



The days of Heaven on Earth

Mother

Whatever fame may have in store,
 As I life's fitful course shall run;
 However much I may explore
 The mountain tops, anear the sun—
 Let me not, Lord, despite the sky
 Which lures me upward through the maze,
 At any moment climb too high
 To sing my mother's praise.

Whatever friendly Time may name
 To sweeten my declining days;
 However gently age may aim
 To scatter peace along the ways—
 Forbid, O God, though saints untold
 Should shower blessings from above,
 That I may ever grow too old
 To need my mother's love.

Author Unknown

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

The Latter Rain Evangel

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

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

Missionary and S. S. Convention

The 28th Annual Stone Church Convention will be held May 9-23. Mrs. Edith Mae Pennington, nationally-known speaker, will be with us during the entire two weeks. Also missionaries from different countries. Talks on missions will precede the evening messages, and Sunday, May 16, will be a Missionary Day. Special music will be a worth-while feature of the Convention. Meetings every evening except Monday. Sundays 11, 3 and 7:30.

A very special feature of this Campaign will be a Sunday School Convention on May 14 and 15; Friday night at 8 and Saturday 2 and 7:30. A Fellowship Supper will be served Sat. Eve. to the S. S. Superintendents, Teachers and Officers, during which time there will be Inspirational Singing, Question Hour, Helpful Discussions, etc. Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Branch of the Central District, who are specializing on Sunday School work, will be with us for these special days. Also other speakers. If you are interested in making your Sunday School 100% for God, plan to be with us.

"How Readeest Thou?"

IN A LITTLE home in Wisconsin, three boys were growing up. The mother, aware of the power of the printed page, was careful to select the proper reading diet for this home. A spiritual meal, indulged in every month, came through *The Latter Rain Evangel*. Today those three boys are all in the ministry, evidencing a

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healthy, spiritual constitution and they feel that much is due to the well selected spiritual nourishment received through the printed page for one of these "boys" writes, "We three boys (now all preachers) owe you a debt of gratitude . . . for your paper has been a blessing in our home for many, many years."

* * *

Blown by a Minnesota wind, a tract made its way to the feet of a young man driving a team; through this tract he was first introduced to *The Latter Rain Evangel*. Thereafter the paper made its regular visits in this Minnesota home. It was through this little preacher in print, that this young man came into the truth of Divine Healing, that he came into Pentecost, and finally, through its pages that he received his call to the foreign field. We refer our readers to the complete story as given by Mr. Axel Oman, in this issue.

* * *

In a Canadian home, far removed from city life, four boys were being raised by godly parents, who too, were careful as to what sort of reading matter was admitted into their home. Boys have such absorbing qualities, veritably "eating" any literature to which they have access. Thus in the early years this is an impor-

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THE
GOSPEL
ACCORDING
TO
MOTHER

The Gospel according to Matthew is true,
With its calling to me and its message to you.
The Gospel according to Mark seems to tell
The wonderful story so sweetly, so well.
The Gospel according to Luke makes it plain
That the Savior of men is a Healer of pain.
While His cure for poor souls, and His power thereupon
Is told in the Gospel according to John.
But the gospel I love, and the gospel I know
As more plain and more real than all other
Is the one that I learned as a child, long ago;
'Tis the Gospel — according to Mother!
For, oh! 'twas a reasonable thing
(As mother put it) to take sides with God.
As natural as 'tis for birds to sing;
As for all buds to joy in blossoming;
For wind-swept lily bells to bend and nod.
She never told us He was looking out
To catch us tripping as we played about.
She never taught us that He wouldn't love us
If we did wrong. She said it made Him sad.
For, though He was so high, so far above us,
He knew and cared what sort of thoughts we had.



She taught us, that just as fire would surely burn us,
And water wet us, if we handled it,
So, just as surely, sin would hurt and turn us,
Until we didn't love God's ways a bit.
And if in wilful sin our lives were spent,
We should get *wages*—not a punishment.
She used to say she didn't know exactly
The sort of state or place that hell must be.
She only knew it cost
God all He had, to rescue this poor race,
And make men fit to look upon His face.

Then too, she helped us all to understand
That "following" meant just to lend a hand;
To come when called; run errands cheerfully.

And when she failed, she had a charming way
Of owning she was wrong. She didn't set
Herself upon a pedestal and say
That *we* were "cross," while she was "nervy yet."
"I was cross, too," she said. And closer than before
We clung to her, and loved her all the more.

The old simple truths, people tell us, are gone.
Their ghosts theologians may smother.
But to age of the ages my faith will rest on
The Gospel—according to Mother.

—Fay Inchfawn.

Motherhood's Pay-Roll

LOREN B. STAATS
In The Stone Church

A certain woman prayed in public until all heaven was attention and the whole congregation was deeply moved. Someone remarked to that woman's little boy: "Isn't it wonderful how your mother can pray!" This was the boy's reply, "Upstairs, all alone, mother practices in secret for hours at a time; and we have known her to practice a whole night in the cellar."

Scripture Lesson: EXODUS 2: 1-10.



TO ME one of the most beautiful stories in the Bible is that of Moses. I often imagine the agony that surrounded that babe for there was a death sentence over him when he came into this world. Pharaoh had decreed that every male child should be destroyed by the sword, but Moses had a precious mother who knew how to defeat that decree, for she had God on her side.

Every boy and every girl that comes into this world comes with a death sentence; Satan has made a decree that everyone of them should be damned and if we get them saved it will be because we have put forth every effort to that end; the battle begins at the cradle and never ends till we come to the grave. I hear someone say, "I have so many obstacles to meet in the rearing of my children." But I would have you forget your problems for a while as we go back to Egypt and see the circumstances that the mother of Moses faced.

She was a slave in the brick-kilns of Egypt, working from sun-up to sun-down. And then there was that decree that had been issued by the king, against that boy of hers. I don't think she spent much time thinking about the new styles. She had one burden and that was, "Oh God, how shall I save my boy?" We read in the Word that she hid him for three months. That is a long time to hide a big baby boy, especially if he cried like some boys do. But there came a time when she could hide him no longer and she had to think of some plan. Now I hardly think the plan for disposing of the child was fully framed in her own mind but I

believe God told her what to do. As parents we are facing tremendous problems today; they are too big for us, especially when it comes to rearing children. If you get that boy or girl to God it will be because you trusted in Him and did not depend on your own strength. It takes the wisdom of God these days to bring up our children.

I can almost see that mother as she makes her preparations. What is she making? An ark, and that ark is to carry her precious baby. Mothers and fathers, you are doing the same thing today. You are molding arks. And these arks which you are molding will carry the soul of your child either to heaven or to hell. If we realize the tremendous responsibility that rests upon us then we shall see how important it is that we put the right kind of material into that ark.

I do not find that that mother had the help of the father, but I believe that her tears were mingled in with the clay as she molded that little ark. Then came the last night. Perhaps some of you remember that last night in your home when the death angel came to take your little one away. You tried to pray but you could not comprehend why God should spare so many others and take your precious one away. But He has a purpose in all these things.

One time a shepherd wanted to establish a sheep-fold on the opposite side of the river and he tried in every possible way to lead his sheep over to that other side but they refused to go. Finally he thought of a plan. He took one of the little lambs and carried it over and then the others readily followed him. Sometimes God reaches down and takes a little child, and puts it over in yonder fold, and through that means a longing and desire is put into the hearts of those who loved the child, to follow.

The Lord was dealing with the mother of Moses. So the next morning when the sun was breaking over the horizon she took the little one over to the river's brink; she planted a last kiss upon his brow, and I can see her as she prays, "Oh God, I have done my best!" And when you have done your best God will do the rest. She pushed the little one over into the tall grasses of the Nile and went away. Someone asked me one time what I thought the angels were doing that day and I said I thought they were busy watching that baby and chasing away the crocodiles.

No doubt as that mother went to her work that day she asked through her tears, "Why are

things as they are?" "I wish I had never lived." How little she realized what was in the future for her! But she had one consolation and that was that she had put the right kind of material into that little boat. The trouble with so many today is that many little arks are in such a condition that God has a hard time to do anything with them. It pays to put good material into these arks that we are molding.

Before long the princess comes to the river where the little boat was being cradled in the water. Miriam, the sister, was hiding in the flags near by, watching the little ark. Thank God for Miriam! I am glad she helped her mother that day. I believe her healing later on, of leprosy, was due partly because she was so good to her mother. God has promised long life to those who obey and honor their parents, and I believe God was good to Miriam because He remembered her faithfulness. As the princess and her attendants came to the river's brink they saw this little ark and at the request of the princess one of the maidens brought it to her. They all got around it and when they opened it there was that big, bouncing baby boy sucking his thumbs, and immediately the princess said, "This is one of the Hebrew children." Then we read that the child wept. That was one time that a baby cried at the right time. Upon those tears hung the deliverance of the children of Israel from Egypt's bondage. In that ark was the great law-giver that was to bless the world through all the generations to come. The heart of the princess was touched. Miriam who had been hiding, came and said, "Shall I call one of the Hebrew women to nurse him?" The princess said "Go!" and I believe if ever there were two heels that ran it was Miriam's when she ran for her mother. There was an anxious heart watching the highway

that day as Miriam slipped into the brick-kiln and said, "Mother, come at once!" Soon Miriam and her mother come into the presence of the princess and these are the words they hear, "Take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages."

It is wonderful to be on God's pay-roll. He will pay you in peace and joy, but if you are on the devil's pay-roll he will pay you in sorrow and heart-aches and wakeful nights. I can hear the mother praying that night, "Oh God, little did I think that You would be so wonderful to me! Little did I dream that You would take me out of that Egyptian kiln and pay me to do the very thing I would rather do than anything else in all the world!" When I get to heaven I want to run down the streets to see this mother and ask her what old Pharaoh paid her for nursing Moses.

Mother, that is what the Lord is saying to you today: "Take this child and nurse it for me and I will give thee thy wages." Children are just exactly what parents make them. The Catholics are right when they say, "Give us a child till he is ten years old and you can have him the rest of his life." They know that it is in those early years that the teachings are instilled into that life that are never forgotten. Let us profit by their example.

God didn't want Moses in the hands of some Egyptian philosopher to teach him evolution, but under the training of his precious mother so that in later years He could use him to lead the children of Israel out of bondage. What was it that made Moses say in later years, "Excuse me from the pleasures of Egypt and let me take afflictions with my people"? He got that from his mother's teaching.

What made Daniel the great man that he was? There he was, five hundred and fifty

A father one morning, took his little boy to the city where he transacted his business. When noon came, he went with his boy, to a restaurant where he often had lunch. The waiter, knowing that it was the father's custom to have a bottle of wine, asked the boy what he would have to drink. The boy replied, "I'll take what father takes." The father, realizing the serious situation, quietly beckoned the waiter and countermanded the order. — During the afternoon when he went to his office, the words of the boy, "I'll take what father takes," were constantly ringing in his ears. He went home, and after dinner, he retired to his study, but he could not work, for he could not forget the words of the boy, "I'll take what father takes." Feeling that he could bear it no longer, he decided to settle the matter. He knelt down and prayed to God for forgiveness and promised God that he would never touch drink anymore.

miles away from home, down in Babylonian captivity, right among the brain-trusters in the capital of that great regime who were living in dissipation, on the choicest of meats and the best of wines. What made him say, "I will never touch the king's meat, nor drink his wine"? Had he been like some of our young men of today he might have said, "I am five hundred and fifty miles away from anyone that knows me; I don't want to be narrow. What is the use of having folk point their finger at me? That wine wont hurt me." But Daniel had courage and said he would rather eat cracked grain than defile himself with the king's meat. Where did he get it? From his mother.

Let me ask you, "What made John Wesley the great man that he was?" Susannah Wesley gave birth to nineteen children and she raised ten of them for God. She made it her duty to teach her children in the things of God. Wednesday was John's day and then she would take him up to her room, tell him about God and pray with him. In later years when he became the great man that he was, he organized the Methodist Movement and in honor of his dear mother, established the Wednesday afternoon prayer-meetings. How long has it been since you took that boy and that girl and wept over them and taught them of God?

The great need of the world today is mothers who will be burdened for their children. Now I hear someone saying, "How soon do you think the training of children should begin?" I believe that twenty-five years before they are born is none too soon. I am a firm believer in heredity. And Paul must have believed in it too for he traced Timothy's faith back to the teachings of his grandmother. May God give us more good grandmothers and more good mothers and then we will have good boys and girls. Many a son or daughter has been doomed before he or she ever was born. I remember well a family who lived near us when I was a boy; I often played with their children. The father was a drunkard and one day he died in a drunken stupor. The boys, as they grew older, followed in his tracks and were drunkards; one committed suicide while drunk and another committed murder. The only girl in that home became a prostitute. Think of such an outcome of one home! Sowing wild oats might not be so disastrous if others did not have to reap what you sowed, but none of us lives to himself and it behooves everyone of us to live righteous and godly before Him.

I served nine years in secret service work and during that time I read everything I could get hold of that would make me more efficient in my work. One of the books I read told of two families and their descendants; it brings out this truth of heredity very forcibly and I want to mention these two families. In the year 1877 a very licentious man, by the name of Jukes, married a licentious woman. From that union there were 1900 descendants. Of these, 771 were criminals, 250 were arrested and tried for various crimes; 60 were thieves and 60 spent 120 years in prison; 39 were convicted of murder, 40 of the women were known to have a social disease; only 10 of that great number ever learned trades and they learned them in prison. The entire descendants spent 1300 years in prison, costing the State of New York, \$2,700,000 to prosecute them, maintain them in prison and in the poor-house. That is what two people in marriage did for the United States.

Now for the contrast let us refer to the Edwards family. Mr. Edwards, a godly man, married a beautiful, godly woman; a son was born who turned out to be a godly man. That son came to America and later became a merchant; his son became a lawyer and his son became a minister upon whom Harvard conferred two degrees in one day. This last mentioned was Jonathan Edwards who was president of Princeton University. When the Edwards' investigation stopped, the number of descendants totalled 1344. Of this number 295 were college graduates, 13 college professors, 65 college presidents, 186 ministers of the Gospel. 101 were lawyers, 86 were State Senators and three were Congressmen, 30 judges, and one Vice-President of the United States; there were 75 laymen and Sunday School officers. In the entire record of the Edwards family none were ever arrested or tried for crime. That is what two godly people can do for the world.

It pays to serve God. Any old stick can serve the devil. Scientists and psychologists claim that there is a change in our lives every seven years, both mentally and physically, and they say that the first seven years, from babyhood through the seventh year is the time when we should instil discipline into the child's life. If that is done you will be able to control them the rest of their lives.

Then there come the next seven years, from the age of seven to fourteen; their brain cells

are formed but craving development and they watch our every movement. If they are being raised in a Christian home where there is prayer, the foundation is being laid in their lives; honesty, sincerity and love are being implanted in the heart where these qualities are displayed. But if it is the home of a blasphemer, where there is a lack of reverence and love, that sort of material is also being implanted in the child.

One day a lad was following his father and the dad finally asked, "What are you doing?" The boy answered, "I am following in your footsteps." How true that is of every child! If you are smoking and drinking, remember your boy will follow in your footsteps. You are his example.

Let me bring a boy on the witness stand, a boy between the ages of seven and fourteen. If I ask him, "My lad, who is the greatest man in this world?" he will invariably answer, "My dad. He is the biggest man there is, and I want to be just like him." And nine times out of ten he *will* be just that.

Let me go out and bring in a girl in all her purity, a girl of about the same age, and let me ask her, "Whom do you want to be like when you grow up?" and she will tell me, "I want to be like my mother." In view of the examples so many mothers are setting before their children these days, I often wonder what the next generation will be like, should the Lord tarry. Mrs. Staats and I are interested in a family where the father is unsaved. There are two girls in the home. One day the father in fixing his car became angry and used indecent language. The next day he discovered his little girl out by the car, cursing and swearing just as she had heard her father do. It taught him a lesson.

Now the next age is the most important of all, and the most difficult—the ages between 14 and 21. There are more boys and girls wrecked in those years than in any other time. This is the age, when that which has been put into the character, begins to work. It is an age of discontentment and an age when that boy or girl wants responsibility put upon him. They want to get out from under the parents' control.

I thank God for my precious mother. It was she who told me the first story of Jesus that I ever heard. At nine o'clock we always had the family altar and I can still hear those prayers that ascended at those times. After that

we would all go off to bed with a good-night kiss. But there came a time when I wanted to leave that home and make a name for myself. That day I heard my mother say to one of my sisters, "This day our home is being broken up," and I tell you, home never seemed so sweet. I went out into this old world and I strayed away from truths that had been implanted into me.

I shall never forget the afternoon that I packed my trunk. I was whistling at my task, happy at the thought of a bright future, but when I came downstairs the house seemed to be deserted. Finally I went into the kitchen and there was my father. I said, "You know I am leaving today, Dad. Will you come and help me get my trunk down?" He looked at me and said, "Loren, I have always said I would never help a boy of mine carry his trunk out of the house," and then he went on to ask me how I was fixed financially. He realized what it meant to face a cold world. Later on as I was coming through the reception hall I heard the voice of my mother in the front room. She was on her knees with my sister beside her and I heard her pray, "Oh God, this day our home is being broken up. I have done my best to raise him. Now go with him and unite our family again around the throne." I can see mother yet, wiping away the tears, as I said "good-bye."

I went out into the cold, cruel world, became engaged in secret service work and traversed this United States, looking for suspicious characters. I grew cold and lost touch with God but I never could get away from mother's prayers. They followed me every step of the way, and held me. Many a time I would leave my hotel to go into some pleasure haunt; then I would hear that old clock striking nine, and I would remember that mother was praying for me. That remembrance saved me many times from living in sin. One night as I was waiting to go on duty, suddenly a stillness came over me and as I stood on the edge of a beautiful lake, even the waves seemed to die down and I heard voices; I seemed to hear my mother's voice and I knew God was speaking to me, so I said, "Lord, I surrender and will give Thee my heart." Not very long after that I was in Canton, Ohio, and there in a Pentecostal Mission I went to the altar and God put a new robe on me and a ring on my finger. I hurried to my room, wrote a letter to mother, saying,

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Healed, Filled and Called Thru an Unusual Preacher

Signs Following in the Congo

Axel Oman in the Stone Church

"And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.... And these signs shall follow them that believe...."



THE LORD speaking only to the missionary here? I believe each one of us has a world in which he may preach the Gospel and we are to begin in Jerusalem, Judea and Samaria, and then go to the uttermost parts of the earth.

How wonderful it is that we do not go "at our own charges," but we go with the Gospel that is filled with the power of the living God. It is a living seed, and works a transformation in the human heart that no man on this earth is able to produce. To be a Christian is to be spiritually alive from the dead, for we who have been dead in trespasses and sins have been quickened and brought back to life. But to be a Christian means more than that. Out in Africa I tell our natives that they have no right to call themselves Christians unless they are soul winners. Have I a right to tell them that? For my part I do not know how a man can call himself a Christian unless he is a soul-winner, for my Bible tells me that he that is ashamed of Him, of him also shall the Son of Man be ashamed when He comes in His glory.

It was a little over twenty years ago when the Lord saved my soul in an evangelistic service of the Billy Sunday type. I was sitting in the tabernacle listening to the Word of God being preached. I came under conviction and when the evangelist asked all those who wanted to accept

Christ as their Savior, to come forward and shake hands with him, I arose to go. Now many people think a man cannot be thoroughly

saved that way, but He is no respecter of persons, of places or of methods or manners. When I was about half way up to the platform God gave me a complete change of heart. I knew right there what it was to have old things pass away and to have all things become new. And as I was waiting to shake the hand of the evangelist I saw the Lord Jesus Christ just a bit behind him. That was my first vision of Him and I do praise God for the wonderful experience I had.



The Oman Family

This took place about 86 miles north of Duluth and in that far remote section we had heard nothing of Pentecost, but God put a great hunger in my heart for Himself; and many a morning dawned and found me still on my knees down before God, never having undressed all night long. I worked hard in the day-time but my hunger for Him was so great that I did not mind losing sleep and praise God, He answered prayer. One day, as I was sitting on the curb-stone—I was driving a team at the time—I noticed

a small piece of paper being blown by the wind over the hill. I was attracted to it rolling along; then it came underneath my horse's feet. I picked it up and found it was a tract published by The Stone Church. I read the message which was on the coming of the Lord. I had heard of the Second Coming of Christ, and decided it would be a good tract to pass on to the boy next to me, so I gave it to him. I

thought he needed the message. I started off with my team to dump the dirt, but somehow the Lord impressed me to get that tract back. So I asked



Native Evangelists in the Congo

for it and at the bottom of the tract I noticed an advertisement of the paper, *The Latter Rain Evangel*. I subscribed for it at once and thru

that paper the Lord opened up the truth of Pentecost and I read reports of what God was doing in these latter days.

I was very sick at the time. My mother had died of T.B. when I was seven years of age and doubtless I would have gone the same way, but in *The Latter Rain Evangel* I read of how God was the Healer of His people. I had no elders to call upon; no one around me knew of Divine Healing, but God answered the prayer I uttered. He gave me a real assurance and then one night He wonderfully healed me, and from that day to this I have never had a cold on my chest.

In that paper I also read of how God was pouring out His Spirit so I got down before God, seeking Him, and the power came upon me, but I became frightened. I didn't know what it was. So I didn't receive my baptism just then, but the Lord did not leave me. Later on, in that same paper, I read of a Bible School in Newark, New Jersey, and a great desire came to me to attend. I spoke to my father about it. He and I were working and putting our money together to buy property; I was making from \$20 to \$30 per day but God spoke to me and said, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul." I had a great desire to go but had only \$20. However, I wrote to the school at Newark, explaining my circumstances, and they advised me to come to Chicago, as a new Bible School was being opened up then, and the result was that I came here. I shall never forget that first day I was in Bethel Temple! There was so much noise that I decided I had come to the wrong place. They announced a Divine Healing service for Wednesday afternoon and I thought I would go and see what was being done. That Wednesday afternoon, a Jew came in who had been run over by a car. It was very strange because he was unsaved and it is unusual for an unsaved person to attend a Divine Healing service. I am persuaded that the Lord sent him in, for I was impressed and I said, "Now Lord, if You will save and heal that man I will stay here at the school." I wanted to know God's will. Praise God, he accepted Christ as his Savior and after being prayed for, he was healed. I spoke to him myself to make sure, and asked, "Are you saved?"

"Yes," he said.

"Are you healed?"

And he answered, "Yes."

So the only thing I could do was to remain.

Not long after, I was filled with the Holy Spirit. Sometime after that a missionary from South Africa spoke in the church but I closed my ears to all he said concerning that field for I did not want to go to Africa. I thought I would far rather go to India or China, but never to Africa. But friends, you cannot close your ears to the Lord and if He wants you to go to a certain place He will find a way of speaking to your heart.

It was during the war time and I had to return home to register. While there I picked up *The Latter Rain Evangel*, for it was still coming to our home, and in that issue I read a message which Brother Hooper had given at The Stone Church. There and then the Lord called me to Africa. I went into the army and served six months. I learned to know the Lord in a better way and I promised Him if He would keep me I would fast and pray one day out of every week, and I have always had that privilege. After returning from the army I spent five more years in Bible School. While waiting to go to the field I became very anxious about the salvation of my parents and brothers and sisters. There is a Scripture that reads, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved, *and thine house.*" I fear many of us have failed to appropriate that promise but I began praying for their souls and I know what it is to spend an entire week waiting on the Lord, not having a bite to eat or a drop of water to drink. I received the assurance of their salvation but I continued to fast and pray for I was concerned and wanted them saved immediately. Then the Lord spoke to me and said, "Do you want to go to Africa or do you want to go home to your parents?" I said, "Lord, I want to go to Africa." And from that day I was never able to pray for my parents as I did back there. Only two weeks before my father passed away he gave his heart to the Lord and said he knew what it was to have his sins forgiven. Before he was saved he used to curse almost constantly, but it was wonderful, after he was saved he wanted to tell others about the Lord Jesus Christ.

Just about a month before we were to sail our pastor told us he couldn't give us very much money but said, "I will pay your passage across the ocean from Brooklyn to Cape Town and now you go out and get the rest of the money together." The day before we were to leave Chicago we did not have enough money to take us from Chicago to New York so that

evening my wife sold her engagement ring and we were able to start. It was a hard thing to do as there is always sentiment attached to anything of that sort, but we felt souls were worth more than diamonds. On the steamer was an Irishman about sixty-five years of age. He was very sick so I talked to him about the Lord several times. He asked me to pray for him and in answer to prayer God wonderfully healed and saved him. Six months after we had been in Africa we received a letter from him telling us how happy he was in the Lord Jesus Christ. When we reached Cape Town the Lord spoke to a brother there and said, "There are some missionaries coming from America and they are needy. You give them \$50." Now the people over there think that Americans just roll in money and he couldn't understand this, but the day before we left he came to me and said, "Are you in need of money?" And with that he handed me the money, saying, "The Lord told me to give you \$50." God is a wonderful Provider.

After six months we were told to go on our own mission station, one which had been opened a short time previously. There were a few converts but none had been filled with the Holy Spirit so we began having tarrying services on Friday nights. One Sunday while we were eating our evening meal two young men came into our room and, with tears coursing down their cheeks, they asked, "How long must we wait to be filled with the Holy Spirit?"

I said, "Do you want to be filled now?"

They answered, "Yes."

One of them came and knelt by my chair and as I laid my hands on him, in a moment's time he began to speak in other tongues. I had not even mentioned anything of this. I fear many of us think that when we speak in tongues we have it all but there is far more than that to the Baptism. Speaking in tongues is only the beginning and there should follow a real burden for souls. I laid hands on the other young man and he likewise began to speak in other tongues and to our joy he spoke in English. How wonderful it was, having come from America, and hearing one of those natives saying in English, "Jesus is coming soon!"

The Lord has also healed many of the natives. One man had double pneumonia and because of his serious condition they thought he might die, so they put him outside of the house. If a person dies in the house there they burn down the house. I asked him if he wanted me to

pray for him and he said, "Yes." But I noticed he had charms on his wrist and I said, "How about taking off those charms?"

But he didn't want to take them off for he said, "I have paid a month's wages for these." I told him I could not pray for him then for he would be giving the glory to those charms. But the next day when I asked him the same thing he took off the charms and put them in the fire. I laid my hands on his body and God immediately healed him and that same day he ate a large meal, though he had been unable to eat scarcely anything for three weeks.

Through that healing God began to work in that village and poured out His Spirit; nineteen more were filled. One Sunday morning, when we had about 400 at the service ten natives came forward, weeping their way to Jesus. We sent the natives out two by two, to the various villages and one group went to a village about 10 miles distant where the natives had killed a white man not long ago. These two were not kindly received. Two women asked, "Why do you come here? We don't want to hear your words." One of the men said, "If you oppose us God will punish you," but they continued to make fun of them. Just a little later on these two women went to the outskirts of the village and while there a lion came and killed them both. There were five children with them, but none were hurt. One was a baby in the mother's arms; a boy about seventeen years of age took the baby out of her arms and the lion never touched either of them. These children went back and told what had happened and God worked through that incident. A backslider heard of what had happened and went to the evangelist, asking for prayer. God wonderfully brought him back to the Lord, healed him, and filled him with the Spirit and the next morning, which was Sunday, nineteen were saved.

At another village to which we had sent two natives, there was a demon-possessed boy. His mother had taken him from one witch doctor to another but all had miserably failed to do anything for him. Of course, Satan would hardly be in the business of driving out a demon. When I went to see him he was sitting in the middle of the street with not a stitch of clothing on him and he was nothing but skin and bones. When he saw me he began to curse and swear but I rebuked Satan. I enlisted the prayers of the Christians and God completely

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Devotion of Mothers and Sons

J. J. Ashcroft



THOSE who love to study human nature I suppose that there is no book which presents in so many varied phases our natural life as the Bible. Particularly so is this in its history of friendships. What appeals to many of us just now is the devotion of Mothers and Sons. There is something very touching, inspiring, about these friendships. They form a long procession down through the ages, from that sad picture, the first Mother weeping over her murdered Abel, Rebekah scheming for Jacob, Rachel making a coat of many colors for Joseph, Hannah praying for her Samuel, Bathsheba interceding for Solomon, the rich woman of Shunem whose son was restored by Elisha; not forgetting the lowly Mother of Bethlehem with her little Son, nor the last sad scene—"And there stood by the Cross of Jesus His mother" (John 19:27).

This is a time when our subject should appeal to many of us—"And when she could no longer hide him (Moses), she took for him an ark of bulrushes, and daubed it with slime and pitch, and put the child therein, and she laid it in the flags by the river's brink" (Ex. 2:3). There comes a time in the experience of every mother when she is obliged to fashion her little boat of bulrushes, frail as it may be, to launch it out on the deep waters of life. We all may know the story of this Hebrew mother—how the edict had gone forth from Pharaoh (Exodus 1:15-22), that every male child should be slain. How she hid her son as long as she did was wonderful indeed, and the anxious moments of care were hid in the bosom of this mother, but when she could no longer conceal him, she determined a way to set him afloat on the waters, and trust him in the hands of the God of her nation.

What were the preparations that the mother of Moses made for sending forth her son? She made an ark—and notice from what she fashioned it—not iron, wood, or anything breakable, but of the very rushes which grew by the water's edge. She made it water-tight, (Oh, that every mother would see that the ark in which she launches her boy is not only water-tight, but alcohol-proof!), smearing it with slime and pitch—something largely used by the Egyptians, yet it filled up every crevice, no

place left for a leakage; it would not let the water in nor the life out.

Dear mother, how are you sending your son forth? With what have you fashioned your boat in which he has to sail? Will it keep up on the troubled waters of today? May the Lord give us wisdom. Our knowledge must be up-to-date, (If we only had the Christian characters and the tutors of the yester-years who could be trusted to instruct, counsel, guide and direct our boys "in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake," not like some that we have today with their minds filled with unscriptural methods and modernistic ideas), helping our boys intellectually and spiritually.

The boat must be water-tight—however strong it may be, there cannot be any chance taken of leakage—the water must bear it up, encircle it but never penetrate it, even to the crevices and cracks of wise foreknowledge. To leave a lad ignorant of natural laws is to create loopholes for the devil to enter with all his temptations, but if the boy is prepared to meet them he will successfully overcome. He must know how to resist the devil before he will flee from him.

I beg for your indulgence in a few plain words—that it is better to teach your boy that God has gifted his body with its natural desires and appetites (but divinely cultivated), for there are natural forces within as well as a voice, however you may keep silence; but you will do well to send him forth fore-armed, wisely advised and sensible of these things. Do not leave this branch of his education to be imparted by some other person less capable and pure than yourself. If you do some foul-minded boy at school is waiting to sow the seed which perchance may bear the crop of corruption in after life. Deal wisely with your sons—have them go on their knees—give them that idea of the Ideal One—Jesus.

All our sons may not be distinguished leaders, but they can be citizens, and a citizen is not known by his ability to sing "My Country, tis of Thee, Sweet Land of Liberty," but by his whole-hearted accord with everything that makes the Republic what it is. Can I speak of this subject and forget that it was the Gospel for today that suggested this topic "Mothers and Sons"?

Then there comes a day in the experience of many a mother, when, having launched her boy on the river of Life, God calls her to cast

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HOW IMPOSSIBLE it is to explain the workings of the Lord but we know that His Holy Spirit searches us out and works in wonderful ways to bring us together at the Cross.

Let me take you back to Germany—you need not be afraid, for nothing will happen. It is ten years ago. On this particular Friday, mother is writing letters and the children are finishing their school work; father has just come home from business; mother lights the candles. The family gathers around as father opens the Hebrew Prayer books; they sing in Hebrew and pray in Hebrew. From all appearances it is a very happy home and one peep into this home would make one think that it is an ideal Jewish home where nothing was lacking. It seems so peaceful. But you see only the outward condition and not the hearts. There was at least one heart that was anything but peaceful, a heart that was saying, "Do I always have to pray this way? Can't I talk to God direct?" Let us follow that girl. One day you see her going to school; she meets the Rabbi who detects that something is troubling this heart. How well I remember him asking, "My dear, what is troubling you?"

"Oh Rabbi, I have a problem concerning prayer. *Must* we pray out of a book? Can we not talk to God from our hearts?"

"Yes, you may," said the Rabbi, "but we need the book as a means of fellowship in the home and in the congregation."

That didn't help much. On another day, a Saturday, this same girl went out. On Saturdays we were not allowed to ride on the street cars. It is a day when we must think of the

commandments; there are about 613 of these and that is a great number for a young person to remember, but we cannot do away with them for they are sent of God. Somehow in the heart of this girl there is a longing to think more of God and less of the commandments. Some time after we find her in the University, studying; she is taking a walk with a girl friend who is studying to teach in the Jewish seminary. A medical student joined them, and, wanting to take off her coat, she handed her purse and

gloves to this school teacher. But she refused and walked no further. "What is the matter?" asked the medical student?"

"Oh, I am not supposed to carry anything today," answered the teacher.

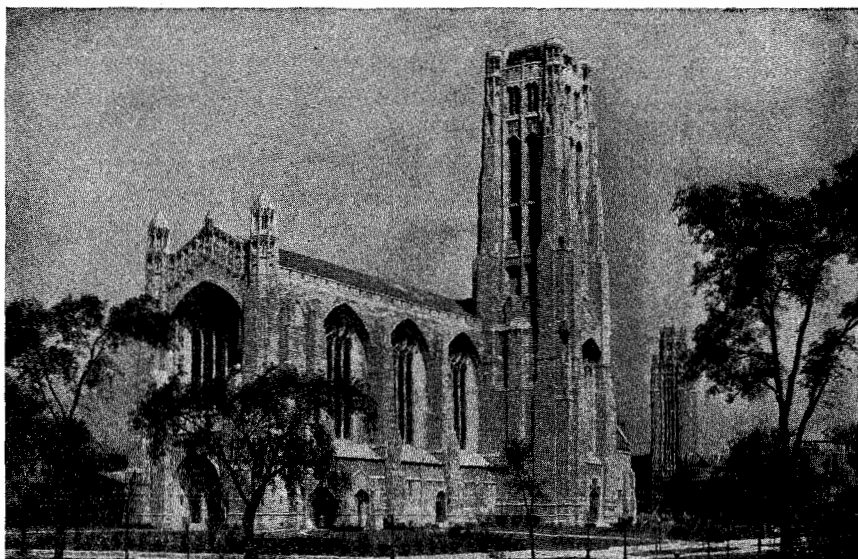
Yes, it is hard to keep all these laws, and more and more this girl is disturbed in her heart. She has participated in all the pleasures of the world but none of them have satisfied her heart. She wonders, if, by keeping the commandments she can secure happiness and peace.

Then the government in Germany changed; the opportunity came for this girl to come to America. She came to Chicago but was still unhappy. Her friends were all in Germany and she was increasingly miserable because the aunt with whom she was now staying, had said to her one day, "You know, I believe in Jesus." "Now that is interesting," thought the girl, for she had in mind that this must be some sort of philosophy like Christian Science, but before long she became tired of hearing about this so-called philosophy of Jesus. The aunt would point out

They Meet

The human heart the working and the Gospel of the Lord rich and poor, educated and from university they come common ground at Calvary's (we were given at the Gospel Feast in charge) and we pass them from Christian business men that special feature will be in her aunt, received the Baptism and the aunt referred to is the church.

Miss Clark is just one of the Daily Vacation Bible School opportunity for reaching the



From University . . .

t the Cross

and knows one common long-Christ has its appeal for both, till from mountain cabin listen and then meet on one The testimonies which follow p Club (Vaughn Shoemaker place of the special testimonies t of variety. In future issues . Miss Mann, together with e Spirit at the Stone Church ber and regular attendant of

usands being reached through hich medium offers a rare r generation for Christ.

prophecies from the Old Testament and tried to point her to Jesus but she did not want to know about Him. Then she went to the University of Chicago, became very rushed with her studies and was often grieved because she lost her temper. Then her step-father died and her heart was saddened for she loved him very much. One day she was reading Isaiah 53 and came to that verse, "But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace

was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed." She closed the Bible; she had read that before in the Jewish translation.

After being in this country for about nine months she had a longing to go to a summer resort and the aunt said, "I will go on one condition, that you will read the Bible with me every day." The girl said, "I am sorry but I cannot promise to do that." But she did want to go so badly and finally gave in. So on the beach they sat every day, reading Genesis, Exodus, and so on, through to Amos. They read such verses as, "Prepare to meet thy God," and "The day of the Lord is darkness and not light," and she asked, "Will the Messiah really come in Person or is it just a symbol?" Conviction came to her heart but she would not give her aunt the slightest encouragement, for one day she told one of her friends, "I have given up. I have done all I could do." But her friend said, "Praise God, He can still work."

I have described this by means of pictures but when it comes to the actual experience of finding the Lord, it is no longer, "he" or "she" but "I." And yet how hard it is to actually tell of an experience with the Lord! We know we have it and yet words never can tell what is really in the heart. But somehow I fell in love with Jesus Christ and I was happy, happier than I had ever been before. Oh yes, I had experienced happy days, but the blue days would always follow, but this joy is everlasting and I have the hope of experiencing even far greater joy in the future. "Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face."—*Elfrieda Mann.*

AS A GIRL of twelve, in the mountains of North Carolina, never before having heard of Jesus Christ or been inside of a Sunday School, nor ever having seen a Bible, the Lord saw fit to send a man to our place, to organize a Daily Vacation Bible School. It was there I came to know the Lord as my Savior and it has been wonderful to live for Him ever since.

I had a great longing to do something for the Lord and give something to His work. Being on the farm we had some chickens and I had one little red hen. I decided to use her as an investment for the Lord and give to Him all I received from her. Since she was the Lord's she was dearer to me than the other chickens were and I showed her a little partiality, feeding her real well. That red hen raised enough chickens to bring me \$9.00. That may seem small but the Lord used it to glorify Him.

After finishing school I had a great desire to attend the Bible Institute in Chicago and I asked the Lord to give me a job so that I could earn money to go. I had a prospect but was turned down. Then I tried earning some money through the garden and my father gave me two acres which I planted, but due to the dry weather I made only \$3.75. I continued to ask the Lord for a job but instead of that He gave me a place of teaching in a Daily Vacation Bible School; at the end of that school 18 accepted the Lord as their Savior. How those boys and girls longed to have the Word of God given to them! I was making all preparations to go to Bible School in four weeks but just two days after reaching home I was asked to teach again. I said, "But Lord, it is only four weeks before I must leave and there are so many things to get ready," and yet I did want to please Him. So I went to teach and I shall never forget that experience. It was far up in the mountains where there were rattle-snakes. As we jour-

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.... and Mountain Cabin

The Get Acquainted Page

Conducted by *Watson Argue*

Presenting the Story of the Fourfold Gospel Church, Bellflower, Calif. J. K. Gressett, Pastor.

IN FEBRUARY, 1925, the first Full Gospel service was held in a School Auditorium, in Bellflower, California, conducted by Sister Mary A. Sheets. Many souls were saved and



Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Gressett

miracles of healing wrought in those meetings. Sister Sheets has since gone to be with the Lord, but the Fourfold Gospel Church at Ardmore and Olive Streets is a monument to her labors of love and sacrifice, and her ministry among the people is a cherished memory. Often after the night services in the school building, those seeking the Baptism of the Holy Spirit would drive ten miles to the Full Gospel Church in Whittier, and many were filled with the Holy Spirit in the basement of the Whittier church.

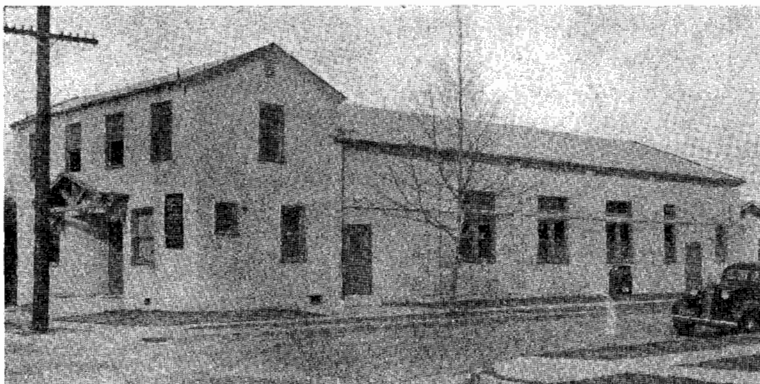
A board tabernacle was erected in Bellflower for the Assembly, which soon proved too small. In 1933 the present edifice was erected, seating over 450, with ten Sunday School rooms. The church is a stucco building, equipped with opera chairs and a bap-

tistry. It contains the largest auditorium in the city of 11,000 population. Bellflower is twenty miles southeast of Los Angeles. A building program is on at the present time to erect a parsonage, the lot having been already purchased for this purpose.

We were here, shepherding the flock from 1929 to 1932, then pastored a work in Phoenix, Arizona, but in answer to a second call, came again at the beginning of this year, feeling it to be in the will of the Lord.

It was in November, 1918, that I, a sinner, was suffering with influenza and double pneumonia. I was given up to die by our family physician who said I had not twelve hours to live. Two farmers and an operator on a telephone exchange came and prayed for me. I repented of my sins and called on the Lord, and for the first time the true Light shone into my soul. And how it did shine! I was healed, saved and baptized in the Holy Spirit in fifteen minutes. In twelve hours, instead of being dead, as the doctor had predicted, I was up and a well man.

The only reason I am a minister of the Gospel today, pastoring this fine group of people, is, that on the night the Lord saved my soul and healed my body, I promised Him I would do His whole will if He revealed it to me. And



Fourfold Gospel Church, Bellflower, California

praise His Name, He did! I did not feel I had any particular qualifications for the ministry, but two years after I was saved the Lord called me to His work. The first few years were spent in pioneer work over a number of Mid-western and Southern states. During this period we had tests and trials, but we praise the Lord that through the years He never failed.

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Human Derelicts or Life's Full Cargo -- Which?

A. L. Branch

IN THESE days of evangelistic effort, much emphasis is being placed on saving the lost. I would not speak lightly of its importance, but both the Lord Jesus and the apostles had much more to say about saving the *saved* than of saving the lost. If the next generation of the whole church would follow the example of the Apostolic church, the whole world would have the Gospel as it did in the generation following the day of Pentecost—the whole world was not saved then, but it was evangelized. That is as far as our responsibility goes; the choice to accept or reject the good news rests with the individual who hears.

Paul said, within a generation of Pentecost when the church began its ministry, "Yes, verily, their sound went into all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the world" (Rom. 10:18). He is speaking of "the word of faith which we preach" (v. 8.).

The favorite text with us has been, "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." Over thirty years before this was spoken one of the highest archangels said, "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save HIS PEOPLE from THEIR sins."

Jesus put the emphasis where it should logically be placed; the proper recognition of the status of children. A pack of yellow curs were hounding His steps to catch Him in His words that they might have some charge to bring against Him. They were leaders in a dead and apostate religion and were utterly blind to the beauty of Christ's character and deaf to the truths which He spoke.

Into this scene young children were brought to Him. They were like pure lilies, lifting their fair faces among rocks and weeds and thorns. His disciples, no doubt irritated by the hateful attitude of the Pharisees toward their Master, rebuked those that brought them. "But when Jesus saw it, He was *much* displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. . . . And He took them

up in His arms, put His hands upon them and blessed them." If we want to know what the kingdom of God is like, take a careful look at little children. "Of such is the kingdom of God."

There have been a half dozen denominations who have held among their doctrines the hideous and revolting teaching that children who die in infancy go to hell—a doctrine that has driven many thinking people into atheism, and loving mothers insane. Surely the kingdom of God is not made up of multitudes who are in hell! The kingdom of God is composed of little children, and of those who have humbled themselves to become like little children. They together constitute the entire list of the saved ones. Little children remain saved until they wander from the path which leads to their next home. The most thrilling task in the world is to guide, lovingly and patiently, their footsteps so that they will never wander away into the by-paths and stumble into the pitfalls of sin. It is more profitable, too, as far as the kingdom of God and the welfare of society is concerned.

Rescue was the religious work of yesterday, and is still needed because we are working so desperately to purify the stream after so many polluting rivulets have run into it instead of keeping it pure from the source. An enlightened church is seeing that prevention is more satisfactory and practical and economical. Our main task is not to rebuild human ruins, but to build lives unto Christ from their earliest years. It is not so important to tow in a human derelict as to bring life's full cargo safe to port. It has been well said that to save an old person is to save a unit, but to save a child from going astray and train him up into Christian usefulness, is to save a multiplication table.

A little twelve-year-old Scotch lassie was dying, and her father, solicitous for her soul, asked her if she had found Jesus. She looked so surprised and answered, "Why, Daddy, I never lost Him!"

The privilege of this glorious task rests, first, with the parents. But the sad part of it is, so many children do not have Christian parents, and some Christian parents never talk with their children about this most important theme.

The next in line of opportunity is the Sunday School teacher, whose God-filled life will pull in the hearts of these less fortunate children like a great magnet, and draw them up from the deluge of iniquity into the ark of safety. It is more important than segregating the chil-

dren of leprous parents before they are contaminated with that dread disease.

A farmer and his wife lived on a small farm in the Middle West. They had an only son whom they had carefully taught and led in the right path. One day, when he was a young man, he came to his father and said, "Father, if I could go to college I believe I could fill a more useful place in life." His father said, "Son, we have had poor crops for two or three years and I don't see how we can afford it, but I'll go in and talk it over with mother." When a promising boy wants to go to college, godly mothers will make a way regardless of personal sacrifice. The day came when the boy left home, after many tears and prayers and much godly counsel. He worked almost night and day to make the financial load as light as possible for father and mother back on the farm. He finished his course, and when Commencement Day drew near he wrote back home urging them to come and see his graduation. They wrote back that they were not used to meeting the kind of folk who would be there, and their clothes were not fit to wear to such places.

Back came the answer: "I have been looking forward for months to having you here when I graduate and you simply must come." When the ties are as strong as that, and the boy says, "You must come," they usually go. They sponged and cleaned, and pressed Dad's old suit; they turned and made over mother's old black dress, and started out with the old horse and buggy.

The son met them and showed them through the college buildings, walked with them on the college campus, and introduced them to his friends and professors as proudly as if they had been millionaires. The boy had carried off the honors of his class and at the graduation service he was the main speaker. As he poured forth his clear convictions in eloquent words, round after round of applause came from the vast audience that packed the building.

Dad and mother had a good seat near the front. The old man could hardly contain himself. Finally he struggled to his feet, and trembling with excitement from head to foot, he laid his hand on his wife's shoulder and fairly shouted, "Mary, this is the best crop we ever raised!"

Coming Meetings

Glad Tidings Tabernacle, New York City, (325 W. 33rd St.), of which Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Brown are the pastors, will hold their Thirtieth Anniversary Campaign May 2-16. Evangelist H. E. Winburn of Winnipeg, Canada, will be the speaker. Young People's Rally May 15, at 3 and 7:30.

JUNEAU, ALASKA. For several years Brother and Sister Watson Argue have had an invitation for a campaign in Juneau, Alaska, with Pastor Chas. C. Personeus. They are very happy that the Lord has now opened the way for them to go and they are sailing May 15 from Seattle. They will appreciate an interest in the prayers of the Lord's people for God's blessing to rest upon their ministry in this far northern field.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman once had this interesting experience: "I was standing," he said, "in Tiffany's great store in the city of New York, and I heard the salesman say to a lady, 'Madam, this pearl is worth \$17,000.' I was interested and said, 'Please let me see the pearl that is worth \$17,000.' The salesman put it on a piece of black cloth, and I studied it carefully.

"As I looked around at the beautiful store, I imagined them bringing all their stock up to my house and saying, 'We want you to take care of this tonight.' What do you think I would do? I would go to the telephone and call up the chief of police and say, 'I have all of Tiffany's stock in my house, and it is too great a responsibility. Will you send some of your trusted officers to help me?'

"But I have a little boy in my home, and for him I am responsible. I have had him for nine years, and some of you have just such another little fellow. I turn to this Old Book and I read, 'What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' It is as if we had all the diamonds and rubies and pearls in the world and held them in one hand and just a little boy in the other, and the boy would be worth more than all the jewels. If you would tremble if you had seventeen million dollars' worth of jewels in your house one night, how shall you go up to your Father, and the lad be not with you?"—SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES.

Some Through the Flood

Theodore E. Gannon

IT HAD NEVER dawned on me just how Noah I felt when in the midst of the greatest flood and within hearing distance of those crying for help to be unable to help them. Radio calls given over WHAS gripped the hearts of the people everywhere. Many were moved with the greatest desire to come to the flooded area and help relieve those in distress. We, who were in the midst of the flood, were moved the same way. We felt that we just had to do something. We would feel a great relief in our hearts each time we were able to help someone. We opened our church doors to house thirty refugees and four houses of furniture. We gave temporary relief to several others. In the midst of the relief work there was also a cry in our hearts to help those who were distressed in their souls, for the strain and despair people went through was something that demanded more than material refuge.

Often times when speaking of the great deluge in the time of Noah we refer to the Scripture, "And the Lord shut him in" (closed the door). Gen. 7:16. When God shut Noah and his family in, others were shut out. In this last flood it was not a time when God shut the door on those that were without, but rather He appealed to them in a greater way than ever before.

On Sunday morning, January 24th, our Sunday School lesson was, "Noah and the Ark." On this particular morning there was a great rambling among the people as they were seeking higher ground. We were not privileged to conduct our regular service, but we had a glimpse of Noah's experience from our door. We had already taken in some refugees among whom were two ladies who were deeply burdened for a taste of the Eternal Refuge, so it was more than a relief to our hearts when we were privileged to pray them through to victory. At the same time in another home, not so far away, two more souls cried out to God for peace, and in South Louisville two others were graciously saved. We speak of these particular victories within our influence which is only an example of many who cried out to God for refuge. There were prayer-meetings in school houses, tobacco warehouses, distilleries, halls and in many homes throughout the city. While many have put on a bold front and have tried

to bluff their way through, yet there are visible results of these prayer-meetings. We do not believe that these souls cried to God from fear alone but rather they were made to see the power and strength of an Almighty. The mayor of our city said in one of his messages that the flood did one thing and that was it showed us the weakness of man.

The people in this city, as a whole, have been melted and brought together in a greater spirit of brotherly love. It is true that some have hardened, but we thank God for the evidence of those that broke. While the loss is way beyond the present strength of the people yet the gain is far more in eternal riches. One of the first testimonies given after the waters had receded and we were able to be together again was, "You folk know that we have lost about everything we had but we are not worrying about that; we are so happy because we had the opportunity to point two souls to Christ and that means everything."

With the strength of this great disaster God preached a message to us and some were saved through the flood.

(Continued from page 7)

"Mother, you may quit praying. Your boy is saved."

She came to spend a week with me, planted a kiss on my lips and we had times of prayer together. When she left she said she was going back home the happiest woman in the world. Just two or three weeks later I received a message which read, "Loren, if you want to see mother alive, come home." I hurried home and, thank God, I was there in time to kiss her and pray with her. I saw her reach her hand to heaven as she said, "Thank You, Lord. You said You would go all the way and You have."

Her body is now crumbling back to dust in Pleasant Valley Cemetery but within my bosom lives her spirit and the truths she implanted in my early years. Mother, do you have a family altar in your home? Have you done your best or are you neglecting the most essential thing that you owe to that boy or girl that you brought into the world? See to it that God has first place in your home.

A Mother's Message to Her One-Year-Old

A LITTLE over a year ago the mails brought to me a letter from my mother which she had been keeping in her home for many years. It was written in a foreign language (which was all I understood until I began school) and yellow with age. As I was totally unaware of the presence of this letter, written to me, many years ago, when I was only one year old, it was very interesting to me, and heart-touching. Even now as I read it I feel a lump come into my throat, and I confess that when I first translated it, I wept before God to think He had been so good to me to give me such a wonderful mother, so concerned about me that she wrote this letter, that, in case anything should happen to her, I would have her personal message on how to reach heaven.

The purpose in reproducing these lines is not to glorify my mother unduly, but, if possible, to stir some other mother's heart to be as faithful to her children.

—A Wisconsin Pastor.

The Letter:

My dear little boy:

I want to leave you a few words from your mother, as a greeting, when you get big enough to read.

My dear little boy, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Serve the Lord, therefore; seek God, give yourself no rest until you are saved. Jesus came to save sinners; all have sinned and are unworthy before God.

"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

"No man can come to me except my Father draw him."

"That He shall give eternal life to all those whom thou hast given Him."

"None shall tear them out of my hand, and neither out of my Father's hand."

Read your Bible much, my little boy. Don't let the false world lure you and trick you with its many pleasures. It only leaves the conscience with pain and torment. Never go into saloons—(today she would have said, Taverns)—that is the way to death and destruction. Oh my little boy, look away to Jesus in salvation! Let your eyes rest upon Him.

He will never leave you nor forsake you. Yes, even if I could forget you, He never can (Isa. 49). If you fall, go to Him again. Never give up—fight for the heavenly crown. My dear—words cannot express all I want to say.

Meet mamma with Jesus. I pray for you. Jesus prays for you. Be a good boy; Jesus keep you from all evil. Hide and take these words with you throughout life. Now you are just one year old, and playing

with a book on the floor, innocent and happy. May you stand clean at the last before the white throne.

God bless you. Give your heart to Jesus. Read much in the Bible. Meet me with Jesus—that is my last prayer.

Your loving mother.

(Continued from page 2)

tant factor in the building of their moral and spiritual fibre. Being far removed from any church or mission, these parents improvised their own method of providing for their boys a Sunday School training and church services. They subscribed for *The Latter Rain Evangel* and on Sundays when they were unable to travel the 26 miles, round trip, to the nearest assembly, they gathered their boys around them and father read the sermon, then they had a missionary message and usually some striking testimony—all from the pages of *The Latter Rain Evangel*, for it served as preacher and missionary and teacher. Today three of those boys can look back on years of service given to the Lord on the Foreign mission field, with yet many years of fruitful ministry before them, while the fourth is serving Him at home.

* * *

Abundant proof is given in the above pictures, for the power of the printed page. Are you interested in someone's spiritual diet? Are you longing to prepare and "send" a missionary to the field? Send a subscription for *The Latter Rain Evangel* to some home, to some friend, then water the seed with your prayers and veritably you "shall receive an abundant harvest."

(Continued from page 13)

neyed along the road we noticed the first house in sight, a little log house. I didn't know a soul in the entire district but we soon became acquainted. Twenty-two young people attended this school and five were saved.

Then returning home, just two weeks before time to leave, I began to get busy, but my folk never thought I could get ready. The Sunday before I was to leave on Tuesday I did not even have my train fare but the Lord supplied in such a wonderful way that when it was time to leave I had \$25.00 instead of the \$13.50 for

**Do you want to make your Sunday School count the most for God?
Plan to be with us May 14 and 15.**

which I had asked the Lord. Then to my surprise, after reaching the Bible School I found that friends had sent in enough to my credit to pay the first term's bill and part of the second. That is the way the Lord multiplied that small amount of \$3.75 that I had earned from the garden. Since that time the Lord has met me every time I needed anything; sometimes it was a nickel I needed and sometimes it was 50c and one time I needed \$1.00 but the Lord always supplied. Let me tell you of one incident when God so marvelously supplied. I had returned from one of my jobs (I am working my way through school as far as possible) and found the bill there. My room-mate asked me how much I had towards the payment of that bill which amounted to \$33.90. I told her I had \$3. She looked rather worried for me as she reminded me that the bill was due the following Tuesday. She had a father in business and did not have to depend on the Lord. That Sunday when passing the information desk I was told to call a certain number, that a message had been left; when I got the party on the phone they said, "We just wanted you to know that a lady has left \$2 for you and she is sending \$30 more." He always answers above all we can ask or think.

I am looking forward to serving Him on the foreign field, and yet, should He call me to return to the mountains in North Carolina I should be willing to go any place for Him, for I just want to do His will.—*Nannie Bell Clark.*

(Continued from page 11)

another craft on the dark tide of Eternity (death). If that moment shall come to you will you be able to say, "It is well," as the Shunammite woman said to the Prophet when the son she so dearly loved was dead. Do not think for a moment that the compassionate Saviour will be less present to watch over you as He allows the sad cortage to proceed through the city gates to the grave. His divine heart still throbs in unison with the sorrow of every mother-heart of today and a revelation of His presence together with the COMFORTER, the blessed Holy Spirit, will illumine the dark waters so that there will be no dark valley when Jesus comes.

If that day ever comes to you, dear heart, seek not to bring him back again. The silver cord has been loosed, the "unreal" has been changed for the "real," the transitory for the eternal. Pray God that he may have life and light in that "land" and a perfect knowledge of

the Father who loves mothers and sons. In the meantime endeavor to have them brought up according to the instructions of the Psalmist, "That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; and our daughters may be as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace" (Psalm 144:12).

(Continued from page 10)

delivered him and as a result of that, sixty were saved and twenty-five were filled with the Holy Spirit. Doesn't it say, "The Lord working with them, confirming the Word with signs following"?

When I first went out to Africa I said, "Lord, if You will give us a thousand souls I will be satisfied." I have felt since, that I limited the Lord, but He gave us a thousand converts on our first term out. We have to keep a record because the government asks for a report of the conversions every year. The last time we went to Africa I prayed, not only for a thousand souls but for thousands, and to the glory of God, I can say He gave us over three thousand souls. It is because we all worked together; we believe that every Christian should be active for the Lord Jesus Christ. We have established seventy churches and we have so many villages in that territory that were I to go and stay just one day in each village, it would take me almost two years to cover the territory. We cannot do the work alone but we praise God that the natives have caught the vision and are anxious for souls.

KENTUCKY MOUNTAIN NEEDS

The following from Brother Nash commands our prayerful interest:

"We have, at the present time, the largest number of workers actively engaged in missionary work that we have ever had and the Lord has surely blessed the efforts put forth. There are, however, many open doors that we are not yet able to enter because of the lack of sufficient workers and the need of funds to establish stations. We have, at the present time, 23 established stations and 46 Sunday Schools where the Full Gospel message is going forth steadily to hundreds of hungry hearts. With the opening of every new Sunday School, two additional workers are required, and the erection of a suitable building for the housing of these workers. Anyone who believes he is called to this field of labor, please communicate with the District Superintendent, O. E. Nash, 2525 Gilbert Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio."

Blessed Hay

John Wright Follette

GREETINGS in His dear name! Days and months have slipped away since we were gathered at Camp Byron, Wisconsin, where God so wonderfully met us. I have here on my desk before me some of the "blessed hay" from the tabernacle. What a happy and gentle reminder it is. This little article will have more interest to those who were there and may remember the incident of my holding up some of the hay one evening as a bit of illustration.

When we "stop, look and listen," He is always at hand to give a fresh revelation of His heart and life. While at Camp many of us stopped. That is, we left for the time being many of the usual interests so that we might have a little time in His presence. While so doing many of us listened, and also looked. Do you remember the evening I took up a handful of hay as an illustration? Well, I saw not only the hay but also an object lesson of deep humility and brokenness. The hay (had it reasoning powers) might well have thought its life and destiny quite a failure because it did not fulfil the general and prescribed order (and become food for the manger). No, here it was far away from any manger where it might have been valued as fine hay for feeding. It never heard the proud farmer say, "What fine hay! What a grand treat for the cattle! This is such fine, clean hay!" Such was not its privilege. Rather it had been tossed out of the haymow and away

THE BLESSED HAY

*O blessed hay, all broken, marred and crushed,
What happy memories must haunt thee now!
Do humming bees still move in eager quest
For sweetness hidden in thy clover heart?
Do happy birds still swing in lowly sweep
Close to thy breast upturning to the sun?
And do the fleeting clouds still bless with rain
Thy thirsty form stretched naked 'neath the sky?
At eventide when twilight spins her veil
Of loveliness, do gentle dews distill?
O blessed hay, what memories are thine!
Today I see thee stretched upon the ground
All dry and broken 'neath the seekers' feet.
The hungry hearts kneel upon thee now.
It is not thee they seek—not thee, not thee.
How sweet thy willingness to have it so!
It is not theirs to know thy life or heart,
What care have they for what thou might have been,
Or what thy heart may hold for days to come?
They only seek a place to rest their knees—
The cruel earth is harsh to seeking hearts.
Then let them kneel or rest their weary forms
Upon thy broken beauty, once so dear.
Sweet waving grass in summer, sun-kissed field,
Though blest with all that nature may provide,
Is never hay till cut and wholly dried.
O blessed hay, how sacred is thy lot!
The hungry soul may kneel upon thee hard,
May mar thy form and press thee to the dust,
But you are helping them to God just now.
It matters not what form our service takes—
Just be the thing the Master may desire—
Yes, hay upon the tabernacle floor.*

JOHN WRIGHT FOLLETTE.

What blessed memories this article will recall to those who met the Lord in the "hay" in the Tabernacle Prayer Room! Many are looking forward to the next Byron Camp. The dates are August 5-15, inclusive. If you have a need, plan to come and meet the Lord in that sacred spot.

from the stock, and now found itself spread out upon the ground (not even lifted up to the manger level). Here it was to become the floor covering for a tabernacle. People were to tread upon it, kick it about under careless, ruthless feet, push it under their benches, kneel upon it and break it up in general. Surely such treatment would not be coveted or sought. But the hay was too "short sighted" in judging its life a failure. It lacked the power of interpretation. The view was too local, too much from the hay standpoint. In truth, its ministry was most beautiful and highly blest. The farmer had a right (since the hay belonged to

him) to do "as seemeth good" to him. There was OTHER hay for feeding—this was fine hay and he wanted it for "floor covering" for a tabernacle. Somebody seeking God needed hay upon which to kneel; somebody, hungry in heart, wanted to get low before the Lord and prostrate himself before Him. Then, too, the ground is so DRY and DUSTY. What shall we do to cover it and KEEP DOWN the dust? Well, hay will do—just hay. What a blessed privilege to serve in so happy a ministry! Now you can see WHY I love this bit of "blessed hay." It is glad to serve in so noble a place—is it not in a TABERNACLE? Yes, it is serving in a tabernacle and here are between two and three thousand people to be helped to God.

Listen, dear one! Are you distressed over

your service? Let us remember that the hay belonged to the farmer. Do you TRULY belong to God? Do you sing, "Have Thine own way, Lord, Have Thine own way"? "O to be nothing, nothing"? How sweet and humble it all sounds in a prayer-meeting! If you are truly His, then the FORM of the service is nothing. To do His WILL is the HIGHEST form of service for angel or man—be it sweeping a street or anything else. Yes, God has a tabernacle, too. It may be His will that you serve in His tabernacle as "hay" instead of hay to be fed from a manger to hungry folks. Have you ever had some needy and hungry soul to "weigh down" upon you? Well, keep humble and low and let them kneel, for you are then "blessed hay." Some of them are "heavy weights" I know, but "God giveth grace." Are you so able to pour out your life that it becomes a safe place for people to venture upon? When the dust of confusion arises in the tabernacle are you the "blessed hay" that keeps down the dust? There are so many who can raise a dust—God needs more who can keep it down—"Love covereth." The hay became broken under the tramping, shuffling feet. Perhaps we may not be permitted to retain the beauty of the natural. The long, graceful bunches of clover were crushed, the sweet blossoms were dried and pressed, the seed scattered everywhere and anywhere, and much of the original identity of the green grass was lost. But the farmer KNEW the value of the hay and also its use. He did not spread out hay with brambles, stickers, and harsh weeds in it. He knew His hay.

Take courage, dear heart! If you do not find yourself where YOU think you should be—feeding souls in an open manger—do not fret, do not worry. God needs "blessed hay" which He can trust to become the kneeling place for hungry hearts. Some one must bear the weight of seeking souls. Some one must keep close to the ground to lay the dust. "Blessed are the peacemakers." Do not limit the ministry of God's children to two, three or four manifestations. If some hay is destined to be "blessed hay," please do not try to pitch it into a manger. Let God alone and let His children alone. Can you stand the tread of feet? While put UNDER a seat (and not ON the platform) can you still sing, "Oh, to be nothing, nothing"? Oh, for more consecrated, blessed hay! HE, our adorable Lord, was that continually. Listen, "But I am a worm, and no man, a reproach of men, and despised of the people."

So I am telling you a little (not very much of what I saw) when I looked at the hay on the ground. The day after the meetings closed, when nearly all the people had left the grounds, I went over alone to the tabernacle and knelt down in the hay to thank God for His sweet presence during the time we fellowshiped together. He met me, too, during those days and blest me and refreshed my tired heart. Then I took up a handful of the hay and slipped it into an envelope and here it is on my desk before me—a gentle and lowly minstrel.

This is what I hear singing in my heart.

Just an Autograph Book

"Will you please write in my autograph book?" What a familiar question heard among the C.A. young people at Byron Bible Camp. There goes Brother Follette's signature—and now Brother Len. Jones—and over there Brother Scharnick's, and just a lot of lesser lights, including scores of just "young folks."

What are they writing? Let's lean over a shoulder and see. My "I'm so happy in Jesus, my Savior"—"Got my baptism last night"—"Yours for the lost in Africa, since God gave me a call here at Camp"—"May God bless you"—"What a glorious Camp meeting"—with other choice bits of Bible verse, original poems and greetings of various sorts meet our gaze. And oh! notice—they all exalt Jesus! What a glorious testimony to the reality of Christ among the young people.

One of our young ladies came home from the 1936 Camp, and showed her autograph album in one of our homes, where she happened to leave it by mistake. It lay there on the table for a few days until an unsaved daughter of this home, for whom much prayer had been going to the throne, chanced to pick it up and thumb its pages. Her eye caught the message of these young hearts aflame with a love for Christ. Conviction seized her, and she exclaimed, "If this is what young people at that Bible Camp write, there must be something to salvation!" Soon she was at the Tabernacle services and deeply under Holy Ghost conviction. A revival was begun, and the second night she came to the altar where the tears flowed, sins were confessed, and Christ came in to abide. Hallelujah!

That is not the end. Her husband, too, who had never gone to church much, was gripped with his need of Christ. Each service he attended made him more convicted, and finally, able to hold off no longer, he knelt before God in a cottage prayer meeting and found the joy of sins forgiven. Now both are seen regularly at the meetings with their two boys, and they are trying to win their friends. Praise the Lord!

The God who used a boy's lunch, a shepherd's staff and sling, an ox-goad, and the jaw bone of an ass, here used a mere autograph book.

—L. N. Olson, Pastor.

Palestine, the Old and the New



NE might say that impressions formed in Palestine will be as varied as the different people who receive them. Some are formed after the recipient has spent a few days here, and some come as a natural growth of years spent watching the tremendous changes which have been taking place. My own impressions are formed after watching the changes for over a decade. They can be briefly summed up in one sentence: The desert is beginning to "bud and blossom as the rose." What is making it so?

In Isaiah 11: 11, 12, we read, "And it shall come to pass in that day that the Lord shall set His hand again the SECOND TIME to recover the remnant of His people, which shall be left, from Assyria, and from Egypt, and from Pathros, and from Cush, and from Elam, and from Shinar, and from Hamath, and from the islands of the sea. And He shall set up an ensign for the nations and shall assemble the outcasts of Israel, and gather together the dispersed of Judah from the four corners of the earth." This is only one of the many scriptures one could quote, showing the eternal purposes of God in relation to His chosen people, Israel, and this Land. It is this text of scripture being fulfilled, that makes us to realize that the desert is beginning to blossom as the rose.

There are many of the Lord's children who are not looking for His soon coming, who will say that this scripture was fulfilled in the past centuries when the Lord brought back His people from Babylon. The Lord was very specific concerning that return when He gave this word to Jeremiah. "For thus saith the Lord, That after seventy years be accomplished at Babylon I will visit you, and perform my good word toward you, in causing you to return to this place" (Jer. 29:10). In Isaiah He says that He will set His hand *a second time* to recover the remnant of His people, not from Babylon only, but from the four corners of the earth. He is not to bring again the captivity of Judah only, but He gathers the outcasts of Israel with them. It is this "second time" gathering we are seeing worked out before our eyes. This gathering is bringing blessing. Troubles too? Yes, but with the trouble, manifold blessing. The desert is beginning to bud and blossom like the rose.

This blossoming is particularly visible begin-

ning a few miles south of Jaffa (old Joppa) reaching up the plains to Haifa and beyond. Much of this country was used only for dry farming and grazing, and much of it was merely sand dunes. Now you see it as a fertile garden spot, with citrus trees of all kinds, vineyards, dairy farms, irrigation systems and modern farm machinery. In the Valley of Jezreel it is possible to see harvesting being done by hand in one field, while in the adjoining field a modern harvester is being used. This contrast is striking. Methods from the time of Ruth and Boaz and present day methods are very different. But this is only speaking of the farming side of things.

Less than thirty years ago, Jaffa was a small place. Now to the north, and adjoining it, is the flourishing city of Tel Aviv, built where there was once only sand. In and around this section of the country there are almost innumerable villages springing up, looking like small cities. In Haifa there seems to be no end to the new building projects for the ever-increasing needs.

In Jerusalem it seems like almost overnight new houses are springing up. The old city, within the walls, is almost lost in the maze of the new parts, which have grown up to the south, west, and north. The buildings are very substantially made of a beautiful stone which can be quarried from almost any place in the Judean hills.

There is a very interesting thing to note in the growth of Jerusalem. We read in Jeremiah 31: 38-40 these words. "Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that the city shall be built to the Lord, from the tower of Hananeel unto the gate of the corner. And the measuring line shall yet go forth over against it upon the hill Gareb, and shall compass about to Goath. And the whole valley of the dead bodies and of the ashes, and all the fields unto the brook of Kidron, unto the corner of the horse gate toward the east, shall be holy unto the Lord; it shall not be plucked up nor thrown down any more forever." The city has now grown out in this direction for the first time in its history, and almost every thing within this line is Jewish. A coincidence? Perhaps, if one does not take into consideration the infallible Word of God.

With this budding of the Jewish fig tree in front of us, we look at the naturally unimpress-

ive Mount of Olives and try to imagine what it will soon be like when "His feet shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem on the east, and the Mount of Olives shall cleave in the midst thereof toward the east and toward the west, and there shall be a very great valley; and half of the mountain shall remove toward the north and half of it toward the south. . . . And the Lord my God shall come and all the saints with Thee." This is our blessed hope, and we long to see the day when He shall come!

But our joys are not all confined to the hope of His coming. The whole country is full of things to remind us of Himself. Bethlehem is one of them. This last Christmas time was one of special blessing. A group of us went out to the Shepherd's Fields on Christmas eve. We left Jerusalem about four o'clock in the afternoon, arriving there about a half an hour later. We ate our supper in the twilight and really enjoyed the bread which had been baked on hot rocks, and the meat which had been roasted in a pit nearby. The weather was ideal for us. We could see the lights of Bethlehem in the distance and the evening star seemed so unusually bright as it stood almost over the little city. After we had eaten, we gathered around a campfire to listen to the old, old story of His birth, to hear the messages of comfort and cheer from His servants, and to sing the Christmas songs we all love so well. I had been out to the fields before, but had never experienced the blessing of the Lord to this degree in this particular place. It seems that each time I go out there, there is added blessing. The Lord seemed so very present, and in spirit I could almost hear the angels joining with us as we sang, "Glory to God in the Highest!"

At Easter time it is so easy to vividly picture the sufferings of our Lord and also His glorious resurrection as we go to the Garden Tomb for the early morning service. The solemnity of it all is indelibly impressed upon us as we quietly wait in His presence. We do not hear the words, "He is not here! He is risen!" but we realize afresh that He is risen indeed and is ever-present with us.

The Temple Area presents us with many pictures. We can almost see Abraham in his struggle when offering up Isaac; David as the angel revealed himself to him when he stayed the plague; Solomon as he prays and the Lord answering by fire upon the altar; Jesus as He is cleansing the temple; and the terrible destruc-

tion which swept everything away. These all come as it were in panorama before us. We do not see the Lord here much. It is in Galilee that He seems so near.

A very short time ago I was privileged to take a trip north into Galilee. Each visit there seems to add some fresh touch of His presence to my soul. There is a quietness and peace by the lake, that I am sure He must have felt, for so much of His ministry is recorded as having happened in and around that vicinity. You do not now see the multitudes which must have been there then, because there are so few villages. There is a real building boom, however. The main streets of Tiberias have been widened and look rather modern, and there are several new villages in the vicinity.

The visit of the old site of Capernaum is always one of great enjoyment. In the ruins of the old synagogue we walked on the same stone pavement that He walked on. Even the old stone seats which were around the inside walls of the place are some of them still in position. We can easily imagine Him sitting there now. The old synagogue building was not very large. To accommodate the multitudes, Jesus necessarily had to take them out to the hillsides. And how great was His compassion upon all who came to hear Him!

In thinking of the many places which are in some way or another connected with His ministry, His humanity becomes so vividly real. He seems to fit into our daily lives in a new way. This does not mean that we are apt to minimize His deity, but just that He seems so much closer to us, so much more understanding in His dealings with us. Just as our Father knew He could be, when He sent Him to be God manifest in the flesh.

One could go on and on thinking of this happening and that one, putting each in its place and time in history, and it would only make the gospel of our salvation grow larger and larger, make His coming for us a more glorious hope. A sojourn in the Land with the Book is most helpful. —A Missionary.

(Continued from page 14)

On one occasion I remember very vividly how we workers sang the doxology over an empty table. But the next morning there were over twenty dollars' worth of groceries and twelve dozen fresh eggs on our door-step and no one knew from whence they came.

Pastor J. K. Gressett.

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