

The Latter Rain Kvangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

The Christmas Sign

"And this shall be a sign unto you: ye shall find the Babe . . . lying in a manger."—Luke 2:12

What is the sure, sweet Sign that tells aright
That Christ has come? That God on earth has found
A resting place? That grace shall now abound,
And through earth's darkest clouds His glory light
Has condescended to illumine our night?
What strange and blinding sight of King star-crowned
May we expect, to fell us to the ground?
Nay, in a tiny Babe God hides His might.

And thus today the way of Heaven's King;
He comes not with a haughty monarch's tread,
But makes still true the same sweet Christmas sign:
While of His birth the high arch-angels sing,
He makes our longing heart His manger bed,
And crowned within we find the Babe Divine.

—CARRIE JUDD MONTGOMERY.



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

The Latter Rain Evangel

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

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

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How About Our Giving?

WE ARE entering another holiday season when friends delight in giving. It is truly a beautiful custom when done with the right motive. The custom has no doubt come about because of God's great Gift to this world, so in giving to others, we are simply following the example of the Great Giver. How necessary then to give as He would have us do! Something uplifting, something spiritual, something upbuilding, something to lead the recipients to get ready for eternity and to consecrate their lives to God.

Will you help us to get *The Latter Rain Evangel* into new homes by sending us a club of three or more names of friends? A Christian man once

said to us apologetically, "We haven't a Christian magazine in our home," and yet the house was filled



with papers and magazines of every description. How unutterably sad that the atmosphere of our homes gives the lie to our profession! Have you a Christian home? Let the occasional caller know it by the ear-marks—a motto on the wall, a Christian magazine or two on the table. Have an extra copy to hand to him as he leaves. These are silent witnesses that the Christ of Bethlehem is born in our hearts. Help us during 1937 to make other homes Christian by letting this silent visitor, *The Latter Rain Evangel*, enter every month. It will speak to lives and through its pages the Spirit of God will knock at their hearts.

Such a gift will easily solve your Christmas gift worries, for all you need to do is to send us your list of friends and we will take care of

the wrapping and the mailing. A beautiful Christmas card will be sent to each friend, informing him or her of (To Page 23)

Why Jesus Came

CHRISTMAS reminds us that Jesus Christ is the greatest fact of history. His is the greatest Christmas story, and He is the greatest Christmas gift. He alone of all the prophets promises at once forgiveness for sin, triumph over death and the immortality of both work and personality. Twenty centuries have demonstrated that He is indeed "the same, yesterday, today, and forever"; and the finger of the present crisis in world affairs has written upon the sky of contemporary history His ultimatum, "*Without Me ye can do nothing.*"

He did not come to sit upon the throne of His fathers, or to lay the foundations of an earthly empire. He did not come to establish an educational or an economic system. He did not come to rule over the affairs of men by any political formulas of the past, or present. He did not come to walk, however unselfishly, in ancient ways. He did not come primarily—let it be said in all reverence—to create the Church. All the good from these, all their achievements, all their glories, all that has risen from them, inevitable as they were and are in His gracious train, are but the by-products of His sublime purpose. For "*I am come,*" He said, "*that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.*"

Now we know why we are not disappointed when, searching in the debris of ancient civilizations, we fail to find His name upon the cornerstone of the king's palace. He did not come for that! In no museum is there a suit of mail that He ever wore. There is no book that He wrote in any library of the ancient or modern world. But He Himself lives and moves and has His being through the generations of human achievement, in the souls of both the humblest and the greatest.

At this Christmas time our eyes are turned, not to a king upon a throne, but to the High Command of the Soul. In an hour when force again challenges for conquest, we give attention to the most amazing words ever spoken by a conqueror, "*I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.*" Only the Galilean came thus. All others have marched with weapons in their hands or with an incomplete, an inadequate philosophy upon their lips. But this Jesus, who stands in His place supreme and alone in the eyes of a disillusioned world, when He laid before His lieutenants His final plan of campaign and gave them the directions that were to continue unrecalled and unamended said, "*And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.*"

What confirmation that promise achieved! They swung Him up between the earth and sky. They lifted Him upon a slave's cross between thieves. But with the first breath of His "*It is finished*" began the disintegration of the Roman Empire. They stoned the radiant Stephen, who believed that word, but one of the very company of His persecutors became the field marshal of Christ's first advance towards earth's last frontiers. They fed His followers to the lions—wild beasts starved for the occasion—and presently the bloody sand became the seed ground of His church. They burned His Holy Book, only to find that they had but unchained His Word. At last, when persecution and martyrdom had failed, popularity came more seriously to threaten His plan. Men took on His Name in each fashion and hid their true selves behind loud professions. Wealth and distinction turned the heads of His captains; His priests came to serve earthly monarchs with a zeal greater than their passion for His cause.

But, though shaken to its foundations, His Kingdom of the spirit stood fast. Today, His program is an irresistible and rising tide in human affairs. In all history there is no spectacle like it—a king without a capital! a conqueror without an army! an empire without a sword! Here is the final proof that *love* is the greatest thing in the world and that Jesus Christ is the greatest fact of history.—*Dan Poling.*



God With Us! When - Where - How

Pastor Niels P. Thomsen in the Stone Church

Scripture Reading:
MATTHEW 1: 18-25.

I WOULD LIKE to call your special attention to the 23rd verse, "Behold, a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call His name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us." Centering our thoughts, let us dwell on these words, "God with us." So much is expressed in these three words; in fact the entire story of the coming of Jesus, of His dwelling amongst us and of His work since, centers around these few words, "Emmanuel, God with us." It is precious to think that God's whole purpose in sending Jesus, was that *He* might be *with us*; His entire motive in sending Christ to the earth was that He Himself might be identified with us, and might live where we live. And we can turn that around a bit and put it this way, That we might also live where He is.

How much we needed God! How necessary it was for us to have God! How truly helpless we were without Him! How impotent we were until He came! There are three questions I want to ask in connection with this thought, "God with us," and these three questions concern the adverbs, *When? Where? and How?*

God with us—when? The Word of God, from beginning to end, brings out the thought that God is with us till we drive Him away. It takes a rejection from man to drive God away, for He is with us from the beginning. We find that He is *with us* in childhood, though there are some people who think that this message is not for children, that it is just for grown-ups. Then there are some young folk who think this message of the Cross and of the Christ does not fit them at all, that it is just suitable for people when they get decrepit and old, unable to do anything. But that is all wrong! It is never God's thought to come to

IMMANUEL

*I long to hear the chorus of all voices,
With sweet harmonious swell,
Uplift the Name at which my heart rejoices,
Immanuel!*

*The angels their melodious thunder bringing,
Its sacred meaning tell,
And all the host of blood-washed harpers singing.
Immanuel!*

*The God of glory who in love transcendent
Has stooped with man to dwell;
The crucified, the risen, the now resplendent
Immanuel!*

*The Name whose meaning evermore remaineth
A truth unspeakable;
Which praised of all, above all praises reigneth
Immanuel!*

—H. GRATTAN GUINNESS.

us just when we become old. His thought is to lead and guide us early in life. You will remember how He made the children welcome and said, "Forbid them not," when the disciples would have pushed them aside. At another time, when He wanted to give an illustration to the people, He took a little child and set him in the midst and said, "Except ye become as this little child, ye can in no wise enter in." So, it is God's purpose to be with us in childhood. Many times

the children understand much more about these things than we think they do. Look back on your own childhood and I am sure you will have many precious memories of incidents that came into your life in those early days as you thought of things concerning God. God came down and made Himself simple that even the simplest might be able to understand.

Many years ago I heard Charles Inglis preach in the city of New Haven and he told how a friend of his had begun dealing with the soul of an idiotic boy. This boy was foolish and unable to understand much as his mind was undeveloped. One day he was lying on a sick bed and his friend came to visit him and speak to him about his soul and whether he was ready to die. The boy answered in these words, "Three in One and One in three and the One in the middle died for me." Simple minded was he, but the message had reached his heart and he could understand this though he was unable to understand much else. He could never understand mathematics, or grammar, or much of history yet he had learned the greatest secret of the universe, that Jesus had died for his sins. Think of God having patience to deal with a heart like that! And what patience was necessary to deal with you and me!

Then there is the youth. When we begin to grow up how strong we feel in ourselves!

We frequently feel we need no help from anyone. That is one of the greatest problems we meet in connection with young people today; they need nothing or no one; they are quite able to think for themselves and to make their own decisions. They do not need even the help of the Lord. While they may not say that in so many words yet their actions betray them. And yet it is the youths that the Lord wants; He sent Jesus that He might teach their young hearts.

Many a young person has the Lord called forth mightily anointed and sent out with the message of eternal life! Daniel was just a youth when he was so signally used in Babylon. David was just a youth, when, in the name of the Lord he slew the lion and the bear and then went forth and slew Goliath. You remember the patience our Lord took in dealing with the young man of the synagogue, who asked for the way of Life. When Jesus said, "This do," he turned his back and went away sorrowful.

Then, thank God, He is still *with us* when the silver hairs begin to come and we become feeble. What does the Psalmist say? "Even down to old age I will be with thee." Not a single one of His promises fail if we do our part. God is *with us* at all times. It is His purpose to remain with us—in the morning of life, at the noontide of life and at the eventide of life—He is Emmanuel, *God with us!*

Now, *Where* is God with us? First, He is with us here on earth. Some folk think they have to wait till they get to heaven to be with God, but I believe we can have God with us right here and now. He may not be just as real as He will be there, and yet I scarcely know how He could be more real; perhaps not in the same measure and yet I sometimes wonder how I can contain anymore. I may not be able to see Him with these eyes of mine and yet I do behold Him. I may not hear Him with these ears and yet I do hear His voice; I can not touch Him with these fingers but I do sense His presence.

In the midst of sin and increasing wickedness God sent Jesus to walk with us. Think of Him coming down to walk with you and with me as we walked our own way in the midst of wickedness and evil that prevail on every hand! God with us. If it were not for "God with us" we would be contaminated, we would be as wicked as some others. You and I could never stand were it not that He takes His place by our side and identifies Himself with us; He

walks with us and continually makes us conscious of His presence. In the midst of the hardest trial He is Emmanuel—God with us.

Then how frequently we find the need of help when cares and responsibilities press in upon us. In these days when folk are feeling the pressure so greatly and many are allowing the good seed of the Word to be choked out by the cares and responsibilities of life, it is wonderful to have "God with us." It is hard to keep a person down when God is with him; it is hard to snatch the victory out of our lives when God is with us. We sing in spite of circumstances; we are happy and able to praise God in the midst of trial, and somehow we always come out on top, because God is *with us*.

But He is with us not only on earth but will be with us in heaven. Our walk with Him only begins here to continue throughout the eternal ages. We know that some day we are to stand before the Bema, or judgment seat, where we will be judged according to our works. I would not like to be rewarded for my deeds were not God with us there. If anyone goes to court, he is not fearful when he knows that he has a well-reputed judge on his side, and that is just the way we will feel when we face our Judge, for Emmanuel—our God is with us. And more than that: even when we are ruling and reigning with Him, God will be with us. And it all began down there in the manger when God drew near in the Person of Jesus Christ.

Now *how* is He with us. In Deuteronomy we have the expression, "Underneath are the everlasting arms." We do not see them, but haven't we experienced them? We have felt them time and again as they have lifted us up and carried us, when it seemed everything was being swept from underneath our feet. He that upholdeth all things by the Word of His power spoke in our behalf and we were held by His power.

The world says it does not believe in miracles but I do not believe they have satisfactorily explained even to themselves how this world remains in its place with a little thin air all around it. Oh! they will say, the force of gravity keeps it in place; that the centrifugal force from the other planets is keeping it at its proper distance from them. But how do they explain, that I, who am a part of this world, am not attracted away by that force? Oh, we are seeing a miracle every day!

Then there is an expression which Satan used in reference to Job, which I believe speaks

to us and tells us how God is with us. When the Lord first said to Satan, "Have you considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth?" Satan said, "I cannot do anything for thou hast put a hedge about him." That was a wonderful thought to me. Think of God putting a hedge around His own property and allowing no one to harm or molest except He gives permission! No one can destroy from the outside. The only way of disintegration is from the inside. I remember hearing E. Stanley Jones speak to a group of Indians one day and he used one of the sayings of Confucius, "The nation first smites itself and then others smite it." And he applied it thus, that until we smite ourselves no one else can defeat us. The power of defeat lies in us alone and we are responsible for every defeat we suffer. It is not because some outside force has come in, for it could never gain the victory unless we ourselves first broke down the resistance. But God hedges us about and if we will stay in that place and allow Him to work in our hearts and lives we will find that we are safe and secure. That is "God with us," to protect us. Let us be thankful for the God of Israel who never slumbers nor sleeps.

Then over in Philippians we read of God supplying all our needs through Christ Jesus. Is not that *God with us*? How else can He prove Himself to us except that He upholds us and is round about us? is near to protect and supplies our daily needs, whether they be temporal or spiritual? Each one of us can look back upon times when God definitely supplied some great need, but I wonder if we are thankful for the daily supplies that come without any special exercising of faith or activity on our part. Yet these, too, are all according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.

There is still another way that God is *with us* and that is by making us partakers of His divine nature. Peter in his second Epistle tells us that He comes to us and imparts Himself to us. And what a change He has made in our lives! That is what makes it possible for the one who lied, to lie no more; for the one who quarrelled to quarrel no more; for the one who was cranky, to be sweet. It is then that we are being transformed daily according to His power as His divine nature is being imparted to us. God with us! And how near He becomes! You remember that Jesus prayed to the Father something like this, "Father, that they may be one even as we are one." And then along in

the same prayer He says, "I in them and Thou in me." There we have the secret—Christ in us the hope of glory. God with us.

And finally, *how* is God with us? One day the trump will sound and the dead in Christ shall rise first then we who are alive and remain, shall be caught up together with Him and be with Him in the skies and then we shall forever be with Him. That is the grand finale of this, but the great beginning of the other life; the close of this but the glorious beginning of the other, and surely it will be glorious, if He who is Emmanuel, has been with us during our stay down here. Emmanuel—God drawing near to such as you and me, speaking to us and leading us on with Himself and finally bringing us into His own glorious presence. God with us.

When I was reading that the other day two words were emphasized to me but one especially came so strongly. So many times we emphasize the word, *God*, and rightly so, but this time there was another little word of just two letters, emphasized to my soul and it was the word, "US." Had He said, "Emmanuel—God with the angels," I could have understood it. Had He said, "Emmanuel—God with the cherubim," those created beings who were always doing His bidding, I could understand that. Had He said, "Emmanuel—God with the host of arch-angels," I could understand that. But the Word doesn't say so much about that; on the other hand it emphasizes the fact that He passed them all by. For a moment He put them aside, He forgot them, as it were, and instead of them being the center of His concern, we took that place and became His all-consuming passion. Rebellious, unworthy sinners—unfaithful US!

God with us, coming right down to us, and it is especially wonderful when one considers that we were the only part of His creation to sin; we were the only part of all His creation to fail; we were the only part to rebel. And yet He passed by all the others and came down to dwell with US. God with us!

Beloved, that will be the theme of our song throughout eternal ages—He loved *us*. Somehow I can hear that one word with two letters, emphasized as they sing the song of redemption. He loved *us*. He washed *us*. He redeemed *us*. He bought *us*, the most unworthy of all His creation. May we not begin here and now to ascribe to Him all the glory and the honor that belong to Him?

Send for descriptive circulars of the
New Analytical Bible.

Don't Shut Him Out of Your "Inn"

IT HAD been a hectic day in the little hotel at Bethlehem. Caesar's command that all the world should be taxed had driven a multitude of people to the highways, and the inns everywhere were crowded to the utmost capacity. Now, serving the public is always a difficult and often an exasperating business, and keeping an inn is one of the fine arts. It involves vastly more than the mere matter of supplying the traveling public with food and shelter. True, the hungry must be fed and the homeless must be sheltered, and all this is a business proposition. But, likewise, the lonely and the weary must find rest for their minds and souls as well as their bodies, and the stricken must be given the care they would be given in a home, and this is much more than a business proposition. The master of the inn must be a master of life.

Some men rise to their best under pressure. Emergencies, always the test of ability, have a way of bringing out in them all their executive capacity and developing their resourcefulness. Other men, under pressure, become panicky and helpless and sink to utter incompetency, busying themselves about trifles while the major issues clamor for decisions and action.

The innkeeper at Bethlehem was doubtless a practical man. Running a hotel in an out-of-the-way town like Bethlehem was a precarious business at best, and Caesar's decree which sent hundreds of people back to Bethlehem to be housed and cared for in the inn was a godsend to the little man.

When the dusty and weary travelers from Nazareth arrived at the inn the busy little innkeeper was well-nigh beside himself. The multitudinous demands upon his time left little room for sentiment. He was a practical man, and these days of a golden harvest could not be expected to last. His house was filled with the rich and the great who were willing to pay good prices for his services. At another time, when business was not so pressing, he might have been the soul of solicitude and kindness,

"He might have begun His earthly career as a full-grown man. The Incarnation might just as easily have been accomplished within the limits of adult life and full manhood. But what an immeasurable loss! It is because He was born as we are born, lived through all the problems and difficulties of our own lives, died—and yet conquered—that He is the continuing inspiration of our hearts today."

but today he was busy—too busy, in fact. After all, he was a business man and not a philanthropist. His was an inn, and not a charitable institution. So the carpenter from Nazareth, together with his anxious young wife, was hurried off to the stable.

Every "practical" man in Bethlehem would have approved the innkeeper's policy.

It is a tragedy in the lives of millions of moderns that they have no ability to recognize the fact when they are in the presence of a divine event. They can live through cataclysmic upheavals that threaten the very life of civilization; they can witness the social and economic life of the whole world undergoing unparalleled changes; they can live when the whole cause of freedom is at stake; they can watch the race gasping for the air of faith, and have no interests larger than bridge games and golf scores. Let them, therefore, hold no contempt for the hurried and harried little innkeeper who missed Christmas because he could not realize that a Savior was to be born under his roof that night in Bethlehem. Rather, let them join him at the penitent-form.

The practical man holds sentiment in contempt, *but the world is ruled by sentiment*. Wars may be fought for economic stakes, but the soldier must be convinced that he is fighting for his home and his loved ones before he will consent to take up arms. The highest joys men ever know, and the deepest pains they ever suffer, are matters of sentiment. The motives by which the race is most profoundly moved are all sentimental. The fact the practical man misses is that dreams come ahead of dividends in the real values of life, and that love is the one invincible force in the world.

It is a significant fact that *the only room in the Bethlehem inn that is remembered today is the stable*. A great gold star marks the spot, in a crypt under the altar of the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem, where the manger stood in that far-off day when the door of the inn was closed to the carpenter and his wife from Nazareth. But go when you will to that spot

today, and you will find pilgrims who have come from the ends of the earth to kneel there and worship.

Of all the company of brilliant and famous guests who crowded into the little village inn the night the angels sang their heralding songs over the Judean hills, none are now known or remembered. The only names that have come down to us from the crowd are those of Joseph and Mary. The only reason we remember the little innkeeper, himself, is because he sent the mother of our Lord to the stable. His sole claim to fame is the fact that he missed Christmas altogether. He was so practical that he missed the greatest event in human history.

In one of our great American cities, last Christmas, the business men decided to decorate the principal business street with Christmas bells, surrounded by the flags of all nations. The announcement of the plan had hardly been printed in the newspapers until the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce began getting threats from various groups. The hatreds that were revealed were absolutely terrifying. Even at Christmas time the flags of the nations could not be displayed in an American city without dangers of riots and bloodshed. It was the Christmas season, but not the Christmas spirit.

It is extremely important that we should remember that Christmas cannot be bought.

Millions, this year, would have Christmas if it could be purchased like merchandise. But money is so helpless. It cannot buy love, gratitude, honor, clean-mindedness or self-respect. Men who have sinned against society can buy their way out of jail, but they cannot buy their way back into popular respect. The only way Christmas can be had is to give it away to our fellow men, or accept it as a gift from God.

The little innkeeper missed Christmas because he put his greatest guests in the stable. But he can be excused, for he did not know. He did not have the perspective of nineteen hundred years of Christian experience to make plain the significance of the great Guest he missed.

We, on the other hand, have been all too apt to put our most unworthy guests in the best rooms. Bitterness, envy, malice, greed, selfishness—these have had the best rooms in our hearts. Pride has occupied the room to which the Savior was entitled. Pleasure and profits have been enthroned in our hearts while we have sent the Lord of Christmas to the stables again.

The man who missed Christmas was not wicked—only busy. He was not vicious—only too practical to sense the divine opportunity that came to his door.—*Roy L. Smith in The War Cry.*

God's Star in His Window

IT IS TOLD of Sir Harry Lauder, that while he was in Melbourne, Australia, and had just sustained the loss of his *only* son, who had fallen at the front, he related the following beautiful incident. "A man came to my dressing room in a New York theatre," he said, "and told of an experience that had recently befallen him. In American towns, any household that had given a son to the war was entitled to place a star on the window-pane. Well, a few nights before he came to see me, this man was walking down a street in New York accompanied by his wee boy. The lad became very interested in the lighted windows of the houses, and clapped his hands when he saw a STAR. As they passed house after house, he would say, 'Oh, look, Daddy, there's another house that has given a son to the war! And there's another! There's one with two stars! And look! There's a house with no star at all!'"

"At last they came to a break in the houses. Through the gap could be seen the evening

star shining brightly *in the sky*. The little fellow caught his breath. 'Oh, look, Daddy,' he cried, '*God must have given His Son, for He has got a Star in His window.*'"

"He has indeed!" said Sir Harry Lauder, in repeating the story. But it took the clear eyes of a little child to discover that the very *stars* are repeating the glorious fact, that "*GOD so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son*" to die, not for any favored nation but *for all*, and now "*who-so-ever (the grand word that comes ringing through the gospel) believeth in Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life.*"

But what a contrast there is in the death of God's Son and the death of any soldier-boy of any nation under heaven! Who ever gave their son willingly to die for their enemies? Did we not hope and expect our boys to come back again victorious, and laden with honors? Surely! But our *God*, when He gave *His Son*,

(Continued on page 16)

What Christmas Means to the Christian

LAWRENCE W. OLSON



SO MANY the Christmastide means only the exchange of gifts, buying and selling, Santa Claus, gayly-lighted Christmas trees, a vacation, and a general time of fun and pleasure; but to the Christian it has a far greater significance. To him it means the celebration of Messiah's birth—Christ the Anointed of God, and the Savior of men. This is the real message of Christmas—the message wafted on angel wings from the heart of God to the heart of man—Unto you is born a Savior! Oh, let us once again hear that wonderful story!

For four long centuries the voice of God through His prophets had been silent. Men's hearts had grown despondent of ever seeing the long-promised Messiah. A new power had appeared on the political stage; imperial Rome was now the mistress of the world, and her iron legions ruled everywhere, including Palestine. Nationally proud, Israel had to bend its neck to wear the galling Roman yoke. The proud pagan eagles flew triumphantly over Zion's sacred towers. Had God forsaken His people? Would the promised Messiah never come? Would the night never be o'er, and the day break?

But now things begin to happen in quick succession: the angel's announcement to Mary that she, a virgin, was to be with child—then to Joseph, not to fear taking Mary as his wife—the shepherds on Judea's hills hear the angelic company peal forth the glad story of Christ's birth—and the Wise Men from the East follow the Star to Bethlehem. What does it all mean? At last God has begun to remove the thick shroud of mystery surrounding His plan and purpose. A Son is born! He is to reveal the plan of the world.

Paul, in Galatians 4:4, says, "When

THE FULLNESS OF TIME

was come, God sent forth His Son, made of a woman." God's hour had struck. Things were now ready. Daniel's prophecy of the sixty-nine

"And she shall bring forth a Son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins."

"Now all this was done, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet saying, Behold a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which, being interpreted is, God with us" (Matt. 1: 21-23).

"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord" (Luke 1: 11).

weeks (of years) was fulfilled. Our God is never late! Always on time!

Even proud Caesar Augustus obeyed the decree of God, but without knowing it. The God who makes the wrath of men to praise Him put it in his heart to decree that all the world be enrolled. Little did he know that this would compel a little mother up in Nazareth to undertake the dangerous journey to her native city, Bethlehem, the city of David. See the hand of God in it all! And so was fulfilled the word of Micah, "But thou, Bethlehem, Ephrathah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel."

We see also that the birth of this Child was

A SUPERNATURAL BIRTH

First, He was born of a virgin, Mary, without a human father. And so had Isaiah predicted long years before, "Behold, a virgin shall conceive."

Second, He was born the incarnate Son of God, the God-man, God clothed in human flesh. Emmanuel—"God with us." Oh the wonder and the mystery of it all! What mind can comprehend it? Yet it is for the heart to believe. Well had the prophet said, "For unto us a child is born (His humanity), unto us a son is given" (His deity). This is truly the Miracle of the Ages!

Everything surrounding His advent breathes the supernatural. An angel appears to Mary and Joseph; a star guides the Wise Men to Bethlehem; angels herald the glad tidings to Judean shepherds who were to look for the three signs: a babe, swaddling clothes, and a lowly manger.

As to the

PURPOSE OF HIS BIRTH

God clearly tells us in the words of Gabriel to Joseph and Mary that this child was to be a Savior, saving His people from their sins. His name was to be "Jesus," which in Hebrew means, "the Lord will save," "the Lord Salva-

tion," or "the Lord, the Savior." This is the very center of the glad story of Christmas—"He Will Save."

As to how He was to save us from our sins we have it clearly intimated in the fact that He took upon Himself human flesh in order that He might die; He was wrapped at birth in the swaddling grave garment—a token of His death. He came to die as our Redeemer, paying with His own blood sin's ransom price.

The Jews as a whole failed to see that their Messiah was to suffer and die first for their sins, as spoken in the 22nd Psalm and Isaiah 53. All they could see was His future glory leading Israel into a glorious Millennial reign.

In our day, too, we have the Modernist who scoffs at the thought of Christ as a Savior. To him, Christ was a good man, a great thinker, a great founder of a religion called Christian, a good teacher, the great example as the product of evolution. But my Bible declares, "He shall save!" He has saved! He does save, and He will save!

As Savior He faced the problem of sin, which was far greater than His social, economic, or political problems. And thanks be unto God, by His death on Calvary's Cross where His blood obtained our redemption and where He became sin for us, He has forever settled the sin question. His death avails for us all. The only requirement is that we believe on Him. This victory is three-fold:

First—Deliverance from the Guilt and Condemnation of Sin. "He that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God" (Jno. 3:18). By His blood we are cleansed from all sin. We are justified or cleared from all guilt. Our innocence is restored. Who has not stood by a baby's crib and reflected on the pureness and innocence with which we are born? And His blood again makes us just that pure and white, even as the driven snow.

With the removal of guilt comes a sweet sense of Peace with God. And it was a message of peace on earth the angels brought. Some time ago I heard a minister tell the story of two brothers, James and John, who had a quarrel that would have led to murder but for the intervention of their wives. They vowed they would never again speak to one another. For a whole year the hatred lasted—never a word was exchanged. In the meantime James' wife became the mother of a beautiful baby. John's wife visited there often and would tell her

husband all about this dear child. But he showed no interest whatever in it. What did he care about James' baby? But it so happened that one day an errand took him past the house of his brother. As he passed it he noticed a baby buggy in the front yard. He wished he could at least have a look at that baby. No one was looking, because the two ladies and James were in the back yard talking, their backs turned in his direction. He would at least take a look at the child. No sooner did he get to the buggy but two little hands reached up as much as to say, "Take me in your arms." He couldn't resist the temptation, but picked the baby up tenderly; and the baby, overjoyed, put its one hand in a lock of his hair and the other in his beard. He tried to get loose but it was not to be done. Baby clung, first with one hand and then the other, and began to laugh heartily. This attracted the attention of the ladies and James. They came over to John and the scene so touched the brothers that they asked each other's forgiveness and embraced. What that baby did for two brothers is what Bethlehem's Babe did for the world—brought peace between God and man.

Second: Christ has brought us deliverance from

THE POWER OF SIN.

How seductive sin is! Men think it harmless and begin to play with it. Soon it plays with them. As a cruel taskmaster it whips its poor victim into hell. Sin is a snare that looks very inviting. The ancients used various snares to trap birds. Satan is a fowler and sin is his snare. Oh, how many have been caught and found themselves helpless against the lust of the flesh, vile passions, and vicious habits!

Some weeks ago the Lord gave me a striking illustration of this truth. I was in a vacant summer cottage out by a lake getting some gasoline lamps that I had obtained permission to use in a country church where there was no electricity. I found the lamps but I couldn't find the pressure pump though I searched for a long time. In that search I passed by the heating stove several times and heard a peculiar sound as the rustling of paper, or the scurry of a mouse. Paying little attention to it, I continued my search for the pump. At last there was another stir. What could it be? It seemed to come from within the stove, and so, opening the door, I discovered to my surprise, a live woodpecker that had come down the chimney stove pipe. It was already very weak from

(Continued on page 17)

Wise Men Known By Their Gifts



EN ARE known by the gifts they bring. The stingy, the generous, the practical, the extravagant — all reveal themselves in the things they give.

So with the mysterious Magi who immortalized themselves in the gifts they brought to the Christ Child.

Let us examine their character in the character of their gifts.

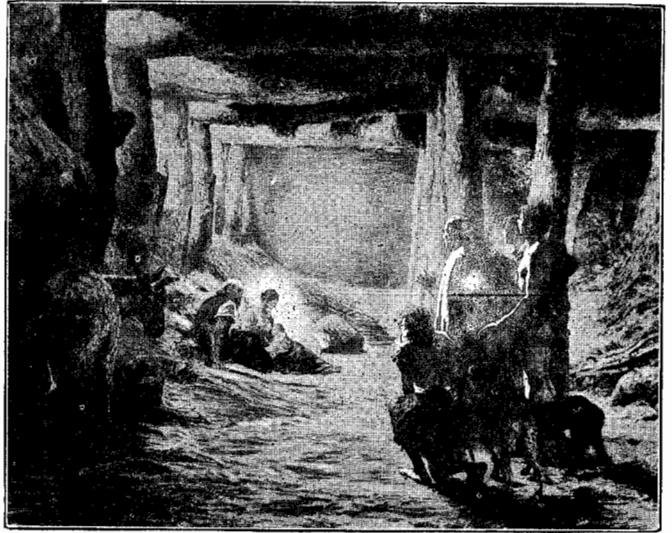
1. THEY BROUGHT GOLD. They stored it not as misers and materialists do. They held it to be precious only as it would enable them to seek for the thing they desired more than life—*truth*. For they valued the wealth of the mind and heart far more than the mere wealth of material treasure.

Gold to them held a mystic quality. It was pure and unalloyed. It was not cheap and tawdry; it stood for quality and surety. They had, therefore, stored this precious metal against the day when they should find a God so shining, so pure, so worthy that they could lay it, representative of their every possession, at His feet.

Truth was what they sought; and till now they had not found it. It is easy to imagine their long search for Truth. But they had often been disappointed. Their fine minds and clear perceptions had seen through the mockery of the heathen gods and the rude objects of worship which seemed to satisfy their own people. *Truth*—they must have a God who personified it! They would refuse to give their priceless things until that day when they found a God that was worthy.

It may be that in their search they had followed many stars, but when they saw this Star they sensed that they were being directed rightly. They knew the heavens as a student knows a familiar text-book; they could name every constellation and tell every star. This Star startled them. Hurriedly they took out their books and parchments on astrology. Here was a star they had never seen, shedding a peculiarly bright luster, moving across the sky in a way that was foreign to the orderly progression of the planets with which they were so familiar. "Follow!" it seemed to say.

And they followed, hearts singing in their



quest for the gold of Truth. And they took with them their earthly gold which was all their possessions.

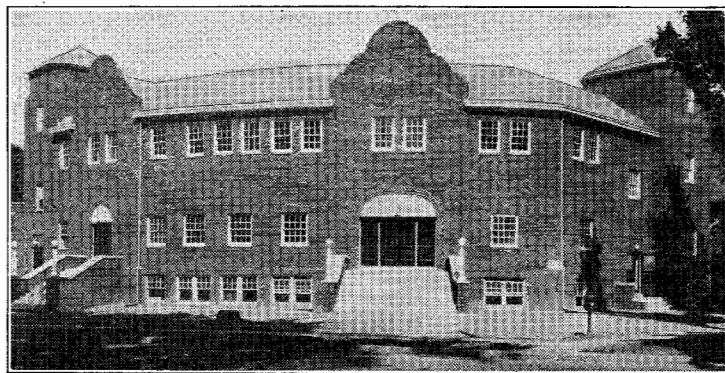
The journey was long, but when they saw the Christ Child they knew they had found at last what they had sought so long—*Truth*. And to Him they gave the treasures of their lives. By their act they said: "In this gold we give Thee our all: lands, houses, all our earthly store. If we are to follow Thee, we shall not need earthly gold for in Thee we have the gold of Truth, and Thou shalt supply all our needs of body, mind and soul."

2. THEY BROUGHT FRANKINCENSE. To the Oriental mind no explanation of this gift was needed. It would know that whereas the Gold stood for the gift of their possessions, a tribute to Truth, this second gift was of a higher order. It would understand that this gift was a symbol of the wise men's presentation of *themselves*. The Wise Men could have explained, if necessary. They could have told how this resinous perfume, frankincense, was secured. They could have described the procedure of tapping the great Serrata tree in order that its sap or lifeblood might be extracted. Much the same as we tap into the life-stream of the sweet maple to obtain syrup, so this evergreen tree yielded up its blood to give the crystal perfume the Wise Men brought. It was as though they said: "Lord Jesus, in bringing you Frankincense we are bringing you the symbol of our life-blood. We are giving ourselves—entirely, unreservedly, to live and die for Thee, so that in our life and death Thou mayst be able to make the world a little more fragrant of Thy love. Our gold we have given Thee, but now we give Thee more—we give OURSELVES."

(Continued on page 17)

HAVEN'T any man, but I'm sending one," whispered the Spirit of God to an elderly man as he knelt in prayer in the city of Moline, Illinois, more than seven years ago. This godly man had been besieging heaven to lay it on the heart of some pastor in the city to preach the "old-time religion with signs following." He rose from

ten by a hard struggle and much prayer. But with the opening song of the first service Satan must have cleared out with all his hosts, for the big meeting seemed to carry itself along through those fourteen weeks that followed. Surely those prayers must have prayed thru



Full Gospel Temple, Moline, Ill. Capacity 1,400.

his knees, resting in the promise of God. Unknown to him, other prayer warriors had been storming heaven for that very same thing, some rising from sleepless beds in the small hours of the night to throw themselves upon their faces before God and plead for some man to be sent to their city to preach Jesus Christ as "the same yesterday, today, and forever."

But they didn't recognize "God's man" when he appeared on the scene, or Brother A. W. Kortkamp and his son Ivan would not have had to hire men from the street to help them put up that huge tent on Moline's main street some time later. Two of these men were drunk, but with the help of the few that were sober the big tent finally stood on its poles. Satan contested every step of the way, in the renting of lumber for seats and platform, the securing of a piano, electric permit, publicity, funds—every item necessary for a tent meeting was only got-

nothing unusual to have 25 and 30 new names written down in glory in one evening. Hundreds of sick bodies felt the touch of the Great Physician. The last few weeks of the campaign the revival was transferred to the Palace Theater to escape the frosty nights.

With the crowds that attended, it was found to be impossible to keep an accurate record of the converts, but it was somewhere between 600 and 800. Brother Kortkamp had only obtained a leave of absence from his church at Alton, and was expecting to return at the close of the campaign. But in October the people attending the services presented him with a petition signed by 450 persons requesting him to stay and organize a church in Moline. After much prayer Brother and Sister Kortkamp felt it to be the leading of God, and thus the "800 charter member church" was organized. Soon the family moved to Moline, and Paul, the elder son, took his place in the orchestra and assisted in various ways. The congregation was housed first in a cement block tabernacle which from the beginning was too small for the crowds and was superseded two years later by

The Get Ac

Conducted

Presenting the story of the F
A. W. K



The Ukelele Band.



Pastor and Mrs. Kortkamp

the large fan-shaped building shown on this page.

The large Sunday School, under the direction of Miss Ruth Anderson, had an average attendance last year of 706, with a record atten-

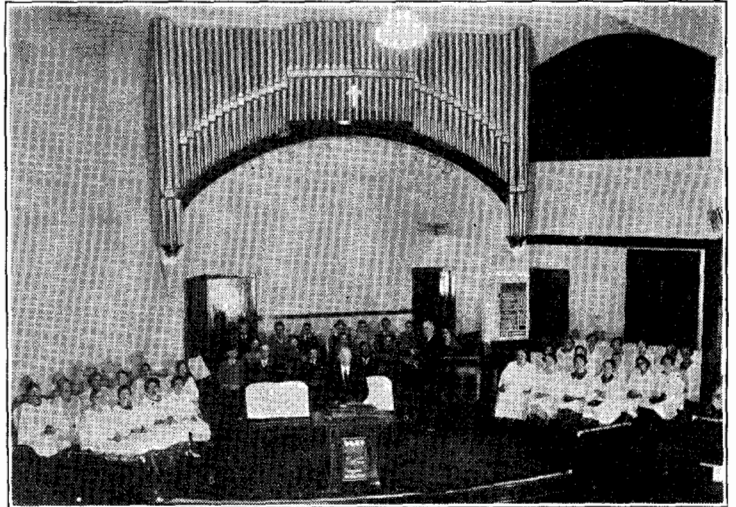
dance of 1280. Of the 29 classes, all but five have their own classroom. 1904 persons have joined the church

since its organization seven years ago. Two splendid societies, the Christ's Ambassadors and the Crusaders, carry the gospel to the Poor Farm, the jail, Royal Neighbors' Home, Masonic Home, and in street meetings, besides taking charge of services occasionally in the branch churches.

The Prayer Tower on the third floor finds some one presenting requests from all over the country to the throne of grace, unless their hour on the chart is to be taken at home. Many are the letters of thanksgiving received from distant states telling of the answers to these prayers. The "120 room" soon grew too small for those seeking the infilling of the Holy Spirit, and the general seekers' meetings are now held in the basement, where hundreds have received

the "power from on high." Six hundred and sixty-one persons have been buried with Christ in the Temple baptistry, behind which is a beautiful painting of the River Jordan where tradition tells us Jesus was baptized by John the Baptist. Since the first tent meeting closed,

there have been 2469 conversions recorded at the church altar, while many more have been saved in their homes as the members would call upon them and pray. Last year the number of calls turned in by the members amounted to

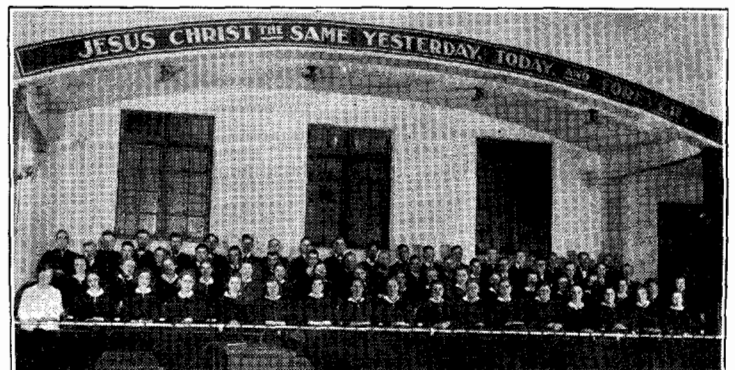


Ladies' Chorus and Orchestra.

6286, with probably hundreds of others that were not reported.

The Children's Church meets during the morning worship hour in another part of the church, thus relieving the mothers of their care and giving them a quiet, restful season for worship. In the evening the children are cared for in the nursery. A Bible School is conducted for the benefit of the members, of which Bro. Kortkamp is the "Board of Trustees" and Sister Kortkamp the "Faculty." The musical organizations, consisting of the Boys' Chorus, Girls' Chorus, Temple Choir, Full Gospel Choir, Ukelele Band, Bluebird Chorus, and Cardinal Chorus, each have their own uniforms, and with the Temple orchestra, furnish the music from time to time. Broadcasts from the Temple Studio over W H B F, Rock Island, send the

(Continued on page 21)



Young People's Choir.

Painted Page

son Argue

del Temple of Moline, Illinois
), pastor.



two sons, Paul and Ivan.

The Best Gifts



ARTIS NEWCOMER stood at the window of the little cottage she called home, looking wistfully out across the hills, and on over the mountains in the distance. The setting sun was casting a rose-and-lavender glow across the shiny-crusted snow. Behind those mountains lay the world as she had known it, before she, in company with her noble husband, had come to love and labor among the simple folk of the mountains.

Tonight Artis' shoulders drooped just a bit wearily and her usually animated face wore a strange, far-away look of longing. The darkness had dropped almost like a curtain and still she gazed in the direction of the mountains.

Would Raymond never come home? He had been called to the bedside of old Sam Wilcox for "he was adyin'" as the messenger had informed them. It was a drive of almost six miles across drifted roads, and she knew he could hardly be back yet.

And now as Artis stood there waiting, she reviewed the past six months which they had spent with these people, teaching them of the better things of life, and the questions, which she had never allowed to come up before, kept knocking and inquiring insistently, "Does it pay? Is it worth all the sacrifice?"

And on this particular Christmas Eve it looked to her like a tremendous sacrifice. She knew that many miles away, back of those mountains, were her parents even then gathered around the cheery fireside with the rest of the family. They would be exchanging gifts, and talking of the absent ones, but they should never know the lonely heart that was trying to look across the vast snow-covered wastes between them. There would be no gifts to exchange in the little cottage in the mountains, for Raymond and Artis, after looking around them and seeing the great need of those about them, had decided it wasn't necessary. The big box from home hadn't arrived, for it was undoubtedly snowed in somewhere, with the rest of the mail which was so eagerly looked forward to by the Newcomers. And just now Christmas didn't seem quite right to Artis without gifts.

And as she stood there a tear stole down her cheeks, and then another followed its course, until her whole frame shook with sobs. Oh,

she was lonesome, so very lonesome! But above the loneliness, was the terrible ache, and misgiving brought by the question, "Had all their prayers and labors been for naught?"

Then raising her tear-dimmed eyes toward the raftered ceiling she prayed, "Oh, God, forgive my childish weakness tonight, but I am so homesick. All our labors seem to have been in vain; but oh, God help me to see that Thy work is never in vain."

Her lonely heart was strangely calmed and soothed, and the outlook did not seem nearly so gloomy.

Eight o'clock struck. The wind outside had risen, and was whistling dolefully around the house corners. She added another piece of wood to the fire as she murmured, "I wish Raymond would come, for it is too bad to be out on a night like this." Her expectant listening was answered by only the shrieking of the wind as it rattled the windowpanes.

Again the lonely feeling came over her. She must do something to keep it away. Ah, she could sing, and her sweet voice rose,

*"It came upon a midnight clear
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps with gold."*

Outside an indistinct form slowly rose from behind the hedge and listened. The hard expression on the face softened somewhat as the bent form of a woman made its way a little closer to the window. Within, all unconscious of the dark eyes that were peering through the window eagerly drinking in every word, Artis sang on,

*"And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low—"*

"That's me," murmured the voice outside, "for hain't the load crushin' me?"

*"Look up, for glad and golden hours,
Come swiftly on the wing—"*

rang the clear voice of the singer.

Instinctively the listener outside raised her eyes upward. There was a rift in the murky sky and the pale December moon was peeping through.

*"And ever o'er its Babel-sounds
The blessed angels sing."*

The song ended. Artis' heart no longer felt lonely, for the presence of God seemed very near; and the one out in the cold snow murmured, "That there sure is an angel singin'.

This is no place for such as I. My, how warm and comfortin' it looks in there—" and she shivered as she turned to go. But her foot caught on the shoe scraper by the doorstep and stiff with cold, she fell heavily against the door.

Artis sprang to her feet. "Raymond?" she cried in terrified tones, but her only answer was a low moan. She went to the door and opened it cautiously. The light from the lamp cast a cheery beam across the snow. There, huddled on her very doorstep, was a woman in a tattered shawl whom she recognized as Madge Hodkins. She lived all alone in a little ramshackle hut two miles down the road, and although Artis had seen her only a few times, she had heard much concerning her. She was the neighborhood character. The children going home from school hurried past her door, for they said, "There lives old Madge! She's a witch an' plucks out little children's eyes."

Artis had made several friendly advances toward her, but she was always rewarded by a look from those glittering black eyes, and a scornful grin that revealed her few partly decayed teeth, until Artis felt almost like the school children.

But tonight as Artis looked down into the wizened, shrunken features, those eyes had lost their hard glitter and they turned to the fair face above her in mute appeal.

Artis' voice was tender with pity as she said, "Come in, it's too cold to be out on a night like this."

Madge Hodkins rose to her feet and tottered into the cheery room. Throwing herself into the first chair her dark eyes searched the room, taking in every object.

Artis felt strangely uncomfortable under their penetrating gaze. She wished Raymond was at home, for what could this strange creature be doing at their door at this hour of the night?

"Let me get you something to eat," offered Artis.

"No, just a cup of hot coffee," replied the other.

Artis busied herself at the stove getting the coffee ready, but ever and anon she cast a quick glance at her strange guest whose piercing gaze seemed never to leave her. When she returned with the steaming cup of coffee, tears were rolling down the old wrinkled face of Madge.

"What is wrong?" asked Artis tenderly, as she removed the tattered shawl, damp with the snow, from the old bent shoulders.

Her chin quivered as she said, "Life's load has been crushin' me and I hain't looked up, like you sang in that song. I've lived here many a year and no one ever thought it worth while botherin' about old Madge until you folks came. And if you knew how wicked I am, you wouldn't have me settin' in yer kitchen, fer I've been very wicked. No wonder folks call me a witch, fer I've—"

"Don't"—said Artis tenderly, "don't tell me about it. Tell God, for He'll understand so much better than I."

The dark eyes took on a questioning expression.

Very tenderly Artis rehearsed the old, old Christmas story, and when she ceased, the one before her murmured, "That's just like you sang in the song, but I'm too wicked to look up."

"Oh, no," replied Artis, "for Jesus came to seek and to save that which was lost—He came to call sinners."

"Then He sure came for me," murmured the other.

Time passed rapidly as Artis showed the Way of Life, and her unbidden guest opened up to her a sad story of a wrecked life and a shattered faith in God and man, until watching the life of Raymond and Artis she saw at last some persons who again inspired faith.

At last, just as the clock struck eleven, old Madge could look up, and, after being crushed by life's load so long, she could see a new day of glad and golden hours dawning for her. But she was too old to bear the exertion of the night and the old head began to nod wearily. Artis made ready one of her own clean, soft beds, and soon old Madge was sleeping, while a new, strange look of peace lay on her features.

Just then the whinny of Raymond's horse could be heard and, with a glad cry, Artis hastened to the door.

As they met at the door she eagerly exclaimed, "Raymond, what has happened? You look so happy. Is old Sim better?"

"Just one question at a time, dear. I am happy; and old Sim is where the cares of this life won't worry him any longer. I wish, Artis, you could have been there to see the joy he had as he, by faith, could lay hold of God. I was just at the place where I was beginning to wonder if the work here was worth all the sacrifice, for the people seemed so unresponsive. I often wished that my faith could be as strong as yours, for it was your hopeful outlook that kept up my own spirits. But one scene like this

tonight has removed all doubts. I know—”

“Oh, Raymond,” interrupted Artis, for she could wait no longer; “you don’t know how discouraged I too have felt this evening. I would have been ready to start for home tomorrow, I guess; but now I know it pays, for I’ve also had an experience while you were gone. Old Madge Hodgins is in bed in there—” and smiling at Raymond’s incredulous expression, she continued.

“Somehow she came to the door tonight and, instead of the old witch which people proclaimed her, she is a poor old woman yearning for human love and sympathy, and for some one to tell her of God. She seemed to be able to grasp what I was telling her, and in her simple way to get hold of God.”

They were quiet awhile, but at length Raymond broke the silence.

“Artis,” he said, “let us never again question whether it pays to be in the service of God, for God is working in the hearts of people even though we may not be able to see it.”

“Just think, Raymond,” exclaimed Artis eagerly, “the souls of these two old people seem almost like Christmas gifts, so we will have some gifts on Christmas anyway, for I couldn’t think of Christmas without some gifts.”

“Gifts,” said her husband, “I have a whole bundle of them out on the sleigh. I stopped at the Post Office and the mail had come in on the late train. I thought I’d keep them for a surprise tomorrow morning, but I just couldn’t wait.”

Together they hurried out, and brought in the package from home. Laughingly Raymond said, “Wait till tomorrow,” as he pointed to the tag, “Do not open till December 25.”

“Oh, now we’ll have a real Christmas after all. But Raymond,” she added soberly, “welcome as these are, they seem so small and worthless beside the souls of these dear old people. I think those are the very best gifts we’ve ever had.”

“Yes,” replied Raymond, “but this was only possible through God’s great Gift; so let us thank Him.”

And just as the clock struck twelve, ushering in a new Christmas Day, Raymond and Artis knelt and thanked God that through the gift of His Son they could be partakers of eternal life, and were privileged to bring the message of life to others, even though it meant sacrifice and self-denial on their part.

—*The Youth’s Christian Companion.*

(Continued from page 8)

well knew how sinful man would treat Him. Still, He gave *Him*, and gave *Him in love*. When *God* gave His Son it proved His love to *all nations*, and for all *individuals in those nations*. So wherever man is found we can point to *Calvary’s* cruel cross and say, “God so loved the world that He *gave* His only begotten *Son*, that *whosoever* believeth in Him, should not perish, but have *everlasting life*” (John 3:16).

The Tragedy of Christmas

How Would You Feel If People Celebrated Your Birthday, Yet Left You Outside?

“*And the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not.*” John 1:5.

MILLIONS of cheery greetings are exchanged; a general air of benevolence is created; rooms are bedecked with holly and festooned with paper chains, whilst here and there hangs a bunch of mistletoe. Christmas trees which once nestled in some sheltered wood or danced as storm-tossed boughs in the chilly breeze, are now transplanted to the coziness of the home.

In a word, everything is done to make home a fairy-land where the sorrows of a past year cannot linger. Wherever we go, the festive spirit is manifest; the shop-keepers do their utmost to make people spend more than they ought.

But this is the Tragedy of it all: in spite of all the festivity, mirth, gaiety and good wishes for the future, the ONE whose Birthday it is we not only neglect but, in many cases, reject.

Christ the Idealist the Benefactor, the Reformer, is welcome; but Christ the *Savior* is not wanted.

How would you feel if anyone prepared to celebrate your birthday, but left you out? Christ’s birthday is made the devil’s carnival—an excess of unfair dealing in business, intemperance in eating and drinking, license of every kind countenanced—causing hell to laugh and heaven to weep.

The tragedy is not that Christ was misunderstood and slain, but *still is*; the Holy Spirit is outraged and resisted as much as Christ was in person.

The reader may ask, But does God want me to be unhappy? No, God’s laws are all for our benefit. God is love. There are pleasures at His right hand for evermore. The true secret of joy (*a Christmas feeling 360 days in the year!*) is to have the change of heart that God

freely gives to all who repent and call upon His Name.

Sinner friend, let there be more than sentimental rejoicing over Christmas; grip its *reality*. As earth long ago welcomed the One born into the world, so let Heaven rejoice as another is born into the heavenly kingdom.

—G. H. Boffey.

(Continued from page 10)

hunger, and covered with dust. It fluttered several times before it could get out of the stove door to fly to a near-by window. What a thrill I got out of setting that bird free! It stopped at the nearest tree to chirp me a note of thanks and then hunt up some lunch. And the God who watches over the poor woodpecker and sent a preacher to release it, is the God who sent Jesus to Bethlehem's manger and Calvary's Cross to set my dust-covered, weakened, sin-whipped soul free!

*"Guilty, vile and helpless, we;
Spotless Lamb of God was He.
Full atonement! Can it be?
Hallelujah — what a Savior!"*

Not only has He delivered us from sin's guilt and power, but the promise is that we shall have

DELIVERANCE FOR THE PRESENCE OF SIN though we still have to bear with wickedness, sin and ungodliness on every hand. The very spirit of the whole world is anti-God. But it shall not always be so. Some day He's coming for His own to receive us unto Himself. See the glorious scene in Revelation 21:3, 4,

"Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, there shall be no more death; neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."

Satan and his crowd, suffering the woes of eternal hell-fire, will be forever separated from God's people now enjoying their eternal bliss and comfort in the place "prepared for them." Is not this a wonderful hope? Is it any wonder the angels said, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men"?

*"When He comes, our glorious King,
All His ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing:
Hallelujah! What a Savior!"*

(Continued from page 11)

3. THEY BROUGHT MYRRH. And this, too, was symbolic of a gift greater than the

thing itself. As the gift of Gold stood for their *possessions*, and as the Frankincense stood for the gift of *themselves*, the gift of Myrrh stood for the *other souls* whom they would pledge themselves to bring as an offering to Him.

Myrrh grows on the under-side of low-lying bush leaves. It is exceedingly difficult to gather, as the little drops cling so tightly to the leaves. But the shepherds knew how to gather it easily and in quantities. They would send their sheep into the bushes, and, though the delicate myrrh drops could not readily be gathered by hand, when the wool of the sheep brushed through the thicket they came off easily and clung to the sheep's wool.

The shepherds in that land, doubtless having learned of this quite by accident, now dress themselves in skirts of wool, wander among the leaves, and come from the thickets with their clothes heavy with fragrant myrrh drops.

Thus, in bringing myrrh to the Child Jesus, the Wise Men were saying in effect: "We offer Thee not only all our possessions; we give to Thee not only our very life-blood, but in addition to all we have and are, we pledge ourselves to bring others to Thee. *Into the thickets of sin and the brambled places of sorrow we shall go, and come again bringing unto Thee the sweet-smelling savor of sin-washed souls!*"

Gifts of the Wise: their possessions, themselves, and others! For those of us who are at work in the great "World for God" campaign to save a million souls for Christ, there could be no more apt lesson than this Christmas message of the Wise Men's gifts.

May we, too, bring to the Christ this Christmas season our every material and spiritual possession, bring to Him ourselves, and then go forth into the tangled places of the world that we may come again before Him to present the myrrh-drops of a million or more of His lost ones.—*Commissioner W. A. McIntyre, in The War Cry.*

SMOKING FLAX

AND OTHER POEMS

By John Wright Follette

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America at the Crossroads

The Election in the Light of Prophecy

PAUL W. ROOD AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE

Meeting under the Auspices of the Christian Business Men of Chicago

And that, knowing the time, that now it is high time to awaken out of sleep: for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed. The night is far spent, the day is at hand. ROMANS 13: 11, 12.



WANT to call your attention to the fact that when the Antichrist comes he will not be like the proverbial devil that we see in pictures, with horns and a tail; that is not a biblical description of Satan. When the Antichrist comes he will come as a very winsome, pleasing personality.

I would also refer you to the passage found in Revelation 6:1, 2. Please do not confuse this rider of Revelation 6, with the rider on the white horse of Revelation 19. The latter mentioned is the Lord Jesus Christ but in the 6th chapter we have a description of the breaking of the six seals. When the first seal is broken the rider on the white horse comes forth, which refers to the Antichrist, the false Christ. He comes forth conquering and to conquer; in other words he will have a great *land-slide*. In Revelation 12:12 we read, "Therefore rejoice, ye heavens, and ye that dwell in them. Woe to the inhabitants of the earth and of the sea! for the devil is come down unto you having great wrath, because he knoweth that his time is short."

I recognize that this passage belongs to the tribulation era, but if we are very close to the tribulation, which is quite evident, then, of course, coming events cast their shadow before them. The devil is very wroth because he knows his time is short.

Now to come to the question under discussion today—America at the Cross-roads, or The Election in the Light of Prophecy. In the Old Testament times it was the responsibility of the prophet of God to analyze the situation of his day, to analyze the conditions that his people and the nation faced in the period in which he lived and prophesied. Now the prophet of God today has a similar duty and responsibility and the people of God have a right to look to their spiritual leader who is studying his Bible and living in fellowship with God, to interpret these events.

The last two presidential elections have revealed that we, in this country, are in the midst

of a revolution; it has been a revolution at the polls. Franklin Delano Roosevelt, at the recent election, received the greatest popular vote ever received by any candidate for this office, and his election has been termed a *land-slide*; and the interesting thing about it is that everybody was so greatly surprised. The President himself didn't expect it and hardly anyone in the country expected such a majority vote of that sort. The President received the electoral votes from every State in the Union excepting two and had a majority vote of ten billion.

What is the meaning of all this? How shall we analyze this election and the one which preceded it? First of all, in answer to these questions, I would say that they show an amazing ignorance. During the World War it was my privilege to work as an evangelist in the camps and preach to the soldiers. While there I made some amazing discoveries but we were told not to reveal these discoveries at that time. However, I do not think I am betraying any confidence, after all these years. When we mobilized our forces we discovered that we had illiteracy in this nation. When I came to one particular cantonment there was a battalion composed of one thousand men and we discovered that everyone of these men was subnormal in one way or another. It is evident that in this country we have a situation that most of us are seemingly unwilling to recognize. That is one reason for the recent election.

To further prove the ignorance of our land: Theodore Roosevelt has been dead seventeen years. He was a distant relative of the present President and yet three hundred people sent congratulations to Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt in Oyster Bay, Long Island, on the last election returns. And her husband has been dead all these years.

We are all familiar with the psychology of depression; it was inevitable that whoever was in, would be thrown out. The depression in this country which was blamed on one man although it was really world-wide, was an aftermath of the World War and yet in this country one man became the object of hate that was absolutely unparalleled. The moment Mr. Hoover stepped out of the White House he was

met with insults; they tried to wreck the train in which he was riding. Thomas predicted that Mr. Roosevelt would be elected in that first election on the basis of hatred for Hoover. And let me say, the blinder the hate, the greater the danger.

The third thing we learned from the result of the two elections is that we are having an appalling moral slump in America. The poison of materialism has pervaded American life.

Let us think of some things that have taken place during the last four years. The 18th amendment was repudiated over-night. One of the men who is best known in the present demonstration outside of the President himself, made the statement over the radio, that the greatest problem of American girlhood today is to find out how much liquor she can take without becoming drunk.

Then there was the recognition of Russia. That was the greatest tragedy that has taken place in the Twentieth Century. Ripley said that Russia was a gigantic poor-house. People are ragged and starving, begging and crying for bread. In 1932 four million peasants died of starvation and thirty million have starved since the Communists came into power. Today Russia has the greatest army in the world; counting her reserves, she has an army of soldiers of fifty million, three hundred and eight thousand. Never, in the history of the world, has any nation been prepared for war as Russia is today! And it was that nation that was recognized by our government.

Then look at the destruction of the crops. Tons of wheat destroyed, millions of little pigs were killed and fruit was allowed to rot on the trees. A criminal waste has characterized this present administration. No wonder the drought came as a judgment from God upon America. Look at the waste of money. Between 1789 and 1913, a period of more than a hundred years, 24 billion, 521 million, 845 thousand dollars were spent—that in a period of 124 years. From 1934-1936, taking for granted that the remainder of 1936 will go about the same as the two preceding years have gone, we will have spent 24 billion, 206 million, 533 thousand dollars. Almost as much in three years as was previously spent in 124 years.

Then when you think of the ridicule of the Supreme Court and the propaganda against old men. A book has just come from the press that makes fun of these old men. Then, when we see the repudiation of the Democratic platform,

the activities of the "brain trust," two divorces in the White House during one administration, and in the face of all this, to see *that* President re-elected with ten billion majority votes, is all very significant as far as the moral condition of America is concerned.

The time has come for the Christians of America to wake up. I consider that the elections of 1932 and 1936 revealed the value of efficient co-operation which we Christians might do well to emulate in the spiritual realm. There were one hundred and fifty thousand enthusiastic field-workers, working night and day; they canvassed homes and they practically knew, before the election, just what the result would be. They organized their forces as political forces had never been organized before and kept in close contact with all the leaders throughout the country. Why cannot we Christians co-operate in the same way? Why cannot we be characterized by such efficiency in spreading the Gospel?

Then we learned the danger of giving in to the spirit of the day. The spirit of this age is lawlessness, hatred and materialism. It is surprising how many so-called Christians are dominated by the spirit of the age. We forget the Bible and forget God; we forget to ask ourselves, "What would Jesus do?" We forget that the standards of Christ are different from those of the world and so give in to the spirit of the age.

Now, what crowd is it that has rejoiced over the results? The underworld; the booze crowd; the lawless element. Crime has become so flagrant that even business men are becoming alarmed.

Another thing I learned from the election is that the time of tribulation is near. Someone has said, that without knowing it, we may probably have changed the whole history of the world at this last election. I would say that we have changed the whole course of the history of the world through these last two elections. Do you know what the President said in Madison Square Gardens the Saturday night before the last election? "We have just begun the fight. If the enemies of the New Deal have met their match in the last few years, God help them when they meet their master."

Now the Book of God has something to say about these things. Look at Zech. 8:10, "For before these days there was no hire for man, nor any hire for beast; neither was there any peace to him that went out or came in because

of the affliction." It was predicted that there would come a time of unemployment, a time like the one in which we are living now. There is no hire for man or beast. We have tractors and all sorts of machinery that does away with the need for animals. Capital is against labor and labor against capital. It is a recognized fact that an international catastrophe is about to break upon the world. Someone has said that we are witnessing the suicide of our social order.

Now what are the prospects for the next four years? It is hard to tell. But judging by the past performances I would say this, First of all that Gospel broadcasting by means of the radio may be forbidden. Do not be surprised if that takes place. A man came into my office some time ago and told me that it was being discussed in Washington to build a dozen super-stations in various sections of the country and to get rid of all the present broadcasting companies; the government is to control these stations and nothing but that which the government allows, will go over the air. Of course many things are discussed which are not put through but do not be surprised if this happens.

Don't be surprised if there is a re-vamping of the Supreme Court. A man who is in contact with those on the inside told me in New York some short time ago that Felix Frankfurter was booked for the Supreme Court. The Supreme Court, my friends, is the institution that has held America steady for the last four years and God help America, if we do not have these nine old men to guard our nation.

Then there will be an effort to censor the press. That was attempted during the late administration and don't be surprised if that attempt is renewed and pushed with greater success. What will it mean when we have a censored press?

Then there will be an increasing centralization of power in the hands of the President. He now has more power than any king, than any president ever had before, and the tendency is that it is increasing. Power creates hunger for more power. And who wouldn't take power if he is elected by a land-slide and gets every electoral vote excepting two?

In the next place, Catholicism will enjoy a phenomenal growth in numbers. The Catholic Church will grow in influence, in power and in prestige during the next few years. The next Pope has been here and visited Roosevelt. When he wanted to visit the White House he first

found out if the President wanted to see him before or after the election. He wanted to know if his visit would in any way hurt his being elected. Do not be surprised if Catholicism has an increasing power during the next four years.

Then there will be a growing apostasy and an increasing centralization of power in the denominations. Protestantism doesn't have a Pope but we need not be surprised if the Evangelical preachers will be put out of the denominations on the smallest pretense and perhaps without any pretext whatever. It will become increasingly uncomfortable for the Fundamentalists; pressure will be brought upon them and they will be ridiculed and squeezed out. Evangelical Christians will find that the days of persecution are not over. Do not be surprised if, in the near future, a tidal wave of persecution will sweep over, not only Russia, not only Spain and other foreign countries, but over our own country as well, and either you will fall in line with the popular program and the atmosphere of the age or suffer the consequences. I am saying this to put iron into your blood and to make you take advantage of every opportunity that remains before the clamps are put on.

What shall we do in the face of all this? Wake up. What shall we do? Take down this precious Book, the Bible, and study it as never before. Live a holy life, separated from sin and the world. What shall we do? Serve the Lord with gladness. This is a solemn hour, a critical hour; it is an hour in which to get right with God so that we will escape the appalling judgments that are coming upon the nations. The Second Coming of Christ is nearer today than ever before. I would admonish you to read again the passage found in Luke 21:25-33. Those who are born again need not fear. Christ is coming and that is our hope.

Now let me read to you from Isaiah 32:2, "And a man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Isaiah was in agony; he saw the approaching collapse of his country and the prophetic map lighted up. He saw a Man coming and that Man was the only One who could save from complete disaster. This Man was to be a protection and a satisfying portion; He was as water in a dry place and a hiding place in the desert.

Percy Webber came to Egypt and was trav-

elling out in the desert. He observed a slowly rising sand storm coming on and he turned to his Arab guide and said, "What does this mean?"

"There is a storm coming."

"How long will it last?"

"From five to seven days."

"Can we continue our journey?"

"No, only at the cost of our lives."

Then they noticed a huge rock and upon reaching it, in the shade of that rock they found shelter and comfort. There was a spring of cold water right by the rock from which they could slack their thirst. And Webber said, "And there I took my Bible and read this verse in Isaiah, 'And a man shall be as an hiding place, as a shadow of a great rock in a weary land.'" And he said, "Jesus never was so real. I read the passage to my Arab guide and I pointed to that rock and said, 'Just as this rock is sufficient as a protection, so Jesus is a Rock in a weary land; so He refreshes us and satisfies the thirsty soul.'"

And the Arab said, "I never saw it that way before. I have been an enemy of Christ but from this day on I am a Christian."

These are solemn days, but thanks be to God, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land a refreshing Spring for the thirsty soul. He will protect us and satisfy us.

(Continued from page 13)

gospel out every day except Monday at 5:15 P. M., the young people taking the Friday broadcast and the children the Saturday program.

The Tri-cities offers a field not often found for gospel work and for the recreation needed for the body. In fact, there are six cities running into each other with only a street sign to show the division lines, having a total population of 175,000. This, with a band of loyal, earnest, praying people, makes the Moline Full Gospel Temple a delight to the pastor and his wife and to the two young ladies who have assisted in the work since its beginning, Miss Ruth Anderson and Miss Mabel Watts. The people know how to pray, and have seen God make bare His holy arm on many occasions to do various things in answer to their cries, such as sending rain in time of drouth, stopping rain suddenly when it threatened to spoil an outdoor program, slicing \$11,000 off the church debt within a week, etc.

Brother and Sister Watson Argue are just

closing a successful campaign in the Temple. During this campaign 117 precious souls accepted Christ as their Savior and in the closing service 66 new members united with the church. This was Brother and Sister Argue's second campaign in Moline, the other one being the opening campaign of the Temple five years ago.

BRO. ARGUE'S SCHEDULE OF MEETINGS

GARY, IND.—Nov. 17 to Dec. 20, opening a new tabernacle. James D. Menzie, Pastor.

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—Dec. 27 to Jan. 24 in the Central Gospel Tabernacle. E. B. Taylor, Pastor.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Beginning about Jan. 27 in Bethel Temple. Louis F. Turnbull, Pastor.

OTHER CAMPAIGNS are to be held on the coast in Fresno, San Jose, San Francisco, Tacoma and Seattle.

Luther's Cradle Hymn

*"Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head;
The stars in the heaven looked down where He lay,
The little Lord Jesus, asleep on the hay."*

It was on a Christmas day, over four hundred years ago when Martin Luther first saw that Vision. The other monks at Erfurt were assembled together to sing Advent hymns, but not Luther. He was alone with his Lord, silent and rapt, reading for the first time from a forbidden Book, the Christmas story. Clandestinely reading of the Cradle... of the little Lord Jesus... asleep in the hay!

The Reformation started there, in Luther's worshipping soul, that Christmas. Day after day he escaped Monastic ritual to find Bethlehem. He wrote his cradle hymn there in the silence and solitude. Finally, true to his vision, Luther the monk, threw off his cowl and marched forth as Luther the Protestant—still singing! Never once did the vision leave him as he nailed his memorable thesis to the church door at Wittenberg.

And when he tried to set that radiance to music in a glory of hymns, it shone thru those, too, so that people wandered in droves all over Europe singing them as they went. Carrying them into the castle of the noble, into the cottage of the peasant. Singing—singing, and on the wings of those Gospel songs the Reformation flew thru Germany.—B. P.



When God Changed His Address

IT WAS on that first Christmas that, one by one, the mother, the shepherds, the wise men, realized the astounding fact that God had come to dwell amongst men; that He who had inhabited only eternity, had now come into their very midst. Heretofore whenever man had desired to contact God, he must of necessity accomplish this by that rather mysterious avenue—the burnt sacrifice. But now all was changed, for Christ had moved—had changed His address from that of the eternal realms to make His abode in a sin-cursed world, had taken on our earthly garb, had come down to walk as Man with man.

Almost might we hear the shepherds saying in hushed whispers, as they looked at that divine Babe, then at one another, “God is with—us.” No longer in the realms unknown, but “*God with us.*” What cared they for the paltry gifts of earth that could have been exchanged between them! So consumed were they with this one Gift—God in human flesh come down to dwell with them, that earth’s trinkets and baubles were lost sight of. Such common things were all right for times of lesser importance, but now a new day had dawned and the greatest attraction of all, held their supreme attention.

And in the years that followed, during the brief span of His ministry down here, those who followed Him, as long as their vision was filled with Him, as long as His Presence held that charm and freshness, they lost sight of home, of boats, of fish-nets and such things; they complained neither of hardship nor poverty, not of banishment or chains. What else mattered—just so God was with them! That sufficed!

So today, just as long as the realization of His Presence, Emmanuel—God with us, has possession of us, nothing else matters; existing surroundings vanish into oblivion, poverty or wealth, banishment or the fellowship of a crowd, neither the evil nor the good count as very much, just so the one fact remains, that *God is with us.*

It was during the Christmas season two years ago that two of the China Inland Missionaries were in the hands of the bandits, nearing the end of more than a year’s captivity. Not one natural thing was there that could be associated with the joys of Christmas, for when December 25th arrived they found themselves confined in a dingy room and forbidden even to talk to each other. If one said one word the guard struck them. But suddenly Mr. Bosshardt, one of the missionaries, was gripped anew with the message of that first Christmas—*God with us*—and all the grim surroundings were forgotten. How could he convey the message to his brother in captivity, Mr. Hayman? Unnoticed by the guard, he fumbled in the straw. Mr. Hayman’s attention was caught by a few wisps which Mr. Bosshardt held to one side. It was a crude “E” formed by the straw. By and by he held up an “M”, and again the “M”. Then followed an “A”, then an “N”, and a “U”; another “E” and finally an “L”: “E-M-M-A-N-U E L”—“God with us.” That one word spelled out in the straw was the only touch of Christmas they had but it was one they never forgot through the remaining days of their captivity.

Promoted!

FOR SOME, in life's school, the years of learning are shortened, the curriculum is covered and graduation comes for them far sooner than for others, because lessons have been more readily learned. Promotion Day has come for a valued member of the Stone Church in the passing on of Mr. H. E. Bruce Armstrong. Many of our *Evangel* readers will remember seeing his signature over the yearly auditor's report of Missionary disbursements, which auditing duties he always so willingly performed as just another service for His Lord. He was the Stone Church Missionary Secretary and Treasurer for seven years, served on the Board of the church and his intercession for the field, his untiring devotion to any task connected with the work of the church stand out luminously to all who knew him; but while his activities were a big part of him, his godly life, his incomparable consecration shine even brighter. He never knowingly, went against the will of God.

For him school down here has closed, the implements have been laid aside, and Promotion Day has come for he was ushered into the presence of his Lord on November 20th, 1936. The loss to the Church and to his family is indeed great, but God in His wisdom has permitted it and we know He makes no mistakes.

Just one little instance of his unselfish devotion to those in need: A sister lay dying. At 2 A.M. there came to him a desperate call for help in prayer. He traveled out into the night and kneeling by her bedside prayed until the first streaks of dawn shone thru the window, and her life was spared. He had touched God in healing for her. He went home and slept a few hours, then to his office and worked all day. It was his unselfish devotion to his Master's cause that helped him to reach his heavenly home a little earlier than he would have done had he not lived so selfless a life, for he was only forty-six when he heard the Master's "well done."

(Continued from page 2)

your gift, and the first issue will be sent out so as to reach them by Christmas. Send us your list at once and thruout the year pray that this gift shall bring returns in lives given to God.

SPECIAL OFFER FOR DECEMBER

Anyone sending in two or more subscriptions besides his own at \$1.00 each will receive any one of the following books: THE MARK OF

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To those sending in six or more subscriptions at \$1 each, we will give a copy of MADAM GUYON or MOUNTAIN PEAKS OF PROPHECY, cloth bound. Please state which book is wanted. Let us hear from you early.

*The workman wrought. He thought
"I make a manger for dumb kine."
Instead, he built a bed
For Deity.
So may I work—Nor shirk.
My bread may feed Thy hungry soul.
The coat I make may be
Wrapped round Thee! —H. H. E.*

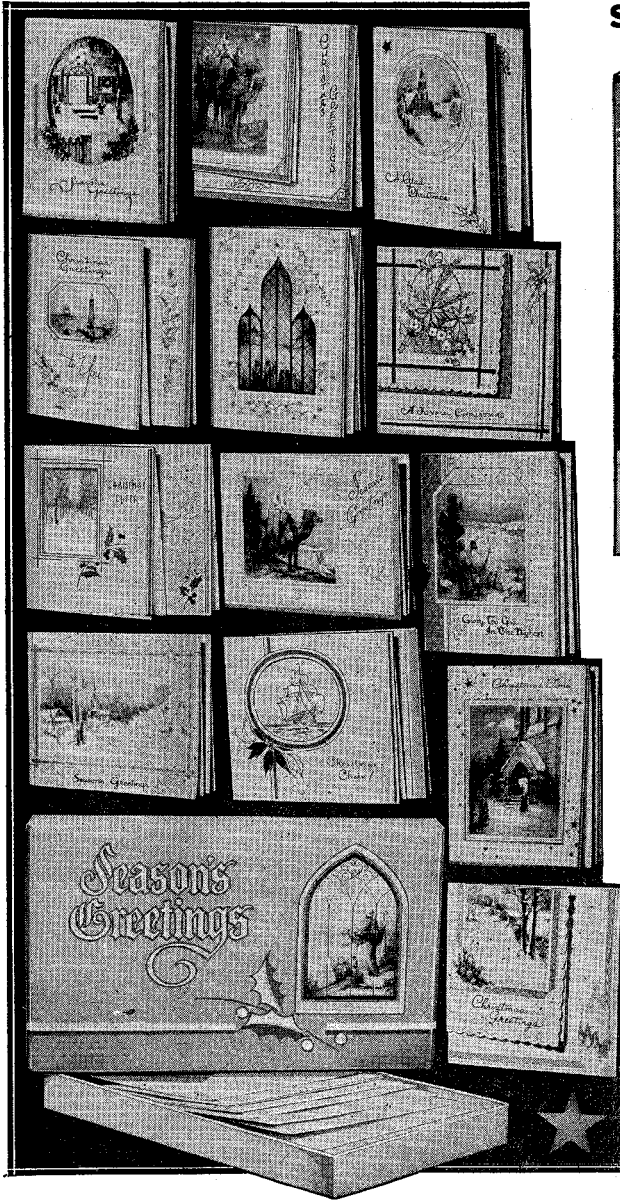
Bethlehem and Calvary

*There was no room in Bethlehem
For Him who left His throne,
To seek the lost at countless cost
And make their griefs His own;
But there was room on Calvary
Upon the Cross of shame,
For Him to die uplifted high
To bear the sinner's blame.*

*There was no room in Bethlehem,
And in the world today
Men will not give Him room to live,
And bid Him turn away;
But there is room on Calvary,
And there He stands to give
A home to all who heed His call
And look to Him and live.*

*There was no room in Bethlehem
For Christ, the Prince of Kings,
From throne and crown to earth come down
With healing in His wings;
But there is room at Calvary
For sinners to abide,
And who will come may find a Home
In Jesus crucified!*

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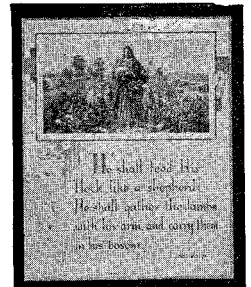
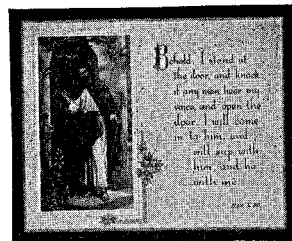
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