



The days of Heaven on Earth

Self Denial!

The way of self-denial is not popular. It is a narrowing way, yet the true followers have ample room for the simple reason that there are so few. Thousands carry the name—very few carry the Cross.

It is becoming fashionable nowadays to seek spiritual blessings. You travel great distances to hear this or that popular preacher, or to attend this or that great convention, this or that wonderful conference, but you have scarcely enough real salvation even to move a bit in your pew in order that someone else may obtain a seat. And when you get home again you are just as stubborn as you ever were, just as touchy and overbearing as ever. "If any man would come after me, let him deny himself."—Frank Mangs.

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

The Latter Rain Evangel

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MR. AND MRS. VERNON MORRISON, who have held a pastorate at Owen Sound, Canada, for several years, are now en route to South Africa. They sailed June 26th from New York City.

Mrs. Morrison (nee Gertrude Johnson), spent a term in South Africa as a Stone Church missionary. Later she and her husband went to Liberia, but were obliged to come home on account of ill health. While they have been home for nine years, and have done splendid work in the homeland, they have never lost the vision of the mission field and are again going forth, under the auspices of the Canadian Council. May God bless them and their four precious children, and give them souls in dark Africa.

* * *

We call our readers' attention to a new feature in The Evangel, under the caption, THE PROPHETIC DIGEST. This will be edited monthly by Brother Albert J. Lebeck of Sacramento, California. We believe this digest of world events thru the lens of prophecy will be of interest to those who have "understanding of the times" and will awaken others, who are perhaps indifferent, to a realization that we are in the very end of this dispensation, and that "the coming of the Lord draweth nigh."

The miraculous story of how a Baptist minister was delivered from death, on page 6, will thrill our most casual readers. The story of how Rev. Anderson received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit is told in his book, "From the Jaws of Death," just recently translated from the Swedish. He says:

"Out in the woods where I used to spend hours in prayer to God, I went one Sunday afternoon, after I had attended the young people's meeting. I fought a hard battle—how long I do not know. Out there, I was alone with God. I rose up—but what had happened! I was reeling like a drunkard—fell down between two hummocks—shook—felt as if my entire inward being was breaking—felt a cramp in my body; I was powerless. A little while and this disappeared. A quiet, blessed, heavenly peace poured into my heart, as if I had been completely surrounded by God's grace. After that I remembered nothing more until phrases of strange words poured over my lips. I didn't know what it was and I was frightened. Again I spent time in prayer and asked God for wisdom and light, but lapsed again into the same condition. Now I understand what it was—I had been baptized in the Holy Spirit. . . . Then followed a wonder-

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The Last Adam

JOHN WRIGHT FOLLETTE
In the Stone Church

IN THE previous sermon we made a little study of the First Adam and opened up a few lines of thought relative to God's purpose in the creation of man. We found that man was created in the likeness or image of God—a moral and spiritual likeness. Man was made a human being and therefore was under the structural law of the human nature. This human nature in its perfection, pronounced by God to be "good" was, owing to its law, both dependent and also limited. That is, it was limited in its powers and manifestation to the realm of its nature, and bound by the very law which gave it definition and distinction. It was dependent upon God for life and inspiration—the norm of man's being was in God. Man's will and God's were one and so produced perfect harmony in all conduct and management.

Man was made for the glory of God, and was to manifest the likeness and image of God. He possessed an unfallen human nature as a gift of God in the act of creation. The moral character or likeness and image of God was to come or be made manifest through a process of testings or trials. This was and still is a principle upon which God works in developing Christian character or likeness of Christ. We found the will of man was one of the three factors included in the study of his personality and was really the one factor at which God continually looks.

Man was to exercise his power of choice and in so doing show its strength in willing *with* God and thus glorifying His Name. In choosing against sin and self and the self-will there is a growth in the likeness of God and a stamping of His nature and image more clearly upon the heart and life where the right choice is made. Thus is ever the process of character building.

Nature, even the new nature, at conversion is a free gift, but the character and likeness of Christ comes as a process of building and growth. This depends upon our power to choose, and so are we continually coming more and more into the likeness of Christ; "Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect

man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

So in God's purpose for man He was to have found through this perfect human being a peculiar and special manifestation of His likeness and image as the hidden, potential values of the man unfolded and his will was exercised under the probationary law of Gen. 2:17.

In the very first test man failed in his whole nature, and he, as both a being and a personality crashed to a level of broken humanity, and was consequently placed under the law of sin and death. God did not find in the first Adam the great desire of His heart. Even the deeper powers of the human creation were never released to His glory. So man, ever since the fall and first failure, has had a poor, broken down creation and nature with which to work. The wonder and miracle to me is to see what he is able to produce even so—but alas! the finest manifestations and products of the same are but colossal ruins of a fallen Adamic creation. That is why, when God saves us, He gives us a *new* creation and expects nothing from the old. We are *new* creatures in Christ—not wash-overs.

In thinking of this matter of God's first purpose and Adam's failure, I like to remember Isa. 55:11, "So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." Had not God spoken a word? Yes, in Gen. 2:26, "And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness." Surely God is not to be defeated. Though the first Adam is a failure, God was yet to see this mighty purpose fulfilled.

This brings us more directly to the study at hand—the Last Adam. Let us remember that names in the Scriptures were always given because they represent or portray character. That is, the name suggests the very character or nature of the one who held it. Among the names given to our blessed Lord, there are two I want to look at in this connection. In I. Cor. 15:45 He is called, "The Last Adam," and in I. Tim. 2:5, He is called, "The *Man* Christ Jesus." Therefore He must be unto God a perfect Adam—that is, He is to display and carry to its triumph the original idea for the first Adam. He must be the *ideal* man, a perfect reflection of God's image and likeness, shining and gleaming through the human instrument—

the perfect, sinless, faultless, limited and dependent human—even the Last Adam.

Right here let us remember the Law of the Offerings and their order of offering, and we come again to the teaching found in this sermon. You remember the first offering was the Whole Burnt Offering, and was “a sweet savor unto God”—“a male without blemish.” God came *first* and had a peculiar and spiritual satisfaction in this *first* offering—it was *Godward*. Remember Christ’s motto: “Lo! I come to do *Thy* will.” So in His human aspect and manifestation there is ever that which looks *toward* God, and in return God finds in that life (from the human side) a delight and satisfaction.

Since this discourse has to do with Christ as the Last Adam and “Man Christ Jesus,” let us look at the question of His incarnation. We must needs do this if we want to understand a little better this marvelous and wonderful Christ. Sometimes in one’s desire to defend one phase of truth he becomes over-anxious and refuses to look at other phases or angles of the matter for fear he may not keep true or loyal to the side he sees, and from which he has gained spiritual illumination and inspiration. But this should not be so. The truth has many sides and is universal. No one or no one group has a “corner” on *all* truth. We are finite, and the glimpses we get are but fragmentary. The whole truth is the Word of God, but we are limited, and only by the Spirit of revelation do we get even the flashes which ever change and revolutionize our lives. We have so long preached and taught His deity and divinity that we have almost forgotten that He *has* a human side and became a partaker of our flesh. If God can say He is the Last Adam and a Man, I must believe it, and see Him as such. Then the Spirit adds much to any conception of Him, and He *draws* me, and ere I know it, I am low at His feet.

Turn with me to Phil. 2:6-8. We cannot expect to do much with this text in this discourse, since it is too heavy and there are too many lines of departure to be considered. Therefore I will confine our study to the use of certain words and so help clear up some mental webs, and maybe we can see a bit clearer. “Who being in the form of God,”—here the word “form” is *morpha*, and means the essential form of being, that which is the very essence of the thing. Here His *morpha* is really His deity—He is God in essence and essential form of being. In verse 6 we read, “and took upon Him

the form (*morpha*) of a servant.” Note, the Word does not say He was like a servant, or acted like a servant, but *took* the *form* of one. He was in all reality a servant, as Old Testament study will prove. Next, the word “likeness” (verse 7) means the habit of mankind. It is a most suggestive word. “And found in fashion as a man”—here “fashion” is *schema* and means, the fashion of life. So we find Him in truth to be God (in *morpha*); He is the second member of the Trinity. Yet He is a servant and adapts Himself to the habit of man and moves in the fashion of the same.

Now some one wants to know what it was He let go in becoming incarnate in the human form. Some fear at once that if we speak of Him in the human that we deny His deity or place in the Godhead, and so wonder what He left in order to become man. Yes, He was, is, and ever will be *equal* with God. There was nothing concerning His equality that He left. There are two items to be considered here—neither are divine attributes, and yet both were becoming to Him in His place in the Godhead, namely, (1) peculiar experience at home in that relationship, (2) the glory which was an accompanying feature of the same. These were both relinquished for the time, and He lays them aside and becomes the Last Adam, the Man Christ Jesus. “*Christ*” suggests the divine side—the Anointed of God, while “*Jesus*” suggests the human aspect and the nature of man.

Perhaps a little illustration here will help: Let us suppose there is up yonder on the mountain-side a fine fir tree. All the essential qualities and attributes which hold it under the structural law of the fir tree, make it a fir tree and *nothing* else. All the peculiar, qualifying marks are there, and we know it as a perfect fir tree. That is its *morpha*—its essential being. But suppose we cut it down and place it in our living-room as a Christmas tree. In so doing have we changed in any way or form its “essential being”? Not at all. It is still a fine fir tree. But it now has the *form* of a Christmas tree. It does not *act* like a Christmas tree. It is a Christmas tree, — the form or *morpha* of a servant. Do you see? And now go on a little: While it was up on the mountain-side it may have stood alone; it may have been in a clump or group with others; it may have been in a rocky place, or maybe near the water, or on some barren height. That was its *schema*, the fashion or arrangement of its setting, its habitat. But

now it has a new habitat or fashion, called in verse 7 "*likeness*," (habit), and verse 8, *schema*. It is in a room surrounded by furniture and here is the glowing fire, and we hear the music and joyous laughter of the Christmas season. Listen! Is the tree any *less* a fir tree? To have made it bear our gifts and hold the lights, etc., makes it no less the same fir tree, only it is *servng*.

Again, look at a personal illustration: Here I am before you, quite active. Well that is the way God made me. I use my body, or rather the Lord does, and in so doing I become an instrument for His service. But suppose you tie me up, hand and foot, and let me minister thus. In doing so, am I any the less Follette? Absolutely not, only I would find myself extremely limited. And that is exactly what happened when Christ, God's Son—God the I AM, came to us. He was the perfect, limited Man. He crowded and cramped Himself down and lived in our form (*morpha*) and fashion (*schema*). Remember it was the perfect, *unfallen* nature He took. God could not start Him in a broken-down, ruined nature—sinful and marred. Remember Gal. 4: 4, 5, "made of a woman, under the law"; also Heb. 2: 14, 15, "Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same; that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is the devil; and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." It is beyond us to probe down into this subject. It is too wonderful!

From birth, from the human side, God saw the perfect development and unfolding of the human as it should have been, without sin and failure. All the powers of the human creation—hidden in Adam—find perfect display in Christ Jesus. Three times God breaks through the heavens and gives testimony as to His pleasure (before He ever reaches Calvary). All three times He is in some way touching the matter of His death. Matt. 17:5, Jno. 12:28, and Matt. 3:17. Why? He was ever (before the foundation of the world) the *Lamb*. This lamb was to be without spot or blemish—*perfect*. Therefore Christ was to carry the Adamic ideal and scheme to its perfection, and so have a perfect man offered through the obedience and perfection of the Son, the Lamb. Christ must be a perfect man ere He can die. The study of His perfect triumph and victory is most start-

ling, fascinating and amazing. Watch Him from the temple experience, on through. I cannot now trace the steps but they are all there and ravishing to look upon. He perfectly does *what* man failed to do—"to glorify God and do His will." In John 17 note His approach to God in that marvelous prayer. He does not begin by telling God of His work on Calvary and the redemption of the world. No! Verse 4, "I have glorified Thee *on the earth*." Hallelujah! Isn't that grand! God first. God's glory, God's will, God's place first—then—"I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do."

On the Mount of Transfiguration we find Him bringing to its climax the walk of the Last Adam. It took Him thirty-three years to climb that mountain. It took thirty-three years to bring to its perfection the ideal man, and as far as Christ being man was concerned, that was His place of absolute triumph. Man was not originally meant to die—but to have entered into some phase of glorification as here suggested. God breaks through and says, "I am well pleased." Hallelujah! When no one else could be pleased or could understand, God *was*, and pronounced this great testimony upon an obedient Man, the Son of God.

But He cannot tarry on that mountain. He is now the perfect Lamb without spot or blemish. The Lamb must be offered and so there is another mountain to climb. So He must go down. At the foot of the mountain He finds the demoniac (a type of broken humanity). He picks him up, as it were, and carries him in his bosom, to Calvary. That crazy, undone bit was Follette, and you, and you, and you—we were all there in deep, deep need, crazed and all disorganized by sin. But the mighty, triumphant, all-glorious Christ picked us up and we died in Him! Hallelujah!

So the Lamb is slain and Redemption is made a glorious reality. Is He yours? Are you, too, conscious that you have passed from sin unto life? Now a partaker of Life with Him? Do not think, from the statement above, that it took thirty-three years for Christ to perfect the ideal. I am not talking about His moral or spiritual character—that was always perfect. But during the thirty-three years there was the perfect and complete unfolding of the human so that in *that* He perfectly glorified the Father.

Let us surrender more fully to Him and allow

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Brought Back from the Gates of Death

ARON ANDERSON



HAVE been asked to tell some of my experiences but let me say first of all, that I wish my Lord to be glorified and I trust that the telling of my story will make Jesus more adorable to you than He ever was before. The fact that a number of people have been saved through the reading of my book, has made my heart rejoice. When I came to America I met a lady who told me that through a friend telling her of my conversion and healing, she was saved; then there was a dentist who told me that his father had translated my book into English for him, and through the reading of it he was saved.

In Hebrews 13:8 we read, "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and today, and for ever." I do not wish to deal with any new doctrine tonight; the doctrine which I bring is very, very old, for as far back as in Exodus we read of God's promise to heal His people, and thereafter we have promise after promise along this same line.

I believe that many times when sickness comes our way, God has a purpose in it and often He gets hold of us that way when He cannot in any other. I know that God brought me back to Him through my illness. At the beginning I wish to say that if you doubt anything that I say tonight, in my book, "From the Jaws of Death" are some names and addresses to whom you may write and verify this testimony.

When I finished school I took up work in a railway office. Let me say that the deepest impressions I have received were those from the Sunday School, and I verily believe that hundreds of thousands, yes, perhaps most of the Christians today, have received their deepest impressions from the Sunday School teacher. I cannot understand a father or mother who does not send the children to Sunday School.

While working at the railway office I became associated with many unconverted friends and gradually I got away from my early training, and it wasn't long till I began to drink, to smoke and to visit the moving pictures and theatres—places a Christian cannot frequent if he is really saved. It seemed as soon as I turned away

Mr. Anderson, a Baptist minister and missionary, has been touring the United States telling the miraculous story of his healings and other remarkable experiences in Sweden. He has been holding large revivals in the Baptist churches and was blessedly used in Chicago. He prayed for the sick in his meetings. This remarkable story was given in the Swedish Baptist Church of Englewood.

from God, misfortune and sickness began to follow me. I realize now that it was because my mother was praying for me. I am sorry to say that for at least seven years I never entered a church and had no desire to go; I was seeking only for the pleasures of this world.

Then I was taken very ill so that I had to go to the hospital. God spoke to me and I said, "Oh God, if Thou wilt heal me I will give my life to Thee." God did help but when I got better I forgot my promise to Him. How often we promise God something when we are in trouble and then forget the whole thing when we get well. I had not returned to my work very long when I again took suddenly ill, and was again hastened to the hospital. And there I lay for weeks and weeks, not being able to eat anything, for every time I took the least bit of food I vomited. The doctor tried everything but finally said he could do nothing more for me and that I had better go home. I shall never forget the time I left that hospital! I had to go through a forest and there I stopped for a bit and meditated. I had no hope; I was very ill and was suffering much pain and I thought, "Why am I alive anyway?" I didn't believe in God; I knew I had a disease which in a few months would kill me, and I was tempted to do something terrible that day. I thought the best thing would be to get away from it all.

After returning home I grew weaker and weaker. When I again consulted the doctor he advised me to go to a specialist, the best we had in Sweden, to see if he could do anything for me. Again I lay in a hospital for a long time, and everything was tried but I grew only weaker till I did not have strength enough to stand on my feet. One day I had such a strange feeling, I called to the patient beside me and told him that if anything happened he should call the nurse. Just a few minutes later I became unconscious and when I came to myself I was having a hemorrhage. I had had the flu three times and also pneumonia as well as pleurisy twice, and my right lung was seriously affected and now having a hemorrhage on top of all that,

you can imagine how weak I became. When the doctor realized my condition he said, "We will try to do something for you and we must do it immediately. We shall try to operate."

I shall never forget that last night before the operation was to be performed. I tried to pray but I couldn't. I knew I had not believed before and how could I pray now when I really did not believe. I couldn't sleep. Early the next morning I was taken to the operating table. I was too weak to have anything but a local anaesthetic. I felt sure my end had come and the pain was so excruciating that I asked the doctor to please help to end it all so that I would be out of my suffering. Near the end of the operation I felt myself sinking and I thought surely I was about to die. It seemed death was right there to take me and then I realized how difficult it was to die without God and I said, "Oh God, if there is a God, help me now." I grasped for help as a drowning man grasps after a straw and the wonderful thing about it all was that God answered immediately so that the pain was gone and I was able to lie quite still. I was taken to my bed and a few hours later developed quite a fever. My thirst became unbearable but I was not allowed to drink a drop of water. Another operation followed and the suffering was indescribable. I had read about the rich man in hell and now felt that my suffering was equal to his, in not being allowed to have a drink. There was no hope for my recovery; a death screen was put by my bed. Oh, how I longed for water but they did not dare to give it to me! I stretched out my hand to the table of my roommate and grasped the glass of water which stood there, and was just ready to put it to my lips when the nurse took it away from me.

Two or three days after my operation a nurse from my own home town came to see me. My mother had sent a letter saying, "Please go and talk to Aron about his soul." So while I was lying there so weak and helpless she came and said, "I have a letter from your mother. You see you are going to die; that there is no hope. Where will you spend eternity?" I just said, "Please, nurse, give me some water." I couldn't think of anything else. She sat down and wept as she talked to me about my soul and said, "Aron, you have only a few hours to live." The doctors had told her I could not live and while I heard what she said I was too ill to answer any questions. All the time I was in this condition my mother at home was praying that

God would not let me die before I was saved.

I was dismissed from the hospital and sent home but was no better. I was able to eat less and less and my whole body took on that yellow color that usually comes from tuberculosis of the stomach. All I could eat was a bit of toast and drink a little milk and nearly always I vomited that. The last month of my illness I could not eat anything and for the last three weeks I could not swallow even a drop of water. You will readily see how my throat would feel; it was actually burning up. I suffered so that I felt if I could be free from pain for just one minute it would be like heaven. By this time I weighed only sixty pounds and I was then 23 years of age. There wasn't much left of me. My sight, my memory, my taste and even my hearing were affected and during the last weeks I was unconscious many, many hours every day. Everyone who knew me was just waiting for me to pass away. Every time the church bells would ring people would ask, "Has Aron passed away now?"

God had spoken to me through visions and yet I was not really saved; I did not possess real spiritual life and I could not pray. I wanted to pray and used to repeat the prayer my mother taught me when I was a little child. How burdened my dear ones were for me as they watched me suffer! I remember well how one day mother went to the other room and prayed, "Oh God, take this disease from Aron and put it on me because I cannot see him suffer any more!" What love!

One day a friend of mine came to visit me and he brought with him a book written by a lady, on the subject of healing. The lady often prayed for the sick. So this friend said, "Aron you should try to read this book; God is able to save and heal you." I did read the book but there seemed to be nothing in it for me. My mother also read it, and after finishing it she came to me and said, "Now Aron, we will pray for you. I am sure God will heal you." But I said, "My dear mother, you know I have been told by the specialists that they have done everything possible for me, and I am sure God cannot do more than the specialists." I do not feel that way now.

But I could not refuse her so consented to have them write to this lady for prayer. In her reply she wrote, "Please pray on the 15th of April"—the following Sunday—"between six and eight." Well, no one thought I would be

alive by the next Sunday but I remember Sunday morning came and some folk were coming over to pray for me. I said to my mother, "Now I have no faith but I shall try to eat a little and if I can keep it down I will have more faith." It was very difficult for me to take even a bit of toast and a teaspoon of milk, but I took it, though immediately after swallowing it I was unconscious for nearly all the rest of the day. They thought I would not wake up any more. What a day that was! It seemed the devil had even taken possession of the weather; a storm blew up such as they had never had before. The rain came in torrents. One of the men who was coming over to pray lived quite near and he came rather early but another man living about three miles distant had a severe headache and considering the inclement weather he said to his mother, "I shall lie down for a few minutes and then go." But he went to sleep and slept until between five and six o'clock when suddenly he felt someone give him a push so that he turned completely over in bed and said, "Who is calling me?" He saw no one there and began to wonder what was wrong, so he prayed, "Oh God, art Thou speaking to me?" And he heard a voice saying to him, "Arise, go to Aron immediately. I will reveal my power in his life." So he put on his coat and off he ran and when he was hurrying through that storm a voice from heaven spoke, "You may be sure that the deed will be accomplished. I will heal him." When he finally opened our door he was trembling. God had spoken to him. He put out his hand and said, "Aron, you will be healed today," and before I thought I answered, "Yes, I believe I shall be healed."

There I was, lying, a mere skeleton of sixty pounds, suffering and yet saying, "I shall be healed." They began to pray but the devil would whisper to me, "Don't you feel the pain? Haven't you been to the best doctors in Sweden?" Yes, I felt the pain and I knew about having been to the best doctors. How hard it was to believe! Much of the time I didn't understand a word they prayed, I simply heard the voices but I tried hard to believe and prayed, "Now God, I do believe!" Just as I said that an electric shock went through me and I remembered nothing more. The power of God came on me. One of the men saw something had happened and felt my pulse; he found that the heart had stopped and the pulse also. The breathing stopped, the pulse ceased and my head fell to

one side and they said, "He is gone." All in the room seemed petrified. I was stiff. They arranged my hands and were ready to carry me into another room.

I cannot explain what I felt during that next fifteen minutes, but while I was lying on that bed I saw a Person coming toward my bed. He had on a white robe and the only way I can express it is I felt a flood of love coming and as He stood at my bed-side and looked at me I sank down into His love. Then He put out His hand and said, "Aron, rise up. You are healed." Then He said that I was to be a witness for Him and as He spoke those words I felt myself becoming so small it seemed as if I were a piece of ice being held in the sun; I just melted away. I felt so small that I felt surely He couldn't even see me as I was at His feet. Suddenly I felt something wonderful go through my whole body from head to toe; I grew stronger and stronger till I felt I could take the whole world in my arms. It was when I felt this strength pouring into my being that the Man disappeared. I got up from my bed and wanted to follow Him, and just then my friends heard me saying, "Jesus commanded me to rise up. I am healed." As I raised my hands the yellow color disappeared and the friends could see the red blood streaming in; the rash which had covered my body also disappeared. I cannot explain what I felt in that moment! It is too wonderful to explain! I joined in with the others, singing that wonderful song:

*"The great Physician now is here,
The sympathizing Jesus.
He stoops the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh hear the voice of Jesus!"*

I felt the roof would almost have to give way for we all realized that the Great Physician had indeed been in that very room. I was hungry and asked for something to eat. For nine months I had not eaten any solid food but now I sat down to the table. The first thing I took was a glass of water and I said, "Now God in heaven, help me to take this water." I had not taken any water for so long that I can never tell you what a wonderful experience it was to be able to swallow it. I felt I was in heaven and then I partook of the food and found I could eat it. I was too happy to sit down so walked around shouting, "Hallelujah! I can eat and I can drink!" Everyone else was weeping and singing and glorifying God. When it was time to retire I said, "Now Lord, help me so I shall be able to sleep." It had always taken

a large quantity of medicine to relieve my intense pain but this night I was able to sleep without any medicine. When I awoke in the morning I forgot what had happened and I was afraid to move. But I could feel no pain and I thought, "I must be in heaven," and was just waiting to hear the angels sing. Then I saw my mother by my side; she had been there since early morning to see if everything was all right. From that day on God continued to give me strength. While I was very weak, as I was able to eat I became stronger daily.

The report of my healing went through all of Sweden, from North to South; the papers wrote it up and the news was carried from town to town.

I am sorry to say that I again broke my promise to my Lord, but I was truly saved and in connection with this let me mention, that, before I was healed, my dear mother went up into a little room in our home and there she closed herself in with God for three nights and three days. No one was allowed to see her during that time. She refused to eat or drink and there she pleaded with God not to let her boy die before he was truly saved. They had to break the door down finally and there they found mother had fainted. I am afraid that caused my mother's break-down, for she passed away not very long after. I stand here today, a result of her intercession and next to God, I have my mother to thank, for my life. My father is also saved although he did not yield till the time my mother was lying in her coffin; there he knelt and gave his heart to Jesus, saying, "Now I am coming home. You have prayed for me year after year." But it was too late for her to answer him.

I mentioned that I again broke my promise. I wanted to go back to my work; I loved it so much and my relatives said, "Oh Aron, you will get a pension when you are 63. And you have such a bright future. Don't be an evangelist; you will have it much nicer at your work. And you can serve God wherever you are."

I thank God for men and women who are working and giving to Him, but God had called me out and I was disobeying His call. I shall never forget the night when I was taken ill again. The trouble was in my lungs and I became so weak that I had to go to bed. I thought surely I would pass away, for the Lord had said that I would live only a short time. Then I had something like a dream vision and I seemed to

see a dragon swallowing whole nations and in my room I heard voices crying for help—"Save me!" "Help me!" and I standing there with my hands at my back as the people were perishing. Finally I said, "Oh God, I will give Thee my life wholly if Thou wilt heal me again!" From that moment I was healed and have since been doing my utmost to bring men and women to the feet of Jesus. I have spent three and a half years in the Congo serving my Master there and thousands were saved. When I went I had to pass a very stiff examination as to my health and they permitted me to go.

The "Corn of Wheat"

IN MATTHEW 13:3 we read, "Behold a sower went forth to sow," and I should like to portray to you a beautiful story of a seed-sowing time.

The sower in this case was a missionary who went forth into the interior of Venezuela, South America. The seed that he was sowing was the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ and the ground was the hearts of men and women in that dark country. Years ago this missionary had felt called of God to carry the Gospel message into the interior. In those days there were very few conveniences of travelling and the journey had to be made by beast. As he came into the interior he was stricken with malarial fever and one night died very suddenly. His body was buried the next day in the general cemetery.

The news of this man's death was the call to our Brother Bender to enter that district. He tarried for five years before he answered that call and then went into the State of Lara. As you might realize, it is not easy for Protestants to rent property in that country, and naturally they found it difficult to get a place, but the Lord graciously opened a home for them where they began special meetings for two weeks. One man who attended every night, sat right beside a post, listening very intently to the Gospel as it was given forth. He had received a Gospel portion through that very first missionary who went into that interior part. He liked the message and here was an opportunity of hearing more. He went home to his wife and said, "This is that for which our hearts have longed." It was this man, a judge, who was the very first convert in Barquisimeto; the first fruitage as a result of the seed sown.

Today we have a Sunday School superintendent
(Continued on page 23)

Is Your Life God-Timed ?

HARRY A. STEMME
In the Stone Church



WOULD like to fellowship with you a while in the study of the character of a man named Simeon with this thought in mind—just what should be the spiritual background of a man or woman to whom the Holy Spirit reveals Himself or whom God uses in the manifestation of the Holy Ghost.

When I first came into this Pentecostal Movement I came in contact with certain types of people that made me feel somewhat like the dove that flew from the window of Noah's ark; I felt I had no rest for my feet. To me Pentecost was all alike; I didn't know then there were any distinctions in their belief and I thought they were all one body. But I found I had gotten into some wild fire and I found there were certain people who seemed to have fixed a gulf between the outstanding operations of the Spirit of God and what I would call a steady, moral Christian character or conscience that hated sin like the Bible hates sin. I found there were some people who could somehow divorce the manifestations and operations of the Spirit from a Christian character. And that set me to watching myself very carefully and analyzing the Scriptures along this line.

With this thought in mind let us look at Simeon. What kind of a man was he that the Spirit of God could show him things and bring him, at the proper time, right into the center of an experience which would definitely indicate that God was leading him? And that would produce the result it did?

In Luke 2:25 we read of Simeon, "And the same man was just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel: the Holy Ghost was upon him." The first thing the Word of God mentions concerning him is that he was a *just* man. Another rendering gives it, "*A righteous man,*" or a man who was just in his relationship, righteous as to his moral character. He was not only religious, exhibiting a certain amount of piety, who carried his Bible and had a Sunday School class; not only a man who regularly attended the prayer meeting and whose voice was heard in praise, but he was a man who somehow re-

lated the thing he was believing very intimately with his personal life, and that is what made him a righteous man. I believe that we as Pentecostal preachers and teachers and professors need to sound this out as never before.

There is so much criticism being sounded against you and me in this Movement which we so love and for which we would die, that it behooves us to be very careful, and I desire that my life shall be exposed continually to the convicting power of the Holy Ghost, so that I will truly be a Bible Christian and show forth a deep-seated character; that I will hate sin as the Lord hates it, that I shall continually be under the search-light of the Spirit, that I shall hunger for holiness, that I shall be above reproach, so that when the world would point the finger at me, people may say, "But there is a man who is producing the goods, a man who has a true Christian character." How wonderful it is that we can take that kind of a life and let the Holy Spirit play upon it and use it to draw other men to Himself! I am not afraid of a life that is Bible conscious. But I tremble for some of these folk who have visions but are not living the life. They are in danger of a disastrous end. But I cannot but believe that a man who craves to be like his Lord every day will not be in danger of ever receiving an evil spirit. He is morally conditioned when he is a just and righteous man.

Another description is that Simeon was a *devout* man, one whose soul was sensitive to the leadings and operations of the Holy Spirit. He had seen religious men come and go; doubtless he had witnessed many things which would make him doubt, in the natural, certain operations and certain prophecies among his contemporaries, and yet this man, all through the years maintained that deep yieldedness to the Holy Spirit and kept the fires burning brightly; he allowed none of these things to disturb him. He had seen one ship-wreck after another; he had seen one enthusiast after another fall by the wayside, and yet he had succeeded through all the years, in fair weather and foul, in keeping that spiritual life which God began in him, and having it grow and grow in increasing volume, secure up to old age. It is an amazing thing how some of our older saints can absorb and absorb of the things of God and never portray much emotion, and never permit the Spirit to use them. How long is it since some of you have received the Baptism of the Spirit and yet

you have just sort of relaxed and the Spirit of God has not talked to you or through you? There is something wrong with a life that grows old and the older it grows the staler it becomes. There is nothing more tragic than a person growing old and becoming less and less useful in spiritual things through the years.

Simeon was able to keep the fire burning on the altar of his soul and even near the close of his life the Holy Spirit could record of him that he was devout.

Another thing about this precious man was that he was waiting for the Consolation of Israel. That word, *Consolation*, could be capitalized because we recognize that it refers to the Lord Jesus Christ. We can see him, like Jeremiah of old, and others, waiting as he thought, "Oh that mine eyes were a fountain of tears, that I might weep for my people!" and the children of Israel, remembering the wonderful past and all that God had done for them, were now under the bondage of a foreign power; they must have thought that the Consolation of Israel would never come. And here is this old man, looking away from himself, away from his dwindling years, for he has one glorious star of hope. He had prayed through on it. Others might have said, as they passed him by, "There is a queer old gentleman. I wonder what he is thinking about," but God was dealing with his soul and one day he received the Spirit's witness, when the Lord said, "Simeon, you shall not taste of death until you have seen the Lord's Christ." So Simeon was not occupied with himself nor his own particular future. He was not Simeon-centered but Christ-centered; he was thinking about Israel and her need of Consolation. I believe one of the things you and I need to guard against, if we are to be used of the Spirit, is that of feeling that everything centers around ourselves, but we need that unselfish hunger and devotion for lost men and women, a crying out to the Lord for Him to make us channels through which God may touch other lives.

A young man went to Mr. Moody and said, "How do you do, Mr. Moody? How is it with your soul?" Mr. Moody had not had anyone ask him that question for a long time and he was taken by surprise and said, "Well, bless my heart, I had forgotten I had a soul." He had been so busy working for the salvation of others, so hungry to see the altars lined with men and women that he forgot he had a soul. I believe

if there is one thing that needs to be purged out from our Pentecostal people it is this sinful self-centered way. We fail in having that world vision that goes out after the lost. No wonder the oil dries up in some of us.

The Scripture says the Holy Ghost was upon Simeon, and at a certain time, he was led, by the Spirit, into the temple with this revelation upon him. I would like now to unroll some of the Scriptures that call attention to that first promise that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head. It was way back in Genesis. One son, just as godly as Simeon, after another, had died; one mother after another had gone on without seeing Israel's Messiah and the promised seed. And the centuries rolled on and on. Many of the wise said, "He will never come. It is all a pipe-dream," and yet there were the different ones waiting and expecting. Now notice this: God saw to it that an old man, sensitive to the leadership of the Spirit, should, at a certain time, come into the temple when this promised seed, promised centuries ago, should also come. God timed that incident so that the two met together at the focal point. God-timed from all eternity was that incident!

Just so, you and I, backgrounded by a just and devout life, a life that is filled with a desire for others, can also be God-timed; He can push us into incidents all unthought of, so that we will have to stand back and say, "Lord, I had nothing to do with that," and we cannot give ourselves one iota of credit for any ministry, for the Lord has done it all. One of the glorious things about the Holy Ghost ministry is that we are living a timed life; situations are timed under the power of God, so that everyone of us who is hungry for the consolation of lost men and women, is a channel adjusted here and adjusted there to carry a blessing wherever we go. It is wonderful to live a timed-life with the Regulator at the other end. Don't criticise yourself too severely if you are not leading as many souls to Jesus as you would like; if you are just and devout, if you are sensitive to the operations of the Spirit of God, He will work these situations around so that you can be a source of rich, spiritual blessing to everyone you meet.

What an ideal the Word sets before us, so that we need not only have the fullness but we may express that fullness of the Spirit and know there is a responsive answer in the Spirit.

THRILLING news comes from Minneapolis of the purchase of a large building to be the new home of the North Central Bible Institute. On a hurried 3,000 mile trip from Juneau, Alaska, to Sioux City, Iowa, the editor of this page had an hour between trains at Minneapolis. He was met by two members of the Institute faculty and rushed out to Elliott Avenue South where the building is located.

It has been his privilege to visit many Bible School buildings, but none has impressed him more than this. Its massiveness and magnitude are inspiring. It is one city block long and five

is done for the district and the school. A large cafeteria dining room is located on the main floor.

The building has been purchased for \$125,000 on terms of \$5,000 cash and \$5,000 per year. It is claimed that to build this building today would cost \$846,000.

Being just across the street from beautiful Elliott Park and only eight blocks from the heart of the Minneapolis business district, the school has an ideal situation.

It is the opinion of the brethren of the North Central District that at the time this building, formerly known as Asbury Hospital, was erected, it was definitely in the mind of God that it should be His house—a house from which His ministering saints should go forth and give to a sick, dying world, the news of spiritual and physical healing and eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

What could better occupy the building than a Full Gospel Bible School! In the heart of a dear old saint of God, a good Methodist lady, the idea of this building was born. She advanced the idea and the first funds to erect it. Upon completion it was dedicated to the service of the Lord—to serve humanity.

Deeply engraved into the stone masonry over the door of the entrance are the words: "Not

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Conducte

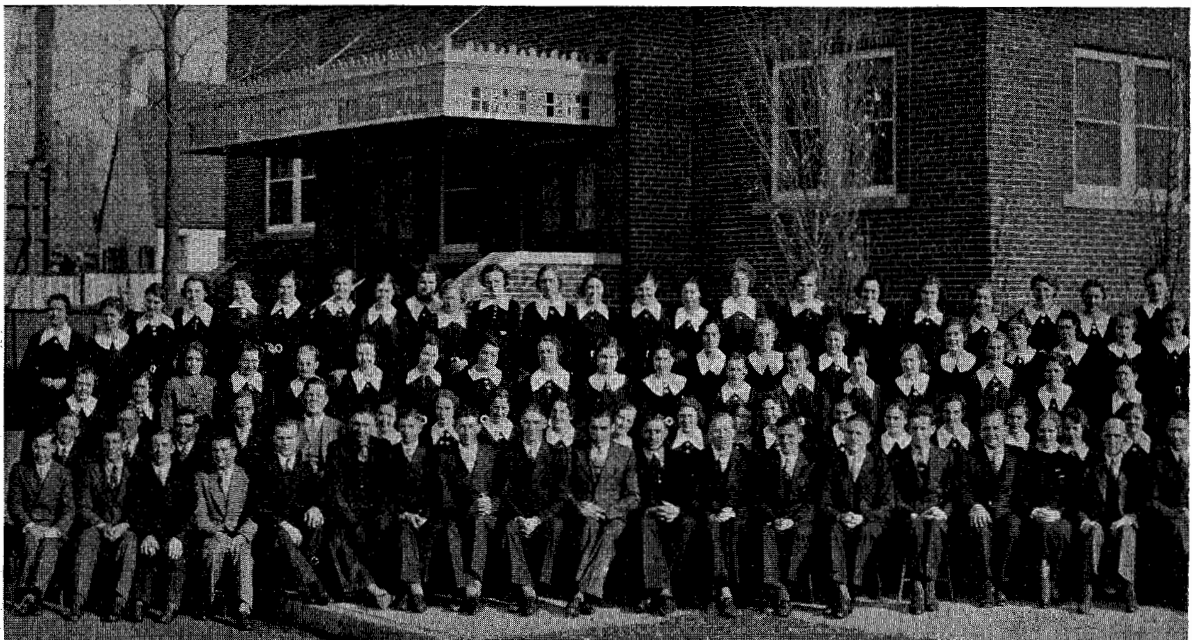
North Central Bible Institute n
building, a city block long and
city parks in Minneapolis, Mi



Frank J. Lindquist, President of N. C. B. I. and Supt. of the District.

an elevator, and quarters for the Northern Gospel Publishing House. In this last department is a modern printing plant where the printing

stories high, with wide corridors through the full length of each of its floors. It is modern and fire-proof throughout and has a forced ventilating system. Within its walls is a splendid chapel that will seat about 450 students. There are also spacious classrooms, reception rooms, libraries, offices, dormitory rooms,



Faculty and student body, 1936-1937, in front of the Minneapolis Gospel Tabernacle,

Printed Page

an Argue

new home. The Asbury Hospital
 on the street from one of the beautiful
 ones purchased for N. C. B. I.

taken over needed considerable repairing and much new equipment, so plumbers, plasterers, painters, roofing men, electricians and carpenters are busy preparing the building. Everything is to be ready September 20, the opening of the 1937-1938 school year.

Inquiries concerning enrollment in N. C. B. I. are coming from many in distant as well as nearby places. The largest enrollment in the history of the school is expected this fall. 450 students can be accommodated.

The City of Minneapolis provides work for the students who must work their way through school. During the past year Minneapolis has

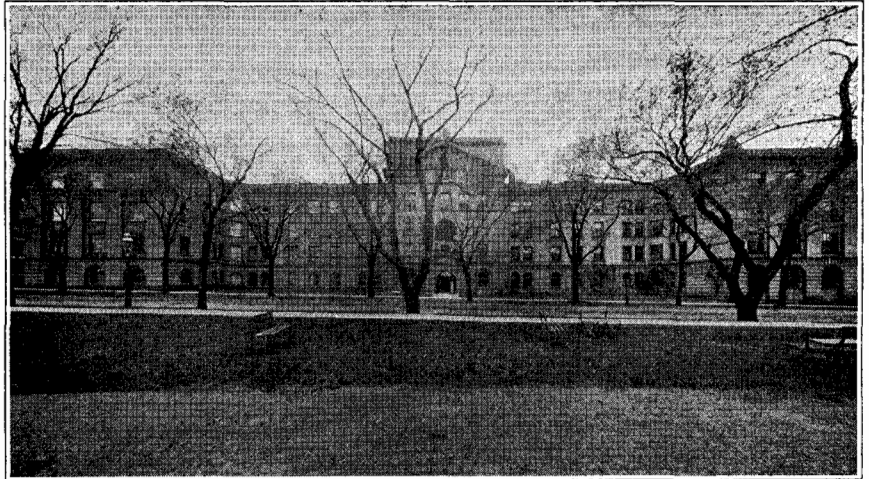
TO BE MINISTERED UN-
 TO BUT TO MINISTER." These words seemed appropriate when the building was a hospital but how very appropriate they are now when it has become a Bible School and soul saving station.

The building when

provided work for N. C. B. I. students in the aggregate sum of twenty-five thousand dollars.

The following paragraphs are from the 1937 Archive, the annual publication of the North Central Bible Institute:

One of the greatest assets to a training in N. C. B. I. is the continual spirit of prayer that prevails over the school. Not soon shall be forgotten the many days when God saw fit to visit the school, not only with mercy drops, but with real showers of blessing. Books were laid aside, classes, and study periods were devoted to prayer. God answered with real deluges,



The new home of North Central Bible Institute. This building was formerly the Asbury Hospital.

resulting in many infillings of the Holy Spirit, according to the pattern in Acts 2:4, calls to
(Continued on Page 22)



of N. C. B. I. Twenty-three more students entered the school after this picture was taken.

Evangelism in the Sunday School

A. L. BRANCH
In Stone Church Convention



LET US continually keep in mind that the Sunday School is not an end in itself; it is simply a means to an end. Even the conversion of children is not the ultimate end we are seeking for we long that they should be saved and trained to become useful members of the body of Christ, His Church. To that end every effort possible should be made to get the children to attend our church services. The ideal way is to have every member of the church in the Sunday School and everyone in the Sunday School in the church. This is not attained in many places, for often we see a veritable river of humanity flowing from the church building at the close of Sunday School.

On an average, from 60% to 80% of those attending Sunday School do not stay for the church service. Judge Crane of the Supreme Court of New York says that the church which is not alarmed about the absence of her children is worthy only of a slow death, which is her sure fate. In the entire Sunday School constituency, only 20% are converted while they are in Sunday School. I believe this percentage is larger in Pentecostal Sunday Schools but that is the average of the entire Protestant constituency. That 20% constitutes three-fourths of the membership of our churches, while the other one-fourth is made up largely of those who have at one time been in Sunday School, but where the seed of the Word of God suffered arrested development, and then, under the ministry of an evangelist or pastor, it was quickened again and they, too, became Christians.

Now the question comes before us tonight, At what age may the child be saved? There is no definite answer to that; some children are saved at a very early age—many at three years. The most outstanding case that ever came under my personal observation was that of a little girl in Gary, when we were ministering there. This girl belonged to a Hungarian family whose parents had recently been saved. She was two years and nine months old at the time this took place. For some weeks she had acted as if she

*"I am the child,
You hold in your hands my destiny,
You determine largely whether I shall succeed
or fail,
Give me, I pray you, those things that make
for happiness;
Train me, I beg you, that I may be a blessing
to the world."*

were demon-possessed whenever it came time for family worship or for church service. When the parents would try to read the Bible or pray she would scream, or run through the house making every disturbance possible. During Sunday School she would wiggle and tease to go home until it became a torment to take her. Then one morning about 5 o'clock her mother heard her in the bath-room; thinking the girl would soon come out and get back into bed, the mother waited, but not coming, the mother went to ask her the reason for being up so early. The child said, "Oh mother! Jesus came into my room and the light was so bright and beautiful, and He spoke to me and told me to give my heart to Him, and I did." And right then this child received the Baptism of the Spirit and spoke very clearly in more than one language. The reality of that experience was evidenced, for from that time on she could hardly wait for family worship; she loved to hear the Bible read; she loved to pray and could scarcely wait for Sunday School or church.

People are not saved because of what they know, or because they are so clever. A person may be saved as soon as he is capable of loving. We are saved by loving the Lord, so a child who is capable of consciously sinning is capable of being gloriously converted. The home has the greatest opportunity and the Sunday School ranks next because so many homes are not Christian. The peak of the curve comes between the ages of 14 and 17. Let me say, that a child's heart is a castle which cannot be taken by storm, but there are four avenues of natural approach. The first is by means of the class contact and this contact includes the period before the Sunday School session begins, as well as during the lesson period. The teacher should always be the first in her place; so much may be done in the pre-session period by that personal contact. When the little ones come in, they expect a personal greeting from the teacher. Little Mary has a new dress and she has been looking forward all that week to the teacher seeing her new dress. But if the teacher comes

in late and has no time to see it, her little heart is almost broken, she is dreadfully disappointed and if you disappoint a child you lose a valuable point of contact.

The next contact is by means of prayer—prayer for and with the pupil, using care not to embarrass the child. A girl had the privilege of leading two entire classes to the Lord; and when her pastor asked her how she did it she said, "I pray for each member of my class by name every day."

The importance of this was impressed upon my mind while attending the General Council in San Francisco. I visited the most beautiful mausoleum in the world in a cemetery at Glendale. They showed me the art glass window, picturing that grand masterpiece by Leonardo DaVinci on the Lord's Supper. The guide explained that one of their board members had interviewed the only remaining member of the Italian family whose art glass windows have graced the greatest cathedrals for several hundred years. It was learned that the artist took five years to complete that picture but the first year was spent in prayer. That thrilled my soul and I thought, if an artist would spend a whole year in prayer to produce a beautiful work of art, how much ought we to pray when we are dealing with the souls of boys and girls.

Then the third form of contact is the social. Parents expect the minister to call on them; children do not always expect the teacher to call on them when they are sick but if the teacher does this it is an event and makes a deep impression on their lives. Some Pentecostal people are afraid of social affairs but often such contacts have eternal results. I heard of one teacher who took his fifteen boys out to a camp in the woods by the side of a beautiful lake for two weeks, and at the end of that time he had led twelve of those boys to accept the Lord Jesus Christ as their personal Savior, and the twelve were working hard to win the other three. There is something about God's great Cathedral with its beautiful dome of blue, flecked with white clouds that brings boys and girls close to God under the leadership of a wise teacher. Let us not be afraid of wholesome social life.

Then the fourth contact is by means of letters, on birthdays and other special occasions. A letter addressed in the child's own name is an event in his life and many have been known to take such a letter to school and wear it out reading it over and over. It may not mean so much

to us but we are to measure its value by what it means to the child. And this not only applies to little children; the teacher of a men's class adopted the plan of writing a letter to every man who was absent. He had written several to one man but still he failed to return to the class so the teacher said, "I will try it once more, and he wrote it and put a special delivery stamp on it. When that man received it he said, "If that teacher thinks enough of me to put a special delivery stamp on a letter to me I shall go back." I suppose the teacher spent 25c on that man. Was it worth that much to get him back to God's house? There are so many things we might do but we are so busy about trivial things that we do not have time for eternal things.

Counting the combined Protestant church budgets of the United States there are 16,000 churches and 17,000,000 members, and an annual budget of \$250,000,000. Statistics show that one member represents the combined efforts of 44 church members and \$650 in money. No business could prosper on a basis like that. One-twentieth of that amount spent on winning boys and girls to Jesus Christ would have brought the same result with the added value not only of souls being saved, but lives being given for service. Which is more important—a man of eighty or a boy of eight? You might say that a boy of eight was more important but when it comes to actually facing the facts by our actions in a revival meeting, I fear we answer the other way. If a man of eighty years gets saved everybody talks about it; they say, "We had a wonderful meeting last night; an eighty-year-old man was saved." Then the next night an eight-year-old boy is saved and if you ask the average person about the meeting he will say, "Well, we didn't have much of a meeting; no one was saved but an eight-year-old boy." When people talk like that it makes my soul burn with indignation. Which is better—a whole life of service for God or the burnt-out fag ends of a life wasted in sin, offered to God at the end of the race?

A meeting was in progress in England; it was a very stormy night, making it impossible for the preacher to get to the service. A shoemaker belonged to the church and tried to preach that night, taking the text, "Look unto me and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth: for I am God and there is none else." He just said those words over and over again. A fourteen-year-old boy in the small congregation, felt burdened

over his sins and suddenly the speaker looked right at him and said, "Why don't you look and live, son?" The boy there and then gave his heart to Jesus Christ. People said that it wasn't much of a meeting, no one being saved but a boy. They called that boy "Charlie" then; later on they called him *Charles Haddon Spurgeon*.

Railroad companies and insurance companies are spending millions of dollars in safety devices to prevent accidents; they find it cheaper than to pay damages which might have been prevented. Rescue work was the religious work of yesterday and still is, but an enlightened church is seeing that prevention is more practical and economical. In a Billy Sunday campaign in Boston, when there were 12,000 present, 10,000 or 83% stood to their feet, testifying that they had been saved before they were 20 years of age; 9,000 out of that 10,000 testified to having been saved in Sunday School. One thousand stood to their feet testifying to having been saved between the ages of 20 and 40, thirty-seven between 40 and 50, five between 50 and 60, and one after 60 years of age. That is a proportion of one to ten thousand after sixty years of age.

In Frank L. Brown's Sunday School in Brooklyn, New York, where they have a continuous evangelistic aim before the Sunday School, six thousand have come into the church through the Sunday School in thirty years, an average of about 200 per year. During the same thirty-year-period in a certain county in Ohio, all the churches combined held 1800 evangelistic campaigns and at the end of those thirty years there were 500 less members in the churches than when they began. I would not speak lightly of evangelistic campaigns, but I do protest upon wholly depending upon evangelistic campaigns for the building up of the kingdom of God and neglecting the most important work of the church—the saving of the children. Many of our evangelists are seeing this, and are making a special effort to win the children for the Lord. If any are specially interested in this you might write to *The Child Evangelism Fellowship*, 203 No. Wabash Ave., Chicago, for their literature. It is a God-raised movement for evangelizing the children all over the country and thousands of children are giving their hearts to Jesus Christ through their agency. Our main task is not to rebuild human wrecks but to build lives for Jesus from their

early years; this is the line of sanest and surest advance.

I would like to call your attention to six factors in the law of the harvest. Much of the work of God is covered by as definite laws as is the work on the farm or in a factory. The six factors that govern the law of the harvest all begin with the letter "S" and the first is the *Seed*. I can remember when my father paid a dollar for a peck of oats for seed. Oats at that time sold for about 20c a bushel but he wanted the best oats possible to use as seed. We have a great advantage because we have absolutely perfect Seed. It cannot be improved upon and it is suicidal to use any substitute for the Seed of the Word of God. It is for us to select the portions, according to the soil in which it is to be planted, and then sow it faithfully. Broadcasting it gives the birds a chance to steal away much of the seed but hand-planting makes for a sure harvest.

The next factor is the *Soil*—the mind and heart of the pupils. Study of the soil in farming pays, and child study pays in the Sunday School so we may know what seed to sow, and how and when. The material must be fitted to the age and the mental and spiritual ability of the child. Truth, no matter how precious it may be to us, is of no value to the child if presented in a way that is beyond his understanding. Truth is not an end in itself; it is only as it takes root in the heart and blossoms into character that it is really worth anything.

The third factor is the *Sower*. And this is the one who plants the seed; not corn in the earth but living truth in living souls. And if the life of the teacher is not consistent with his teaching his words are as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals—yes, it is even worse, for his life becomes a stumbling block. Jesus said something very startling about it being better for him to have a mill-stone around his neck than to cause "one of these little ones to stumble." The teacher and the truth taught should always leave the impression of being of the same pattern. The teacher should be such that it would be safe for all in the class to follow as an example. It is a very poor excuse to ask them to do as you say and not as you do.

The fourth factor in the law of harvest is *Saturation* or moisture, without which there is no harvest. There is a positive law stated in the Word of God, given in Psalm 126: 5, 6, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He

that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." I want to be very personal now. You, who are teachers—how long is it since you have wept over the boys and girls in your class? *If you care enough you will weep, and if you weep you shall reap.* God says it. That passage in the 126th Psalm is not a promise; we sometimes cheapen it by calling it a promise; but it is a declaration of a law that is as certain in its operation as the law of gravitation or electricity or steam, that they that sow in tears shall reap in joy. And much of the lack of harvest in our Sunday School work is due to a drought of tears; because teachers do not care enough that their boys and girls are going to hell to shed tears for them when they pray.

The next factor is just the opposite of rain, and yet just as necessary, and that is *Sunshine*. All rain would not be good for the harvest, neither would all sunshine. The Word says, "They looked unto Him and were lightened," or "radiant." One translation of II. Cor. 3:18 says, "But as we all mirror the glory of the Lord with face unveiled and so we are being transformed into the same likeness as Himself, passing from one glory to another." A sour-faced teacher does not give a good endorsement to his cause, while the radiant glory in the face of the teacher will remain long after the lessons taught, have been forgotten. I believe the best place for the rain is in the prayer closet and the best place for the sunshine is in front of the class.

Then the last factor is the *Sickle*. Only the Spirit of God can ripen the harvest, and only His Spirit can reveal to the teacher when and how, tactfully, to bring out a decision for Christ. Hand-picking is the best way. And the teacher, to do this, must be a child-winner. You never can be a soul-winner unless you can win the children to yourself, first of all, and then you can give them a tactful introduction to Jesus Christ and the work is done. It is not a question of, "If they can be saved," but, "When and How." Decision Day is a good time but every Sunday may be harvest time.

I so well remember the first Decision Day we had in the Baptist Church when I was laboring there. The teachers and pastor talked it over and said, "We have been sowing the seed for many years but we have never attempted to have a harvest. Now we shall have a harvest

day," and so we appointed the day. The school was all gathered in one room and I talked to them for a few minutes and then asked those who wanted to give their hearts to the Lord, to come to the front. Everything was as still as death for a few moments and then a little six-year-old boy arose—I can see him plainly even yet—in his little Fontleroy trousers and white blouse—and he came walking down the aisle till he stood in front of me and then said, "Here I come, Daddy," and that broke up the entire congregation till everyone was making his or her way to the front. And oh what it has meant to our family to have that little fellow come to God when he was but six years of age! God has kept him. Now he is a daddy himself. "While the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest. . . shall not cease," applies spiritually as well as materially. Jesus said, "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men." You can often get a whole net full of minnows easier than you can catch one large fish. But in the soul-saving business minnows are more important than the grown-up fish. There is a wonderful reward promised to those who win these little ones to Christ. The Word says, "They that be teachers shall shine as the brightness of the firmament and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." If we get the boys and the girls saved we can project them into the grand work of winning their companions to the Lord Jesus Christ and we have then launched them into a program of soul-winning that may continue with them during their entire lives.

I was so interested in reading the story of Dr. John Brodus as told by himself. He said he was definitely converted as a boy of fifteen and was so happy in his conversion that he wanted to tell someone else, and so he found another boy about his own age; the two went out behind the barn and sat down on a lumber pile. There John told his friend of his wonderful experience with his Savior and the other boy listened till he had finished and then said, "That is the prettiest story I ever heard, John, and I would like to become a Christian, too." So they knelt down and the other boy gave his heart to the Lord. The two boys grew up in the same city; the second boy became a truck driver and John became the head of a Theological Seminary but the two continued their friendship and Dr. Brodus himself says, "Whenever I went down

(Continued on page 23)

GOD

In a Lawyer's Office

PAUL B. FISCHER

I WAS BROUGHT up in a strictly Puritan environment. My grandfather, Jonathan Blanchard, founder of Wheaton College, came from Vermont Puritan stock and was a reformer all his life. He had a great influence on our family life. I was raised in Wheaton, where he lived; my father's family were German farmers. The Blanchard element was the predominating influence in our family life. The church we belonged to was a reformed church—you might almost say, an Old Testament Church.

At the age of twelve, some of my relatives asked me to join the church, which I did. At that time I was already conscious that I was a sinner, and in my secret heart was distressed and somewhat fearful as to my relationship with God. But I thought that possibly, while going through the ceremony of joining the church, some magical change would take place in my soul and I would be flooded with light and joy. In this my fancy was completely disappointed, and about all I can remember of that event is my recollection of extreme misery and inward hopelessness.

My grandfather, as well as many others of my relatives, were Christians and the life of my grandfather was exemplary. I loved him dearly, and still venerate him. I do not wish to suggest any doubt as to the sincerity of my relatives but it seems to me that clear instruction as to the great truth of the new birth was lacking.

I, myself, kept groping; as the years passed by while I was securing my academy and college education I was under definite conviction a number of times, and on at least two occasions was in great terror. We had a pastor, a Christian and Missionary Alliance man, who preached very clearly as to the lost condition of mankind and that the only way of escape through Christ was by the new birth. In some of his services I was deeply under conviction of sin, but was unwilling to submit myself to the will of God and unwilling to admit that my own righteousness was inadequate.

Another time, while a Junior in College,

Mottoes and Scripture verses are not frequently prominent in business houses, much less that of a lawyer's office. But on the 16th floor of one of Chicago's sky-scrapers Scripture passages have a prominent place. As your eye scans the surroundings you will find on one wall a framed verse, reading, "And he said unto them, Take heed, and beware of covetousness: for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." A constant reminder of the comparative values between earthly and heavenly treasure. On another wall is seen the motto, "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee the crown of life"; while still another reads, "Our suffering is of God." Silent witnesses to all who enter, that here is one who puts God first. We are sending this unusual testimony out in two issues, knowing our readers will be interested to the very end.

there was a prize of \$200 being offered to students of Wheaton College for the best treatise on the Book of Romans. Now I was a rather lazy student but I had a great deal of confidence in my ability to work out any problem to which I really applied myself, so I thought I could win that \$200. I began to make a study of the Book of Romans and concentrated on it as never before. I had heard the Bible read every day but never applied myself to it. I was making some headway on the first chapter but was unable to get beyond the first verse of the second chapter, which reads:

"Therefore thou art inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art that judgest: for wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same things."

I knew not at that time that there is dynamic power in the Word of God and that it is a dangerous thing to trifle with it. In seeking to get to the depths of the meaning of that verse I studied that first phrase; at once the conviction came to me that I myself, was always judging other people; and this passage said I was inexcusable. As I went on to the next phrase, "For wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself," I became more uncomfortable than ever, because admitting that I judged others I saw very clearly that I was condemning myself. Then I went on to the third phrase: "For thou that judgest doest the same things." But this, I declared, was not true of me. I said, "I am judging other young men for swearing and drinking, using tobacco and obscene language but I certainly am not guilty of such faults." But about that time the fire of the Holy Spirit pierced the depths of my heart and exposed to my astonished consciousness the fact that I had

samples of every one of these sins in my own heart and relished them, even though I had never committed the outward acts. I continued, however, to resist the Holy Spirit in these times of conviction and consequently got deeper and deeper into darkness and inwardly my life became more and more proud and selfish; I was extremely unhappy.

After graduating from College I was principal of a small school for two years and then entered Harvard Law School. Wheaton College was not recognized or known very much at that time and I was not regarded as eligible for the first year of Law School, but was permitted to matriculate as a special student and take the regular first year course, at the end of which I took the regular examinations. It happened that out of a class of about two hundred first-year-men, only six made the honor grade and I was one of them. As a result I was permitted to enter as a regular second-year student and was given a scholarship, also a proctorship in a dormitory which paid for my own room. I was also made Associate Editor of the Harvard Law Review, which position I held during the next two remaining years of my law course.

Coming as I had, from a small town and a small college and having had little practical experience in life, these seeming successes filled me with pride, and certainly did not add to my peace of mind or happiness. A deep consciousness of my inward sin increased until it became unbearable. I still clung to the argument that I was as good as other Christians and that my own righteousness was sufficient for my salvation. However, I thought I might make some sort of a compromise with God and with this in mind, I offered to teach a Sunday School class in a large Baptist Church in Roxbury, Mass. I picked out that church because I knew they taught the real Gospel there; the pastor was Dr. A. C. Dixon, who later became pastor of the Moody Church of Chicago. I received a prompt and enthusiastic reply and I remember the pastor wrote that he hoped a great revival might break out in Harvard University and he was very happy to have a Harvard University man help in his Sunday School. (The Harvard revival has not yet appeared.) I was given a class of boys, and every Sunday, as we studied together, the searching Word of God made me more and more miserable and increased the certainty of my own condemnation.

I also tried to find peace by adhering very

rigidly to some of my early Puritan principles; for example, I thought it would be a dreadful sin to ride on street cars on Sunday, and in order to avoid this I would walk from Cambridge to Roxbury and back, a distance of eight miles each way, every Sunday. I remember one Sunday a terrible thunder storm came up and I was soaked to the skin. I tried to convince myself that since I was suffering so much for the Lord He certainly ought to give me peace of mind, but instead of that my misery increased.

Finally, in the Spring of 1904, I made an attempt to be honest with God and with myself, and for the first time, instead of judging others, I began to admit that I, myself, was a sinner. The Holy Spirit was probing my inward life. In one way this brought a great relief, but in other ways I sank deeper and deeper into the mire and I became utterly sick of myself. I remember how, on a beautiful Sunday morning in May, while going to Roxbury, I stopped for a while in Fenway Park. The birds were singing, the flowers were blooming and the trees were so beautiful—I myself was in splendid health; in fact, at that time I was in training for a boat race in which I competed a few weeks later. But I shall never forget, as I sat on that bench in the park, how I felt almost a physical nausea. I knew it was a result of sin-sickness and not a physical illness.

A few Sundays later, while returning from my Sunday School class, I came to the door of the Salvation Army hall at Cambridge. I had never been in the place before but had heard of the people and my attitude towards them was one of contemptuous pity. But now the Spirit of God definitely turned my footsteps into that hall and I seated myself in the rear. I knew enough about the meetings to know that an altar call would follow and I was seized with the conviction that I must go to the front when they gave that call. I never felt less like doing a thing like that; in fact, every bit of rebellion, pride, and contempt seemed to boil up within me. But when the call was given I responded and knelt at the altar.

Immediately I became unconscious. I believe that the power of God came upon me. The officers were not exactly accustomed to such manifestations and the next I knew I found myself in the lot in back of the hall. The men were walking me around and I remember someone asking me, "Do you use dope?" My soul was involved in great spiritual convulsions and

to some extent I was out of myself. Suddenly I saw a man coming toward me; as he approached, I felt that he was an enemy. He levelled his finger at me and cried out, almost with tears in his eyes and in his voice, "Brother, why don't you stop your unbelief. It is your miserable unbelief that is damning you." And I remember distinctly how I threw up my hands and shouted out, "Yes, that's it."

As soon as I made that confession the burden lifted. We went back into the hall and I again knelt at the altar. I soon began to experience the joy of heaven in my soul; it seemed that I was experiencing the joy before the throne over "one sinner that repenteth." When I arose from my knees I at once had one of the Bible evidences of salvation. My grand-father had been a prominent abolitionist and it was sort of a family tradition that all men were free and equal and in theory, we considered the colored people just as good as the white. However, if, before my conversion, a colored man had come and said, "We ought to associate together as brethren," I would have told him that I agreed with him in theory but that as a practical matter we could get along much better as brethren if he stayed at least ten feet away from me. But this night, one of the first men to shake hands with me was a young negro who played in the Salvation Army band. As I saw him coming toward me with his hands extended and a wonderful look of love in his face, I felt an outflow of love toward him—something I had never felt before and which was foreign to my natural attitude. I knew I was "born again" because I loved the brethren.

I graduated that year from college. I married and we moved to California where I went into partnership with one of my class-mates whose family were very prominent in business and politics in that section of California. I was conscious that I was not entirely in God's will and while I had the assurance of my salvation I had an inward conflict because I had great ambitions to become a successful lawyer and politician. I ran out of money before getting established in the law business and later went into the Real Estate business in Berkeley. My wife and I went to most of the leading churches in town and finally picked out the Presbyterian Church, largely because the pastor preached the Gospel. Dr. McAfee, who in later years was the leader of the Fundamentalist branch of the Presbyterian Church, was pastor, having been

called temporarily for one year. At that time the church was governed by a session composed largely of wealthy men who were very ambitious, socially. They were then arranging to build one of the largest churches on the Coast and they had great ambitions for the future. At the end of Dr. McAfee's first year, he was notified that he would not be wanted another year. In their opinion he had made various mistakes, one of them being the dreadful one of starting a hymn, after the message, while he was sitting in his chair with his eyes closed. That was altogether out of the regular form and program and they were alarmed because the congregation seemed to be with the pastor.

A young lawyer in the congregation thereupon organized a movement among the congregation, because under their form of government the congregation may overrule the session. So this lawyer secured the necessary signatures to call a congregational meeting to consider Dr. McAfee as permanent pastor. The meeting convened to vote on the question. This young lawyer was a friend of mine but had not taken me into his confidence. He had planned the meeting very carefully and after introducing the motion to call Dr. McAfee as permanent pastor, one of his lieutenants moved the "previous question," the effect of which, if carried, would cut off all debate and make it necessary to vote at once on the question of calling Dr. McAfee. This motion, however, was lost. The lawyer had already instructed his supporters that if the motion was lost they should say nothing at all in the debate. The other side had plenty to say; they arose one after the other and explained that Dr. McAfee was rather uncouth, was not acceptable socially and did not have the degree of culture that would commend him to the class of people they hoped to attract to the church; also that the new church building would never be paid for if Dr. McAfee were called as pastor. One venerable-looking old man spoke something like this: "The Lord has different instruments to accomplish different purposes. For the religious Jew He needs one kind of messenger; for the cultured Greek, another kind and for the crude barbarians another kind. Now our dear Brother McAfee would be very acceptable as pastor in some rough mining camp, but this is a church of cultured Greeks and is entirely out of his element." That sort of a speech stirred me to the depths. I was not

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The Prophetic Digest

Albert J. Lebeck

Revival of Roman Empire

For years Prophetic students have taught that the Old Roman Empire would be revived. Recently, we observed in the papers where various writers have also used that same expression, "The Revival of the Roman Empire."

Italy under the leadership of Mussolini has come to the front and has become a powerful nation, exerting tremendous influence in the world. Although she is like a little dog, barking at a great lion, the British Empire, England is losing its strength and power and is permitting Italy to do things which would not have been allowed years ago.

As one has said, "England is done, she is going the way of all the old Empires." It may be only a matter of time, when her colonies will sever their ties with England and then, perhaps, England will be absorbed into the Roman Empire.

Vatican City

Although only half a square mile in area, Vatican City, since becoming an independent state, has her own postage stamps.

The regular postal issues now total fifty-four. This independent State has its own soldiers, navy, railroad and flag and many other things common to an independent country.

Class Civil War

Dr. Glenn Frank, former President of the University of Wisconsin, sees the threat of another Civil War in the Nation—this time a war of classes. "Such a war," he said, "would destroy American civilization and wipe out national unity for more than a generation." We are seeing war today between labor and capital.

Big Crop of Millionaires

The largest crop of Millionaires in six years filed income tax returns this year. There were 41 Millionaires last year who had incomes of over \$1,000,000 during the year. The latest data available is that there would be an increase of 10 more this year, which will be the largest number since 1931. An income of \$1,000,000 a year would be \$20,000 a week or \$4,000 a day for a five-day-week.

U. S. Dictatorship

United States Ambassador William E. Dodd disclosed that he has written to certain Democratic leaders in the United States, saying that he was told a man "who owns nearly one billion dollars (\$1,000,000,000), is ready to support," and of course control, an American dictatorship. Truly this is preparing the way for a Dictator of Dictators.

A Nation Filled With Violence

"Two hundred and fifty thousand murderers are at large in the United States.

"Three hundred thousand American men and women will commit murder before they die.

"Nearly four hundred thousand persons, now living in this country, will be murdered.

"If the murderers who are now in prison be included, nearly one million residents of the United States are murderers, will be murderers, or will be murdered."

These are not freak scareheads of yellow journalism; they are the sober statements of Judge Wilber C. Curtis in the Alumni Review of the University of Southern California. In 1906, he finds, five persons in every 100,000 were murdered. Today the rate is 10.8 per 100,000 or just *double*. We have 60 times more murders than Switzerland in proportion to the population, 27 times more than Scotland, 13½ times more than Japan, 20 times more than the British Isles. (*Prophecy*).

State Institutions

Assemblyman James Cassidy of Alameda County, chairman of a special committee meeting, to investigate conditions in state institutions, declared that there must be \$15,000,000 spent to relieve overcrowded conditions in State prisons and Hospitals, which include institutions for the insane. At the present time these institutions are over-crowded. If the number of inmates to be placed in State Institutions continues to increase for many years at the present rate, there will be more behind the institution walls than outside.

The Sun Experiences Worst Eruptions

Cautiously, astronomers suggest the sun is experiencing, or is about to experience, its most violent eruptions since the turn of the century. Sun Spots are increasing steadily, both in number and size. During the latter part of March and early February there was one which forty planets, the size of the earth, could have been tossed into; that is, it would have taken that many to cover the spot's surface.

The spot was twice as large as four preceding ones, whose estimated area was roughly 1,174,000,000 square miles each. These eruptions of the sun are fore-runners of the things which are foretold would appear in the last days and remind us of Luke 21: 25-28.

High Cost of War

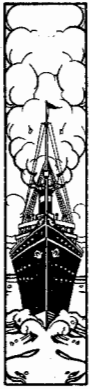
The United States Navy plans to construct two battleships a year for the next five years, 10 in all at the cost of 50 million dollars each. Think of it! With the cost of one battleship it would be possible to build 10,000 homes at the cost of \$5,000 each. Think of what good could be accomplished if this money were utilized in a different way, and for constructive purposes!

New Planes to Carry 125

A congressional committee had heard that 125 passenger airplanes, almost twice as large as any now in use, are already "on the drawing boards."

Colonel Edgar S. Gorrell, president of The Air Transport Association of America, gave this information to a house postoffice subcommittee considering proposed revision of the airmail laws." We are flying 22½ ton boats over water," he said, "and have 40 ton boats on order." (*A. P.*)

From the Mission Fields



IT IS CAUSE for real Thanksgiving to learn how the Gospel is being spread in hitherto closed communities. Seven years ago Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Blattner, missionaries in Venezuela, felt led to enter the fanatical town of Coro, where no Gospel work had ever been established. They have gone through much persecution in establishing the work in that city, but during these seven years they have seen great changes in the attitude of the people toward the Gospel. In August the 11th Annual Convention of the Churches of Western Venezuela will be held in Coro and they are expecting to obtain the Municipal theatre for these meetings, which will be a great step towards the furtherance of the Gospel. There is a great awakening in many parts of Venezuela. The people feel free to go to Gospel meetings without being subject to the terrible persecution they have experienced in the past. The Blattners have recently purchased a lot for the building of a chapel. The work is growing and this is an absolute necessity. They ask prayer for funds for the building of this chapel. Pray that their faith may be enlarged. They have been getting about 78c on the dollar for American money, and there is a rumor that the rate will go even lower.

* * *

Miss Jessie Wengler, Hachioji, Japan, writes of a remarkable healing of her Bible woman:

"Sakamotosan discovered that there was a large growth in her throat. There was no pain connected with it, but it grew larger and larger. When I looked in her throat I was amazed and frightened, because I felt if it became much larger it would choke her to death. She had difficulty in swallowing. Some felt she should go at once to the doctor but we believe that the scriptural way according to James is to call the elders of the church and pray, anointing with oil in the name of the Lord. This we did, and had a wonderful prayer-meeting. The Spirit of the Lord fell upon all present and we felt assured that the Lord had heard and answered, although there was no immediate difference in her throat. Two or three days later while she was visiting in the home of one of the Christians, that thing in her throat broke and all the

accumulated matter came out. She is rejoicing in His healing touch and testifying to His deliverance. The Christians are strengthened by such answers to prayer."

* * *

The husband of Olive B. (Naylor) Nover, writes us of her home going on April 20th, in Rochester, N.Y., after an illness of about a year. As Olive Naylor she graduated from the Rochester Bible Training School, and was a missionary in India for two years. She was Missionary Treasurer of the Elim Faith Work of Rochester, N.Y., for a number of years, and will be greatly missed by her home church and also by the missionaries to whom she ministered by letters. Her husband writes that she wholly trusted the Lord to the end.

(Continued from Page 13)

various fields, and inspiration and refreshment for every hungry seeker.

Each morning school is opened with a chapel service, selected students participating in the singing, playing, and preaching. Before going to their respective classes, the students kneel in prayer and invoke God's blessing for the day. Even as daily bread satisfies the physical being, so that daily fresh manna satisfies and strengthens the spiritual being.

Besides the precious visitations of God's Spirit in the school, there have been wonderful privileges of sitting under the ministry of missionaries, and evangelists from all parts of the United States and foreign countries.

The messages of these godly men and women have been inspirational, instilling in the hearts of the students the determination to carry on in the face of hardships and seeming failures as they have experienced on the fields of labor for the Master.

Very reasonable rates are being arranged for the students. Those desiring more information and printed matter about the school may write to: North Central Bible Institute, 910-912 Elliott Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

(Continued from page 17)

the street and saw that man he would always touch his old ragged cap and say, 'Thank you, John.' I met him this morning and his face broke out into a radiant smile as he said again, 'Thank you, John.'" And Dr. Brodus continued, "When I get over yonder I want to see my Savior first of all and then I want to see my dear old father and mother and after I have seen them I want to walk on those golden streets and I am sure I shall somewhere meet that man and I know he will look into my face and say, 'Thank you, John.'"

Wouldn't you like to meet somebody on those streets who can say, "Thank you, but for you telling me the story I would not be here." But you cannot have that privilege unless you tell them. Everyone of us ought to say, "How shall I go up to my father, and the lad be not with me?" Let us dedicate ourselves anew to the whole ministry of leading boys and girls to Jesus Christ at a time in their lives when it is easiest to do so. Thus you will be rewarded with the best response and you will be training yourself to become a soul winner and one day you will meet up in the glory land those who will look into your face and say, "Thank you, John."

(Continued from page 2)

ful time, a time when I was in a condition which does not belong to this world. God spoke to me again and again thru visions and revelations."

We can supply our readers with this book, "From the Jaws of Death." \$1.10 by mail.

(Continued from page 9)

dent, principal of the Evangelical School, a teacher of the Bible class and an elder in the church as well as a deaconess, not to speak of a host of lesser souls, all the result of that small seed that was sown so many years ago. We thank God for this wonderful fruitage. No one individual has been responsible; the missionary who laid down his life was the one who first sowed the seed; then our Brother Bender came and watered it and you have been faithful in sending another worker to help nurture that seed.

This judge's youngest son was the first Sunday School pupil in Barquisimeto and now he is the superintendent.

Besides this there are twenty grand-children whom they are raising in the fear of God. Altogether there have been twenty people in that family who have been converted as a result of that first soul being saved. What a fruitage from one tiny seed sown! How it should encourage our hearts to pray that these who have received the message shall not be satisfied with these results, but that they shall be used of God in winning others to Christ!—*Minnie Madsen in the Stone Church Convention.*

(Continued from page 5)

Him to come more perfectly into a union with us, of faith and power to also glorify His Name. Surely He is not less God—He is the mighty God, coming to us in our need through the Son, the Last Adam, the Man, Christ Jesus.

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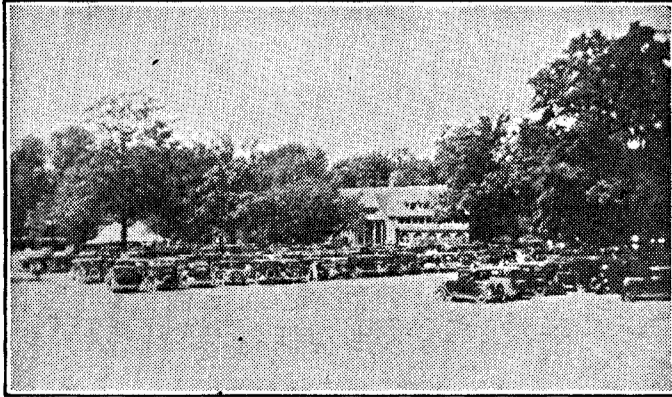
sure whether God had called Dr. McAfee to be pastor of the church but I was convinced that nothing which was being said was acceptable to the Lord and finally I arose and said a few words, the substance being that I had been listening to all that had been said in this discussion and was very much surprised that I had as yet not heard a word which indicated that any of the speakers were conscious of the fact that Jesus Christ was living or that He was the Head of the church, and might have some wishes as to who should be elected as pastor. Then I sat down. I was told later by Mr. McAfee's friends that that short testimony, which, I confess, I gave with mixed emotions of indignation and timidity, due to the fact that I was a recent member, came like a thunder bolt and that it decided the issue. At any rate, it stopped all other discussion; the vote was taken and Dr. McAfee was called to the church. Although but a young man, I was then made an elder of the church and also treasurer. The most of the members of the Session, their families and a coterie of friends withdrew and started another Presbyterian Church, which, however, has never greatly prospered, either spiritually or in membership. Dr. McAfee's church grew. For a time there was a marked revival spirit in it, and the new building was erected and paid for.

(To be continued)

THE PENTECOSTAL ASSEMBLIES OF CANADA—Western Ontario District, will hold their Third Annual Campmeeting at Braeside, Paris, Ontario, July 4th-18th. The Canadian brethren are making a number of improvements in this camp, and they feel it will be the best they have ever had. Evangelist A. A. Wilson of Kansas City will be the evening speaker; Mr. R. L. McCutchan of Enid, Okla., the morning Bible teacher; Gen. Supt. D. N. Buntain and J. W. Wright, afternoon speakers. Special plans for splendid music are being made. The Canadian brethren extend

a very hearty invitation to the American friends to come and enjoy the spiritual blessings with them.

THE MONTANA DISTRICT of the Assemblies of God is planning for their first State Campmeeting to be held at Livingston, Mont. (fifty miles from Yellowstone Park), Aug. 4th to 15th. Dr. Charles S. Price will speak thruout the Camp; also other ministers and missionaries. The large new armory building seating 2,500 has been secured. Camping and meals on the grounds. For further information write W. P. Jones, 1604 Leighton, Miles City, Mont.



WISCONSIN & NORTHERN MICHIGAN Camp meeting at Camp Byron, Wis., Aug. 5th to 15th. Otto Klink, well-known evangelist, and Meyer Pearlman, Bible Teacher, will be the main speakers. This is the Fourth Annual Camp at Byron. Prepare to spend your vacation in this ideal spot. A spiritual feast is in store for all who come. Dining room well equipped, good food at reasonable rates.

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See article on page 5 of this issue.

JOHN AND BETTY STAM: MARTYRS

By Lee S. Huizenga



"The Miracle Baby"

Dr. Will H. Houghton, president of the Moody Bible Institute, has written the Introduction, and Mr. Jacob Stam a Preface to this story of the life and death of these two missionaries of the cross.

A beautiful and tremendously appealing message from the life, experience and martyrdom of John and Betty Stam. Illustrated with pictures of their Mission Station, the place where they were so cruelly beheaded, etc.

Dr. Huizenga's Table of Contents is: The Road to Victory; Out with Sin; Home Discipline; At Moody; Martyrdom; Helen's Rescue; Passing on the Torch; Victory in Death.

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