

The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

A Thankful Heart

Lord, Thou hast given me a cell
 Wherein to dwell;
 A little house whose humble roof
 Is weatherproof. . . .
 Low is my porch, as is my fate—
 Both void of state,
 And yet the threshold of my door
 Is worn by the poor
 Who hither come and freely get
 Good words or meat.
 'Tis Thou that crownest my glittering hearth
 With guileless mirth.
 All these and better Thou dost send
 Me to this end,
 That I should render for my part
 A thankful heart.

—Robert Herrick.

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

The Latter Rain Evangel

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

Of Interest to Our Readers

NOW IS THE TIME to think about your Christmas giving. One of the highest purposes anyone can have in giving is to contribute something which will have an influence on the eternal destinies of one's friends. Something to wear is always appreciated but it brings only temporal comfort. To give a good book or magazine with a spiritual message will feed and develop the spiritual nature, than which there is nothing more important.

Why not send your friends a yearly subscription to The Latter Rain Evangel? Twelve months in the year it will show them the blessings and advantages there are in the Christian life; it will stimulate faith and encourage the indifferent to a whole-hearted consecration of their lives to our blessed Lord. We often receive deeply appreciative letters from those who have had the paper as a gift this last year, and some are re-subscribing for themselves.

We will make a special offer of \$1 each per year for three or more subscriptions sent in at one time, and will also give a premium of a book to those sending three or more subscriptions. Let us hear from you early.

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We will send a gift card to those to whom the paper is given as a gift, unless otherwise instructed.

THE STONE CHURCH has just had a very blessed revival campaign, with Evangelist Kathryn Kuhlman of Denver, Colo. Miss Kuhlman and her co-worker, Miss Gulliford, were used of the Lord in a series of splendid meetings. A large number of strangers attended and a number of souls found the Lord. "I must see lost souls saved or I will not preach," is the governing motive of Miss Kuhlman's ministry. The spiritual atmosphere and the conviction of the Holy Spirit that rested upon the meetings made it hard for sinners to resist yielding to God. On the closing night there was an altar service which could not be described as penitent sinners knelt and wept before God. Fathers and mothers rejoiced openly to see their children yield their lives to their Savior. Sacred music by consecrated talent contributed much toward the spiritual atmosphere which filled the house of God night after night, and saint and sinner rejoiced and wept together.

Unhitch Your Cares with Thanksgiving

The Relation Between Giving of Thanks and Prayer

James D. Menzie at Chicago Fellowship Meeting



HAT THERE is a close relationship between *thanksgiving* and effectual *prayer* is plainly seen in the following passage of Scripture: "Do not be anxious about anything but by prayer and earnest pleading together with *thanksgiving* let your requests be unreservedly made known before God" (Phil. 4:6—*Weymouth*).

At this Thanksgiving season much emphasis is placed upon the spirit of thankfulness, and rightly so. However, a spirit of thankfulness and gratitude should be as prominent in a true Christian's life in July as it is in November. The Apostle Paul is endeavoring to show in this passage of Scripture and its context that the spirit of thanksgiving should be manifest in and a part of every right prayer. A spirit of thankfulness leads one straight to the spirit of rejoicing. In verse 4 of this same chapter the writer exhorts us, "*Always rejoice in the Lord: I will repeat it, rejoice.*" In verse 6 he tells us how to arrive at this state of constant rejoicing. It is evident that the Apostle is anxious to get this thought home with power since he repeats the "*rejoice.*" It is like Christ's "Verily, verily," which is repeated for emphasis. "Always," of course means, under *all* circumstances. We certainly cannot always rejoice in our *circumstances* or because of them, nor are we told to do so, but we are exhorted to "*Rejoice in the Lord!*" This we can always do for when all has been swept away, He remains. When all have failed He is faithful. When our ambitions lie in ashes at our feet we can rejoice because He is on the throne; He understands and His promises are sure. What He has promised He will perform. We can rejoice in Him.

This spirit of rejoicing, made possible by a thankful spirit, must have its influence upon others. Therefore Paul says, "Let your forbearing spirit be known to every one." How enlightening it must be to the unsaved to see Christians passing through great trial actually with a spirit of joy manifesting itself in their lives! The most remarkable example of this I ever witnessed was that of a little woman who was passing through the darkest hour of her life. I was conducting a funeral in a country

home in the state of Ohio. The neighbors and friends had gathered in and the house was not only filled, but many who were unable to get in, stood without, expressing their sympathy. The only little girl of the home had been taken away. The time had come when the last opportunity to view the little form here had come. One by one the friends passed, dropping many a sympathetic tear. It all seemed so genuine. The grandparents came, followed by the two small brothers. They were old enough to understand and they struggled to control their emotions. As I watched I thought of the approaching moments when the mother would come and place the parting kiss upon the cold brow. This would, of course, be the hardest of all. Her *only girl* and the *baby* of the family. She came supported on the arm of her husband. She appeared so frail that one could have expected that once she bent over the little body that she might not rise again until stronger arms tore her away from her baby. But a great surprise awaited us. As she bent over the little coffin to place the farewell kiss a strange thing happened. Her hand was lifted toward heaven and now her face too became lifted, and as she gazed, with a spirit of triumph she said, "It's all right, Jesus; it's all right." She could not rejoice in her circumstances but she could rejoice in her Lord.

In order for us to be rejoicing Christians it is imperative that we avoid anxiety as this Scripture declares, "Do not be anxious about anything." Anxiety and joy are strangers. They cannot walk, live or stay together. Where there is joy there is no anxiety and where there is anxiety joy has fled. You cannot be happy and be anxious. The Apostle does not leave us here with this exhortation, "Do not be anxious about anything," to work it out for ourselves. He tells us in the lines that follow how we can *avoid* anxious care. "By prayer and earnest pleading. . . let your requests be unreservedly made known before God." Here is where we sidetrack anxiety. We leave the main line of our duties just long enough to slip into the closet of prayer and disconnect this car of unnecessary weight that's dragging the heart and

life out of us. In real prayer there is always the idea of committal. We are to take our burdens and cares to the Lord in prayer and disconnect them, leave them there. When we return from the place of prayer with our burdens, it is as when a train backs into the siding to leave a car that has been hauled far enough and then pulls out with it again. We have gone to prayer for naught. Nothing has been accomplished, and all because we have failed to leave our load. The Lord is not only able but He is very desirous of carrying our burdens.

In this connection I am reminded of the man who was walking along the dusty road one summer day carrying a heavy load. A farmer stopped and offered to give him a ride. The traveler was very grateful and soon was on his way standing in the wagon with his load still upon his back. The farmer asked him why he did not lay his burden down in the wagon. The stranger replied, "Oh, I thought it was enough that you carry me without carrying my load too!" The farmer chuckled as he replied, "It is just as easy for my horses to pull your load in the bottom of the wagon as upon your back." If we have not committed we have not rightly prayed. If we do not rightly pray we will have anxious care and as a result have no joy.

You will also notice that right praying is to be done *with thanksgiving*, "by prayer and earnest pleading together *with thanksgiving* let your request be made known." Many do not receive from the Lord when they pray because they do not ask with a proper spirit; they are not thankful for the things the Lord has already done for them. Jesus said of the lepers who were healed, "Where are the nine?" Only one of the ten returned to give thanks. Could these nine expect the Lord to meet their need the instant they should call again when they were so ungrateful as never to return to express their gratitude? The Lord appreciates a thankful spirit and attitude just as much as we do. As parents we so enjoy doing for our children when they are appreciative, but the moment they fail to be thankful, our joy of giving and doing is gone. We feel they need to be disciplined. They have gotten too much and no longer appreciate our kindness. So we decide to cease giving anything to them for a time until they change their attitude. When again they show an appreciative spirit we feel it is right and justifiable that we should cater to their desires. Let us remember this in our prayer life, that God is good and worthy of our praise.

Let us not rush into His presence with a "Give me," but with a "Praise the Lord for He is good!"—with a spirit of thanksgiving.

I had this truth brought home to me in a very forceful manner some years ago. I had been suffering with a very sore throat for some weeks. We were conducting a service in a near-by town this evening and the presence of the Lord was unusually manifest. Many that were there had unusual experiences that evening as did I. While the testimony service was in progress I felt the Lord spoke to me in about this manner, "You have not been thankful for the healings of the past, and if you would be thankful for what I did *before* I would do more for you now." After receiving this impression from the Lord I arose and made a confession to the end that I had been ungrateful and had failed to praise the Lord for past healings; that I believed that the Lord would heal me now since I had repented of and confessed my wrong. A good Christian lady in the audience immediately said, "Since our brother has confessed and has faith for healing let us pray for him now before he speaks." A group came forward and laying their hands upon me prayed for my healing. I was healed very definitely that night.

Now we come to the result of this kind of prayer. "So will the peace of God, which surpasses *all power of thought*, be a garrison to guard your hearts and minds in Christ Jesus" (verse 7). Not *your* peace, but "*the peace of God... shall guard your hearts and minds.*" Isn't that just what we need these busy days when restlessness and a spirit of worry are all about us? Man, being a threefold being, has body, soul (mind) and spirit to protect. The law of self preservation usually is sufficient to protect the body but our minds and spirits stand much in need of a Divine protection. This is promised *here* in answer to earnest prayer offered in a thankful spirit. In this passage the peace of God is pictured as a soldier standing guard over our hearts and minds. What a need! What a Christ! What a provision!

So at this Thanksgiving season, among the many other things we have to be thankful for, may we be grateful because we have no anxious care, since we have committed it all to Him, and as a result the soldier, "the peace of God," is on guard, keeping our hearts and minds in Christ Jesus. It is yours, for Christ said, "*My peace give I unto you.*"

Soul Burden a Test of Spirituality

Miss Kathryn Kuhlman in the Stone Church

Scripture reading, JOHN 1:35-42.



SOMEONE in a great convention hall once asked Lyman Beecher, "What do you consider the greatest accomplishment of a man or woman—the greatest achievement a man or a woman may attain?" There were at least three thousand people present when Mr.

Beecher jumped to his feet to answer that question. Silence reigned in that immense convention hall as people waited for the answer which came in these words, "Men and women, I consider that the greatest profession any man or woman can have, is not that of a statesman, worthy as that may be; not a scientist, as noble as that might be; not to be a great theologian, as wonderful as that might be. I consider the greatest achievement possible for any human being is to win another to the Lord Jesus Christ."

I might ask this audience, "Whom do you consider a wise person?" Should there be a banker within hearing he might answer, "My idea of a wise person is one who has accumulated great wealth and become, perhaps, the President of the largest national banking institution of our nation. Such a person, in my estimation, would be considered wise and successful." Should there be a politician here he might say, "The man who has gained the confidence of the people to the extent that he is elected to the highest office of the land—that man, to me, is a wise and successful person."

But let us go before the Throne and ask the highest of all authorities in heaven and on earth, "Heavenly Father, whom do You consider a success and whom do You consider a wise person?" What an impression is made on our hearts as the answer comes, tenderly, gently from the throne — "*He that winneth souls is wise.*"

Oh that we could catch the vision tonight of the worth of a soul! of what it means to lead

a soul to the Lord Jesus Christ! If we did, you and I would not close our eyes in sleep tonight because of a burden and a passion to lead men and women to the Savior. I believe that the supreme ambition of every church, of every individual who is living for Jesus Christ, should be to see men and women saved. If you have lost that vision, if you do not have a burden for the unsaved, there is something wrong somewhere, with your Christian experience. God never has and never will bless a church that does not have a vision for the souls of men and women.

I went into a very fashionable Methodist Church some time ago to hold a campaign. I was told that every member of the Board of that church was either a banker, a doctor, a lawyer or a professional man of some kind. On the Saturday night before the Campaign was to begin on Sunday, they approached me and said, "Now Miss Kuhlman, it is just like this—we just want to enjoy your ministry. We have heard what you do; we know you have altar calls and have a burden for souls, but that is not the reason we have called you here. We would rather not have other people come in and get saved for we have the reputation of being one of the most fashionable churches in the city and it

*"It is a
good thing
to give
thanks
unto the
Lord"*

might lower our standards to have others come in." I turned to them and said, "I am afraid you have called the wrong evangelist."

"Oh no, we haven't," they said.

But I said, "Yes, you have, if that is the way you feel about it. The only reason I am in this work is because I am out for souls and I must see lost souls saved or I will not preach."

It was rather tense in the pastor's study for a while, but finally they said, "Well, all right then, but no altar calls."

"But," said I, "that is just what I am talking about; our song service, our special music, my message, all lead up to that one thing, the altar call." They told me it was twenty-seven years since anyone had been saved in that church? I think it was one of the most beautiful churches

we had ever entered. Let me tell you how God worked. We began our campaign on Sunday and on the following Wednesday night we gave our first altar call and between fifty and sixty people were definitely saved that night.

We are saved to serve! I believe that God's plan for His children is three-fold. First of all He says, "Come." "Come, ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest." That is the first step and if you will answer that call there is salvation for you. The second step is to tarry. "Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued, or clothed, with power." The second step is to be endued with power. What for? For your own pleasure? Never. It was given you that you might get ready for the third step—"to go." You are filled with the precious Holy Spirit that you might be used in His service, for the salvation of souls.

It is "Tarry," and then "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel." Someone, in imagination, has visualized Jesus Christ and the angel Gabriel holding a conversation together, after Jesus had left this earth. The angel said to the Master, "Now precious Lord, suppose Peter should get weary of serving You and go back to his fishing nets, back to his old trade. What would happen then? And Lord, what if John should allow his enthusiasm to wane and go back to his old life? Oh, what if everyone of Your disciples, somehow, should just drift back into the old ways they had lived before they were ever saved? What if they should all fail to obey Your command? What other plan do You have?"

And Jesus, with a look of compassion and tenderness in His eyes, spoke gently, "I have no other plan. *I am depending on them.*"

You and I, as children of the Lord, as part of that blood-washed throng, are here in Christ's stead; if we fail in our God-given duty, if we fail in carrying out that commission, then He fails. *He has no other plan.* I believe that never a day passes but that the Master puts in your pathway some man or some woman that you could be instrumental in leading to the Savior. And when a day passes without your having done something for a lost soul, that day goes down in your history as a meaningless day. You might as well not have lived as far as that day is concerned. It means something to be a Christian; it means something to bear His Name. You and I are saved not for our own pleasure, but we are saved to serve.

I have always claimed that a good test of a

man's spirituality is his burden for lost souls. I do not say it is *the test*, for the Word of God gives us many, but I do believe that one of the main tests is the measure of a burden he has for lost men and women. Let me give you a homely illustration. It was in one of the churches where they usually questioned an applicant for membership, as to just what Jesus Christ meant to them; in other words, they required a public confession. One Sunday morning there were a number to submit their names for church membership, among them being a little German girl who had not been in this country very long. She was a maid in one of the homes and as they were questioning those who had come as candidates they came to this German girl. The pastor began asking her questions concerning her confession and spiritual life, but she spoke so brokenly they could scarcely understand her, and being not quite sure as to her experience because of her brogue, the pastor said, "Now little sister, probably we had better wait for a few Sundays before we take you into church membership. Some time during the week I will talk with you in my study." And with that he went on down the line, to the next and to the next. When he had almost reached the end, he heard sobs coming from the German girl. The pastor, embarrassed and wondering what to do, went over to her, and putting his hand on her shoulder said, "Now don't feel badly about that. We have done that to many others. In a few Sundays we will take you into our membership."

But she said, "Oh pastor, I was not crying because you did not take me in as a member. I was just sitting here, thinking of my brother who came over from the old country several months ago. He is not a Christian. I was praying that Jesus would save him too." And as she spoke her sobs became stronger and great tears coursed down her cheeks.

The old deacon heard her and turning to the pastor said, "Let's take her in. She knows what she is talking about. She has had a real experience in her own heart or she would never be burdened in this way for her brother who is unsaved."

Do you remember the time you were first saved? Have you watched other folk who are first saved? The first thing they are interested in is to win someone else to Jesus Christ and that is the way it should be. What did Andrew do? Immediately after he was saved he went and told the story to his brother. I want you

to see where he did his first personal work. Right in his own home, with his own brother. I believe in home religion, though your own relatives are usually the hardest folk in all the world to lead to the Lord. I believe in living a godly life right in your own home. The greatest sermons that are ever preached are not behind the sacred desk, nor from any pulpit; they do not come from some great orator or from the lips of some fluent speaker, but they are the lives of godly men and women in the home, and the highest compliment that any boy or girl can pay to his father or mother is to say, "I want to live the kind of a Christian life that my dad lives," or "that my mother has in her heart." One time at the close of a service, a young girl answered the altar call and was saved. She was a beauty parlor specialist and after she was saved she gave a most beautiful compliment to her mother. She said, "Men and women, it was not the sermon that brought me to this altar; it was not the singing, but what brought me to Jesus Christ tonight is the life that my godly mother has lived in our home before me every day."

Oh friends, I have seen men and women work and scrape and toil from early morning till late at night, enduring the lives of slaves so that when their last day has been spent and the curtain of life is drawn, they might leave to their son and daughter a good sum of money. But let me tell you, the greatest thing you can leave to your boys and girls is a Christian character. They will appreciate that and thank you for that far more than they will any amount of this world's goods. You fathers and mothers who have unsaved sons and daughters, get under the burden for their souls. You cannot afford to let the days go by carelessly; you dare not be indifferent and let the weeks and the months pass by with them still unsaved.

It was one of our precious ministers of the South who one Sunday afternoon had a meeting for the men of his congregation. Several hundred men assembled in his church auditorium. He spoke to them especially of their responsibility to their families and their influence in their homes. At the close of his brief message he said, "Now some of you men have children in the home. Have you ever prayed with them? Have they ever heard you pray? Have you ever put your arms about them and said, 'Son, come with me and we will pray,' or 'Daughter, we are going to pray together.'" Then he said, "Now not one of you can give a

good excuse for never having done this and you would be surprised what such an effort would mean in your home. I want you men to renew your consecration to God, for some of you have wandered away and grown cold and your influence in your home is not what it should be. How many will stand, saying thereby that your life and influence will tell for eternity from now on in your home?" At least one-third of that audience stood; the benediction was pronounced and the men left the auditorium. Among those who arose was a prominent business man of that city. Monday morning came and this minister who had conducted the service, was walking down the street when he chanced to see, across the street, the fifteen-year-old son of this business man, the only son in the family. The minister said, "Good morning, son, how are you today?"

And the boy said, "Oh, I am surely glad to see you. I want to talk with you."

"What is troubling you?" asked the minister.

"Oh, I couldn't sleep last night," and as the minister looked into the boy's face he saw great tears slipping down his cheeks as the boy continued, "You should have been at our house last night. *Dad prayed.* Oh, it was wonderful! Dad called my sister into the living room and then he called mother and told her to bring the Bible. He called me in, too, and then tried to read, though he didn't succeed very well because of the sobs. Then he closed the Bible and said, 'Now we will pray.' Oh, you should have heard Dad pray! First he prayed for sister, then for mother and then he prayed for me. But mostly he prayed for himself and cried, 'Oh God, I haven't been the kind of father I should have been in our home. I want You to forgive me.' It was sure wonderful the way my dad prayed. We never heard anything like it before. Afterwards I went upstairs and to bed; I tried to sleep but couldn't." And then he said to the minister, "You know, I would like to have in my heart what Dad had last night." So they found an empty store building a half block down the street, together they went in and there the young lad gave his heart to Jesus Christ. The following Sunday he arose before a large congregation and testified to his salvation and said, "It was because my Dad *prayed.*"

A godly mother who had spent some well nigh seventy years in this old world, was on her death bed and saw the hand of her Savior beckoning her, "Come home." Her seven chil-

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A Miracle of Healing

THESE are many people today who deny the working of miracles, or wonders. However, we must confess that if anyone ever lived in the time of miracles it is the Twentieth Century individual. We can hardly take up a newspaper without being confronted with new wonders. Neither can one find a proposition so preposterous that there is not someone to believe it. This is true so long as it concerns the physical and materialistic, but when it concerns the spiritual world there are many Christians who do not believe in the miraculous for today.

That a skillful surgeon can perform wonderful things, take out an injured or wounded heart, sew it together and set it back in its place again without the death of the patient, folk will accept; also they believe a difficult brain operation can be successful. But that God who has given mankind such wonderful gifts and skill should with His mighty power give life to dead cell structures and strength to lame and deadened nerves, this is not believed.

Skillful surgeons can successfully deal with sickness in the body through medical and surgical practice. But where can we find the doctor who can heal the soul, which sin has mangled and wounded?—the greatest miracle of all! Who can break sinful habits in a moment? There is only One who can do that! It is He who has said, "To Me is given *all* power in heaven and on earth." He, our Savior, won the victory on Calvary! Hallelujah!

It has been some years since I took part in a meeting in Halland (Sweden). Among those present, who also took part, was Miss Maria Lindgren, from Lillan, Narke. During a quiet hour, surrounded by a few faithful friends, she told the following:

"Far into the northland regions, there lived a man who was lame. God had saved him and he was His happy child. Lying helpless on his bed, unable to get about, he studied his Bible, which became his dearest possession. As he read it became clear to him that Jesus would heal the sick and raise up the lame just as willingly today as He did when He walked upon the earth. Then he wondered if there could not be help for him also. It became very evident to him that if someone anointed him and prayed for him, according to God's Word, he would be healed. He knew of no one to call upon, but through a Christian paper he learned

of the Faith Home in Lillan and the miracles of healing which Jesus performed there. 'If I were only there!' thought he, 'then I would be helped.' But how was he to get there? He began to pray that if this was God's will for him, the way should open, however impossible it might seem. A friend to whom he confided his longing became so impressed that he should go that he found a way for his suffering friend.

"The distance was six miles (Swedish; about forty English miles) through a sparsely settled country. They had no automobile or any other conveyance to take them there. But the friend took the lame man on his back and carried him to the nearest railway station. Of the difficulties they encountered *en route* and the time it took to get to the train they said nothing, but we can well understand the fortitude and faith it took. When they at last sat in the train they felt the rest of the journey a pleasant ride, reaching their destination in a day's time."

Now I will use Miss Lindgren's own words:

"There was a ring at the door, and as it happened I was all alone at the time, I opened the door and was amazed at the scene which greeted me. A giant figure almost filled the doorway, with a head higher up and one lower down. It took me a few seconds to comprehend that it was a man carrying another on his back. Before I could make a move the head above said:

"'Is this Miss Maria Lindgren?'"

"'Yes, it is I,' said I.

"'Oh! God be praised! Then I am well.' he called out, and with one bound he was on the floor and ran into the room. I stood there bewildered but the man actually danced about and shouted and praised God. His comrade, who appeared equally as surprised as myself, came more quietly into the room. He looked at his friend, who just a moment before had clung lame and helpless upon his back, but said nothing.

"When they had quieted down somewhat, the man related that he had traveled the long way to meet me even though he had received no promise that he would be healed, but he had received the assurance, through faith, that he should take the journey. And while he sat in the train the Lord talked with him and said, 'If it is Miss Lindgren who opens the door for you then you will be healed.'

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When Pentecost Came to South China

W. R. Williamson in Bethel Temple

JUST recently someone told me that the workers in charge of a mission to the Chinese in New York City had given up because they said the Chinese came simply to receive gifts, but when Chinese New Year came they went back to their idols, and so the workers became discouraged, shook their heads and said, "There is no use."

But I praise God that I can tell you, after working with the Chinese in China these many years, that they are faithful; we have found many of them to be true, earnest Christians who love the Lord Jesus Christ just as much as we do here.

I would like to recount to you something of the blessings of Pentecost in South China, during recent years. For many years our work in China was in Kwangsi Province but during our last term on the field the missionaries insisted upon our taking over the field work of all the South China mission stations, and feeling this was of the Lord for that particular time, we consented.

One of the stations connected with our South China work was in Hong Kong, but for some time it had been located on a narrow back street where only from ten to fourteen people had been attending. We keenly felt that we were not measuring up to God's call for in Hong Kong there were thousands of people who had never heard the Full Gospel. So we felt it laid upon our hearts to launch a campaign there. After securing some ground from the government we put up a tent which had been brought out from America by one of our missionaries. We were able to secure the services of a Chinese pastor from North China and so God undertook along all lines. How I wish you could have been at some of those services! About 1500 people came night after night and not one service passed but that some made decisions for Christ. That continued for six weeks and then, feeling that God had so signally blest, we opened up a similar tent campaign the following year. We had our difficulties along with the encouraging things. One day they tried to burn our tent down, but we patiently endured and kept our eyes on the Lord.

Converted Cannibal, Hervey Islands: "I want to live on until each member of our tribe has given his or her heart to Jesus." His last words were: "May God dwell in your minds."

At the end of our second meeting there had been so many decisions for Christ that we said something had to be done. So we asked the Hong Kong government to give us some land and we continued in a temporary place made of canvas, tiles and poles. It was then that our missionaries in Hong Kong, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McKinney, looked around and found a large empty factory building which proved to be most suitable. We had prayed for a long time for a tabernacle in this city where the Gospel could be preached in all its fulness and now God answered prayer.

Later we were asked to come and conduct a campaign and on our way I was looking to the Lord for His message. I had thought I would preach to sinners but the closer I got to Hong Kong the stronger the Lord began to speak to me that I was to dwell on the work of the Holy Spirit. So night after night I preached on the Baptism of the Spirit. It seemed the very atmosphere was charged with Satan's power but there was a cry deep down in the hearts of all the missionaries for God to break through.

It had been several years since we had seen any one baptized in the Holy Spirit, but we stood together for a real break and in the second week of that campaign God began to answer. One night a young man was praying very earnestly at the altar, which was encouraging, for in the first few nights of the campaign we had not been able to get anyone to the altar. The power of God came upon him in a remarkable way. He had never had such an experience before but we assured him it was God, and urged him to yield to His Spirit. He rose to his feet, then fell on his knees again and threw back his head when, like a mighty, rushing river of living water, he began to speak in tongues.

That was the break that brought Pentecost to us in South China. You should have been present the next morning, to hear those Christians pray! It seemed some of them wept pools of tears; the seats were wet with their tears. It was just a few nights later, when Mrs. Williamson was speaking in the English service, that a very precious message came in other tongues saying that God was moving among

His children. That night at the close of the meeting, a beautiful, refined, young woman came to the altar and wept before the Lord. Suddenly the power struck her and she burst forth speaking in a heavenly language. Presently she arose quickly and said, "Praise the Lord! Victory! Victory!" And truly it was victory for her. God had come and met her in a most wonderful way. She is the wife of a man who is Secretary to the Belgian Consul.

God continued to work. A young man who had been seeking the Baptism all through the meetings received on the closing night. Every night during the campaign, the number of seekers increased and some nights there were from seventy to a hundred seeking for the Baptism of the Spirit. God was there! It just seemed the fire of the Lord rolled along that altar. I discovered that when Pentecost was manifest among the people of God it wiped away criticism, backbiting and everything else—differences were lost sight of. I do thank God for Pentecost.

Then God sent along Brother Howard Carter and Lester Sumrall and oh what glorious meetings we had with them! I never saw God move as He did in those days. As the seekers went to the prayer room God worked in mighty power. I remember one night when Brother Carter asked those present in the prayer room, how many expected to receive the Baptism that night, they all raised their hands. Then he asked, "Now how many are willing to do what Jesus has told you to do, to receive?" Again they raised their hands. Then as he laid his hands on one after the other, each one in his turn began speaking in other tongues. I saw as high as five in one single row receive that

night, some of them having been seeking for years. And this glorious ministry has been going on in South China ever since.

Just before I left China for my furlough I visited some of our new stations and as we ministered in one place that had recently been established, and where heretofore they had never heard the Gospel, it was glorious to see men and women raise their hands accepting Jesus Christ as their Savior; getting down on that mud floor, confessing their sins and being swept into the kingdom.

Then I went on to another station, the furthest inland work that has been opened so far. For seven days I ministered there and one unusual feature was the good number of grandmothers who have been brought to the Lord in the space of a year or two. Some of them were sixty, sixty-five, seventy-five and even over eighty. While I was there six of them were baptized in water and shortly afterwards nine more were baptized. The missionaries in charge, Brother and Sister Parkes, were very anxious that these converts receive the Baptism and we preached several times on Pentecost, but the last day of my intended stay had come and not one had received. At the close of that fifth day Sister Parkes said, "Brother Williamson, I feel God would have you stay another day." I had learned long ago that it pays to obey God so I said, "Very well, I will stay." And that very day five received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. Just think of the blessing these would have missed had I disobeyed God on that one day! One who received was a worker and I heard him sing a song in perfect English. Afterwards I said to him, "Where did you learn to speak English?" He said, "I

REASONS FOR THANKSGIVING

Plato, looking through the dim spectacles of Nature, gave thanks unto God for three things: First, that God created him a man, and not a beast; secondly, that he was born a Grecian and not a barbarian; thirdly, that not only so, but a philosopher also. But Christians turn the stream of their thanks into another manner of channel: First, that God hath created them after His own image; secondly, that He hath called them out of the common crowd of this world and made them Christians; thirdly, and more especially, that among those who bear the name of Christ He hath made them faithful ones; like a few quick-sighted men among a company of blind ones; like the light in Goshen, when all Egypt was dark besides; or like Gideon's fleece, only watered with the dew of heaven, while the rest of the earth was dry and destitute of His favor. Great cause of thankfulness indeed!—SPENCER.

don't know one word of it." It was wonderful to see God work in such a beautiful way!

From there I went on to the station where Miss Appleby, a lone missionary, is located. When I came into the city I noticed so many women wearing badges and I thought they must be officials of some sort. But when I asked the missionary she said that they were harlots. With such boldness manifested you can see what a hold the enemy has on that place. How the Gospel is needed! As I gave forth the message night after night, hands were raised, sometimes seven and eight. One night there were even ten hands raised for salvation. Since we left we heard that many of these have come to the Lord and are going on with God.

I visited station after station where new works had been opened. I thought back on the days when we had prayed so earnestly for these districts to be opened up for the Gospel. It was wonderful to see how God answered prayer and enabled us to see mission stations established in every one of these districts for which we had prayed. And He even threw in one extra for good measure.

Another station I visited was the one which Miss Rasmussen opened up in Kwangsi. She is what we call a palm tree Christian; for a while she was a lone palm tree growing in that place but now there is a grove of palm trees planted there by the Lord. I wish you could see those men and women who have been brought to the Lord through her ministry. We had tarrying meetings while there and again God manifested Himself. I was to be there for five days and during those five days nothing specially happened. When about to leave I was waiting for the coolies to come to take my baggage but they failed to show up, so we extended the meetings and during those last two days five received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit.

Then after that in Leung Tsuen the Lord gave us a wonderful answer to prayer. A man there was very ill; he had called in the witch doctors and they had tried everything to help him. Finally his relatives gave up hope and said, "We have no more money to spend on this man." Then someone said, "Why not try the Jesus doctrine?" So they asked us to pray.

We fasted and prayed and God wonderfully answered and healed that man instantly; also saved him, and while we were there he was one of those we baptized.

The work is still going on and we ask you to pray that God's power might be manifested more and more. "*The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.*"

(Continued from page 7)

dren and her beloved companion through the years, were standing around her bedside, and as the night shadows were creeping on and the midnight hour drawing close at hand, with her eyes closed, she said gently, "Is Bill in?"

Her husband, taking her by the hand, said, "Yes, mother, Bill is in."

She rested a bit, then opened her eyes and said, "It is getting dark, is it not? Is Mary in?"

"Yes, mother, Mary is in," assured the father.

Silence ensued for a few moments and then—"It is getting darker still. Is Henry in?"

"Yes, mother, Henry is in." And one by one she named her children until she came to the youngest, her baby boy, Jim, and she said, "Oh, it is dark, so dark. Father, is Jim in?"

"Yes, mother, Jim's in."

"But are you *sure* Jim's in? Are you *very* sure?"

And as the father assured her that Jim was in, she said, "Then all the children are in," and a smile broke on her face as Jesus bent very low and the angels witnessed the scene of the godly mother going to her home above. She went out with a smile and the last words were, "*Thank God, all the children are in.*"

I ask you, father, mother, Are all the children in? It is nearing the midnight hour; it is growing darker and darker. Are you sure they are all in? Are you sure Mary is in? Are you sure that William is in? Let not your heart be satisfied till they are all in.

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The Get Acquainted Page

Conducted by Watson Argue

Presenting the Story of the Assembly of God Church, Topeka, Kansas. C. J. Utley, pastor.

O give thanks unto the Lord; call upon His Name: make known His deeds among the people. Ps. 105:1.

IN ATTEMPTING to write the story of how God gave us a large, beautiful, native stone church, I do it that others might behold "His wonderful works to the children of men," and give Him praise and honor.

For several years our little, white, frame church was packed out. We were crowded for Sunday School room, in the main auditorium we were not able to accommodate the people, and the building was

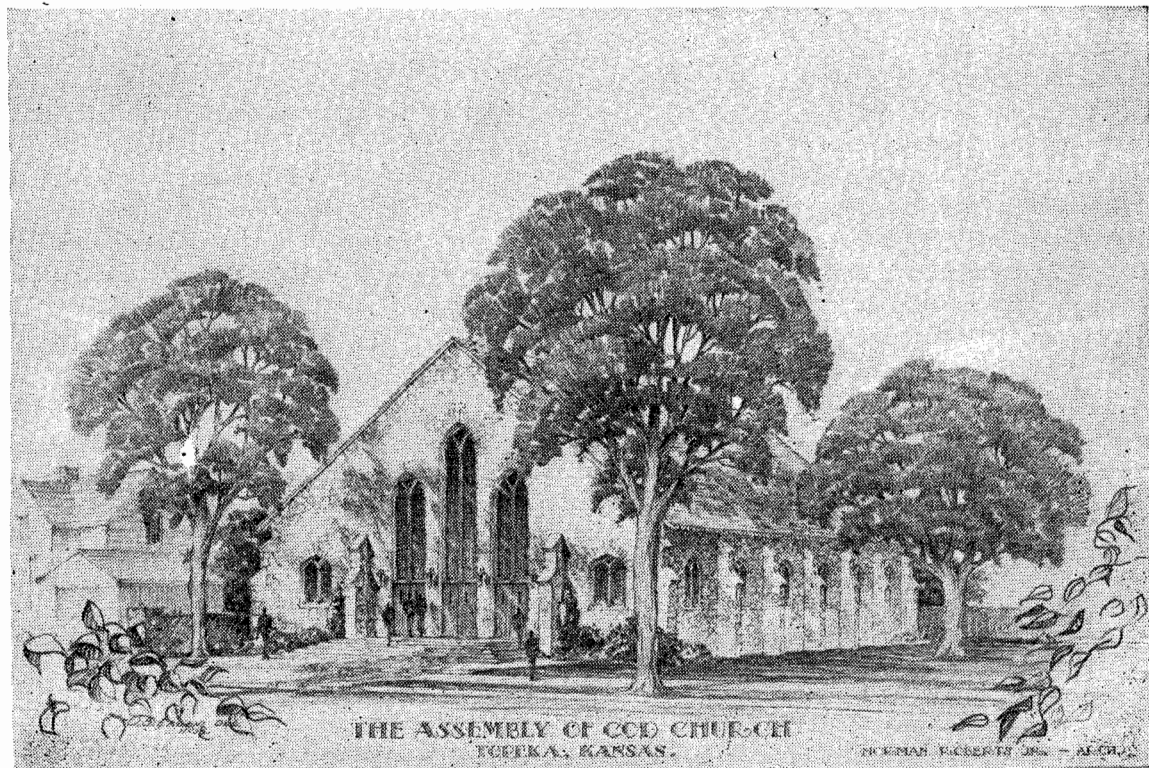


Pastor and Mrs. C. J. Utley

poorly ventilated and entirely inadequate for our needs.

I can remember different evangelists encouraging us to launch out and build. Miss Zelma Argue, in the Spring of 1929, while holding a glorious meeting here, said, "If you expect to grow and go on with the Lord, you will have to get into a larger building." Evangelist Willa J. Short, who has held three meetings for us, was so certain that the Lord would give us a new building that she started a fund for that purpose. Brother Elmer DeMott, a man of prayer, whom the Lord burdened for Topeka while living in California, and sent him here to pray, said, "When you tie a wire around a tree you stop the growth of that tree."

The call of the Lord and the burden and need became greater as time moved on. The decisive meeting—an exciting and momentous meeting—it was, a meeting ordained of the Lord to remove every shadow of doubt that we were to launch out—came one Sunday morning, Dec. 10, 1933, when, with thrilling hearts we opened a big campaign with Dr. J. N. Hoover. We had asked Elder W. I. Evans, Dean of Central Bible Institute, Springfield, Mo., to bring some



THE ASSEMBLY OF GOD CHURCH
TOPEKA, KANSAS.

musicians and help us to open the campaign. In the morning service I had just introduced Brother Evans to a packed, enthusiastic house; he spoke a few words, then paused and said, "I had a message for you but I do not have it now. The Lord has given me another message since coming in that I must bring to you." Then he turned to the book of Haggai and read the first chapter. But it was the 7th and 8th verses that stood out so forcibly to us: "Thus saith the Lord of hosts; Consider your ways. Go up to the mountain and bring wood, and build the house; and I will take pleasure in it, and I will be glorified, saith the Lord." Then he turned to me with his face just beaming with the glory of God and said, "Take these men, and go and bring material to build a house for the Lord, and the Lord will be with you and cause you to prosper." I cannot begin to describe the emotion that welled up in my heart, but from that hour we began to make plans to build.

With our money tied up in bonds and only about fifty dollars available, it just seemed I could not say to the church, "Let us begin to build." But being encouraged by a faithful wife I announced that on Feb. 12, 1934, we would begin. The first thing was to excavate, 50 x 60 x 5 cubic feet of ground. I was sure there would be at least fifteen men to start but only two came on the first day. We went to work and the next day more came and so on until we had a good crew for every day. In sixteen days we were ready to lay the foundation. The faithful women of the church became organized and gave the men who worked their noon meal. This was continued throughout the two years' building program, each lady giving one meal a month.

The next question was, "Of what material are we to build the church?" There was no money in sight. I was taken to a farmer who had building rock on his farm. He took us to an old quarry that had been abandoned for years. He said we could have the stones to build the church, and added, "You will find plenty of hard work to quarry this rock," and it surely was hard to work, almost like granite. It was especially hard for a preacher who had never had experience in working rock. The Lord be praised for men in the church who had lots of perseverance and were skilled along this line. And how wonderful that the Lord made those beautiful rocks and preserved them in the side of the hill, through the ages, to be used to build a Pentecostal church!

Now to build one must have a blue print, and as yet we had nothing of this kind. The Lord had given us a brother who had studied civil engineering and he knew an architect whom he interested in our project. He described just what we wanted in a church and in a few days the architect donated us the blue prints. He was not interested in our work, but took a great interest in helping us turn out good workmanship.

For two years we continued to build, with nine to twelve men engaged every day. We naturally encountered many difficulties, but the Lord helped us to work them out. I remember as the walls grew higher and higher, our engineer came reminding me it was time for the window frames to be ordered. There was just enough money in the building fund to supply cement and sand for mortar, and we realized, too, that in a short time the steel truss for the roof would be needed. These items required hundreds of dollars, and being a church there was no credit extended; we were obliged to pay cash. We prayed and planned to get the things needed and in a few days the treasurer came and showed us a check for \$400 that came thru the mail. Others in the church gave enough to more than double this amount, so with light hearts we were able to go on and build the first unit of the building. When ready to build the second unit we were able to cash our bonds,, and with the continued help of the people complete the building program.

The Lord gave us a church that in beauty surpassed our dreams. We never planned for Art-stained windows in the beginning, but there were some who believed and worked to that end, and these were installed. Later we expect to build a balcony and finish the interior. How happy we are for a place, free from debt, that will seat 1250 people when completed. It seats 1000 now without the balcony.

The past four weeks of revival campaign with Evangelist and Mrs. Watson Argue, have been a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Many new people are coming and every night souls are at the altar seeking salvation. Brother Argue has helped the church to reach out in this city to do a greater work for the Lord. Our church was unanimous in extending an invitation for them to return. The Sunday School more than doubled during this campaign and in one outstanding service four received the Baptism of the Spirit in just a few minutes' time.—C. J. U.

God's Protection in a Holdup

C. J. Utley

THE REALIZATION that God's protection has been over us these years of our work in Topeka has been very precious. We feel we have been spared even from death that we might help to carry out God's plan for this city. Perhaps the greatest deliverance was in 1932, from a negro hold-up. It was on a rainy Thursday night, when Willa J. Short was holding a tent meeting for us. Different persons had come to the platform to give me money for the church expenses, and as the meeting closed we drove home, Sister Short, Mrs. Utley and myself.

I let the ladies out at the front of the house and put the car in the garage at the rear and came into the house through the back, screened porch, stopping in the kitchen to have lunch before retiring. Sister Short and I were sitting at the table and Mrs. Utley was preparing the lunch. She went to the ice-box which was just outside the kitchen door, when suddenly I saw her with her hands up, staggering in the door as though about to fall. I sprang to her side and my eyes looked right down the barrel of a revolver (it looked as big as a barrel) held by a negro standing right on our back porch. No man could describe my feeling in such a horrifying scene.

The robber said, "Stick 'em up!"

I said, "In the name of Jesus, you get out of this house!"

The robber: "Com-mon, get those hands up or I'll shoot you!"

Again I said, "In the name of Jesus get out!" Mrs. Utley ran back into the kitchen and I was left alone on the porch with the robber. Then I thought that I would reason with him, and said, "You wouldn't hold up a preacher, would you?" The robber said, "Keep those hands up!" still pointing the gun at me. He came closer and began to pick my pockets. Without thinking I reached in my pocket and gave him all my change, saying, "This is all the change I have," with the hope of shielding my bill-fold. The robber said, "Put those hands up and keep them up!"

Then he tried to pick my back pocket, which I resented. He backed off with an oath and

said, "You want me to kill you?" Such horror! It seemed my hair stood straight up. I was face to face with death. I could see the casket containing my dead body. Pleading for my life I said, "For God's sake spare my life!" Without saying a word he pulled his revolver down and fired through the floor. I do not know what made me do it, but before I realized it I sprang and caught him by the wrist that was holding the gun, and we began to tussle. He turned the gun toward my stomach. Like a flash I shoved his arm. He fired and missed. Then he turned the gun toward my head. Again, like lightning, I pushed him back against the wall and pinned his arm high above his head, thinking he would fire all his shots and I could man-handle him on the floor. But he, feeling his predicament, came down with his whole body, and wrenching, broke my hold on his wrist. As he came down with his gun, I grabbed and caught it over the end of the barrel. He fired, hitting my left forefinger slightly. In some way I broke the barrel of that revolver in the last of that tussle, and scattered shells on the floor. But before I knew it he had broken away and fled.

Standing there for a moment, I saw that I was all right except being half scared to death. Then I went through the house and found the women so frightened they never even thought of telephoning the police. They said, "We were sure you were killed as we heard you fall to the floor with a thud." The worst thing we were robbed of was several nights of good sleep. The robber took my change, and a little later, after being apprehended by the law, confessed to the crime and was sentenced to the penitentiary. How good of the Lord to spare our lives that night! We may not realize it now, but some day in heaven every child of God will see how wonderfully the Lord has delivered his soul from the snare of the enemy.

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God Deals with Individuals

John Wright Follette at Camp Byron



WOULD like to speak a little while this afternoon concerning the individual as an integral and specific member of the body of Christ. Sometimes the emphasis is laid upon the thought of the Christian Church as a whole so that one forgets that after all the whole is made up of the separate and individual members. There is a strong tendency today to be unconsciously influenced by the spirit of the world—this old world which demands so much of our time. This world-spirit has a very subtle influence and it has so touched the Church of God that she has today become a partaker of its systems, thoughts, ambitions, methods and manners. Yes, the Church is still trying to give a testimony and yield a Christian influence but her whole life is sadly colored by this world-spirit.

Among the symptoms of worldliness manifest in her methods of dealing with the flock and especially that of church membership is the *mass movement*. The individual is lost sight of and too often is passed by in the desire to have a fine showing and increased membership. It is only another form of the idea of mass and consolidation in order to save time, energy, and effort. The consolidation or trust idea is everywhere manifest. In many cases the farmer no longer deals as he once did when he personally handled his produce. It is all pooled today and dealers in this and that handle the milk, eggs and grain and fruit. The same is true of groceries. The day is almost past for an independent grocer. It is all chain stores. In my little village of New Paltz, N.Y., of 1500 people there are five chain stores of groceries alone.

This same spirit has gotten into the churches. Did you ever hear of so many plans for uniting? The Northern and Southern Methodists are trying to unite. And Presbyterians and Baptists and other denominations doing the

IDENTIFICATION

*I am a flame, born of celestial fire.
I bear a name—Insatiable desire.*

*I wear a stamp, an image all divine,
Not seen with eyes, not traced by mortal lines.*

*God is a fire, consuming is His power.
Endless His life; Mine, is a single hour.*

*So let me burn thru fetters that would bind,
Then will I learn, and freedom will I find.*

*I shall return to love's eternal fire,
There shall I burn a satisfied desire.*

—J. W. F.

same (but I am not sure the Baptists will stay out of the water long enough for this). The Federation of Churches in America is very busy along this line. In many places whole groups from Sunday School are taken into Church membership at a time. That is all very well and good if they are all saved. But in many cases one joins because the other member does and it is the desire to have the whole class join. As a result the church is full of unregenerated folk and the program for work is planned for Christians and there you are with a fine problem on hand.

Personally I am convinced this is not God's way. As we look into the Bible and also trace His hand in history we find He is most wonderfully interested in the individual first and then the larger group. In creation God did not with *one word* create a whole race of people. But we do find Him forming one individual man. His desire is that the whole race respond to His will and wisdom. He has no mass movement, but rather Adam—a man.

As we all know, when Jesus was here upon earth He had His own body through which He manifested Himself. But when He went away He promised still to be with us in the form of a mystical body, or His church. How did He form it? Did He call one race or people and say, "I am going away, you are now to represent me on earth and I will call you my mystical body"? Not at all. We find rather that the body of Christ is made up of single and individual members. Of all the members in this wonderful body (if they are members at all) each has come in by a separate and personal birth and experience. God knows the very person that we are and has a place for each in His great plan and system.

Again, let us look at the picture of Pentecost as given in Acts 2:3, "And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat

upon *each of them*." The idea conveyed by the Greek is that of a bundle of fire or flame appearing and "parting among them," or "distributing themselves." How? "And it sat upon *EACH* of them." That is so very suggestive. Each had a special and personal manifestation of the Holy Spirit. Fire is a type of the Holy Spirit but it was not enough for it to appear in the room hovering over them as a sign of His presence. But there was a flame for *EACH*. Have you received your individual touch and blessing? The fire is still falling. Hallelujah! Ask for your share and again as of old God will touch the individual with the old time fire.

Let us look again at the group as they are about to move out in the new Christian dispensation. In a story told by the Lord while He was here He shows a clear lesson along this line. In the 19th chapter of Luke we have the story of the servants and the pounds, and in the 25th chapter of Matthew the story of the servants and the talents. It does not say the Church was given a pound or a talent, but it does say, "Unto one he gave five talents and to another ten, etc." "For I say unto you, That unto *every one* that hath shall be given, etc." So you see, it is very much an individual matter in the service which we render. The individual has now become a partaker of life and he of course seeks expression. The Lord knew that and so gave him something to occupy himself (as the Word says, "Occupy till I come"). God does not want this precious power and life spent unwisely and thus dissipate its original significance. He does not give according to the service or work to be accomplished. Never! I wish we might get our eyes off of the service question a little while until God could show us the meaning of service as He sees it and its purpose from His side.

The Bible says, "to every man according to his several ability." God was not so thinking about the *amount* of work the man would do but *how* it would be done. He is after *you* and *me*, dear friends. *You* are first and what you do somewhere down the road as you journey home is secondary. Sometimes He can get at us and make us what He desires only by way of some of the pounds and talents. He is making and transforming you into His desire by way of some service He sees good to place before you. See that He finds *you* in the process. No doubt the servants were delighted to know they were serving their master. We are so glad

and happy to be a blessing in the things of God. Some are so carried away with the idea, that their service throws the dear Lord into total eclipse. Let Him be *first*.

Some may ask, "How do you know this is such a personal matter?" I wish you now to read what happened when the Master returned. In both stories what the Master sought was a matter of personal conduct and response. No doubt the servant when his Lord returned was thinking of the service he had rendered, how much, and how big, and how many, and the extent of it. Many are doing that today and even counting numbers and measuring sizes and bigness, forgetting that spiritual life and strength are never measured by world methods. All that is of the world-spirit. What does the Lord say? First of all notice He never looks at the work as far as the work goes. That is startling to some. But look at the story. It is not mine, it is the Bible. He does not compliment the servant and tell him how glad he is that he did so *much*. He never mentions the character of the work, neither its size nor amount. His whole attention is riveted upon the individual and *how* he has reacted to the commission given him. It was the individual the Lord was after all the time and he had given him something to do for one purpose. What was it? Look and see. The Lord looks not only *at* him but *through* him and finds three commendable marks of character wrought upon him. He says, "Well done." In other words it was *how* the work had been done. Not the quantity but the *quality*; it was well done. God is after the *how* of the service. In what spirit is it rendered and with what motive? We may not be able to render *much* as to quantity but what we do render may be *well* done if our hearts are true and God's glory comes first. So this man learned in his service to do a thing *well*. Remember the "cup of cold water." It is the same thing again. How far afield one goes when he seeks to measure God's service by world standards? Then he says, the servant was *good*. That is a strange statement. God is said to be good. That is just the point. A God-like quality has been worked into this man's very character. *What* service (big or small) is not once mentioned. But *through* it there was gained a quality of goodness. God is seeking that. Is he finding it? Next He says, *Faithful*. Here again it is a quality wrought in the man. All may not serve in public ways or in very manifest work. But all

may be faithful. The Lord seeks it in all service, great or small.

After He finds the quality He has been working into the very soul and fibre of the man, he tells him *what* it was all for. "I will make thee ruler over many things." We are now in training for the age to come. Let us get a right perspective as we look at the service question. He is after *us* more than any service we may render. Now I know very well what some of you are thinking, but never mind. If you can not see some truth as it is in the Word, but still walk under "tradition of the elders," pray and trust God and He will give you not only vision but He will focus your vision. So many times in relating these stories the emphasis has been upon the work or service and how we are to do so *much* and *what* and *when* and *where*, and not reading carefully we have missed the thing God is after. There are certain spiritual qualities God desires to etch upon the spirit of a person. There are so many tracings of the divine image He is wanting to reproduce in and upon us. The only way He has is to send one to Africa and keep another at home. This one He leads thus and that one another way. He gives, "according to his several ability." We *demand* of God the very thing He is doing. Our very temperament and nature and makeup call for the different things He is asking us to do. Nothing else will in any way do in us the thing He wants. Let Him direct the life and call and send as He will. He is training us for the age to come and can qualify us only as the reaction upon us is what He is after.

There is another interesting fact concerning the individual found in the description of the resurrection. First Corinthians 15:23 reads, "But every man in his own order." The figure used is that of a parade or marching army. The word "order" is, *tagma*, and means group or division. From this we see that in the resurrection there is a difference in glory as told in this chapter. All do not share the same. We are now determining our *tagma* or place. The Bible says, EACH *in his own order*. Glory is painful and most costly. What is your estimate of it? Do you place the glory of God above self and the world enough to be in the *tagma* he is training you for? This is a most interesting field, but I must hurry along. Think about it and pray over it. May His heart be pleased to find from Camp Byron a group of saints willing to pay the price and go through with Him. He is working the glory in us to-

day, but it is hidden. Praise God! Some day He is to be glorified *in* His saints.

Again, in Revelation the promises to the overcomer make very much an individual question. It is not a matter of groups, but "to HIM that overcometh, etc." Not to him that is born again or to him that is baptized or speaks in tongues or goes as a missionary or preaches or teaches. But to him that *overcometh*. That is, do we come through the tests and disciplines He places before us in victory and triumph? He furnishes the power and grace and we furnish the co-operation and surrender to make it a reality.

Again, what might seem like hyper-individualism is found in Rev. 1:17, "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna and will give him a white stone and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth but he that receiveth it." Is it not wonderful what very particular attention the Lord pays to the person who bears His name? It is most marvelous to know God thinks enough of us to do all these heavenly and godly things with and for us. Think of all the thousands and millions of Christians who have lived down the ages! God has a name for each who has passed from the old life and into the depths of the new. God has a fellowship and an understanding in the spirit with all those who have opened to let the Holy Spirit *train* them for the age to come. A new name! What does a name mean or signify? Names in the Bible always mean character. The name suggests the character of the one who bears it. What a marvelous work God is doing. He is daily etching upon our immortal spirits our new names. No one knows the name. That is God's business. He says we shall know too. What are the syllables thus far etched upon you? Has the process been a joy or suffering? What has He brought into your life that more perfectly writes the letters? Let Him write, let Him write. Be patient, dear soul. God is working and spelling your name. You are the only one in the whole universe who will bear that INDIVIDUAL and particular one. There will be no misspelled names in that day. I wonder if the name does not seem long sometimes?

Some day—I wonder will it be soon—we shall hear down in the depths of our innermost being a voice calling. It will not be a strange voice for we have long since learned to love it and to obey it. It will be no voice of earth,

(Continued on page 23)

The Door that God Opened

MRS. C. AUSTIN CHAWNER
In the Stone Church

Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it. Rev. 3: 8.



THE LORD gave me this verse many years ago while out in South Africa, in Swaziland, where I spent my first term. I knew the Lord had called me to work among another tribe than the one I was working with at the time, but I did not know how to get to that other tribe. I remember one time when the missionaries were gathered together for a three-day prayer meeting to pray especially for the opening of Mozambique, whose doors were shut to the Gospel. Shortly after that the Lord spoke to me one day and said, "*Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it.*"

When I returned to Africa the second time I rode up to the borders of Mozambique, but I settled down at the station where I had formerly worked, which had been established in 1910 by two English Pentecostal missionaries. But all that was now left were two graves, for these two sisters had laid down their lives for the work, together with three others. Altogether there were seventeen missionaries who had been there, and all had died of fever. So I took up the work there, knowing, however, that I would not be there long. While I preached to some of the natives of Mozambique who were right across the border, I realized that to do effective work I would need to settle in their country and get government recognition. But not knowing just how to go about it, I neglected doing anything definite, but one day I became very ill and I felt there was a purpose in it. I took down with that dreaded disease, black water fever, but the Lord helped me through in a wonderful way. The doctors in Africa say that only one in a hundred ever pulls through, and to the glory of God I can say, I am one out of one hundred. When I recovered I knew it was time to make some forward step to get into Portuguese East Africa and do something for the Lord. So I moved over into the capital and settled there, and one day went over to the office of the Secretary General of the district and presented my case before him, telling him that I desired to have recognition for Pente-

*"Got any rivers they say are uncrossable?
Got any mountains you can't tunnel thru?
God specializes in the impossible,
Doing for you the things you can't do."*

costal missionaries to work in Mozambique. The first thing he said was, "Do you speak Portuguese?"

"No," I said, "I do not."

Then from his desk he pulled out some papers and kindly translated into English what was written thereon. Then he added, "So the first thing you must do is to study the Portuguese language, and before we can do anything for you you must pass the teacher's examination in that language," pointing out to me the different clauses in their laws referring to this.

Well, I knew that was not very easy and I shall never forget the sneer on that man's face as I left. We knew that these laws had been made in order to keep out Protestant missionaries from that country while at the same time, we knew that Rome was pouring in her missionaries. It was nothing for them to pass the examination, as they had studied the language in Portugal and then came out as messengers of Rome. I remember how, when I came outside, I stood for a moment or two by that office door; there was much traffic going to and fro but in all the noise and confusion I silently bowed my head as God spoke to me again those words, "*Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it.*"

I began studying the language and the Lord so helped me that in six months I was able to pass the examination as a number one student. It was wonderful what the Lord did for me! I then took my certificate and went to the Secretary General once more, presenting the paper to him as I said, "Now here I am, I want recognition to do missionary work in this territory."

Now I must tell you that there is a very important word in the Portuguese language and that is the word which means "tomorrow." The man, of course, was surprised to find that I had passed the examination but he turned to me and said, "Come back tomorrow." And he kept on telling me to come back "tomorrow" for four long years. Sometimes I went to see him once a week, sometimes two and three times a week and always there was the same answer, "Come back tomorrow."

You ask me if I did not get tired of it. Yes, I was getting very discouraged. Missionaries across the border told me to come back there to work and said I was just wasting my time, that I would never obtain recognition. To make matters still worse I saw two missionaries deported from that territory and there I was, trying to enter. As I think of it now I am reminded of the children of Israel, whom the Lord told to march around the walls of Jericho, blowing rams' horns and trumpets. There was no sense to that at all and no doubt the heathen round about thought they were fools, and asked, "Do you really think they can take Jericho by marching around it and blowing rams' horns!" And as I look back on those days when I so often visited the office of the Secretary General I think of myself as marching around my Jericho, for four long years, blowing a ram's horn. But after four long years the walls came tumbling down.

Towards the end of those four years I became so discouraged I felt it must be hopeless after all and thought, "I suppose those missionaries across the border were right after all. I will never get recognition." One day I came into the office of the Secretary General only to receive the same answer, "You come back tomorrow and we will do something for you then." As I started to leave through the outer office several Portuguese men were sitting there, and, not knowing that I could understand them, I heard one say to the other, "You know, we just have to do something for this girl, otherwise she will never leave our door-step."

Although I did not exactly like the way it was put nevertheless it was encouraging and I thought, "I will come back once more and try," and when I came back that time the Secretary General handed me a piece of paper and said, "Now, here you are. Go and work where you like." At last we had obtained recognition in this new country.

Of course I had been doing other things besides just paying visits to the office of the Secretary General. I had been busy telling all I could of the love of Jesus who had died on the Cross but I knew I would have to have a place where I could gather the natives together for a service. I found such a place, and rented it. I, with the help of the native boys, nailed together some few forms for seats and carried them into this little church. It was just a grass shanty with a corrugated iron roof. Then I went around, asking the people to come

to the meeting. I am sure I spoke to about two hundred people and they all promised to come. Sunday came; I took my Testament and hymn book. I was so happy as I made my way to the little church that I fairly ran, but when I arrived, there was no one there. I sat down to wait for my congregation to turn up, and I waited, and waited and waited. After about an hour a woman with two children came, and that was the extent of my first congregation.

"But," you may say, "I know you must have had a house full the next Sunday, for I have heard that the people over there are so hungry for the Gospel." I am sorry to tell you that we never had a house full. Once in a while we had ten but we considered that a good congregation. They would always promise to come but failed to turn up and those who did come, did so only because they felt indebted to us; either I had prayed for them and they got healed, or I had written a letter or done something for them.

I wish I could tell you that at least all those who came got saved, but they didn't. They sat there as indifferently as could be. There were some who made a move but proved to be disappointing. Finally we were able to rejoice over a real salvation—it was that of an old woman. She was blind and I had to lead her to the meeting as well as back home, but she was the first to open her heart to God. You say, "Well, that certainly wasn't very much after having been there so long—only a poor blind woman." But God had begun to work and we rejoiced.

I was very desirous of securing a permanent mission station. I had a certain amount of money for this purpose though it was not sufficient to purchase what we really needed. I had seen how the Catholics were pouring missionaries into the country and right near us a beautiful institution had been put up by them and the nuns were taking in the children from all sections of the country and putting them into this institution. Sixty miles away the same thing was going on and it just burned in my heart. I thought, "What is the use of these people being taken from one form of heathenism into another?" So I decided to have an orphanage too, and I wanted ground enough for the children to play in. I tramped around for a long time looking for such a site and finally took a place that I really did not want, but it seemed to be all I could get, and we have proven since that it was God's appointment.

We moved out on the site, first with a tent, and later on we built a little corrugated iron shanty. Now it gets very hot in Africa and it would be rather unpleasant living under a corrugated iron roof. I understand you had a very hot summer here when the temperature went up to 105 degrees, but out there it goes up to 115 in the shade. In the daytime I had to take refuge under some trees, and it so happened that the trees were in the cemetery so I practically lived in the cemetery those days. In the morning everything would be dripping wet because of the dew that precipitated in that little iron shanty. Our things were all ruined because of this heavy moisture, but we have a Scripture that tells us to take joyfully the spoiling of our goods.

I might tell you that I also started another kind of work. You know when one is in Africa you have to do a little of everything, and I started a cement block factory. Some time before I ever went to Africa I happened to see in a farmer's magazine, how to make cement blocks. I cut it out, thinking I might use it there. So I found the slip and made good use of it. I went to town and bought up some cement and later on you might have found me at the mission station, measuring out cement and water and making cement blocks. It was these blocks that were used in the building of the present mission station.

Now it is one thing to build a station and quite another thing to build up a spiritual assembly, and it was harder to do the latter than

to build the mission buildings. For many, many Sundays over a period of months, I went around to the people inviting them to the meetings and they all promised but never came. By that time I knew enough of the language to get along myself with the preaching, but it took a great deal of studying. So Sunday after Sunday I was ready with my message and I remember how I would go to the chapel to see if anyone was there, but Sunday after Sunday, not a single one came. But we praise God that things have changed!

I managed to get hold of the children and taught them to read and write and later I got some of the young men to come to an evening school where I saw to it that they got considerable Gospel. Today we have quite an assembly in that place and several have been baptized in water and two received the Baptism in the Spirit. Since we came home, the Lord, in a wonderful way, has been pouring out His Spirit. They wrote us that for two weeks they could not have any school because as soon as they came inside the students would fall on their knees and stay there for hours with the Lord in prayer. Some of these young men whom we baptized in water, came to us before we left and said, "What can we do? We want to go and tell our people of this which we have found here on this mission station." We urged them to stay till we returned and then we would do our best to give them Bible training so that they would be prepared to go out and preach. I am sure you will pray with us for this work.

Counting the Cost

C. Austin Chawner

WHEN THE LORD first began to deal with me about carrying the Gospel to those in heathen darkness, instead of saying "Yes" I began to count the cost. I know there are many in the homeland who, when they are called to the mission field, think it will be a wonderful adventure. One young man said to me, "I would just love to go out there and travel over those paths and shoot those animals." But I thought, "You just try it and you will find there is something more to it than that." I knew it was no romance for I had spent many years on the field. I knew the problems my parents had faced for they had gone to the field at the beginning of the Pentecostal revival in 1908 and

I remembered well the difficulties we endured and how I had only the native black boys as playmates.

When, later on, I had the opportunity of leaving the Interior and being down at the Coast I decided the life at the Coast was far more attractive. I had taken up a business course in accountancy and had ambitions to advance in that, but it was right at this juncture that God spoke to me. While I didn't want to say "Yes," I realized that if I didn't it would simply mean that I would grow cold and drift away from God. How I thank Him for the grace of God that can bring us to the place where we are willing to do His will! Today

I consider it a privilege and a joy to carry the Gospel to those who are perishing in heathen darkness.

Naturally I thought my field would be among the Zulu people for I knew the Zulu language, but that proved not to be God's will. After returning from a furlough in the homeland I spent about six months with my parents and then went into Portuguese East Africa. I found the government quite different from that in British East Africa, for instead of being sympathetic they were antagonistic; they claimed that the aim of the missionary was none other than to spread their foreign propaganda among the natives and by so doing, stir up a revolution which would mean the overthrow of the government. I knew it would be very difficult for us to carry on any work or to get recognition but I was determined to get this and went ahead to study the language.

Now in starting a work among a new people, it has always been the experience of the missionary, to go on week after week and month after month without seeing any response to the Gospel. Sometimes friends in the homeland wonder why this is the case but the marvel to me is not that they do not accept—when I consider the darkness of heathenism with all the religious rites and belief in witchcraft in which these people have been drilled and trained from earliest childhood, it is a marvel to me when they do accept the Gospel. I believe the greatest miracle that has ever been wrought is when one of these, possessed with evil spirits, is transformed into a Christian as good as any in the homeland. What a day of rejoicing it was when God broke through and the first soul accepted the Lord!

But a missionary's life is not a bed of roses. Naturally there are trials. There was a time when the ants came into the hut in which I was living and ate through till the grass roof collapsed and as a result we had to live outside for a week. Exposed to the elements, most of the few things we possessed were ruined, and then too, living under these conditions meant severe attacks of malarial fever, and since then it has meant attacks almost every year. But in it all the presence of Jesus has been very real.

We experienced some real opposition in our work. There is a secret society out there which is out for doing all the mischief possible. They started in to oppose our work and the members of this society would wait along the path, hidden in the long grass, for the young men who

were attending our night school. They beat up several of them until the people were afraid to come to the meetings. We prayed that God would undertake. Some time later I was thinking the situation over and suddenly realized that the opposition had subsided but we wondered how God had brought it about. We did not learn the reason for this till one day when a young man testified to having found peace and joy in the Lord. We rejoiced that he was saved but we didn't know where he came from or who he was but that day we learned that he had been the leader of that secret society. God had gotten hold of that life and transformed him.

We praise God for the way He has blessed in saving souls and working miracles. He has also enabled us to purchase a little printing press so that we have been able to print tracts in the Tonga language as well as a little Pentecostal hymn book. We had about six hymns which we had translated from the English and had them typewritten but today we have over a hundred hymns. Besides this we have also been printing a little Pentecostal paper in the Tonga language. God has worked and we have established lighthouse after lighthouse. When we first began there we did not have one native interpreter but God has raised them up for us now. In the work today we have twenty lighthouses and thirteen native preachers who are giving all their time to the work and a number of other helpers. We would certainly appreciate your prayers in behalf of this great work in the new district of Mozambique, Portuguese East Africa.

From Some of Our Appreciative Readers

"Only the Lord knows what *The Evangel* has meant to me. It is next to the Word of God, and I pray that the circulation may be greatly increased."—*A Texas reader.*

* * *

"I do so enjoy *The Latter Rain Evangel*. It was the first religious paper that I subscribed for after my conversion, which was in 1930, and the articles in it have been very soul-satisfying to me."—*A Canadian reader.*

* * *

"I still prize *The Evangel* and it brings great blessings and encouragement to me many times. The printed sermons are a real treat to me for I seldom get a chance to attend a real Pentecostal meeting."—*A Michigan reader.*

Thanksgiving in Time of Plague

THE COVERED WAGON followed on the heels of the retreating Indian, and the hunting-grounds of the red man gave way to fertile fields. Southwestern Minnesota was destined to be the center of an agricultural empire; but, as always, the pioneer work of subduing the wild frontier tried men's souls.

The settler of '72, still living in the covered wagon, set his plow to turning into furrows the rich, virgin soil. Corn, potatoes, and garden stuffs were planted; and while these were growing, the dugouts were made ready for occupancy. The promise of a good crop gave buoyancy to the spirit of the settler, and he dreamed of future plenty.

This hope was rudely jarred one morning in July, 1873. What appeared to be a heavy snow-storm proved to be millions upon millions of grasshoppers sailing down upon the fields!

My mother stood dazed at the sight. And as she noticed how they made their breakfast on the growing garden plants, and how they attacked the cornfields until the ground was left black and bare, she wiped away a tear and said: "The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away. We shall hope that next year will bring us the promise of better things."

The next year brought, not the promise of better things, but myriads of hoppers hatched out as the spring sun warmed the soil. We knew that the newly-planted fields were doomed.

The same thing happened the third year, and the fourth. Our money was gone; most of our cattle were sold; the larders were almost bare; and our clothing was patched with unused grain sacks until one could hardly tell what the original fabric was.

Just then Governor Pillsbury issued his annual Thanksgiving proclamation. Some felt that they could not enter into it. But my little church decided to observe the day. I hardly knew what text to select, but finally decided upon Habakkuk 3:17, 18: "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat (food); the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

We had a glorious meeting. We were caused to feel that, although our money was gone, the cattle sold for food, and our clothing worn down to rags, we still had God. I doubt that in all the later years of prosperity that church ever gave more hearty thanks than in that year of dire want.

The governor set aside April 26, 1877, as a day of prayer and fasting. Shortly after, the hoppers rose in a body with the noise of a stormcloud and soared away, never to return. —*Frank Peterson in "Wings of the Spirit."*

Talkativeness

TALKATIVENESS is utterly ruinous to deep spirituality. The very life of our spirits passes out in our speech, and hence all superfluous talk is a waste of the vital forces of the heart. In fruit growing it often happens that excessive blossoming prevents a good crop, and often prevents fruit altogether; and by so much loquacity the soul runs wild in word bloom, and bears no fruit. I am not speaking of sinners, nor of legitimate testimony for Jesus, but of that incessant loquacity of nominally spiritual persons—of the professors of purifying grace. It is one of the greatest hindrances to deep, solid union with God. Notice how people will tell the same thing over and over—how insignificant trifles are magnified by a world of words; how things that should be buried are dragged out into gossip; how a worthless non-essential is argued and disputed over; how the solemn, deep things of

the Holy Spirit are rattled over in a light manner—until one who has the real baptism of divine silence in his heart feels he must unceremoniously tear himself away to some lonely room or forest, where he can gather up the fragments of his mind and rest in God.

Not only do we need cleansing from sin, but our natural human spirit needs a radical death to its own noise and activity and wordiness.

See the evil effects of so much talk. First, it dissipates the spiritual power. The thought and feeling of the soul are like powder and steam—the more they are condensed, the greater their power. The steam that, if properly compressed, would drive a train forty miles an hour, if allowed too much expanse would not move it an inch; and so the true action of the heart, if expressed in a few Holy Ghost selected words,

will sink into the minds to remain for ever, but if dissipated in any rambling conversation is likely to be of no profit.

Second, it is a waste of time. If the hours spent in useless conversation were spent in secret prayer or deep reading, we would soon reach a region of soul-life and divine peace beyond our present dreams.

Third, loquacity inevitably leads to saying unwise, or unpleasant, or unprofitable things. In religious conversation we soon churn up all the cream our souls have in them, and the rest of our talk is all pale skim milk until we get alone with God and feed on His green pasture until the cream rises again. The Holy Spirit warns us that "in the multitude of words there lacketh not sin." It is impossible for even the best of saints to talk beyond a certain point without saying something unkind, or severe, or foolish, or erroneous. We must settle this personally. If others are noisy and garrulous, I must determine to live in constant quietness and humility of heart; I must guard my speech as a sentinel does a fortress, and with all respect for others, I must many a time cease from conversation or withdraw from company to enter into deep communion with my precious Lord. The cure for loquacity must be from within; sometimes by an interior furnace of suffering, that burns out the excessive effervescence of the mind, or by an overmastering revelation to the soul of the awful majesties of God and eternity, which puts an everlasting hush upon the natural faculties. To walk in the Spirit, we must avoid talking for talk's sake, or merely to entertain. To speak effectively, we must speak in God's appointed time and in harmony with the indwelling Holy Spirit.

(Continued from page 8)

"Therefore when I met him in the doorway he believed what God had promised should come to pass. With childlike simplicity and faith he took God at His word, jumped down from his comrade's back and found that his legs had been released from their shackles of helplessness. He could now stand and walk and run. No wonder he was beside himself!

"When he returned home he walked the six Swedish miles through that unsettled country. Of him it could in truth be said, 'He walked and leaped and praised God!' We who witnessed the miracle wept with joy," concluded Miss Lindgren. And we who listened to her narrative praised God and were not ashamed of the tears that filled our eyes. I know that this that came to pass strengthened our faith. We received a stronger grip on God's promises. Is the day of miracles past? No, most assuredly no!—*Rosa Thorne in Hemmets Van. Trans. by Fred. Pfeifer.*

(Continued from page 17)

no voice of even a loved one. It will be the voice we love above all voices, sound and music. Yes, it will be the voice of our Beloved. But what will make our hearts thrill and respond in such amazement? Just this, dear ones, He will call us by *name*. That new name He has been so long spelling in our secret hearts. And the startling and amazing thing is that we shall know the name and recognize it as our very own selves. *What* we are to Him will be etched upon us as a new name and the one which represents His character shining through the peculiar and individual person whom we are.

Dear ones, God is after us. I know He wants us to live for Him and serve Him, and all that. But deeper in His purpose is this wonderful fact. He has called us and taken us into His hands for training and for a most marvelous communion and fellowship that we might furnish the work of the new creation, and get ourselves ready so that He might come for us. He cannot come for a people not ready. How shall one know a name when there are no letters formed to spell it? How can one reign and rule who has never been trained for that place? The failures of another never qualify us. The victories in the life of another may inspire one but God is after the individual and is today seeking *you* and *me*. Open your heart afresh and let Him deal with you as only God can. He wants to deepen you and enrich you. He has beautiful things for all who will pay the price and go through. Praise His name!

PENTECOSTAL CONVENTION. The 29th Annual Convention of Glad Tidings Tabernacle, 325-329 W. 33rd Street, New York City, will be held November 8-29, inclusive. These Conventions, in charge of Pastor and Mrs. Robt. A. Brown, are always scenes of great spiritual blessing, and the people of New York are looking forward to a blessed time with God. Evangelist Hattie P. Hammond, who has been used of the Lord in winning souls throughout the states, will be the speaker. The third Sunday of the Convention, Nov. 22, will be the great Missionary Day, at which time missionaries from all parts of the world will participate. Special services on Thanksgiving Day, 3 & 7:30, Young People's Rally, Nov. 28, at 7:30. Regular meetings daily except Monday at 7:45. Afternoon services Wed. and Fri. at 3 P.M. Special music throughout the Convention. For further information write the Sec'y, Miss Elizabeth Schuster, Glad Tidings Tabernacle, 325 W. 33rd St., New York City.

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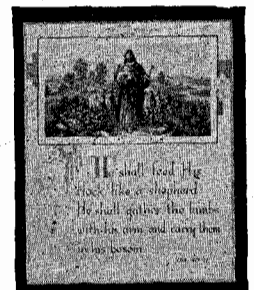
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