

The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

Another Year

Another year! Shall it be mine
In which to serve my Lord divine?
Or shall I cross the border line
Ere it is past?

Another year to smile or weep,
Another year my vigil keep,
Or shall I gently fall asleep—
Or raptured be?

Mine but to trust, not mine to know;
My Lord, 't's even better so;
And should I stay, or should I go,
All's well with me.

Another year! If Thou shouldst will
That here on earth I tarry still,
I pray Thee, Lord, in me fulfil
Thy will divine.

—L. M. Culver.

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

The Latter Rain Evangel

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Greetings to New Readers

WE GRATEFULLY acknowledge a number of new subscriptions for the coming year and appreciate the ready response of our friends in helping us to send out the printed page.

We greet our new readers who will receive the paper for the first time, and trust the Lord will make this and coming issues a blessing to them. If you are receiving the paper and have not subscribed, some kind friend who is interested in your spiritual welfare has subscribed for you.

We little know what 1937 holds for the children of God, but this we know, that nothing can come to us which He cannot overrule for our good. We have confidence that God will continue to make this little paper helpful in this 28th year of its existence, and pray that its pages will continue to magnify the grace of God.

"A year untried before me lies,
What it shall bring of strange surprise,
Or joy, or grief, I cannot tell;
But God, my Father, knoweth well.
I make it no concern of mine,
But leave it all with Love Divine."

We Start the New Year

WELL, the old book is closed—that is the book of our deeds during the year 1936. Our Missionary record for 1936 has gone on to the Judgment bar to meet us at that day, when we stand before HIM. Let us hope that we did our best.

Now we start the new year, and let us do it with still greater determination. Much has been accomplished during 1936, but the church has before her a still greater program for 1937. Remember this is the year we are to send numbers of missionaries to the field. In thinking about missions for the coming year we are thinking of a little tract on missions we have had for years, entitled, "How Much Shall I Give This Year to Missions? A Little Argument With Myself."

IF I REFUSE TO GIVE ANYTHING to Missions this year, I practically cast a ballot in favor of the recall of every missionary, both in the home and foreign fields.

If I give less than heretofore, I favor a reduction of the Missionary forces proportionate to my reduced contribution.

If I give the same as formely, I favor hold-

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The Sure Method for Growth in 1937

The Plan that Works

ALVIN L. BRANCH



IT IS no more the part for God's people to make the plans for carrying on His work than it is for the contractor to make the plans for the building he is to construct. It is the architect's work to make the plans for the building, and the contractor's responsibility to follow the plans and specifications implicitly.

The great Architect of the universe sent His only Son as the world's Redeemer, and when the work of redemption was completed on Calvary the Son of God was made the Head of the church. Just before He went into the far country, and sat down at the Father's right hand as the Advocate in the court of heaven for the church, He clearly and positively showed the little group of His followers what His plan was for them.

He said, "As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you." He told them that as they believed they should do the works that He did, and greater works. They were commissioned to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature; and He assured them that He would be with them all the days, even down to the consummation of the age. But, in order to do this work effectively He strictly charged them that they should not even start out until they were endued with power from on high. This power they would receive after the Holy Spirit was poured out upon them; and thus empowered they should be witnesses unto Him, both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth. Nothing else was added to the great commission, except to teach those to whom they had preached the Gospel to observe all things whatsoever He had commanded them.

It is evident that this command was not limited to the apostles, but applied to all believers. There were, at any rate, one hundred and twenty who took the command seriously, and tarried until the day of Pentecost, when the promise of the Father was poured out upon them, and they were empowered to obey their Lord; not to make and execute plans of their own.

The great ingathering on the day of Pente-

cost was not entirely the result of Peter's preaching, but of the faithful witnessing of the whole company. This continued until they were not able to keep count of those who became believers so they just said "multitudes."

These immediate results were in and around Jerusalem, but their great Leader had said that they should go into all the world; so in order to speed up the program He permitted some sharp persecution to come to them, and as a result they were scattered abroad, and went everywhere preaching the Word, except the apostles. It was the "laity" instead of the "clergy" who did the preaching. Later on, Peter, and then Paul and other apostles went out in obedience to the plan.

So effectively and so far did Paul go, that from Jerusalem, round about even unto Illyricum, he fully preached the Gospel. The believers under his ministry so fully caught the vision, and worked according to the plan, that during two years' stay in Ephesus all they which dwelt in Asia heard the word of the Lord Jesus, both Jews and Greeks. This could not have been under Paul's personal ministry, for he was forbidden of the Holy Spirit to preach the Word in Asia. Every believer was a witness; so mightily grew the Word of God and prevailed. The Thessalonians held to the plan, so that from them sounded out the Word of the Lord not only in Macedonia and Achaia, but also in every place their faith toward God was spread abroad, so that the apostle need not to speak anything. This continued until "their sound went into all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the world."

Naturally, the plan for the spread of the Gospel which was proving such a tremendous success, would be very distressing to Satan. From his standpoint something *must* be done to stop, or hinder it. The first hell-born scheme which was thrown into the fight was the unauthorized division of a great brotherhood of believers into classes called clergy and laity. Some believe that this was the doctrine and deeds of the Nicolaitanes which the Lord hates. The name seems to be compounded of two

L O S T !
A human soul of untold value.
Any one bringing same to
CHRIST
will be richly rewarded.

Greek words which mean rulers and common people.

When the idea took root that the witnessing was to be done only by those "ordained" to that work, and set aside as ministers of the Gospel, the force of workers was cut down immeasurably, and the spread of the Gospel slowed up accordingly.

The second step away from the original plan was to build churches into which the world was expected to come and hear the Gospel, while the going and telling was almost strangled. This double-barrelled scheme is certainly a tribute to the intelligence and sagacity of the devil who projected it into the work of God's people. All other hindrances to the carrying out of the great commission spring directly or indirectly from these two.

The Head of the church has never changed His plan, nor authorized any one else to do so; and here and there men are awakening to the wisdom of reverting to the original plan.

The whole church is to be "fishers of men"; sowers to go forth and sow the seed; laborers in the great harvest field; witnesses unto the ends of the earth. They were told by the Psalmist that if they would go forth weeping as they sowed the seed, they would certainly return with rejoicing bringing their sheaves with them. This was not merely a promise; it was a positive declaration of the law of harvest.

"Go and tell," are the key words to the successful carrying out of the plan. We have diluted it by saying, "If you cannot go, send." The Lord never authorized any substitutes, but expects each believer to go and tell to every one within his own personal world the good news of salvation through faith in Jesus Christ. Those who are most zealous in this will be the most eager to help another who feels that the Lord would have him witness in lands far away. There is no separation of the one great field into "home" and "foreign" in the plan laid down by the Lord. The church as a body is to witness unto Him until the last man, woman and child on the face of the earth has heard the Gospel to such an extent that he can intelligently accept it if he will.

Now, what have we done? I speak of the whole body of professed believers. We have built churches as expensive as we could afford, and, oh so often, far beyond what we could afford, so that the burden of debt has so obscured our vision that we could see nothing but

the great task of getting out from under the load, and the field white unto the harvest is ignorant. We have called, or "hired," the best man we could get to preach; we have our singers to attract, and our ushers all prepared to conduct the fish into the net, the sheaves into the storehouse, when they come to hear the Gospel so eloquently preached. But, oh, so pitifully few of them ever come to be caught, or harvested!

We preach and sing and pray, and wonder why sinners do not come and hear the Gospel. The Protestant churches of America spend approximately a quarter of a billion dollars annually to bait the fish into our nets.

The believers are instructed and edified, but the sinners do not come. It is not uncommon for a preacher to preach his best to win sinners and discover that there is not a sinner within the sound of his voice. If the church with its present program expects to reach the whole world with the Gospel, it is doomed to the most colossal failure ever suffered by man, because it is not the original plan. There is not a command from Genesis to Revelation to sinners to come and hear the Gospel; but there are many for the believers to go and tell.

My wife and I are finding that as we go from church to church and teach and emphasize the Word along this line, and the members of the church begin to obey their Lord, and go from house to house and witness unto Him; and carry this witnessing into their business, social, and industrial contacts, that God begins to bless in two ways.

First, those who would never come and hear the Gospel, regardless of the attractive bait used to lure them in, get the Gospel first hand, and in a way that says directly to them, "Thou art the man." Many times they break down and repent and believe just because somebody cares for their souls. Mothers sometimes weep when they learn that some one is interested enough in their children's spiritual welfare to come and talk with them, and take them all to Sunday School where they can be more fully taught the way of life.

Multitudes are rushing on to eternity, and the church doesn't seem to care whether or not they go to hell. Sometimes they dimly wonder why the sinner fish are so foolish as not to come and be caught; why the sheaves will not come in from the field and be harvested in our beautiful storehouses which we have made so attractive—to us; why the dead simply refuse to

come to life. We piously sigh, and say, what more can we do? God help us to wake up and obey our Lord, and go after them!

The other great benefit is, that those who really become fishers of men are marvelously blest and built up in their own spiritual lives. Those whose hearts are ruled by a passion to win souls are never found among the critics and fault finders. As they get a clearer vision of the field and its need, they gladly bend every energy, and make every sacrifice possible to gather in more and more of the lost and minister to the sick and dying.

It is most pronounced, the way they come back after their first effort in the line of obedience to the original plan, with radiant faces and the thrill of victory in their souls. They have had a taste of the joy of witnessing, and they never can be the same again. We find them, almost without exception, ready and eager for the next opportunity to go.

Churches that have been a reproach and byword, because of internal dissention and strife, become bee hives of industry in the interest of the Kingdom of God, and have no time nor inclination to make trouble.

The pastor then can come into his own divinely appointed ministry; not as a hired substitute to do all the witnessing for the congregation; but as an overseer of the flock to train them in the blessed work of witnessing. It is as reasonable for the church to expect victory when the pastor does all the witnessing, as for an army to have victory when the general does all the shooting.

The pastor's chief work is made so clear in Eph. 4: 11, 12, R.V. The Lord "gave some to be apostles, and some prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; *for the perfecting of the saints, UNTO the work of ministering, UNTO the building up of the body of Christ.*

Apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors and teachers are all alike called to the work of perfecting the saints, as Weymouth puts it, "In order fully to equip his people for the work of serving." Conybeare and Howson translate it, "For the perfecting of God's people in their appointed service."

What a harvest would be gathered when a divinely called evangelist would go into a place where the pastor had trained the saints for this work, and he could lead them in one grand, intensive campaign to gather into the fold those who had been led to God, or made hungry for

God, by the consistent witnessing of the saints.

Among the Koreans one can not get recognition as a Christian, much less become a member of the church, until he has definitely led some one to Christ.

The First Presbyterian Church in Seattle, Washington, has a membership of about seven thousand, and no one can become a member without taking a solemn vow that he will do all he can to bring others to Christ.

Once every year more than three thousand members of his church walked in a line past Charles H. Spurgeon and gave him their hands in a solemn covenant that they would give themselves to the work of taking Christ to the lost.

This is the PLAN THAT WORKS; indeed, it is the only plan that works, and it always works, because God is in it.

(Continued from page 2)

ing the ground already won, but I disregard any forward movement. My song is "Hold the Fort," forgetting that the Lord never intended that H.s army should take refuge in a fort. All of His soldiers are under marching orders always. They are commanded to "Go."

If I advance my offering beyond former years, then I favor an advance movement in the conquest of new territory for Christ. Shall I not join this class?

Resolved: I do believe in greatly increasing the present number of missionaries; therefore I will increase my former offerings to Missionary work.

THE MISSIONARY SPIRIT

The young daughter of Congregational missionaries now on furlough wrote the following letter to the Board, after overhearing her parents discuss the probability that funds would be insufficient to return them to the field:

"I am the daughter of. . . , and I write to ask you if you couldn't, please, try to send us back to India. The Indian people love us so, and we love the Indians.

"I know it costs a lot, but I will try to pay you back when I grow up.

"My father and mother are good missionaries, and they work hard so I think it's a shame not to send them back.

"Although I am but eleven years old, I can work hard and I will gladly do all I can to help."

—*Missionary Herald.*

The Lord's Purpose in Inviting Us to His Table

James D. Menzie in the Stone Church



HAVE chosen to speak to you on a familiar subject that has been brought home to me with new meaning in recent months. "The Lord's Table" is a term that is commonly used for the Communion Service and rightly so. In 1 Cor. 10: 21 we have it so used, "Ye cannot drink the cup of the Lord and the cup of devils. Ye cannot be partakers of the Lord's table and the table of devils."

Is it not a very remarkable thing that the most detailed account of the institution of the Communion Service should be given by the Apostle Paul who was not even present at the time of its institution by our Lord? Ordinarily we would expect Peter or John to be most familiar with this subject since they were among the little band that were privileged to hear the Master say, "This is my body broken for you." It would appear that Paul's detailed account of this memorable event is just another proof of Divine revelation to which Paul lays claim when he says, "For I have received of the Lord that which I have delivered unto you."

I purpose in this message to lay emphasis upon the fact that this is the *Lord's* table. There is always a danger of important matters becoming commonplace by constant usage. We become so accustomed to them that it would appear that they lose their original meaning. Is there not a possibility that a service as sacred as the Lord's Supper may become just another habitual form of our worship and as a result lose its depth of meaning? For this reason I wish to stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance by stressing the fact that this is the Lord's table—not the church's table, nor the minister's table—but the Lord's! It is in no sense the church's nor the pastor's. Nor is it yours. It is the Lord's.

Now let us notice just why, or in what sense it is the Lord's table. First of all, you will remember that the Lord is the Author of this ordinance. And He is not only its Author; He is also the One who provided it. It is the Lord's provision, the Lord's preparation. Besides this He is the Author of all for which it stands and for all that it commemorates. What would be our standing and our condition today if there were no Lord's table? Such a consideration will bring us to a realization of its

importance. It is a great mistake for any Christian to think that it is unimportant for him to be at the Lord's table. This is evident since Christians sometimes allow trivial things to keep them away. Let me remind you that if there were no Lord's table there would be no shed blood for this is done in commemoration of His shed blood. And if there were no blood there could be no atonement and no salvation. It is therefore very essential that we find our place at His table every time it is spread.

You will also notice that this is the Lord's table because He has invited us to partake of it. When He says, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden," He is inviting us to partake of many good things He has prepared and among them certainly is to be found this glorious spiritual spread. This invitation reminds us of another, "Ho, everyone that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea come, buy wine and milk without money and without price."

Then, too, the Lord is the Head of this table. When you and I come to His table to eat as we should, we do Him honor. We should not come to the Lord's table only because of its benefit to us. There is a Lord's side to this sacred service.

It brings joy to His heart when we come to His table. How disappointed are you when after inviting your friends and making full preparation for them they fail to come? Is not the Lord grieved when, after making such sacrificial preparation to provide this supper, we think it of not enough importance even to be present? I like to think of Him at the head of this table like a father who has invited all the family for a special occasion. What joy it brings to His heart when He sees everyone in his place! If one is absent He anxiously inquires where he is and why he is absent. He expects you to be there. He gave you a special invitation when He said, "Do this in remembrance of me."

I fear we have often thought of this table as a means of personal blessing only, forgetting the Lord's point of view. We ought to do this because He has asked us to do it. It is as though He has said, "I want you to do this in remembrance of me." Everyone likes to be remembered, and Jesus here says that He,

too, likes to be remembered. Doubtless we bring much joy and satisfaction to the heart of our Divine Head as we gather about His table.

And again, I like to think of Him taking the bread in His own hands and blessing and breaking it and saying, "This is my body broken for you." And I, too, like to think of Him today with nail-pierced hand, present at the table, taking the cup saying, "This is my blood." Let us try to visualize Him as present at the head of the table to bless and to dispense the emblems to us.

Now let us consider the Lord's purpose in this table. In the first place this supper is given to us as a means of spiritual sustenance. When we gather about our tables in our homes it is to partake of the natural food for the strengthening of our physical bodies. When we partake of the emblems of His broken body and shed blood we are partaking of Him. You will recall how He gave a hard saying to His disciples when He said, "Except ye eat my flesh and drink my blood you have no part in me." Some faltered at that saying. "How can this Man give us His flesh to eat?" They didn't understand, but I trust we understand what it means to partake of Him. You and I have life only as we partake of Christ. Our life is in Christ; our hope is in Christ. It is only when we partake of Him that we have His life. We have this so beautifully pictured in the 15th chapter of John where He said, "I am the Vine and ye are the branches. Except ye abide in Me ye cannot bring forth fruit." In that illustration He shows us so pointedly that as we partake of Him we are partakers of His life. We would die apart from Him, but in Him there is everlasting life. So as we become branches of the true and living Vine we have life. Herein lie the security and life of the believer.

Now the scripture tells us that because some have taken the Lord's Supper in the wrong spirit tragic things have happened to them. It says, "For this cause many are weak and sickly and others sleep," or are already dead. If they had come to the Lord's Table in the right attitude they would have received blessing, help, sustenance, divine strength, but because their attitude was wrong, some are weak and others have died. The Lord purposes to give us strength at His table.

Then there is another purpose and that is to foster fellowship. The Lord loves us and loves

to have us commune with Him. You folks who are parents like to sit down in the easy chair and take the little toddler up in your arms and hold him close. Maybe he stammers or lisps a little but his chatter is music to your ears. You love him. So the Lord likes to draw us close to Him. Eating together is a token of fellowship. Whenever you see folks eating together you can be sure they are pretty good friends. This has always been so. When Abraham entertained strangers the first thing he did was to have them sit down under a tree and then instructed Sarah to make something for them to eat. So the Lord through this Supper wants to have that fellowship with us. There is nothing in the way of religious worship that brings us closer to Him.

Sometimes Christians have things in their hearts that ought not to be there, a feeling against a brother or sister that causes them to sit down on the other side of the church and avoid them. But when it comes to gathering at the Lord's Table those who have differences usually fix them up or they don't appear at the table at all. They stay away. In a service I was conducting like this there was a lady in the audience and as we were going to partake of the Lord's table she said, "Brother Menzie, if you do not mind I'd like to speak a word." Then she said, "I have done things against this church and the people here. I haven't taken communion since I left and I am so lonesome and so homesick. I want to partake of the Lord's Supper but I cannot do it in my present condition. I do not know what to do except to ask you as a body of people to take me back." She had felt she could get along without the church and she had avoided us, but the time came when she could do it no longer and she came and made things right.

The Lord knows about that hardness that comes into our hearts, He knows how we become bitter, and knowing all, He has made this institution a means of bringing us together who sometimes become far apart. People who have "feelings" sometimes say, "I won't partake of the Lord's Supper." That is the easy thing to do but it is not the right thing. The right thing is to go to your brother even though he feels he hasn't wronged you. Go to him and ask him to forgive you, even though you have not been in the wrong. As a result you have broken down the barriers intended to keep you from God's best. Then you are free to sit at

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The Two-fold Reaction to Tragedy

JOHN WRIGHT FOLLETTE

DID YOU ever test yourself as to how you react to tragedy or great trouble? In life's school we find very often God uses a severe blow or misfortune to prove our faith and to test our character. Tragedy has a way of stalking down the road and so many times meeting us when we least expect it. I am sure we all know that such proving and testing may befall us without our being any personal or direct cause of it. Many, many times it is quite beyond our control. If it were otherwise we would probably avoid all such testings and keep an easy path. Let us remember it is all a part of the divine arrangement and has a place on our program as well as the hours of sunshine and music. Trouble or severe testing is not necessarily a sign of sin, failure or lack of spirituality. It is often a sign of spiritual life and growth which God must test and prove. We are His workmanship.

You have noticed in life the twofold reaction to tragedy. Either it will break us in spirit, mellow us, melting the hardness and bringing us in our helplessness to God; or it will throw us upon our feeble resources and human reasonings. This in turn hardens us in spirit, makes us critical and at times even cynical. It robs the heart of the great privilege of trusting God and developing the life along rich and helpful avenues.

I want to give a little personal experience which I hope may help some who may be in trouble and also those who are anxious over the welfare of loved ones. I remember very well when a lad of sixteen—a very trying period for young lives when important decisions are made and the first steps are taken which often determine the destiny of a life—tragedy came into our happy home. Out of a clear sky, in no way the fault of those of whom I speak, great trouble cast a shadow over our family. My father was a Christian, a member of the church and had a fine moral character. But his faith in the experimental matters of the daily life was weak. He could *not see God* in the matter and so turned away from the whole idea of God, or the thought of trusting Him.

His human reasoning got the better of him and plunged him into unbelief and bitterness. He made no great outward fuss; in fact, he said very little. But his few remarks told us his attitude. He dropped his church life, ceased to say grace at the table and had absolutely no interest in the things of God or religion. He knew he was not to blame and so naturally reasoned, "WHY has such trouble come?" After we live long enough we learn that trouble does not come always because we are to blame, but when it does come we should interpret it in God's light and cause it to serve us. It may be one of the greatest teachers to instruct and discipline us. I was a lad in High School and a worldly Christian, a member of the church but without any vital touch with God. I do not relate this to show I had faith or was any better than my father. I want simply to show you how the same trouble may work differently on hearts. I was not old enough to have a background of reasoning. I was frightened and knew the trouble was too big for me. Therefore I flew to God. Out of desperation I plunged my heart and life into Him. How I prayed! There were no spiritually-minded people to whom I could go. God saw to it that I was shut away from any human help. I had no crutches. I had to walk alone and trust God or (as I thought) perish. I suffered greatly for years until later I found God in a clearer experience. I cannot go into detail. So many things came to pass in the years that followed. The trouble kept me pressed into God. For eighteen years it continued. Father was still bitter in heart but to us as a family he was kind and a good father. He provided for us and was interested in our welfare. But I knew all the time he carried in his poor, dear heart a great hurt. No one could help him and he would not let God, so he bore it in silence.

During those eighteen years in which he was a backslider naturally I tried to help him. But I soon learned a great lesson—the difference between *my* interest and *my* way and *God's* interest and *His* way. I had to take the usual criticism of interested friends. Some, you know, are forever wondering *why* the minister's and Christian worker's folks are not all saved, sanctified and baptized? I have had plenty of misunderstanding and criticism all my life so this was but a part of it to keep me in God. I learned I had to keep my hands off whether the people understood or not and so to many I was indifferent to my dear father's soul. I prayed *through* and committed him to God.

After that I was not indifferent but restful. Faith is not indifference, unconcern and apathy. It is most vital attention held in profound rest and assurance. I *knew* God would take care of him in His own time and way.

As I said, eighteen years passed by. Others were saved and many had their loved ones brought to God. Friends who were anxious (but did not understand my position) prodded me on to *do* something. "What if he should die?" and other scare stories were held up to me. My father was not the scare kind. To go to him with that was just the wrong tactic. He was safe in the hands of God. It was eighteen years later in June and I was teaching and away from home. Word came that father had contracted a severe cold and was very ill. I was *not* in a panic, but I felt fresh prayer being born in my heart for him. I prayed that God would deal as He saw good. That was all; I had *no* suggestions as to *how*. In about two or three weeks I went home for a few days and found father quite broken in health and unable to continue his business. He was up and around but able to go for only a short walk each day. One day when I knew mother was up street shopping and I thought father was out walking, I sat down at the piano and began to sing. I felt I needed a little refreshing from the Spirit (as I have no member of my family in Pentecost and none would understand me). As I sat there I sang, "God will take care of you." Then I felt to sing it again and even the third time. The Spirit was there and I felt His sweet presence. I was thirsty and so stepped out to the kitchen for a drink of water. To my utter surprise there sat father in tears. I did not know he was in the house. I shall never forget the pathetic look in his eyes as he buried his face against me. All he could do was to draw close (Oh, so close) and bury his face against me. He was all broken to pieces and between sobs said, "Dad wants to hear it now. Yes, talk to me, I want to hear it." No need to say God was there. We had a most blessed time. It was *God's* time and I had nothing to do with it. God brought him wonderfully to a new place by His side. He broke and opened to God like a crushed and broken flower, one that had not given its beauty and fragrance to the world. But now he needed the light and warmth of the sun and had found it. He just seemed to drink God into his thirsty soul. A few days later he suffered a stroke and went to his deathbed. He stayed only a few days. The pull from the other side was

too great and he kept saying, "Oh, let me go! I want to go." The day before he slipped away he spoke to us all about the things of God. He quoted Scripture I never knew he had in his head or heart. Then while resting upon my arm on his pillow he went home.

Dear ones, have you met tragedy? Have you dear ones who are yet unsaved or backslidden? How are you interpreting your trouble? Can you trace God's fingers in the outline? Do not try to reason it out—pray it *through*. Run to God and bury your tired heart upon His breast. Lean hard, lean hard. Those were eighteen long years but full of God. Our little natural interest and help never get us anywhere. Put the loved ones and backsliders into God's hands and let Him work out the problem. Faith is not indifference but is most wonderfully keen and awake, yet restful and can even sing.—*At the Byron Camp.*

THE STORY is told of Sadhu Sudar Singh, the great missionary who went into Tibet from India, that as he was travelling over the great snow-covered mountain passes he came in contact with a priest who was travelling along the same trail. The missionary began telling the priest of Jesus the Savior of the world, and as they talked together and struggled along, they stumbled over a body that had fallen in the snow. The missionary discovered that the Tibetan was still alive but would soon be frozen to death if they left him there. So he said to the priest, "We must carry this burden and perchance save this life." But the priest, not willing to sacrifice, said, "No. I am going on," and he went on alone. The missionary took the body, put it across his shoulder and staggered under the heavy burden, in that blinding snow. It became colder and the snow became deeper but he struggled on, and as he got to the other side of the mountain pass, he saw the priest who had wanted to save his own life, already fallen and dead in the snow. Sadhu Sundhar Singh had not only saved the life of the man nearly frozen, but through the intense exercise he had also saved his own life, all because he had been willing to lose it. That is a true illustration of the verse, "He that would save his life shall lose it." Let us not think only of our own place; we want God to enlarge our vision. There are thousands and millions dying without Christ and surely these words are true today, "I sought for someone to intercede and found none."—*Leonard Bolton.*

Remember!

*The Blessings of the Past an Encouragement
for the Future*

PASTOR N. P. THOMSEN



WISH to center my thoughts today around the thought of *remembrance*. There is a principle that seems to be involved, not only in scripture but in our secular life, that there is nothing so encouraging to one's heart along the way, nothing that will give you real fortitude to face the future as the remembrance of deliverances in days gone by. If you have passed over the way once it is not so difficult the next time. It doesn't take so much courage to step out again if you have once stepped out in faith on the Word of God. And that is the reason we are called upon to remember certain things, that we as His children might have courage for the way. There is that about human nature that we so easily forget the good things that have been done for us, forget how the enemy was routed in the last battle, forget how the Lord helped us when no other help was near.

In this passage in Hebrews the apostle says, "Call to remembrance the former days, in which after ye were illuminated ye endured the great fight of afflictions, particularly whilst ye were made a gazing stock both by reproaches and afflictions; and partly, whilst ye became companions of them that were so used." I do not know how far back we need to go, but I think the setting will give us the privilege of going back to the very beginning, to follow God's dealings with His people from the earliest days of history and see what He did for them, remembering that God our Father is the One who never changes, that "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever."

When Peter writes in his epistle, "I think it meet to stir you up," that word "stir" means, to "arouse," to "awaken." We have been sleeping, our thoughts have been upon everything but what God has done for us. But there is nothing that stirs our hearts to follow on like *calling to remembrance* the blessings of God in the past. The world knows that, and this is the reason she has her heroes and her "hero

But CALL TO REMEMBRANCE the former days, in which after ye were illuminated, ye endured a great fight of afflictions; partly whilst ye were made a gazing stock both by reproaches and afflictions; and partly, whilst ye became companions of them that were so used. (Heb. 10: 32, 33).

Yea, I think it meet, as long as I am in this tabernacle, to stir you up by putting you IN REMEMBRANCE. (2 Peter 1:13).

This second epistle, beloved, I now write unto you; in both which I stir up your pure minds by way of REMEMBRANCE. (2 Peter 3:1).

books." In literature and in art they rehearse the noblest and the best that is in man in order to encourage others to aim at high standards. So God points out the possibility for the sinner to rise from the lowest depths of sin to heavenly places in Christ Jesus. Today people are saying that we are living in different times; that we cannot expect the same things that we expected in the past. I believe we can expect the same from God, and from His children if they yield themselves to the power of God.

The inspired writer says, "After ye were illuminated ye endured a great fight of afflictions." That has been the experience of all children of God—a great fight of afflictions. As we have come up against new trials, new perplexities, we have many times felt within ourselves, "I do not see my way through," and that is one characteristic of every trial. It would not be a trial if you saw your way thru. It would not be a perplexity if you could see the end. You would not have to lean much on the Lord if you knew where the next step was to be. If it was solid ground and easy to tread upon that would not take much faith. Faith enters in when you cannot see the next step. You have to act when you do not know what lies before you, and the problem is beyond your solution. That is characteristic of every trial and perplexity, and every one who has promised to walk with God finds himself in such a situation at some time or other. These things come to us to reveal the power of God, when He opens the way and leads us through. Fight? Yes, a great fight of afflictions, but praise God we are winning, with Him. "Partly whilst ye were made a gazing stock both by reproaches and afflictions—it is a real good school for us when folk single us out and make us a gazing stock and criticize us. We would like to bring our Christianity up to the place where everybody would respect us and look up to us, and have our church where everybody would speak well of it, but that never can be done if we walk

with God. Jesus was a "gazing stock." He had taunts and reproaches flung at Him. In one of Stanley Jones' books, "The Christ of the Indian Road," he made this remark, "If the missionaries in India were living more like Jesus Christ they would have India at their feet." In a write-up of the book a Brethren missionary in India made this comment, "Christ was upon earth at one time and nobody lived more like Christ than Christ Himself did, yet He didn't have all the people around Him at His feet." When He finally went to the cross, the way of reproach and shame, they all forsook Him and fled. Yet when the loaves and fishes were given out there were many who followed Him. I could have this church full, I could fill the Stadium if I promised everyone a loaf of bread and a suit of clothes. But when we speak of following Jesus we speak of the lonely way and of identifying ourselves with the Crucified One. Then our crowd dwindles. Many are not willing to go through with Jesus in the reproaches and to be a gazing stock.

I believe God wants His people to know the power of His might in these last days, and I ask you to call to mind the former days when possibly it was not quite as popular a way as it is today; but the power of God was manifesting itself, sinners were being saved, the sick being healed and the saints being baptized with the Holy Ghost and fire, and they were going forth, sometimes with lack of wisdom but always with zeal. Let us call those days to remembrance and seek the old paths. Paul in writing to Timothy said he wanted to stir up the gift that was in him. Oh, how we need to be stirred! "I think it meet, as long as I am in this tabernacle, to stir you up by putting you in remembrance." Let us ask ourselves the question, Are we really moving on with God as a Pentecostal people should? Can we look back and say, "Lord, I thank Thee for progress made in the past twelve months"; "I thank Thee, I can see where Thou hast led me on"; "I understand Thee better today. I feel more filled with Thy power, and that I can be of greater service to Thee today than I was a year ago"? If such is not the case then we need to stir ourselves. One of the saddest conditions to contemplate is that so many who had a glowing testimony, because of some little thing that has entered their lives, or some little division between a brother or sister, have put their light under a bushel and refused to let it burn. Their light is going out. Let us never

enter the place in our spiritual experience where we will be ashamed of our testimony, be ashamed of Pentecost. There may be many things that hinder, but we refuse to be ashamed of that which is *real*. I am so glad for the wonderful truth that God put within our hearts and He causes us to remember these things. Let us look back and see what He did for us. In the month of February it will be nineteen years since the Lord baptized me in the Holy Spirit. He did something so real in me that in hard things that have come my way, plus traps that have been laid, pitfalls that have been dug for my feet, by His grace He has lifted me above them. I am still standing on the Word by His power, knowing that He is true. He put something within my soul that is real. It was just as real as that which He did for me over thirty years ago when He saved my soul from sin.

Now I do not believe in over-emphasizing any truth except when it becomes necessary, but God sometimes leads that way. When through the dark ages they tried to hide various truths in the Word of God, He raised up Martin Luther who brought out justification by faith and that truth was emphasized over and over again. Then God raised up John Wesley and he emphasized sanctification and the cleaning up of the life. Then the Baptists emphasized the truth of immersion, and finally He raised up the Pentecostal people and they have emphasized the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, and though people have accused us of preaching only one message and harping on only one string, we are willing to do so because we feel God wants this truth emphasized. We need to be careful lest we go to playing on somebody else's string too much. This is a message for the world today, that God has sent His Holy Spirit to abide in the believer, that we are to enjoy His fulness and know His power. I would not be without this blessing for anything in this world, because I know it is what He wants me to have and because of the blessing that comes through the experience to my own soul. We are still along the same old lines and we are believing God for a revival. Peter said in writing his second epistle, that he was writing to stir up their pure minds by way of remembrance, "that ye may be mindful of the words which were spoken before by the holy prophets and by the commandments of the Lord."

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The Get Acquainted Page

Conducted by *Watson Argue*

Presenting the Story of the Dedication of the Gary Full Gospel Tabernacle, 8th & Connecticut Sts. Mr. and Mrs. Watson Argue have just completed a 5-weeks Campaign in this new Tabernacle.

AT THE CLOSE of a great Billy Sunday evangelistic campaign held in Youngstown, Ohio, a number of years ago, a church in that city organized a personal workers' league. One



J. D. Menzie, Pastor

of the members of this group contacted an unsaved man by the name of Willis Allison and persuaded him to attend one of their services. At the very first service he attended he was genuinely converted. Shortly after his conversion Mr. Allison was transferred to Gary, Indiana. Upon coming to this new steel town he found many things that grieved his heart. Saloons were to be found on nearly every corner, ungodliness was the rule of the day and wickedness stalked the streets at night. This new convert immediately busied himself in the work of the Lord by assisting a group of workers from Chicago who conducted street meetings in Gary certain evenings of the week. When colder weather arrived, indoor meetings were held in the homes of interested families. These meetings grew in interest and attendance until they found it necessary to rent a mission hall in which services were conducted regularly.

At about the same time a young evangelist was conducting meetings in Findlay, Ohio. While seeking the Lord for guidance one day, the Lord laid the need of Gary, Indiana, the

new steel town of the midwest, upon his heart. Evangelist Ben Hardin obeyed the Lord and soon visited Gary for the first time. Upon his arrival he found the small struggling group who were so desirous of having an established Full Gospel church. After conducting several evangelistic campaigns for this small congregation, he became their first pastor.

The little mission soon became too small and larger quarters were sought. Even before the days of the little mission, Willis Allison had on a certain occasion prayed for a church location where the whole gospel would be preached. One evening while returning from a church service he was very burdened about this need and happened to pass a small frame church that at that time belonged to one of the denominations. He felt this would be an ideal location since it was only two short blocks from Broadway. He left the avenue and walked to the back of the lots on which the frame building stood. There in the moonlight looking up to Heaven he asked God to give this location to the cause of the Full Gospel. Many months



Mrs. J. D. Menzie

later when the mission was outgrown and a committee had been appointed to look for another building they learned that the little frame church was for sale. After some negotiations

this property was purchased for \$10,000 in the spring of 1923.

The church grew and prospered under the leadership of Brother Hardin until he left for the evangelistic field in the summer of 1924. In the fall of the same year J. D. Menzie, who for several years had pioneered with F. J. Lindquist in the North Central District, became the pastor of the Gary church. Under his ministry the church continued to grow. By the year 1927 it again became apparent that larger quarters were necessary. The frame building was in that year moved to the rear of the lots and the first story of a new brick structure was erected. This building has been the commodious home of the Gary congregation for the past nine years.

About two years ago it again became evident that a larger building was necessary to house the steadily growing Sunday School, which has for the past few years showed an average increase of more than 25% each year. Just emerging from the depression such a step at that time seemed tremendous and almost reckless. But God, who had placed the burden on many hearts, also gave the necessary faith for this new adventure. A building fund for this purpose was begun and now (twenty-one months later) the new edition (the second story) has been entirely paid for with the exception of \$2500. God be praised!

On December 13, 1936, a great day of dedication was held. Evangelist Watson Argue, who conducted the opening evangelistic campaign, spoke at the morning and evening services. Pastor Niels P. Thomsen, of the Stone

Church in Chicago, brought a most appropriate dedicatory address at the afternoon service. At this service the pastor spoke briefly of the beautiful spirit of co-operation and sacrifice that had been shown on the part of the members of the congregation. To be sure, it was a great day of rejoicing by all the people. Seated on the platform with other officials and heads of the various departments were three who have loyally stood by since the days of humble beginnings in the little mission. The pastor spoke of them as foundation stones. Harry Batezell and Linus Remaley had joined hands in those early days with Willis Allison, the man God sent from Youngstown for this very purpose. These three men are still officials of the church and are worthy of honorable mention, for they are pillars. These men with many others who had borne the heat of the day rejoiced with exceeding joy at what God had wrought. Many friends from near-by assemblies gathered with the Gary congregation to rejoice with them.

With the enlarged opportunities that this modern tabernacle affords, the people of the Gary Tabernacle look forward to a greater ministry as they labor in the very heart of this fast-growing city with a population of more than 100,000.

(Continued from page 7)

His table. Here we have a common meeting place. It is as though we were so many spokes of the wheel; and as we come closer to Christ the Hub, we all come closer to each other.

Another reason that the Lord wants to be
(Continued on page 22)



The Gary Full Gospel Tabernacle, Gary, Indiana

Peter -- Before

JOHN WRIGHT FOLLETTE
At Camp Byron, Wisconsin



HIS afternoon I want to talk to you about Jesus. I want you to see Him in action that you might see how He handles certain situations. He is unique in the way He deals with people because He has such wisdom and tact.

The story I want to take up is found in John 21:1-18. Let us read it over again to refresh our minds and to get a clear picture of the scene. It is a refreshing story because it does not involve any special doctrinal issue, neither is it complicated with too many characters. This is just an ordinary incident and yet is one of the most fascinating pictures of Jesus in His dealings with the human heart. How one can look at Him here and trace His thought and actions in behalf of a needy heart and not love and adore Him is quite beyond me! In this study I want Him to be unveiled, as it were, and to stand before you.

Before we can appreciate this story we must go back a bit and get a clear idea of the background, which is suggested by the first phrase in the story, "After these things Jesus showed Himself, etc." To view the drama, hearing the conversations and watching the actions will not mean very much to us unless we know what has happened to call forth the story. Suppose you should receive a letter starting off, "After all these things had happened, etc." and then follow with some interesting doings of your friends. You would doubtless say, "How strange! I do not know what my friends have been doing so how can I get any connections to make this letter mean anything to me?" It is the same with this story. If we fail to know some of "these things," it reduces itself to merely a passing incident. As a rule that is about all that many get out of it. They find here a miracle (which after all is about the last thing to be considered), and they also find Peter being reinstated after his failure. Both are here but if that is all *why* introduce the story by, "after these things"? Well, many things had happened as you know. I want to call your attention to one thing which influenced the disciples to take the attitude they did. Then let us refer to two incidents in the life of Peter which, if known in connection here, make the

story alive and radiant. Here is a brilliancy of heart life and light captivating in its subtle suggestion. Here we must not only hear words but keep our eyes open to see the (seeming artless) action of the characters.

First of all, what is the heart mood of these disciples as they take this fishing trip? Of course, they are disciples of the Lord and we would naturally expect them to be strong in faith since they have been with Him these three years, heard His messages and seen His miracles—and then, too, there is nothing like personal contact and fellowship to make us understand. They were privileged people. And certainly, after He has accomplished His death and resurrection, their hearts ought to be buoyed up and bounding with faith and great hope. But what is the real situation? These disciples had suffered a terrific blow; their hearts were sorely disappointed; their vision had faded and the hope which they had entertained had been dashed to the ground and they knew no way out of their difficulty. Not having understood His message, from its truly spiritual side, they were at a loss to adjust themselves to the present seeming failure.

Let us remember that Jesus had been continually preaching to them about the Kingdom. This Kingdom idea (of course always to them a physical matter) was most welcome. They were weary and tired of foreign tyranny and longed for Israel's national life to be restored and the privilege of showing to the other nations her power and glory. They were "Kingdom conscious," as it were, and interpreted His visitation, message, and miracles in the light of a manifest Kingdom soon to be set up. This is evidenced by such incidents as the ambitious mother seeking a place for her sons; the desire among themselves to be great in the kingdom; the wish to make Him a King by force and other occasions when they asked Him if He would not then restore the Kingdom. Since this was the mental attitude and general conception, much of His teaching about the character of the subjects of the Kingdom, and motives and "the Kingdom being within you" did not please them. They had to listen to His words about suffering and death but they did not like it and even rebuked Him for speaking thus. They lived daily in the hope that He would inaugurate the Kingdom and place them in positions of authority and power. Finally He dies. What a shock! But He is resurrected from the dead and appears to them. Hope

faintly stirs and once more they look to Him to fulfil His promise. But His visitations were not so very satisfactory, for He disappears almost as soon as He comes. Thus He leaves them again wondering. This is the third time He shows Himself. So let us not be too harsh in our judgment of them. Shall we not learn the lesson of tolerance? Let us put ourselves where they were and erase all we know of the glorious history of Christ and think if perhaps we would not have done as they did. In heart they wanted to love and trust the Lord but (in reason) they could not figure out this seeming failure. Did you never have your mind in confusion over something you had all the time hoped was of the Lord? We must be patient with them. Now comes a perfectly natural and logical reaction. They are human and the whole procedure is what one would naturally expect. They have not the faith to wait or to pray it through so they do the next thing—they try to think it through. There are so many things in life we shall never be able to think through, but we may pray them through.

This is always true in the matter of spiritual truth and revelation. Mysteries are not discerned with the mind but with the heart. Faith reaches out by the Spirit of revelation and thereby touches the invisible until it becomes more real to us than the ground we tread upon. Through the spirit of revelation we can touch the mysteries of God until they feed and refresh our hearts. These poor men were sick, sore, and disappointed in heart. The thing had not worked out as they had hoped it would. Have you ever been disappointed? Have you, too, been shocked to find what all the time you thought was *His* way, was some personal idea and desire of your own heart? How many times we put our own interpretation on some word He has given to please us in the realm of our own desires! Then when it does not come to pass, if we are not careful, everyone else is to blame. The disciples were all the time interpreting the spiritual and heavenly things in terms of bread and butter, in terms of a material kingdom. Of course, they will not go to the pit for this but had they learned their lesson sooner they might have been spared much heart-ache.

Now what else had happened? We find in this story that Jesus deals with one person, Peter. He is the star actor in the little drama. Let us make a brief study of Peter. Why do we find introduced in the story such factors as

fish nets, a fire and coals, and the conversation *just* as it is? What has "after these things" got to do with Peter? Let us look at Luke 22: 24-34. There had been a strife as to power and position, a bit of politics, only of course the Bible does not call it that. But nevertheless there had been a discussion about position and relationship in the Kingdom. Jesus discerned it. They were not lovingly saying, "I prefer you to have the highest honor. Since I have been with our Lord and Master His spirit of love and sacrifice have become a part of me. When He sets up His Kingdom I want to show you how much I am like Him so I want *you* to have all the honor He can give you. And even that which He may offer me." Then Jesus teaches them a lesson as to what "greatness" is in His sight. Quite a rebuke to the popular and material idea, I am sure.

Then He speaks to Peter. The force of verse 31 is better understood by a translation by Weymouth. It is nearer the thought as given in the original Greek. "Simon, Simon, I tell you that Satan has obtained permission to have all of you to sift as wheat is sifted; but I have prayed for you that your faith may not fail, and you, when at last you have come back to your true self, must strengthen your brethren." So you see from this reading that *all* were to have their siftings. But we are privileged to get a glimpse of Peter only in his. And we, too, are to have our siftings. Surely we are no better than they. I am very conscious of the need of it, are you not? Here we find Jesus so tender in His dealings. But note the effect upon Peter. Now standing in the sufficiency of his own flesh and what he thinks is devotion and love, he dares to declare it: "Master, with you I am ready to go both to prison and to death." This is what I call a boastful and extravagant confession. Here he makes death the measure of his love.

How many today have made extravagant prayers? How marvelous they sound! How easy to say some things when the Spirit is upon us! What about all this extravagant praying, great desires and high ambitions for God? After all, these fantastic prayers all have to, in the last analysis, pass through the censorship of God's will. God has often dealt with me in my prayer life until it has been recast, remodeled and toned down many times. Don't be afraid to let the Lord deal with you in this matter. He may reduce them as He has mine.

He likes short prayers and long faith rather than long prayers and short faith.

This idea of big prayers brings to my mind a student we once had in school. He was a fine fellow and of a strong nature and will. He had received a definite experience (but not the baptism) and was quite a fine worker even before he came to school. In teaching we were emphasizing such truths as death to self, self-effacement, the place of the Spirit over against nature, humility, etc. But he was full of natural zeal and did not like it. I loved the lad and knew there were rich possibilities there if ever the Lord could get at him. I prayed much for him (but I am afraid he would not have liked *what* I prayed had he known). What a time we had! I knew the lessons ground him all the time but the Lord would not let me change my message to suit his flesh or ideas. I kept right on. One morning when we were praying for the missionaries he became very interested and very much in earnest. Soon he was praying in a loud tone of voice, and by way of emphasis, pounding on a chair bottom, "O God, make us martyrs. Give us the spirit of a martyr. Give us the grace of a martyr." It all sounded very wonderful (but I knew the dear lad). I knew he perfectly hated to do the dishes when it came his turn on duty. Every time it was his turn to help in the kitchen one would almost think the world was coming to an end. He simply could not get the victory over a dish pan. When I heard him praying so intensely that morning I felt like poking him and saying, "Never mind, dear, you do not need to pray to be a martyr, for God never makes one out of your kind of material. If you can not get a victory over a dish-pan you will never need victory to be a martyr." But I kept still. I wonder sometimes if the matter of getting a victory over a dish-pan is not as great in God's sight as some more spectacular thing which wins the applause of men. Finally he went out into the work and learned some hard lessons. The Lord was not through with him, for he was a choice vessel, and as you know, choice instruments have to suffer much sometimes. All the time I was teaching I could feel a resentment in his spirit although we never had a word. He was kind and polite and obedient but I knew all the time he did not like the truth. He thought he didn't like *me* and felt all the time what he thought was my personality grinding on him. But I knew all the time it was not my personality but the truth. He did not see a very important

thing for all of us to see in this matter, namely, the difference between personality and truth. I will show you what I mean in a moment. Never confuse the truth with the instrument. Sometimes people do and are converted to a person and not to Christ or Truth. So when the person fails, the poor dear soul is swept off his feet. After several years in the school of the Spirit he met me. The very first thing he did was to grab me and give me a most terrific bear hug. And as he did so he was crying and saying, "Oh, Follette, I love you now! I love you and know what you were saying. Oh, Follette, isn't it all wonderful?" Today he is a strong, fine worker and God's seal is upon him in marked fashion. I am sure, too, that he is not praying about martyrdom—but something very much nearer where he is living. Thank God! So let us not pray extravagant prayers. Don't bother asking God for grace for such things when you can't get victory over a dish-pan or something less. To get a victory over a small thing as that is often a test of real character and faith. So Peter had been making some very bold and extreme statements about his love and devotion to his Lord.

(To be continued)

A Druggist Healed thru Prayer

I HAVE BEEN in the drug business for more than forty years and naturally did not think much of healing by prayer, but the deliverance I received when near death, made me to know that God answers prayer.

I was in the hospital in March, 1934, for a serious operation—gall-stones. On account of my age the operation was serious, and on the second day I developed a very bad case of hiccough, which is always serious following a major operation.

The two doctors did everything possible for me but the hiccoughs could only be controlled by use of morphine hypodermically. They continued for four days and I became very weak. Naturally there was no hope. I could only sleep by use of morphine. When I was nearly gone I thought of Pastor Baines and had my nurse call him to ask him to pray for me. In a few minutes I went to sleep and slept three hours. Again I slept for two hours and never had a recurrence of the hiccoughs. I am sure it would have meant death had it not been for prayer.

—W. B. Minthorn, Petoskey, Mich.

When God Joined the Cheese Business

Experiences of a Christian Business Man

Mr. J. L. Kraft



WANT to speak to you tonight from my heart and I wish to speak on the thought, "Where can I find God," basing it not so much on where an unsaved man or woman may find God, but rather from the standpoint where, after having found God the first time, we may continue to find Him.

There are many places where God is not but I am interested in the places where God is, and I want to say that I believe the more frequently we as Christians make it our business to find God some place, somehow, every day, the nearer we will be drawn to Him.

In giving my testimony I wish to say first, that I believe God has a plan for each one of our lives and I have come to the conclusion also that should we fail to carry out His plan, something remains undone through all the ages to come and we have missed blessings because we failed to carry out the plans which God had for us.

Now how did I become a Christian? I came to Chicago in the year 1904, with a definite ambition to become, within fifteen years, the biggest cheese man in the world. When I arrived here I had just \$65. As I look back now I think it was a very strange thing, that I, a country boy, born and raised on a farm, should have had such a consuming passion.

FINDING GOD

The question of God never entered into my mind. I felt I was capable of accomplishing

Kraft Cheese has become almost a universal household commodity in the homes, not only of our own nation but other nations as well, for today there are Kraft cheese factories in every part of the globe. And from these factories comes an output of one and one quarter million pounds every day of the year, which output is larger than that of the combined output of the next four competitive companies in the cheese business.

There was a day when Mr. Kraft began at the very bottom, and a time, in the early stages of the business, when he faced utter failure. What can be the secret behind this phenomenal growth?

The accompanying article, given by Mr. Kraft himself at a banquet sponsored by the Gospel Fellowship Club, Vaughn R. Shoemaker in charge, reveals the secret. We take pleasure in passing on this striking testimony to our readers, introducing to many of them, perhaps for the first time, Mr. Kraft, the Christian business man of sterling character. Watch for other stirring testimonies of Christian business men in coming issues of THE LATTER RAIN EVANGEL. Send a subscription to some business associate, or a friend whom you have found difficulty in approaching. These personal testimonies will make their appeal when other avenues have failed.

my end in my own strength, so I started off with one horse and a wagon. But things went from bad to worse until they got so bad that the man to whom I owed money, insisted that I take out sufficient insurance to cover all of my obligations, so in case that I died, the debts could be paid, and I know he never expected to get his money out unless I did die. It is hard to explain but I worked and worked and the harder I worked the worse things became.

Finally, one day, when the situation seemed entirely hopeless, I said to myself, "I will go out just once more and if I have a good day, I will continue, but if not, I shall go home tonight and give it all up." Now the best route I had was

out in Oak Park; on an ordinary day I would get around \$165 on that route and I was determined that on this day I would have the greatest day of all. I loaded that wagon up so heavily that my poor horse, Betty, could scarcely pull it. We started out that morning and we worked and worked and at the end of the day we had sold \$12.63 worth of cheese. As I was driving along north on Oak Park Avenue, between Oak Park and Austin, I said aloud to Betty, the horse, "Betty, what is the matter with us anyway?" I always felt she understood and sympathized for she turned her ears back in my direction. Then suddenly, as from the sky, a voice seemed to say, for I heard it distinctly, "You are working without God." I heard it. People tell me I must have been dreaming, but I heard it as distinctly as I ever heard any voice. And I said, "Well, Betty,

if that is the case, suppose we let God run the cheese business."

Yes, I found God the first time there in Oak Park. I wish I could tell you that from that day on things were easy, but they were not. But remember, God had to build a man and it was along with this new industry that He built the man by putting him through strange experiences. And the strangest part of it all is that within fifteen years from the time I had set my ambition to be the biggest cheese man in the country, I actually found myself having reached my desired goal, for I had a greater volume of business in the cheese line than anyone else.

I could tell you a great many things pertaining to the upbuilding of this business, which, as far as I am concerned, still belongs to God. But let me say, that the joy of knowing that you are working with God far transcends any other satisfaction a man can possibly have.

I would like to tell you of an occasion, which is only one of many, that indicated to me from time to time that my work was not finished.

A brother and I were driving one of those original type of Dodge cars; it was before the concrete roads were put in. While rounding a corner the auto turned over and I found myself pinned underneath with the arm of the seat across my chest. I could see my brother trying to lift the thing but he couldn't make any impression upon it. I soon found myself growing unconscious and the thought came to me, "Why don't you pray now?" So I prayed, "Lord, if my work is not finished, make it possible that I get out of this." The very next moment I heard my brother say to me, "Back out," and I backed out. As I came out on the other side, I said, still in a daze, "Tell me what happened."

My brother said, "I don't know. All of a sudden I just stooped down and lifted it up." Can you have an experience like that and not know there is a God?

GIVEN UP TO DIE

Since that time when I first found Him, He has met me on a number of occasions. I remember well the time when I found myself in the hospital; I had to stay there for seven months during which time I had four major operations. There was great doubt as to whether I would ever pull through for I heard a conversation between the doctor and the nurse which indicated to me that I might not live more than a few days. It seemed to me I

should not be left in ignorance if I were to be called home and that night I spent in prayer, that the Lord might make known to me His will somehow the next morning.

When the doctor came in the morning he would tell me nothing when I asked him, neither would he tell Mrs. Kraft anything. I continued to pray that I might know and as I was praying a lady came whom I had never met before. She was rather a strange looking creature and she carried in one hand a little old, worn satchel. In my dazed condition I looked at her and said, "I wonder what that pill doctor is coming here for," but as I looked into her face I saw it was radiant. She said, "Mr. Kraft, you do not know me," and then she gave me her name. "I heard of you through some friends of mine and I came here very early this morning and have looked carefully over your records. I have studied your case and have come here to tell you that everything will be all right." I knew she was God's answer to my prayer and never questioned her. And God did spare my life.

* * *

It was in those hectic days—and they were terrible days following 1929—I seemed to spend most of my time solving the problems and troubles of other people but there came a day when I was utterly exhausted, financially and otherwise, and was unable to render any more assistance. I was sitting in my office after such a day, feeling too tired, too exhausted even to go home. Everyone else had left, leaving the office empty. I was not thinking of anything but how tired I felt and how utterly incompetent I was to go on. Just then a very dear friend came in and sat on the other side of my desk. Before long he burst into tears and said, "J. L., you'll have to let me have \$30,000 before tomorrow morning." I said, "I couldn't let you have 30c." Then he said, "If you don't let me have that money I may have to go and jump in the lake."

"Well, if you feel like that about it," said I, "you might as well, and it will be riddance for us," for I felt life was too hard for anyone that felt like that. And sitting there, feeling still further depressed, I opened one of the drawers of my desk and pulled out a Bible—a well-worn Bible it was which I kept there all the time. To my astonishment, as I opened it, the entire page was blank excepting just a part of two verses, and as I looked I read these words, "Fear not; for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine.

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

I said, "Lord, please forgive me. I knew that but I had forgotten it; forgive me for forgetting it." I have never forgotten it from that day to this and every time I see anything that looks like trouble I say to myself, "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee. I have called thee by thy name." I went home happy and told Mrs. Kraft about it and she said, "I don't think it says, "By *thy* name. I think it simply says, "by a name." But I was sure it said, "By *thy name*," and on looking it up again we found it was just that way. He stands ready to call you by your name. Never have I had a worry since then and I shall never forget that experience as long as I live.

I had a friend by the name of Charley Wilson who travelled throughout the world selling several different lines of merchandise. On one of his stops in this city I invited him to attend our Sunday School and church and then he asked me to come to his hotel as he wanted to tell me something. And this is the story he told me:

He said, "I never knew my father or mother, who or what they were. I began travelling around and one day took a boat for China. When I arrived there I was nearly dead with a horrible disease and they threw me off the boat on to the dock. But a Chinese boy took pity on me and took me into an old shack, just off the water front. As I lay there I felt I was going to die and then I remembered having heard a missionary in San Francisco say something about God. I said to myself, 'I don't know anything about God, but if God can use what there is left of my life, I will give Him every minute of the time there is left, if He will only save me.'

"Then a strange thing happened. A coolie boy came to me. He showed me a great Book that he carried around with him. He had no education but he knew how to speak for the Lord and he spoke to me about my soul." And that day Charley Wilson found God near the water front of Shanghai, China.

After that the Lord permitted him, in his journeys throughout the world, to visit every prison. He took the names of the prisoners, left each one a tract and took down the date when each was to be released. And on that

day he made it his business to see that each prisoner had a pair of shoes and a letter as each one came out. That was Charley Wilson's contribution to God in fulfilling the promise he had made, of devoting his life to God.

We all remember what a desperate state many people were in during the days of the depression. I had a very unusual experience with a man whom I met frequently in the mornings. You know we have a group of men in various parts of the city who go about with two-wheel carts and gather up the junk that a self-respecting junk man wouldn't touch. Some of these men started out by gathering up the junk and putting it in a gunny sack; then perhaps they found a wheel and later on another wheel; they would put the two together and then put a box or basket on top of a pole, put it across the wheels and thus they advanced in their business. As they grow in business the basket becomes larger. One of these men covered the territory just a half block away from my office; he was a negro and he had a very upright walk and a happy face. As I watched him walking along Rush Street this particular morning I heard him singing a hymn and I became interested, stepped up to him and said, "My friend, you must be happy."

"Yes, sir, I am," he said.

The next morning I heard him singing a hymn again but it took me three or four mornings before I could get his story.

Then finally he said, "I know you are Mr. Kraft. I want to tell you, Mr. Kraft, one time I was a preacher of the biggest colored church in a prominent city of the South. But I fell from grace because of the machinations of certain ladies, and I suffered."

His clothes were ragged but as he said, he was happy. He went on to say, "Mr. Kraft, the Lord has chastised me plenty, but the day is coming when my people will ask me to come back, and until then I am taking all that the Lord wants to give me."

One evening several months later, on my way home, I noticed this man starting out with an empty cart, and he said, "Mr. Kraft, I am going out for my last load of junk. My people have called me back." And the tears came from his eyes as he added, "I want to tell you, the Lord knows how to deal with us, but when we take it in the right spirit we are happy even under the chastisement." He had found God in the bitterest trial.

"OFFICE UPSTAIRS"

I heard a story recently which impressed me, and with this I close. It was in the early days of the settlement of the State of Kansas. A certain little town was laid out and into that village came a doctor. The town grew and the doctor's practice grew. He never accumulated much wealth but he was happy. He was the one who brought the children of the town into the world and he was the one who looked after the sick and the infirm year after year until finally he grew too old. By this time the town had grown to be a large city and very few remembered the doctor. He had given of his life but he had few friends left. The day came when he had to give up his little cottage in which he had lived; an old friend offered him a room upstairs in his livery stable, and there he opened his office. Time went on and one day the old doctor failed to appear; when the man went up to the room he found he had passed on to his reward. A few of his old friends took him to the cemetery and later on thought it would be nice to take up subscriptions for a small monument for him because of his early associations in the city. But that was in the hectic days of money-making and very few people were interested, so after an extensive campaign, the man who had first had the idea, discovered that all he could get was \$4.60. He found an old ragged beggar and said, "Come with me." They went over to the stable and dug up the old hitching post, then took it over to the cemetery and planted the hitching post at the head of the doctor's grave. They nailed a sign to the post which read:

*"Doctor Clay,
Office Upstairs."*

Friends, whatever we do in life, whatever we make of life, depends upon the relationship we establish with God and it is a great satisfaction to know that one day we will have an office—upstairs.

(Continued from page 11)

Why did he want to stir up their minds? It was concerning the coming of Jesus. He wanted to let them know that there was a day coming when Jesus would appear from heaven—and looking down through the ages he saw the very age in which we are living, the latter days in which God has again been pouring out His Spirit. A little company seeking God. He filled them with His Holy Spirit and they became a gazing stock. Folks didn't understand

and far less did those on the outside realize the significance of it all, but today there are hundreds of thousands not only in this land but in every land, and church buildings and ministers by the thousands preaching the Gospel. On every hand there is a mighty growth being manifested, until today the Pentecostal people are the fastest-growing denomination of any. We didn't realize that back in the beginning. Now we are in danger of becoming a little proud and of looking upon it as our achievement, but God wants us to realize that it is nothing that we have achieved and that it is not because of our goodness we are in this movement. "There is none good but God," Jesus said to the rich young ruler. God wants us to realize this and put our trust in Him. We have failed to realize that only the foundation has been laid. We have failed to realize that we need equipment for building. Jesus spoke about a man who set out to build, and after he had the foundation laid he could not finish it. We have a foundation. Let us finish it by His grace. Let us go forward. God spoke to the children of Israel to go forward at a time when it seemed impossible. They were hemmed in by mountains on either side, the Red Sea before them and the Egyptians behind them. If you study church history you will see that the time the church was to go forward was most inopportune, but if the church of God goes forward in His strength she will not need to fear Red Seas, mountains or Egyptians. Let us believe for a real revival. I do not know how it will take place, or how about the equipment. God will take care of that. All we need to do is to follow Him.

I remember when wife and I went to India the first time. I do not know how we got there. I checked up with other missionaries and found they all started out with more money than we had, and they ran short, while we had sufficient. I was surprised several times as I looked at our money. We stayed six days at Hong Kong and paid our board, ten days at Singapore, then across into India and then the train journey 1500 miles or more and landed there with a little in our pocket. And many times in India the Lord proved Himself faithful. In this last term we came up against hard places. Those who used to send us money ceased to contribute, but there was the demand, there was the need and as we told the Lord about it, someone wrote they were moved to send us money to help us

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Experiences which Help on the Pilgrim Way

A New Year's Resolution Wins a Soul

ON THE fourth day of January I made a trip to New York City to keep an engagement with a customer. For practical reasons, I decided to register at a hotel near the station and was assigned a room on the 18th floor, where the page deposited my baggage. By the time I had refreshed myself and was ready to leave, it was nearly eleven o'clock in the morning. Kneeling beside the bed, I asked the Lord of the harvest to guide me during the day and to use me for His glory. I prayed thus: "My Lord, this is a large city of seven million people, and I am just a weak, unknown servant of Thine with no knowledge of the city and no acquaintance with the hungry hearts that may be here. Thou dost know where the needy ones are. Thou alone dost know with whom Thou hast been dealing. Here is my body—my feet, my lips. Wilt Thou take them today to some troubled heart and speak through me Thy words of light and life? Thank Thee, Lord, I believe Thou wilt do it."

Rising from my knees I took my samples, price-book and Bible, and went out to call on my customer. Walking east on Thirty-second Street, I found near the subway station a stationary shop, in the window of which was a small leather-covered note-book which attracted my attention. I was in need of a new prayer-book, for it was my custom, on the first of the year, to make out a new list of my petitions to the Lord. The prayer and the date of the petition were placed on the left-hand page, and then a space was kept on the right-hand page in which to write the answer to that prayer and the date on which the reply was received from the Lord. This keeping books with God I found to be most profitable, as well as inspiring and encouraging. Here was the very book that I needed for the new year.

This shop was a very small one and was operated by a German who was very small of stature. As I entered the store, he at once accosted me and desired to know what I would like to purchase. I described the little book in the window and he at once obtained it for me. After a careful examination I found it was arranged just right for my needs and agreed to pay the price, \$1.10. As he wrapped it up

I asked the Lord whether this might be the person in whose heart He had been working, and followed the prayer with this inquiry, "Do you know what I expect to do with this little book?"

"No," he said, "unless you will gift it to some friend for a New Year's present."

"No," I answered, "this will be used as a prayer-book."

A look of surprise and astonishment came over the face of the little German and he at once began to unwrap the package, and to say, "I am sorry, my friend, but you have bought the wrong book. This is a blank book; it is not a prayer-book."

"I know it," I said quickly, feeling that the Lord had given an opening for a conversation about Himself. "You see, I will make my own prayer-book out of this book, for I will write my petitions on the left-hand pages and will enter the answer on the opposite right-hand pages when the Lord gives the answer. I like to keep a record of God's dealings with me and to know whether or not my prayers are being answered."

I observed a deep earnestness and seriousness on the part of my new friend as I told him this story. He finished wrapping the package, placed the money in the cash register, and still holding the package in his hand, came from behind the counter to talk with me about this matter. Placing the book on the counter and taking hold of the two lapels of my coat, he looked into my face and I observed tears in his eyes. He was greatly agitated and with a voice full of emotion, he said, "Can you get to Gott?"

"Yes, indeed," I replied happily. "Many years ago He saved my soul, and since then I have had the joy of knowing Him and walking with Him in happy fellowship. Would you like to find Him?"

It was easy to see that the Holy Spirit had found for me a candidate for glory. How earnestly the little man replied to my question, saying, "Mister, I have tried to find Gott for many years. I have gone around Manhattan and Brooklyn and the Bronx, night after night, attending many services, but failed always to find Gott. Can you tell me how to get to Him?"

"Yes," I replied, "that is my principal business in life. Perhaps you have tried to get to God without going to Him through the Lord Jesus Christ. If you will come to Jesus Christ, He will bring you to God."

I then opened my Bible and read to him John 14:6—"I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father, but by me." We also read together 1 Peter 3:18—"Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God."

Here was a heart not far from the kingdom. I remembered the promise of the Lord: "And ye shall seek me, and shall find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart." Here was one who was seeking, and surely he would find, according to the promise of God. The idea of coming to Christ first as the way to God seemed to be an entirely new thought to my friend. It puzzled him a little and I saw that it needed an explanation. I sought to show him that there must be a Mediator between God and men and that Christ Jesus was that One. I also sought to show him how the work of Christ at Calvary was quite sufficient to satisfy the demands of God for his sins, and that at Calvary's Cross the Lord Jesus was "wounded for his transgressions and bruised for his iniquities" (Isa. 53:5). We read together 1 Peter 2:24—"Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree." Then we turned to Romans 5:6—"For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly."

My friend realized that he had no strength and yet he was earnestly seeking for the forgiveness of his sins and wanting access to God as his Father. "How can I find Jesus?" he asked. "Where can I find Him?"

"You may just accept Him right now, where you are standing," I assured him. "Just bow your head and tell the Lord Jesus that you believe in Him, that you love Him, and that you trust Him just now with your soul's salvation."

He bowed his head at once, and said quietly, "Lord Jesus, I see that You came to die for me and to bring me to God. I believe in You and I come to You now with my sins for You to save me, and I believe that You do. I believe You will bring me to God and I trust You with my soul."

My German friend had found the Lord, and the Lord had found him. The quest of years was at an end. The seeking heart had found

a sufficient Savior. The one who had been afar off was now made nigh by the blood of Christ. Darkness had been turned into day, and this friend had passed out of death into life.

As I left the shop with my prayer-book, I said, "Thank You, blessed Lord; how quickly You answered my prayer. How ready You were to take willing feet and a ready heart, and to bring these in touch with the seeking soul. I worship Thee for this." Looking at my watch, I found that about twenty minutes had elapsed from the time of the prayer in the hotel room until the prayer was answered, the work was finished, and a troubled soul had found peace in Christ.

The Holy Spirit is always ready, waiting, and willing to lead the yielded servant in paths that are profitable. Let us learn to look to Him and to depend upon Him, so that we may be found spending our time wisely and be led by Him to those hidden hearts in whom He is working. —*From ROMANCE OF A DOCTOR'S VISITS by Dr. R. Wilson.*

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through. And so we have seen His hand in many instances. Looking back into the past we are encouraged to trust for the future, knowing that God is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think. So we stir up your hearts and minds by way of remembrance, and have confidence that God is sufficient for the days to come.

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remembered is for our sakes. Our remembering the Lord not only brings joy to Him but it is good for us to remember the Lord and His vicarious suffering. It is wholesome in its purifying influence upon us.

Now the next question is, How then should we come to the Lord's table? "With clean hands and a pure heart." As far as coming with clean hands is concerned, there is only one way. "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all unrighteousness." There is no other way of access. And so the person who comes to the Lord's Table unworthily, is one that comes with his hands defiled, without repentance and without forgiveness. When we come to someone's table to which we have been invited, we dress for the occasion. We do not go in our working clothes. Paul is trying to guard against anything which disgraces our Lord. When we come to His table with our

hands unclean, with crooked dealings and underhanded and unprincipled actions we are unbecoming, and bring reproach upon our Lord. Then we are to come with a pure heart. That has to do with right motives. The clean hands stand for the outward life, while the heart speaks of our motives.

Then we should come with reverence, discerning the Lord's body. Not merely through custom but reverently remembering the Lord's table, and that He sits at the head of this table. We should come in a worshipful manner, gratefully in His Name. May the Lord help us at these sacred services to visualize Jesus as very present as we partake of these emblems of His broken body.

Delivered from Witchcraft

ON A GREAT Sugar Refining estate in Java, there lived a Mr. Corbet, who had risen in position to book-keeper for the Refinery. He had been happily married for ten years.

He employed a number of servants in his home, and among them was a cook. Unknown to him, she was a wicked woman, and planned to get control of her employer's money. To this end, she decided to resort to

BLACK MAGIC

to bring Mr. Corbet under her influence.

She went to Djokja, or "City of Devils," and consulted a witch doctor who was very powerful and renowned for his witchcraft. She requested him to cause her employer to hate his wife and compel her to leave his home, and to fall in love with her niece who was a young girl. By this means she hoped to get his money.

In a day or two, Mr. Corbet became very fretful and continued to grow worse, until his anger was kindled against his wife. He commanded her to leave his home as he never wanted to see her again. The wife could see that he grew worse after eating and drinking, and recognized it was a symptom of witchcraft. But in spite of her pleas, she was compelled to leave her husband's presence.

In great sorrow, she went to the home of her uncle who lived in Poerwokerto, and asked him to go to Cheribon, another city of Devils, and hire a witch doctor—more powerful than the Djoka doctor, that he might break the influence and save her home from ruin.

But her uncle had been attending Pentecostal meetings, and had become a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. He told his niece that he knew a "Doctor" who was

MASTER OVER ALL DARK AND DEVILISH POWERS.

So he took her to church that night, and she accepted Christ as her Savior. After the service they united in prayer for her husband, that God would break the power at once and save her wretched husband.

That same night, about 12 o'clock, Mr. Corbet began to feel very much afraid. God dealt with him until he fell on his knees and began to weep and confess, and he promised God that night that he would send for his wife. So the following morning, before breakfast, he sent a telegram to his wife asking her to return. Mrs. Corbet, knowing it to be an answer to prayer, went home the same day. She told her husband she would remain on one condition—that he surrender his life to Christ. He agreed, and prayed through to a bright experience of salvation.

A few days after, as the wife was walking out of the house, she noticed on one of the concrete gate-posts some crushed flowers and pepper. She felt it was the witch doctor again seeking to bring his power into her home. She felt she dared not leave the house, but telephoned an American missionary (who was laboring in Java at that time) and present Chairman of Assemblies of God in the Dutch East Indies together with his wife, to come at once and pray with her. They came and prayed for a few hours, but a peculiar burden lingered with them, so they went on praying into the night. At last the American missionary said she felt impressed to dig in the ground by the gate post; so she and the Chairman's wife went into the yard to dig.

They did not dig very deep until they struck a small box, which they took into the house to open. Enclosed they found a very small pillow, with a hair from the head of Mr. Corbet entwined around it, and incense surrounding all. The missionaries burned the box and the contents, pleading the blood of Jesus Christ against all foul spirits.

Until this time, Mr. Corbet had not been quite himself, but seemed a little disturbed. But now

THE CURSE WAS BROKEN COMPLETELY.

The witch doctor, however, was not yet finished, for he was very incensed at seeing his crafty plans and evil power broken. He therefore determined to destroy the man by his devilish powers. In a day or two, Mr. Corbet developed a terrible nose-bleeding; it streamed

out of his nostrils for hours. He grew so weak in his body that he became prostrated.

Again the missionaries were called, and they anointed him with oil and pleaded the blood of the Lamb for deliverance. The bleeding stopped immediately. Then the missionaries took the oil and anointed the whole house and persons in it, rebuking every demon power in Jesus' mighty Name.

The evil influence was well broken, for today the husband and wife have the Pentecostal baptism. Instead of keeping the books at the refinery, Mr. Corbet is the Secretary of the Assemblies of God in Dutch East Indies. He tells the news so that those who are bound may be loosed, those who are sad may have eternal joy, those who are sick may have deliverance thru Jesus.

—Lester F. Sumrall in *Redemption Tidings*.

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