer-room, Sunday School rooms and church office, together with an up-to-date furnished apartment for visiting missionaries and evangelists; a large, double-frame building which houses the church custodian and other Sunday School rooms. Loud speakers have been arranged to accommodate several hundred people for overflow meetings. The church also has a printing department, and in fact almost everything that goes to make a good, spiritual workshop for the Lord.

Besides being a local Life Saving Station, Bethel Temple has fifteen branch churches within a radius of seventy miles of Dayton. These include Bethel in North Dayton, Berea in Edgemont, Full Gospel in Belmont, El-Bethel in Crown Point—all in Dayton, and the following in nearby cities: Hamilton, Oxford, Lima, Tippecanoe City, Camden, Springfield, Harrison, Christiansburg, Bellbrook, Miamisburg and West Carrollton, Ohio. These are all in charge of men and women who have been saved and filled with the Holy Spirit in Bethel Temple. Today there are about forty who are actively engaged in the Lord's service as pastors and evangelists who received their start in the Temple. For several years Bethel Temple was the home of the Peniel Bible Institute where scores of students received religious training. Several of these are now in the foreign field and a great number working in the homeland. The church supports a missionary in China and contributes to other missionaries on the field. A fine group of Christ Ambassadors are being used in the choir, jail services, asylum, County Infirmary work and in street meetings.

Bethel Temple has a wide-awake Sunday School consisting of six departments and 25 classes. There are 25 teachers, 15 substitutes and 13 officers kept busy every Sunday, and

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Presenting the story of Be  
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every available space is used in housing this growing institution. The average attendance in 1935 was 305. The Sunday School contributes one offering per month to Missions, also sponsors the work of the Children's Church.

The church has made remarkable progress both in numbers and spirituality. Besides its English congregation it has ministered to Hungarians, Roumanians, Polish, Italians, Germans and other nationalities who have been born again into this great family of

God. People are being saved and filled with the Spirit right along.

But the work of Bethel Temple had a very humble beginning. In 1918 when Brother and Sister Cox were in evangelistic work in the East, God gave them a definite call to Dayton. However, they went up into Canada for a campaign. But the Lord kept speaking, "Dayton!" "Dayton!" and finally they listened to the call and found themselves in Dayton.

The day following their arrival they met Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Cooper, and the Lord led them and other friends to co-operate in starting a work. Later, Brother Cooper became the Assistant Pastor.

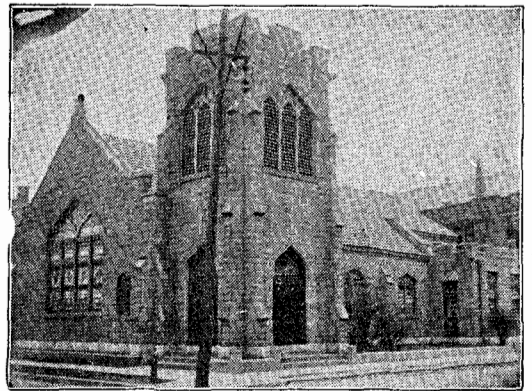
One night, Brother Cox dreamed he was in a certain building catching fish. A few days later, he rented a store building over a canal and as the crowds began pouring in and were getting saved and filled with the Spirit, the dream was made clear that in this building he would be a fisher of men.

The expenses became quite heavy, and not wishing to burden the people with offerings, Brother Cox decided to work with his hands contracting for electrical work. He worked every day and preached every night for three years until the membership had grown to such an extent that the church demanded all his time. The work continued to grow until it was necessary to look for larger quarters. He then rented a large hall on the West Side which was soon crowded out.

Many times as he drove through on Buckeye Street, Brother Cox would admire the beautiful stone edifice which the church now occupies. At that time the building was owned by the St. Andrews Episcopal Church. He stopped

one day and asked the janitor if he thought they would ever sell that church, but he was promptly informed that it would never be sold. However, three years later, in May, 1921, they bought the church and moved into it. The pastor had not a promise of a dollar towards the building, but hearing one day that it was for sale, he immediately went to see about it. After coming to terms, he promised to purchase it. Walking down the street, the enemy said, "Where will you get the money?" He hadn't thought of that, but felt the Lord wanted them to have this church. He went to the Mayor of the city who was also secretary of one of the Building and Loan Associations, and told him he had purchased a church and wanted them to loan the money. The Mayor asked him how much he needed. He told him \$42,500. The Mayor then said, "Reverend Cox, I would like to ask you a question: Will you promise to remain pastor of this church until the amount is reduced to \$35,000?" Brother Cox promised he would. The Mayor then said, "We have been watching you ever since you came to our city, and we know you are able to put this across. We will let you have the money." There was great rejoicing that God had answered prayer.

Later, Brother Cooper, the Asst. Pastor, started meetings in Tippecanoe City, preaching first on the street and later in a hall. Now they have built a nice church and the Lord's work there is prospering.



Bethel Temple

Brother Cooper lived the Christian life in the office of the Big Four Railroad, where he is now employed, and was the means of winning for the Lord Howard Schlemmer, City Ticket Agent for that Company. This brother is now pastor of Berea, one of the branch churches, and is also Superintendent of the work at the County Workhouse.

(Continued on page 15)

## Painted Page

son Argue

Temple and Pastor A. B. Cox's  
in Dayton, Ohio.

## Onesimus



OW wonderful is the prison-literature of the Church! Among its gems are Luther's *New Testament Translation* from the Wartburg; the immortal *Pilgrim's Progress* from Bedford jail; the *Truth of Christianity* by Hugo Grotius, from the Castle of Louvain; Samuel Rutherford's *Letters*, from what he called 'Christ's Palace in Aberdeen'; William Penn's *No Cross, No Crown* from the Tower of London; and the *Hymns* of Madame Guyon, from her prison in Vincennes. "As if I were a bird," she says, "whom the Lord has placed in a cage with nothing to do but sing." How marvelous the grace!

But most beautiful of all is Paul's *Philemon*. "I dare be bold to say," says an old writer, "there is not extant in all the monuments of ancient and modern oratory a more perfect pattern of persuasive eloquence than is this short Epistle of St. Paul." "Cicero never wrote with greater eloquence," says Erasmus. "A masterpiece of its kind," wrote Dr. Doddridge. Evan Renan can say:—"A small yet true *chef-d'oeuvre* of the art of letter-writing." Nor would it be easy to find a lovelier pattern of the Gospel.

Onesimus had fled from the mountains of Phrygia, to escape from the service of a master conspicuous for his goodness and love (Phil. 5). By doing so he cast a slur on Philemon's character as a master; the service which, as a slave, he owed, he refused; he set an example of lawlessness to Philemon's other slaves; and—to reach Rome—he probably had robbed his master's till. Behold us all, the Lord's Onesimi! My sin casts a slur on the God who made me; I have robbed Him of the life-long service that was His due; my unregenerate life has been full of evil example to others; I have wandered far away into the prodigal's land. *And the extreme penalty against a runaway slave was crucifixion.*

Philemon, wealthy, loving, wronged, hurt; Onesimus, a runaway, a thief, an outcast, a criminal:—now there appears one between—Paul, a sufferer, a sympathizer, an intercessor, a surety. What does Paul do? "Whom I have sent back to thee in his own person." *The first thing Christ does with a soul is send it back to God.* Sinner or saint, pure or foul, saved or unsaved, we must all get *back* to God. But how? With a covering letter only. No excuses, no denials, no vows, no promises; no

offers to pay our debt, or to work out our own liability: Onesimus, silently pointing to the letter in his hand, *stakes everything on Paul's influence with Philemon.* "If any man sin, we have an *advocate with the Father*, Jesus Christ the righteous" (1 John 2:1).

Paul presents Onesimus in a way the most awkward possible for Philemon to refuse. "I beseech thee for *my child*, Onesimus;—whom I have sent back to thee in his own person, that is, *my very heart*: if then thou countest me a partner receive him *as myself*." Onesimus comes back, not Onesimus but a part of Paul: for Philemon to refuse him now, would be, as it were, to strike out Paul's eye, or to pluck out Paul's heart. What a picture of Christ's love! "*I in them*, and Thou in Me; that the world may know that Thou lovedst them *even as Thou lovedst Me*" (John 17:23). Philemon *must* receive him so.

"But," Philemon may say, "how *can* I take back one so false and untrustworthy? A second time he may ruin me utterly." *Therefore Paul gives back another man.* "*My child*, whom I have *begotten* in my bonds: (who) perhaps was parted from thee for a season, that thou shouldst have him for ever." Paul gives back one born over again; one re-created in his own likeness; the new nature, one with the Holy Father. The child of God is begotten in the bonds of Calvary: *Christ reproduces Himself in me, and then He gives me back to God.* What a philosophy, too, of the Fall! "Perhaps he was parted from thee for a season, that thou shouldst have him forever:"—have in full, have exhaustively, *Paul gives back far more than Philemon ever lost*: the recreated in the last Adam is a more wonderful being than the Adam who fell.

But Onesimus is a bankrupt slave, and the debt remains. "If my slave," Philemon may say, "can rob me with impunity, and I merely cancel his debt, how can this be just *to my other slaves*?" Paul answers: "If he hath wronged thee at all, or oweth thee aught, put that to mine account; I will *repay* it." Paul had not robbed Philemon: but the *liability* for the debt, by this offer, now passes from Onesimus to Paul: after this, *Onesimus is no more in debt.* Crucifixion, the extreme penalty of a runaway slave, has been paid in full: "having blotted out the bond written in ordinances that was against us, *nailing it to the cross*" (Col. 2:14). The redeemed

soul is in debt to God no more: the bond is cancelled, because the debt is paid.

So Paul takes the whole liability; Onesimus takes a full discharge; and what is he to Philemon now? "No longer a slave, but more than a slave"—that is, a slave still, but much more—"a brother beloved." He was Philemon's in body before; now, in body and soul. Why? Because the soul has now *understood* its God; that our God is love, essential, originating, all-comprehensive love; and it has found salvation in simply letting God love it. *The state of salvation is the state of love between God and the soul.* "Every one that loveth is begotten of God, and knoweth God" (1 John 4:7). Nothing, in heaven or earth, is nearer the heart of God than His redeemed child.

In one point—perhaps the loveliest—the picture fails. Paul had to work on the sympathies of Philemon, to win back his love to Onesimus: in the Gospel it is *Philemon who sent Paul after his runaway slave.*

*And none of the ransom'd ever knew  
How deep were the waters cross'd;  
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord  
pass'd through,  
Ere He found His sheep that was lost:  
Out in the desert He heard its cry,  
Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.*

O Onesimus, will you present Christ's letter, on your behalf, to God? God will be certain to hear that plea: none ever came to Him through Christ in vain.

"Are you there, Mary?" a blind girl, dying, said to her attendant. "Yes." "Have you got a Bible?" "Yes." "Turn to Hebrews 7:25." "I have it." "Read it." "He is able to save unto the uttermost *all that come unto God by Him.*" "Yes, that is it. Now take hold of my hand, and put my finger on that verse. Is it there?" "Yes." "Now, my God, *I die on that verse.*" "I AM THE DOOR: BY ME IF ANY MAN ENTER IN, HE SHALL BE SAVED" (John 10:9). —*Author Unknown.*

(Continued from page 13)

Bethel Temple has always stood for the pure, fourfold Gospel—Salvation from sin, the Baptism in the Holy Spirit, according to Acts 2:4, Divine Healing, and the Imminent Coming of the Lord Jesus Christ. They stand strongly for a "born again" experience, teaching that "without the shedding of blood there is no re-

mission of sin." They teach against worldliness and that men should live soberly and godly, and are praying that God will send showers of "latter rain" before Jesus comes.

The following is a report by the Bethel Temple Board:

"During the month of January Bethel Temple was the scene of a blessed revival, with Evangelist Watson Argue speaking nightly for four weeks. Many were saved and filled with the Spirit, but there were so many seeking God that it was impossible to keep track of all who got through. The church was filled at practically every service, including Saturday night, and we used our public address system for overflow crowds. The general attendance throughout the campaign was the largest we have ever had. The Evangelist took special interest in the Sunday School which increased from 305 the first Sunday to a record mark of 560 the last day. Late comers were turned away the last night when 33 were immersed in water. It is our desire to build a large tabernacle and we hope to have it in operation the next time Brother Argue holds a campaign for us."

(Continued from page 7)

That is just one of the things that the Lord Jesus Christ has done for me. I praise Him that on June 18th I was baptized in water and on August 21st at the Christ Ambassador prayer-meeting the Lord filled me with His Holy Spirit.

It seems strange that since I have been truly saved and found God, the people with whom I formerly associated, now ridicule me, call me "preacher" and fanatical. In the three years I attended the big, modern churches, they never once said a word to me about religion—in fact, all they ever talked about was worldly things. Because a man "feels" the Spirit of God they think he is crazy. I am full of the joy of the Lord and love my fellow brethren.

There are some things that become indelibly impressed upon one's mind, and will linger forever. Of all the statements I have heard in my 35 years the most wonderful of all and the one which I shall never forget, was that which my dear wife made when she said, "*If Jesus could stand it, surely I can.*" That was the phrase the Lord used to break down my opposition and my hatred of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"Lord, I shall be very busy today. If I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me." —OLIVER CROMWELL.

## A Singer Captured for God

EINAR WAERMO

In the Stone Church

*One of the meetings that will go down in history as a triumph for Christ was the great Annual Rally at the Coliseum, January 13th, sponsored by the Christian Business Men's Committee who carry on the Noon-Day meetings in Chicago's loop. That great concourse of more than 11,000 Christians singing the praises of God, was a never-to-be-forgotten scene and spoke loudly to an unbelieving world of the "salt," the great preserving power there is in the city that has a world-wide reputation for its crime and debauchery. Among the choice talent that contributed to the special music on this occasion was that of the Swedish Gospel singer, Einar Waermo, whose story of how the Lord saved and baptized him in the Holy Spirit is given herewith. It is blessed indeed to see one who could be in the front ranks of the concert or opera stage, dedicate his talent to God.*



WHEN PAUL was standing on the stairway in Jerusalem, confronting that great crowd of people, he spoke of his meeting with Jesus Christ on the way to Damascus. That was his personal testimony to the people and I am persuaded that our personal testimony to what the Lord has done for us, is always in order.

Now concerning myself, let me say, first of all, that the Lord gave me a good mother and father and I am very thankful for that. My father is still living, is a retired Methodist minister in Sweden. My mother went on to be with the Lord some years ago but before she passed away she became Pentecostal. One year before she died she was baptized in water and then also received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. That was before I was saved. A year went by and her death did not seem to change me. I cried and was deeply grieved but it did not change my life. I was in Stockholm, Sweden, engaged in business and had no thought whatsoever of becoming a singer then. I sang now and then, in fact had sung from childhood but I never thought there was enough in my voice to make anything of it. But one day a lady told me to have my voice tested by a professor, and I went. The professor was deeply interested in me and from then on I sang more and more but I had no funds for training my voice. However, I sang in a great many Methodist churches although I was not a Christian. I travelled on my father's reputation. The people thought

A vessel of Christ's choice, to bear His name,  
To win a twofold grace must make its aim.  
The first, it must be free from taint of sin,  
To hold unstained the treasure placed within.  
Then, it must never move in its own will,  
But let the Master hold it, and be still.

—Max I. Reich.

I was a good fellow but I was not saved. Whenever I returned to Stockholm I spent my time in various ways with which I am sure the Lord was not pleased.

Then the day came when I entered the Stockholm Conservatory of Music. This conservatory is free of charge to those few who are accepted as pupils; it is a conservatory paid for by the government and furnishes the best of teachers in language study and voice that anyone could possibly want, to prepare him for the concert stage or opera. At the time I entered there were sixty-eight being tested and out of these only three were to be accepted as pupils for there were openings for only three. The professor encouraged me but I had no hopes of being accepted but to my great surprise I was informed that I was one of the three to be received. I had two teachers, one an opera singer, and both encouraged me to prepare for the opera stage. During my training at this conservatory I frequently went out and gave concerts and sang at big dinners and in this way became well known. I also sang over the radio in Stockholm nearly every week for which I received a good salary and also sang for phonograph records which are now being sold all over the country. My life became more and more that of an artist, which was not to my credit. But I spent considerable time in church since I belonged to the church and sang there, though my life was not clean in spite of my church membership. I went out with the other young folk to dances and drinking parties and in general led a rather wild life. There was one young man with whom I associated more than with the others; he was a pianist and played for me whenever I sang for the royalty and for the big dinners and banquets. We became very fast friends.

It was near the close of the four years of my musical education at this conservatory that I went one night to listen to a great pianist from Southern Europe. My friend was there and as usual I went up to him in my gay manner and asked him how he was. He just sat there quietly and when, after the concert, I asked him to go out with me he said, "No, I don't think



I will." I said, "What is the matter with you?"

"Well, I'll tell you something. I have been saved."

I was so surprised; it came like a shock and the only thing I could say was, "Good for you." I myself knew the way well. My mother had spent nights in prayer and shed many tears for my salvation. My brother was saved at the age of fifteen but I was the black sheep of the family. I do praise God for a mother who had a burden for her boy and I believe if we had more mothers who would agonize for their children we would have a revival in this land. In these days it is important that mothers pray and weep over their children; that they know where they are at night and what time they come home.

My friend's statement astonished me greatly, but I finally said to myself, "It won't last long." But to my surprise he continued in his new life. He was completely changed; he loved the Bible and loved to be alone with God. Through it all God was working in my heart and I became hungry for my mother's God.

One day I was asked to sing at the Y.M.C.A. where an evangelistic service was to be held. You will be interested to know that the head of the Y.M.C.A. at Stockholm, Prince Bernadotte, is a brother to the King of Sweden and is a deeply spiritual man. He can get down on his knees and pray with sinners. He was burdened for this Y.M.C.A. and called an evangelist to conduct meetings; I was asked to sing several numbers. I knew I could give a selection or two, get my pay and go, so I called up my friend to ask him to play for me. As we walked along together down to the Y.M.C.A. he was very quiet, no doubt he was praying, and as we walked through a little park I suddenly stopped and said, "I am sick and tired of this kind of a life! I would like to be a Christian."

"Well," he said, "you can become a Christian right here."

"Do you really think I could stand?" I asked.

"You cannot stand in yourself but Jesus will help you."

I took hold of his hand and said, "I will become a Christian right now if you will only promise to come to my home every day and pray with me and help me to read the Bible so that I may become established." So I gave my heart to the Lord on that day, February 3rd, 1929, and the Spirit and the glory of God came down into my soul. I had scarcely gone five steps when I felt the glory and I began to cry like a baby. It is good to cry. If you are saved and

haven't shed a tear, ask the Lord to give you a broken heart. It is precious in the sight of the Lord. I cried nearly all the way over and when I arrived there I couldn't stop; I wept as I sat on the bench and when I arose to sing I couldn't see the song for my tears. The people knew something had happened; the evangelist felt the same way and after the service he asked me, so I told him what had taken place. He rejoiced to hear of my experience.

Then I went to the Conservatory and told my teachers about it. It was the best thing I could have done because if we don't burn the bridges behind us we are very often tempted to go back over them. I told them everything, with the result that they sneered at me and thought I was a fool, but the peace of God was so wonderful that I didn't care. The director of the Conservatory, who was a white-haired, dignified gentleman, said to me, "My boy, don't be too serious. Take it easy. We always have a crisis like that come into our life some time or other and it will soon pass away."

But I haven't taken it very easy, for I even became Pentecostal. When that man passed away he especially asked that I sing at his funeral, which was a great honor, for he could have had the best singers in the country. However, I could not fulfill his desire because I was busy in another part of the country saving souls.

Time went on. I decided to go to America. Being a Methodist I was given a very good recommendation from the Bishop of the M. E. Church and also one from the Prince and as a result I had many good openings. After being in Chicago for a year I went out to California where I married and some time after my wife and I went back to Sweden for eight months. On returning to California we settled down in San Diego where I had been asked by a Methodist pastor to be his soloist in the church. I was also asked to be the soloist for an undertaking establishment. I rather felt I was out of the will of the Lord in settling down, for God had called me to go out and win souls, and yet I can see the hand of God in it now. I became very much disappointed with things in the Methodist Church because of the Modernistic teaching; I couldn't testify to my salvation as people didn't care to hear it and I went around to other churches. But there, too, I was disappointed; I found so much smoking among the church members. One day, while driving down the street I passed a little church and I noticed a girl sitting in a car reading her Bible.

I said to myself, "There must be something about a place that will cause a girl to sit all alone in her car and read her Bible." It was a Pentecostal Church and there was something there, sure enough. I went over to see what kind of people were there. I couldn't understand the noise and the shouting nor what all the glory meant, but I thought the minister spoke well and I found that the people didn't smoke any cigarettes and I liked that. So I attended quite often. I was asked to sing solos and later on the pastor asked me to lead the choir as they didn't have a choir director, so I filled that position. I told them I hadn't received the Baptism but if they wanted me anyway it was all right with me. The pastor left that church after some time and we had various preachers. One Sunday morning, the invited minister came to the platform. I sang and he preached and following that the Spirit of God fell on us like a mighty, rushing wind. I fell on this man's neck and wept like a child. His name was Ben Hardin, a former pastor of this church. He was a great help to me in encouraging me along the way and at a time of great trial, my wife's illness, he stood by us and had the church pray very earnestly. It was through the prayers of God's people that my wife was raised up from a death-bed.

Later I attended the Berean Bible School, where I continued for two years. During that time I was elected deacon in the church and later on when they didn't have a Sunday School Superintendent I filled in there. Some time after that they were out of a janitor and I supplied there, so I filled many places in that church.

A year ago last August I went to Los Angeles for a vacation and decided I would seek the Lord, that He might fill me with His Holy Spirit. I went to a little church where they had prayer-meetings every morning. I was hungry for Him. But God had to humiliate me and bring me low. For some time I didn't get very far because I never wanted anyone to pray with me; I preferred to be alone. But one day two came over to where I was praying and one prayed so loud, I didn't like that at all. I seemed to be a little fearful for I had heard of strange things. Finally one of these who had come to pray with me said, "Why Brother, are you afraid of the Holy Spirit Baptism?"

"Well, I don't know," I said. "I have heard that people had to be knocked down."

Then she said, "Don't you know that in the Bible the Holy Spirit is symbolized as a dove?"

Yes, I knew that for I knew that a dove had come upon Jesus when He was in the River Jordan.

So she said, "Well, you are not afraid of a dove, are you?"

No, I wasn't. I realized then that the Holy Spirit was gentle and there was nothing to fear and that brought such a joy and comfort that I began to praise the Lord, but nothing further took place. The following day I returned and praised the Lord as before. A great joy came over me but I felt so tired in my knees. One lady said I should lay down, but that was the last thing I wanted to do. But she said, "If you are tired you will think more about your knees than you will of Jesus," and I thought that was good advice. As I yielded myself the glory of God came down in a marvelous way and I felt something peculiar come over me. It was so wonderful that I remember saying, "Lord, I don't know what this is, but it is wonderful, and please don't stop it!" But after a while my mind wandered and I wanted to know what time it was. That was enough to divert my mind and the glory left. However, I was very happy and I had had enough to know that there was something in it. The lady said that I was very close to my Baptism and that I should come back at 1:30 on Wednesday and they would pray God to fill me. I promised, but when Wednesday came the devil said to me, "Now you don't need to go to that church over in town. You can go to the little church up here. They have a prayer-meeting too." So I said, "Yes, I can do that." I went and I found the pastor and several saints there for prayer but I was as dry as a stick and then the Spirit whispered, "You shouldn't be here. You promised the ladies you would be at the other church." I knew He was right. Home I rushed and then went to the church in town and reached there just in time.

We knelt for prayer and the glory of God came down in a marvelous way and after about an hour of praying I burst out speaking in tongues. I did not know what I was saying but I knew I was talking to God. I was supremely happy, stayed over for the night service and testified at the meeting. But when I reached home the devil said, "You are a big fool. You have done this all yourself, trying to do something new, trying to be something." I was afraid and thought, "Perhaps I have done it myself. Perhaps I better not say anything to my wife." I retired without saying anything

*(Continued on page 22)*

## A Word Snapshot of India

MISS MARTHA SCHOONMAKER

In the Stone Church



SO YOU LOOK at a building you can examine it from four different views. So I hope you will get different viewpoints of India today. India is exactly on the opposite side of the world. When we are having midnight the people of India are bustling around, going to the market places, getting their curry and rice for their noon-day meal, because it is twelve o'clock noon, while we are asleep, or at least we ought to be.

On the northeast of India is the great land of Tibet, the larger part of which is closed to the Gospel. There is, however, a little work being done on the border of China. On the west are the lands of Persia and Arabia, and south of it is the Island of Ceylon. On the east are the lands of Burmah and Asia. It is just a little country but on that little piece of land there is a population that numbers 352 million. Those figures slide off our tongues very glibly, but when you stop to think of all the people who live in North and South America and those who live on the continent of Africa and put the population of those three countries together, you have the people who live in the little country of India. So you can imagine how densely populated it is. They say the average is 195 people per square mile. When I came to New York City to the Grand Terminal I asked mother, "Where are all the people?" It seemed there were not half as many as I had expected.

Out of these 352 million in India there are forty-five distinct races, and in these forty-five races with little branches of tribes and villages there are 150 different languages and dialects. So you can imagine the missionary has quite an undertaking. When she thinks she is master of a language, she can go twenty to thirty miles out and find them speaking quite another dialect. But I am glad that God has said, "If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God," and He does give wisdom and grace to master the Urdu, the language the Hindu people speak.

Then India leads nine of the great leading religions of the world. Sometimes we think that Christian Science, Theosophy, Spiritism and allied cults are new, but they are not. They originated in India hundreds of years ago. In fact, Buddhism, from which Mary Baker Eddy

*When the news flashed over the wires that a strong, robust missionary in India, Mr. C. H. Schoonmaker, had succumbed to small-pox, a great wave of sorrow swept over the many friends of Pentecostal missions because of the great loss to the work. The father of a large family, taken in the very prime of life when men of vision were so needed in the mission field, it seemed indeed a calamity. But God takes delight in bringing glory out of apparent defeat. The "corn of wheat" that fell into the ground and died is bringing forth a rich harvest in lives yielded and consecrated. Several months ago his oldest daughter Grace, now Mrs. James Modder, and her husband sailed for India. They are now located with her mother at Chapra. Now Miss Martha Schoonmaker, another daughter, is returning to India. Others of the children are in training and stand ready to take up the cross their father laid down for a crown.*

received her inspiration is more than 2,000 years old. Buddha was a man who lived hundreds of years before Christ was born in Bethlehem's manger, so India with its 352 million people speaking 150 dialects needs the Gospel of Jesus Christ. While we are sitting here enjoying the blessings of God and know what it is to have our names written in the Lamb's book of Life, there are hundreds of towns and villages that never once have heard of Jesus Christ through a native Christian. Isn't it pitiful that all those people are still waiting to hear that Name, for there is none other given among men whereby men must be saved but the Name of Jesus. That is a divine *must* and it means as much for the people in India as in America.

There are many discouraging times in India when the missionary preaches the Gospel over and over and it doesn't seem to affect the hearers, but he has the promise that the Word will bear fruit.

Of the three distinct nations in India, there are 210 million Hindus, 70 million Mohammedans, and the Buddhist people which includes Nepalese and the Sikkimese in the Northeast comprise 10 million. The Hindus have 33 million gods and goddesses, and they also worship monkeys. It is pitiful to think that millions of people in India go to bed hungry and yet they see that the monkeys are well fed because they are considered "holy." But the Gospel has power over their superstitions. There was a young man whose name was Sharma. He was a proud, educated, young Brahmin and was worshipped by the people of the lower caste. He was engaged to teach the new missionaries the Hindi language and every time he came to the name of Jesus Christ in the Word this young man would curse because he hated the name of

Jesus. Yet there was something about that Name that impressed him. He had the English language and held a good position, but he had an uncle who said "good-bye" to everything—in fact, was living at that time in just a little mud hut. The young man went over to see his uncle, and said, "How could you give up your wealth and good position. You are so satisfied and so happy." And he answered, "Well, I have learned like the Apostle Paul, 'in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content,' and I am more than content. I am happy because He has redeemed me." That impressed that proud Brahmin. He went back to the Mission Station but cursed as usual, and Miss Leighton said, "Now, Pandit Sharma, you cannot take the name of our God in vain. Our God will punish you if you do." He laughed her to scorn, "As if your God could do anything to me!" But the missionary said, "I shall pray you won't be able to sleep tonight." "Well, I am a healthy man. Your God won't keep me awake." So he started back to his village and said his Indian prayers. He went to bed and started to toss from one side to the other until three o'clock in the morning. He began to get very tired and said to himself, "I wonder if it is that missionary's prayers!" He felt afraid and slipped on his knees, "Oh God, if there is such a Person as God, such a Person as Jesus Christ I want this whole room to be flooded with Jesus Christ and I will gladly follow Him." And that man down by his little cot was blinded by the brightness of the Lord, and when he had become acquainted with the brightness he opened his eyes and saw a vision of our Lord who said to him, "Do you see these marks?" "Yes." "I am thy Lord. That is where the spear was put in My side for you." And He showed him His hands and His feet. The Brahmin came and told the missionary.

The next race in India is Mohammedan and comprises 70 million people. The thing that I admire about the Mohammedans is their zealousness in their prayer-life. Right next to the Mohammedan mosque is a tower called the Minaret and there is a room or balcony into which the Mohammedan priest goes five times a day and calls out, "There is one God and Mohammed is His prophet." So they will get their prayer mats, go on the roof, and turn their faces toward Mecca from whence they believe Mohammed was translated to heaven upon a white horse. There they believe their prophet will intercede for them. When that call to

prayer goes forth you can hear it all over the city. There by the market place sometimes it looks like going through physical exercises because they kneel and bow their faces down to the ground and rise again.

One day a veterinary doctor was walking down to the market-place and he began to think about all the words he had been praying and of the money he had given to the Mohammedan priest, and as he was walking along on the sidewalk he saw a scrap of dirty paper. He took it up and read, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest." The words just seemed to stand out and speak to his heart. He said, "That is wonderful!"

The man came to the Mission House door and mother said to him, "What can I do for you?" He told her of the paper he had picked up and of his own longing for rest, for which he had long sought but had not found.

Mother said, "The only person who can give you rest is the Lord Jesus Christ. You have to confess your sins to Him." The Mohammedans believe in Christ but as one of the Minor Prophets, and so it was quite a hard thing for him to see that Christ could wash away his sins, but he got down on his knees and prayed and at last he found peace. That Mohammedan doctor with his whole family are faithfully preaching the Gospel.

Thousands of the women of India have tuberculosis because they marry when such little girls. In one year in the Bombay Presidency 350,000 little girls were married between the ages of 5 and 10. Usually between the ages of 10 and 12 they start to live with their husbands and after that they never go out of doors. No man but their husband is supposed to see their face, and because of the lack of fresh air and sunshine they die of tuberculosis. So one day a girl by the name of Kushila came to the Mission House who had this disease. One afternoon when we were praying in a little group in the mission house it seemed Kushila was drinking in the presence of the Lord. She arose and ran over to mother saying, "Just imagine what I have seen. When I was praying I saw Someone come to me with a long robe and a big bottle in His hand and a golden spoon, and He seemed to be wanting me to take something from that golden spoon." Mother laughed, but she said, "If that Person comes to you with His divine medicine you open your mouth wide. The medicine that Jesus gives can make you well." While she was praying the Lord came to her

again with His golden spoon in His hand. She opened her mouth and took what He gave her, and when later she was examined by a doctor, he said she had perfect lungs.

One day while walking down the dusty highway Edna Wagenknecht met an old man from the heathen village. He was crying hard because he was suffering from pain. She was dressed in white, and as they met he said, "White lady, are you a nurse?" "No," said Miss Wagenknecht, "I am not a nurse but I am a missionary." He said, "I just wanted to know. You see this arm of mine. You see how withered it is, only about half the size of the other arm. It has been bothering me for years. These last few months it has been so painful I cannot sleep." Miss Wagenknecht said, "I cannot do anything because I am not a nurse, but I know of a heavenly Doctor who can heal your arm." "Who is it?" "It is the Lord Jesus Christ who can heal your arm." "Then pray to that Person that He will."

There in the dusty highway Edna Wagenknecht and this old man, dirty and ragged, and crying from pain, knelt together, and Miss Wagenknecht in simple faith prayed. When she had finished she could hardly believe her eyes. To her astonishment the arm was exactly the size of the other. Do you think it pays to give the Gospel to the heathen? We cannot just go and say that we love them. No, we have to prove that we have something real, and the only way is to have the signs follow our ministry. It is the desire of my heart that God will in some way do the miraculous in India.

The Tibetan people, many of them come down from the capital of Tibet, from Lama and settle in the Himalaya Mountains. These Buddhist people believe in Buddha who lived about 500 years before Christ. One day as he was sitting under a tree he claimed that God gave him a divine revelation, which was that the only chance of salvation was to be re-born millions and millions of times. In fact, for every sin a person has to be re-born eight hundred million, four hundred times. How would you like to be re-born every time you told a lie? You would have to be re-born eight hundred million, four hundred times for every lie. It is pitiful

that ten million people are following Buddha.

They also teach that a woman is not fit for heaven. If she is good in this life she will be re-born a man, but if she is not good she will be re-born into a cat or a dog. When the Tibetans come into the house they shake their sleeves so they do not hurt the little creepers that are therein. It would be a terrible thing, a great crime if they would kill any little bugs. There is one place in Gluem, near Darjeeling known as the Observatory. There the Tibetan priests ring their bells and call for the people to worship and when they come up they have written their prayers on pieces of paper and cloth, and when they have written them they march around three times and offer their sacrifices to the priest. Then he takes these prayers and when the wind and the rain have erased the writing they believe their prayers have gone up to Buddha.

Then they have a prayer-wheel. They used to run these wheels by water power, but now they are getting so modern they just connect them up with electricity and their prayers go "lickity split." And you can be thinking of all the devilry you want to and send up your prayers.

I am glad for the Gospel of Jesus Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation. If I did not find Christ real to my heart and a satisfying portion I never would go back to India. But when we get Christ in our hearts something burns and burns until we tell someone else. In a few weeks I will be sailing back to India to spend there the remaining years of my life telling those benighted souls of Jesus Christ. My going back will not be a romantic cruise, but in the will of God. When we are under an old mango tree or a palm tree and the heat 120 degrees in the shade we can be perfectly happy because we are in the will of God.

*"Can we whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Can we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation! O Salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's name."*

*Said a learned Hindu, an official in the government service, publicly: "When the history of India shall be really written, a large place will have to be given to the work of the Christian missionaries. The best we have we get from them."*

## Obeying God's Checks

MISS MARGUERITE FLINT writes from the United Provinces, India, of a remarkable leading of the Lord in regard to the Bible Training School for North India. On July 16th she, with two other missionaries, went to Unao to meet a contractor to arrange for the building of a Mission House in that District, but as they sat waiting for the contractor they were very definitely checked by the Spirit not to proceed with the plans. On the previous day they had heard of a Girls' School property for sale in Hardoi, but filled with their own plans they had failed to catch the whisper of the Spirit that for this He had kept them waiting. But as they waited that day in Unao, to each came that irresistible urge to turn back, to see Hardoi before binding themselves to the building contractor in Unao, and so they cancelled the engagement with the contractor and turned back to follow that urge within that led to Hardoi. She writes:

"We found a most ideal Mission property in Hardoi for our Bible Training School, and we also found two faithful prayer warriors who had been holding on for a year since the place had been vacated and put up for sale, paying the rent and praying night and day that someone might be sent to purchase the place for God. They felt they could not bear to see that lovely Mission property, built for and sanctified by the service of the Lord, go into the hands of Hindu men, for to them it was holy. But the year was drawing to a close and the Board of the W. F. M. S. was to meet the very next week, and the place sold to the highest bidder, as a whole or in units. But in June God had spoken the word of assurance to one of these Missionaries; she heard as it were an audible voice, saying, "Within thirty days you shall see what I will do," and so sure was she of His speaking, she woke her companion and said, "By July 17th God will surely send someone." We arrived there on the night of July 16th, were received with the sweet and unflinching hospitality of the East and made comfortable for the night, and early in the morning this dear child of God was awakened by His voice again, "What is the date, my child?" Then she remembered, knew He had sent us, and told us all about it.

"When I have told you this much, you know the rest that I have to tell. Hardoi is ours. The price asked for the place was very reasonable, but far more than we could consider, but the ladies of the Board came down to our price, at considerable sacrifice to themselves. God held it for us. At our recent Pentecostal Missionary Conference our body of Missionaries felt from our reports and from the witness of the Spirit that this was indeed His own choice for the Bible Training School, and the vote to sell Unao and purchase Hardoi was almost unanimous. A cable from home has now been received sealing the move with the approval of our Missionary Department in

Springfield. With deep thanksgiving we recognize the hand of God in this matter, and we know that in giving us Hardoi in place of Unao He is indeed doing for us "exceeding abundantly above all we could ask or think."

"You who have prayed with us, sacrificed and given of your time, strength and money for Unao will be happy to know other Missionaries are corresponding with us with the view of taking over Unao for Evangelistic work, and we are trusting that God may enable them to do so. The sale of the place will help us greatly in the purchase of Hardoi, and it will also be a matter of great thanksgiving to know the needy Unao district will have the Gospel preached unto them. In Hardoi, there will be no building work required. There is a grand old Mission house with ever so much room for us all. There are two rows of Hotel rooms or dormitories, with wide verandas front and back, within a delightful compound for the girls, ample room for gardens, exercise, trees, flowers—everything. There are accommodations for all of our people, preachers, evangelists, teachers. And within half a mile is the beautiful old red brick Methodist Church that may be turned over to us for our services, a real church, praise God! There are seventy-five Indian Christians living in Hardoi, whom we trust may be the nucleus of a strong Pentecostal Assembly soon, and the entire district is being turned over to us for evangelistic work. We, who have seen God lead us thus far, know He will surely undertake for the financial need and for the spiritual need, too, of this big undertaking, and we enter our new field of service in full confidence that what He has begun, He will also complete.

"One more matter of deep thanksgiving is the coming to us of a very splendid helper in Miss Edna Wagenknecht. She has been with me in the teaching work in the Bible School during this year that we have been in Bettiah, and feels it is the will of the Lord for her to join us permanently, so she goes with us to Hardoi, and those of you who know Miss Wagenknecht can know how much this will mean to me and to the Bible School."

(Continued from page 18)

to her of my experience but the next day, after dinner, as we were about to have worship, I started to pray, and the power of God came upon me. I was so overcome I quickly ran to the next room and there fell on my face and praised God in other tongues.

To any to whom this testimony may seem strange, I would say, "You seek God. Let Him show you the way and He will never fail. Don't worry about tongues or what people will say, for God will take care of all that. Let God have His way that you may be a power for Him, and as you testify for Him people will become hungry for that which you possess.

"I covet, above all things, a fresh vision of God."

—LORD TENNYSON.

(Continued from page 11)

He prayed in public. Everybody said he was an ideal preacher.

"The day came when he was to go to college. It was the happiest day of my life. Wife and I stood on the front step and kissed our darling boy good-bye. We both cried. We didn't cry because we were sad. We cried because we were proud of our boy. He looked so manly and clean as he went out the gate, and his shoulders were so broad and so erect. That night wife and I got ready to retire. We knelt together by the bed to say our prayers. I put my arm around her, and she put her frail arm around me, and I prayed a prayer something like this: 'Our Father, we thank Thee that we have a safe place to educate our boy. We don't have to worry about him. He is all right. He is in a Christian school, and we know he will come back to us as good as he was when he left us.'"

Then the old man straightened up, threw his shoulders back like a soldier on parade, his eyes flashed fire, and he set his jaw. "Brother Bob, while I had been preaching to my country churches, the devil had been sowing tares in that college. A skeptic had got in the Science Department. At the end of four years my boy came home with his degree, but he came home an atheist, laughing at my religion, at the Gospel I preach, and at the faith of his mother. My son is a middle-aged man now, but he is a drunken, atheistic bum. Brilliantly educated, he writes letters to the papers and signs these letters 'Atheist,' and laughs at the Gospel I have preached for sixty years and makes fun of his old mother's faith.

"Brother Bob, wife and I are old. You are a young man. Go up and down this country and tell this story, and warn the people that the educational drift of this nation is atheistic. Tell the people to awake or this nation is gone."

### Book Reviews

#### GARMENTS OF STRENGTH

By *Zelma Argue*

A NEW BOOK—55 CENTS

*The Gospel Publishing House, Springfield, Missouri*

In this changing world of ours with its ever increasing demands for strength along all lines, it is incumbent upon the Christian that he dons the garments of God's providing. This new book by Miss Argue gives a vivid glimpse into the heavenly wardrobe to which every Christian has access. As the author so aptly puts it: not in New York City, the garment headquarters of the continent, where blocks and blocks are devoted to the new styles in suits, headgear, shoes,

etc.—not there are found the Christian's garments of strength, but in getting alone and waiting upon God—"there are donned the true garments royal."

The author then proceeds in the chapters that follow to tell how to secure these garments of strength in times of discouragement, garments for intercessory prayer, garments for soul winning and many other phases of the Christian life.

The book is replete with incidents gleaned from the author's own experiences and those of other Christians, and these cannot but be an inspiration to every reader.

#### THE TRIUMPH OF JOHN AND BETTY STAM

By *Mrs. Howard Taylor*

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**PSALMS 4:2**

2 O ye sons of men, how long *will ye turn my glory into shame? how long will ye love vanity, and seek after leasing [falsehood]?* **Sē-lāh.**

Ps. 12.2; 31.6,18; 69.7-10.

**PSALMS 88:13**

13 But unto thee have I cried, O LORD; and in the morning shall my prayer prevent [come before] thee.

Ps. 5.3; 119.147.

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