

The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

Both Knees Needed

A lecturer recently declared at the outset of his lecture that he "received his moral training at the knee of a devout mother and across the knee of a determined father." One wonders how many of the oncoming generation will be enabled to make such a statement.

—Sunday School Times.

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

The Latter Rain Evangel

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TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL CONVENTION

ON SUNDAY, May 22nd, The Stone Church will open its Twenty-Ninth Annual Convention, continuing for two weeks, closing June 5th. Rev. Wm. E. Long of Evangel Temple, Toronto, Canada, is expected to be with us and we know that his wide experience and close contact with human nature will bring a valuable ministry. Then the church has been fortunate in securing the able ministry of Rev. John Wright Follette, who needs no introduction to our readers. Hear him once and you will not want to miss a single meeting, for his teaching and illumination of the Word of God are hard to be equalled. Anticipation of rare blessing is running high and we invite our readers from near-by cities and country places to make a real effort to be with us and enjoy the spiritual feast of good things together. Plan now to take a few days off during those dates and you will return to your own work enriched and better fitted to press the battle for God.

Another and equally important ministry will be that given by the various missionaries whom we expect to be present. Have you longed to visit the foreign mission field? Then come to this convention and you will have pictured be-

fore you the sights and needs of foreign shores. Come, praying for God to give us all a fresh vision of a world lost and perishing.

SECOND SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION

WHY ARE some of our Sunday Schools running on only one cylinder when they should be running on eight? And what is the remedy? How can we win back some of the 75% teen age boys and girls who have slipped away from our Sunday Schools? By what means may we secure the greatest increase in church attendance with the least expenditure?

These "Hows" and "Whys" as well as others, will be answered to all those who are interested, on the days of May 20th and 21st, the dates of the Second Annual Sunday School Convention sponsored by The Stone Church Sunday School. These will be two great days of concentrated effort in behalf of this, the greatest workshop of the Christian Church today. Men and women who have specialized in the various departments and phases of Sunday School work, some who have had outstanding success in building up Sunday Schools, have been secured and will impart of their hard-gained knowledge.

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The Return on a Mother's Investment

THE CHRISTIAN hope joins heaven and earth. Whether in the body or in the glory, the dearest ties remain unbroken. We are assured that not only do the ties endure, but there is a perpetuation of the divinely bestowed family name.

Glimpses are given us at times of the peculiar sanctity and blessedness which may attach to family relationships when Christ is exalted to His rightful place. One such example of radiant piety and conquering faith in the family circle has inspired me beyond any other. It would deeply grieve the members of this family, with whom I have long had intimate ties, if any positive mark of identification were brought into this narrative, and yet so many have shared in some way the benediction of the hallowed circle, I fear complete anonymity will be difficult.

Lacking knowledge of the earlier family background, the present record must begin with the devout father, a successful merchant, the spiritually-minded and gifted mother, and the family of seven children. The father was taken while most of the children were young, leaving a mother to assume the burden of rearing the large family, and especially the guidance of several sons approaching manhood. The estate of the deceased father proved to be unexpectedly small, an added cause for concern, and necessitating an entire change in the scale of living.

But this godly mother was well acquainted with the way of faith. Viewing the towering obstacles rising in her path, she cast the burden utterly upon God, reminding Him that the beloved companion had been taken at a time when the growing sons needed a father's guiding hand. She pleaded her own inability to cope with these difficulties and, in effect, made their future a divine concern rather than her own. A complete record of these years would be a sublime contribution to the literature of faith. The increasing resource was the ministry of prayer. The definite problems of each member

of the family were brought in daily review before the throne, and appropriating faith became so great a reality that none could escape the consciousness of a divine oversight and care.

School and college days passed. Sons were married and settled in distant parts of the country, but the new homes were but out-posts of the hallowed center in the East. The attach-

ment was so great that several times during the year each son would make the long journey to spend a few days at the home fireside. In case of illness or other severe trial, the first impulse was to wire Mother to pray.

Meantime, an investment, made many years before by father, which had seemed of small consequence, became highly productive, and placed the widowed mother in circumstances of comparative affluence. Thus, while in later years she was surrounded with every physical comfort, her

two foremost concerns remained, the welfare of her children and the advancement of the cause of Christ. Even as strength declined and the usual activities no longer were possible, life was possessed of marvelous radiancy through the wide extent of her missionary interests. Scores of missionary publications came to her desk. Correspondence with workers in fields of vital service extended to every part of the world. The check book was always at hand and day by day she found unmeasured joy in sending prayer-laden messages of comfort and substantial help to faithful workers on scores of lonely frontiers.

On a memorable day one of the sons who had crossed the continent to be at his mother's side, made a hasty call at my office to explain that our engagements must be postponed as his mother was gravely ill. On the following morning came the message, "Mother dropped anchor at six o'clock this morning." He could not bring himself to use the conventional phrases. His mind was engaged not with thought of defeat, but of glorious victory.

Two days later the home was thronged with



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The Door That God Opens

E. C. Erickson
In the Stone Church

REVELATION 3: 7, 8

THE WORDS of our text are taken from our Lord's message to the church of Philadelphia, the church of brotherly love, the overcoming church, the church of the open door. There are people who would rather enjoy a sermon from a text taken out of the church of Laodicea because it would be more in keeping with their attitude and the condition of things in general. It is surprising how many people in the world have adopted the indolent attitude. They say, "We are living in the days of Laodicea, in the time of the great apostasy when the falling away has begun. Perilous times have come." Of course all that is true. It is true as the Gospel but there is not a speck of Gospel in it. It is surprising what a lot of truth men may declare and yet preach no Gospel. If I had taken the trouble to memorize statistics I might stand here and quote them until tomorrow morning, proving that the Laodicean age is upon us; all I might say might be true but there would be no Gospel in it. The Gospel is glad tidings; it is a positive message that inspires faith, hope and courage in the human breast. It enables men and women to look beyond the difficulties and appropriate the promises of God until they become able to do the will of God in spite of men or demons, in spite of the falling away. It is true that we live in the Laodicean church age, but it is equally true that we live in the Philadelphia church age. The Philadelphia church is generally looked upon as the church of the overcomers and it particularly represents the overcoming of the closing days of this dispensation, the men and women who will be ready to welcome Jesus when He comes again. That makes me to know that the Lord has not yet returned, since the church of Philadelphia is still here.

And friends, you do not have to belong to the church of Laodicea unless you want to do so. If you wish you can murmur and complain and speak about the impossibility of doing things for God. You can adopt the Laodicean attitude toward a revival and say it is useless, if you wish, but on the other hand you can belong to the Philadelphia church, the church of brotherly

love, of the open door. If I were you I would not waste five minutes of my time in the Laodicean church; I'd have my membership transferred today and get into the church of the overcomers.

What does it mean to say that the Philadelphia church is with us? It always has been, is, and always will be possible for men and women to overcome. As it has been in the past and will be in the days to come, so it is possible for men and women to be overcomers today. If you know your Bible you will know that away back in the early dawn of creation God had His overcomers. Abel overcame by the blood, prefiguring Golgotha's sacrifice for the sins of the world, and the writer of the Hebrews said, "By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous. And there was Enoch. Read Jude's epistle about Enoch, the seventh from Adam, how he prophesied about the ungodliness. He spoke with authority when he spoke of God coming in judgment. He was an overcomer, and the record says that "Enoch begat sons and daughters." Some people have the idea that if you are an overcomer you should be peculiar and different from other men and women, but Enoch walked with God and for 365 years he took care of responsibilities and home duties, and one day he went visiting with God and never returned.

And so all down through sacred history, God always had His overcomers. You will find in the second and third chapters of Revelation the promise to the overcomer is repeated seven times, or to each church mentioned. In other words, He lets us know without a shadow of a doubt that God purposes we shall be overcomers. What a joy it is to feel you can be an overcomer! And what abundant opportunities there are for the church of Philadelphia. He says, "I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it."

I remember nineteen years ago when a little group of us gathered in Duluth to open up a work. They tried in every conceivable way to shut the door against our testimony. We decided to put on a campaign and distributed around 6,000 pieces of literature. The next day the newspapers came out, "The holy rollers are invading our city." I remember when Dr. Price came to our city and we hired a large place seating 5,000 people. When the advance man visited the newspapers they said to him, "The Inter-Church Council has already been to see us and

we have decided not to give you any notice in our paper." I paid for advertising at the regular commercial rate. They thought they could shut the door that God had opened but they could not.

On one occasion I went to buy some furniture. The salesman always took me down in the basement to the "used furniture" in those early days. Some time later we started to build our new church and I went in to see the man about the furnishings. He said to me, "Are you folk going to build such a fine church as that in Duluth?" I said, "Yes, I believe the Lord will give it to us." He said, "Who will be your pastor, then?" He felt it would be out of place for this poor farmer boy to be a pastor in a fine church. They did everything they could to boycott us and ostracize us, but they have never been able to shut the door. We have gone on in a continuous revival. People did not know that God was in the revival. They thought it was just a few fanatics and that it would be easy to slam the door in our faces, but if the church is an overcoming church and a praying church, no man can shut the door. They tried to do it in Jerusalem, when they put Peter in prison, but he wasn't concerned about being in jail. He knew James had had his head cut off the day before but that did not disturb Peter. We read he was sleeping between two soldiers. Think of it! Sleeping the day he was to have his head cut off! But prayer was made of the church unceasingly. That was the overcoming church. You try to shut the door of a church that is on fire for God, and if you are the whole of the Inter-Church Council combined you have a bigger job on hand than you ever bargained for. Prayer was made by the church and the angel came to the jail and awoke Peter. They came to the great iron gate, locked and barred. That great iron gate swung open, and Peter said, "Now I know of a surety, that the Lord hath sent His angel and hath delivered me out of the hand of Herod." You cannot shut the door in the face of a church that will pray. And if the devil succeeds in shutting a door in one direction, God will open another. That is true both of a church and of an individual. When the door was shut in Jerusalem God opened another in Asia. Paul went all over that country and wrote back, "There is a great and effectual door opened unto me." And when the door was shut in Asia, as it was, Paul, in the great fervency of his soul, felt the restraining hand of God and came to Troas where he had a night vision. I am moved by that. It shows that Paul was a

missionary who spent the nights wrestling for the souls of men. He saw across the Aegean Sea a man and heard him cry, "Come over into Macedonia and help us." And Paul entered that open door "assuredly gathering that the Lord had called us to preach the Gospel" in Europe. What an open door that was! How God blessed Paul as he went to Philippi, to Athens, and to Corinth!

Later on, when, through the ambition of one leader, Southern Europe closed the door in the face of the mighty Protestant Reformation, God opened other doors. It is said that Napoleon was tremendously interested in the Reformation, but for political reasons he shut the door and aligned himself with the opposing forces. But the spirit of revival swept northward over Sweden and Norway. It leaped over the British Channel and then over the ocean to the Western Hemisphere and kindled fires everywhere it went.

God says to the overcomers, "I have set before thee an open door and no man can shut it." When Russia shut the door against the Gospel, God opened doors in Eastern Europe and thousands upon thousands have received the Word. When hearts in our own country are closed to the Gospel through Modernism, missionaries come back and tell us of great awakenings in other lands where people are saved and filled with the Holy Ghost.

When one door is closed, another opens. I remember about sixteen years ago my brother-in-law and I were holding tent meetings, up and down the countryside. We came to a little town in Wisconsin and discovered that the town board had gotten together and decided that we could not pitch our tent in their town. But an old farmer and his wife said, "You can pitch your tent in a grove on our ground." Right while we were pitching our tent a young boy fifteen years old got saved. He said, "When you were pitching your tent I felt such a peculiar feeling and I prayed, 'Can't I feel better, Jesus?' and I was saved." You think you have to pray polished prayers, but that simple prayer, "Can't I feel better, Jesus," was the means of his salvation. He is a choir leader in one of the big churches in Minneapolis today. God opens doors that no man can shut, both in communities and in individuals. If a door shuts God will wake someone up in the middle of the night and lay intercession upon them for another open door.

Every promise in the Bible presents an open

door. Some people just want the promises to come sweetly dropping down on them, but every promise is a challenge to our faith. If we would go through the open door and occupy for God we have to accept it as a challenge to our faith. We have to recognize it as God's opening and enter in faith. I know there are people who would like to have their work so properly adjusted they wouldn't have to exercise faith, but everything would go along like greased wheels. There are religious organizations that can function without faith. I make bold to say that there are some churches that would run along as smoothly if they didn't pray; everything is according to routine and has been determined beforehand and they never think of exercising faith, but no Full Gospel work can function without faith. It will be necessary to resort to the exercise of faith if we would carry on. Sometimes people say, "I wish we might get to the place where we would not have to pray so much. Can we not get things fixed so they would run without our being so burdened?" You can get it fixed that way if you want it, but never would you enter in through God's open door. There must ever be the exercise of faith for that.

It is a privilege to trust God, to be obliged to lean upon Him. When you enter a service you must lean on Him for His blessing on the service. It is necessary to exercise faith every time we make a forward move. Some people want to see the end from the beginning but only God does that. For one whole night I begged the Lord to show me something, but He didn't show me a thing. Some folk want a special revelation before they will do anything, but if we have men and women through whom God can work we can have a revival anywhere.

I can imagine how the disciples felt that day in the ship when Jesus came walking on the water. Peter said, "Lord, if it is Thee bid me come to Thee on the water." And the Master said, "Come." And we read that Peter clambered out the side of the boat. I can see the disciples looking on and saying, "Peter is always so impulsive." When we were planning to build our new church we had folk to crowd in the stern of the boat and say, "Why does he build such a big church when Jesus is coming soon? He will sink with the whole proposition." If they could have made me sink I would have sunk long ago. All went well with Peter for a while, but no doubt the unbelief of the disciples affected him somewhat. I can hear Thomas say, "Look

out there! I thought he would fall." Don't rejoice too quickly when you see someone sink. I'd rather be Peter taking steps of faith, and have Jesus reach me His hand than to belong to a little crowd in the boat, looking on in unbelief.

Yes, the open door is a challenge to our faith. Then it is a challenge to our spirit of sacrifice. The work of God has always been maintained by sacrifice. There are people who wish we might get things so properly ordered and the load so evenly distributed upon each one that it would not be necessary to make any sacrifice. I have found people occasionally who have succeeded very well on that line. They plan, "Get more people in so the load will not be so heavy." When you cease to make sacrifice you will cease to have the blessing of the Lord. As we were launching into a new enterprise a deacon in our church said, "I have been here for twenty years and I have decided that other folk can take hold and carry on. I do not want to make any more sacrifices." I said to him, "From this day you will begin to backslide," and friends, that is exactly what happened. Oh beloved, we should never feel that we are through sacrificing for the cause of Christ and the souls of men! As long as we live and breathe we should have a passion for souls. We should say like Paul, "If I be offered upon the sacrifice and service of your faith, I joy, and rejoice with you all. For the same cause also do ye joy and rejoice with me." Can we say that after ten, fifteen, twenty years of labor and fasting and weeping? It is a sad day in the life of any man or woman when he will say, "I have sacrificed enough. I have done my part." From that day the door of opportunity shuts for that man and that woman. From that day the Spirit of God and of glory lifts from their lives; from that day the joy of winning souls is gone.

Satan tempted me once. My family were ill, my wife ill and I was becoming weary and worn in body. The enemy said, "You haven't a thing in the world but a few pieces of worn-out furniture. You had better be thinking about yourself and your family." The devil set me to thinking, but the result brought into my life untold anguish and I said, "Never again will I entertain any regrets for the path He chose for me." May God help us all to accept the challenge of the open door of service.

David had fought a hundred battles. He had sacrificed and suffered, but when the time came

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The Job of Being a Minister's Wife

Mrs. A. W. Kortkamp



SO THAT handsome young Bible School student has asked you to marry him, eh, Helen? And the full moon threw a bewildering light over the old oak trees on the hills yonder and twinkled like jewels in the stream winding through the hollows below, and his face, as you stole a sideways glance at it, was earnest, kind, noble. And yet, you had heard that the lot of a pastor's wife has many ups and downs, with possibly a few more downs than ups—and you don't know what to answer. Well, suppose you let an old pastor's wife tell you a few things, then make your own decision.

First, if you think you really love him, just set him on the shelf a little while. Seek the will of God as a disinterested party. Pray until you have no choice of your own, then let God show you His will. If He shows you this Prince Charming is His choice for you, and you enter into it with the benediction of heaven upon you both, and determine by the grace of God to make a go of it, it will be a happy marriage.

But it won't be all smooth sailing at that. You will probably go through the "starvation period" we used to study about in colonial history. Long before I knew I was to be a pastor's wife I used to tell my folks at home that I had a feeling I was going to be very poor some time, and I took a delight in learning all the tricks of economizing. I had dedicated my life to the Lord and seemed to know poverty would be one portion. We had never known want, and I was making my own way teaching school besides. When I married a glass blower the family said, "You won't get your poverty now unless Alfred takes to drink." But when we announced we were going to Bible School to enter the ministry my father said, "Well, Eva, you'll get your poverty all right."

And did we get it? I'll say we did. Ever since when some young spurt just out of Bible School comes to my husband for assistance in getting him a place to preach, adding, "I have my car payments to meet, and I can't get along on less than \$35.00 a week," I can't help but remember how many times we lived a whole month on that amount. But it was a real ad-

venture and always we were cheered along by the absolute knowledge that we were in the will of God and by the belief that God wouldn't let it go too far, that is, that none of the family would really starve to death.

Our poverty was like a little secret between ourselves and God. Even our families never knew what straits we were in until long after the tension had eased up and I had written the book, "*Help from the Hills*"* in which we give many experiences of how God answered prayer in those lean years. One of my brothers wrote, "Eva, why didn't you tell us you were having such a hard time? We would have helped you. I can't get it out of my mind." But you'll learn a lot about Home Economics that isn't taught in the schools, such as the value of soup as a nickel-stretcher, and other interesting facts. And you'll find that if you keep up a brave front and talk real cheery and enthusiastic about the "delicious soup," the family will think they are eating nightingales' tongues. Another thing I found helpful was to dilate on how thankful lots of people in India would be to have this ten cents worth of minced ham. I suppose they are just as hungry in China but some way I always used the Hindu as an illustration.

But as the work grows and your feet begin to give out, the Lord will send you a car, for He knows what things ye have need of. Several of our cars seemed to fall right down out of the sky. And one day we received a letter from a certain car dealer where we owed a small bill. "Oh, we just must let something else go and get that bill paid," I said as I opened the envelope, thinking it was one of those dreaded "statements." Instead it was a check which read, "Pay to the order of Rev. A. W. Kortkamp—\$20.00—Merry Christmas. Henry J. Smith." That from an unsaved car dealer! A Jewish friend has proved to be an angel of mercy when a new car has been needed here in Moline.

You will be Critic No. 1 of your husband's sermons. But take a tip from one who knows: Don't tell him about the "aints" on Sunday night after you get home from church, nor yet on "blue Monday" when he is tired and needs a rest. Write it out on a slip of paper and lay it on his desk about Tuesday morning and let him read it as he feels able to take it. After the strain of Sunday is fully over he will find it much more interesting then to read of "the lost house of the sheep of Israel," "it don't," "to the

*Can be obtained from the author or **The Latter Rain Evangel**, 35c postpaid.

wife and I," and other such enlightening news.

You will be the "flunkey"—and if you are not willing to take that position you had better turn down that young ministerial student right away. Many a little job that no one else comes forward to do will come your way. The hubby must be left free to preach and to do the big things, while you can hang around and do the "odd jobs." You will have to entertain the company while he gets the sermons and lines up the church business. You will be errand-girl, valet, buffer, in fact, just a little bit of everything.

And this back-seat work is just the best kind of soil for faith to grow in. I often think the reason women seem to have more simple faith than men (pardon me, men) is because the very fact of taking the scriptural place of subservience to the husband gives her practice so she can realize her dependence upon God and that brings faith. Men are prone to keep trying to think up ways to figure the thing out themselves. Then the wife, if she has the work at heart, realizes the husband's burden is heavier in a way than hers and she spreads on the oil "that their prayers be not hindered" and the work upset. This gives her some more practice in overcoming, and you know every prayer that is answered has to have its price in overcoming. The corn must fall in the ground before the fruit springs up. And don't tell anybody I said it, but I wouldn't give two cents for any pastor's wife that doesn't know how to get most anything she wants from that august pastor, providing it's not against the will of God. My own hubby admits that while I seem to give up my way, yet so often things come my way in the end. I tell him it's just the hand of Providence evening things up.

And you and your husband will receive anonymous letters once in a while. Oh, yes, you will, and you will get used to it. Sometimes from the communists, threatening what they will do to you "if you have that evangelist here again," but he comes again and they do nothing. Other times it's just a little kindly advice from some nameless sister, telling you what you ought to do and what you ought not, how to dress and how to do up your hair, how you missed speaking to some one once, etc. And you will read them out to the family at the table, and you will all have a big laugh over them; each one will see if he can guess the hand-writing, then you will gently consign them to the waste-basket. If they are cowardly enough to write an anonymous

letter, their opinion is probably not worth much, so go on to sleep and forget about it.

You will have to take his place sometimes, but you will not always prove an acceptable substitute. One morning the 'phone rang, and Mr. Kortkamp was wanted to come immediately and pray with one of the sisters in the church who was very ill. He was not home, so I thought a half loaf would be better than none, and jumped into my little coupe and rushed to the home. I talked with the sister, knelt and prayed, and as I rose from my knees she said, "Do you suppose Brother Kortkamp could come this afternoon?" But of course there are times when they prefer to have the wife, and many a heart-ache is poured into the ear of the pastor's wife. And you will find, as you take these things to God in prayer, that He will answer them much more quickly than He does your own requests. How pleased God is with intercessory prayer!

The Lord of the Harvest will divide up the work. In our case, my husband does the preaching and I the Bible teaching. I only preach at the point of the sword when a terrible emergency occurs. I find it advisable even then to call it a "talk"—the audience doesn't expect so much. Once when I had "talked," one sister reported it to the pastor on his return, "Why, Brother Kortkamp, she preaches just as good as you do, only she doesn't wave her arms so much." But a course in gym work would not take the place of a call to preach.

Even if your husband compliments you by appointing you assistant pastor, don't take it to heart too much. When we were arranging the cornerstone laying of the Temple, a reporter on the daily paper called up and asked for some details of the ceremony. I told him of the copper box in which would be placed a coin of the current year, the names of all the church and Sunday School officers, deacons, Board of directors, pastor, assistant pastor—He interrupted with, "Assistant pastor? Do you have an assistant pastor there? I didn't know you did." "Oh, yes, indeed," I responded. "And who is it, may I ask?" "It is myself." You ought to have heard him laugh over the phone. Here I had been operating in that capacity for more than two years, and the public hadn't so much as heard whether there be an assistant pastor.

One little hint that we were twenty years in learning. Take Monday afternoon off to rest. You won't nearly always have a chance to do so, but if you make your plans that way it can often be done. Everyone else has a rest day and no

one needs it more than the pastor and his wife upon whom are responsibilities heavier than most others. The others go home to sleep after a day's work, while often the pastor lies stark awake staring at the ceiling, trying to figure out a solution for some church problem. A change is a rest, so plan a change that day. For years after we entered the ministry, I used to do all the housework, wash and iron, take care of the two boys (three, I mean), do a great deal of calling, teach the Bible School, get up the Christmas and Easter programs, write up the newspaper articles, and when summer came I wondered why I was so all in for several weeks. But now we dismiss the cook on Monday noon, give the two office girls the afternoon off, and we go to the restaurant for the evening meal, sometimes driving to another town for a real recreation. It pays, for we all come back to the work on Tuesday morning with fresh vigor.

Many a time you will have a chance to test the promises on various lines. You will find how flour can hold out unbelievably long, how a box of groceries can come in just when it is needed most. You will find the tender care the Heavenly Father has over His children, how He supplies their desires as well as their needs when they are willing to do without them. All my life I had longed to learn to paint but never had the opportunity. When I looked at a beautiful landscape or picture of one, my heart would actually ache to think I could never paint a scene. I had prayed about it, but as the Lord did not open up the way, I had given up and asked God to let me forget about it and wait until I got to heaven. But He opened up the way after we came to Moline for me to take those longed-for lessons. When I see my walls covered with paintings and realize that in my busy life it found a place at last, I praise Him for giving me "the desire of my heart."

Then, I always loved to travel, but when we took a pastorate and expected to share an apartment with "Job's turkey" the rest of our lives, I gave up all thought of going more than thirty miles away from home. But we have seen both oceans, the north and south boundaries of the United States, everything I ever cared a great deal to see except the Holy Land, and I wouldn't be surprised to have the Lord arrange that some day.

You will never have to complain of a dull, monotonous existence. If you have an innate love of adventure, and most of us have, you will really enjoy the experiences God will bring

you through to increase your faith. One day not so long ago we were riding along the river road near LeClaire, Iowa, with the two young ladies who have been with us these last nine years. We passed some cute little cabins and the girls expressed a desire to see the inside of them. I suggested we go around to the back door, thus seeing the back yard anyway, in case we never got invited inside, and ask what they rented for—a perfectly legitimate question. I led the way through that back yard, the girls following. Suddenly a huge dog, almost the size of a lion, rose up from the back porch, gave one appraising glance at us and started with lightning speed and snarling mouth out after us. The girls turned and ran, but I knew he had his eye on me and it was no use to run. Standing still, I threw my hands up in the air and screamed out one word: "Jesus!" That dog turned *while in mid-air* and tore back to the porch where he lay down with head on paws and watched while I backed off out of the yard. An angel's hand had taken that dog by the collar and whirled him around, violating the law of momentum. In that one terrifying instant a whole paragraph of ideas went shooting through my mind: "Surely God isn't going to let me die by being torn to pieces by a big fierce dog! But how in the world will He prevent it? The dog's tearing straight toward me and his momentum will make it impossible for him to stop before he reaches me, and if he doesn't tear me to shreds he'll knock me down. Whatever *will* God do to save me?" Yes, you will stand at Wit's End Corner many a time, but you will learn to count more and more on the "form of the fourth which is like the Son of God."

(To be continued)

SPECIAL NOTICE

Send in your special order now for quantity lots of the July issue of *The Evangel* and then give them out to those who are interested and also those who are not interested. It will be an investment with rich returns and the results will be visible in YOUR Sunday School. Make a sacrifice to subscribe for *The Latter Rain Evangel* just at this time, for it will carry special articles on Sunday School work in a number of issues during the entire year. Single subscriptions \$1.25 per year, three yearly subscriptions \$3.00; six copies of one issue 40c; twelve copies of one issue 72c.

The Stroke of God

John Wright Follette

"Remove thy stroke away from me: I am consumed by the blow of thine hand." Ps. 39:10



WE HAVE in the text before us a part of a prayer of David. Under severe pressure and trial, when reason was unable to discern the purpose of the stroke, and faith was too feeble to trust, he cried out in distress, "Remove thy stroke away from me: I am consumed by the blow of thine hand."

It is not my object to treat this verse textually and confine the message to God's personal dealings with the Psalmist, and perhaps trace out reasons why the Lord should desire to consume his strength.

But rather let the text serve as a theme, "The Stroke of God." To many hearts no doubt this thought is not pleasing. God is revealed in His Word as a God of love and so the thought of His hand falling with a stroke upon one of His children may seem strange or even unkind. For this reason I trust the interpretation given in this message may help to clear the vision, quiet fears, subdue too quick judgment and inspire faith to trust an all-wise and tender Father.

The first thought suggested by these words, "The stroke of God," no doubt brings to us the scene of Calvary. The rugged cross rises before us and again the story of God's judgment upon sin flashes across our minds. I trust it is so. For the first and supreme interpretation of these words center here. God is holy—He hates sin. With no degree of complacency or shadow of compromise can He look upon it. Holiness and

*Struck dumb by God! how cruel seem the words.
And yet thrice blest the heart where falls the blow.
A life transformed is his who suffers thus,
For it is given only such to know
The rapture of the mighty wings of faith
Which elevate the soul to realms above,
Where pain is sweet and wounds give only joy.
His soul is charmed—a captive held by love.*

*No more to trace the path by signs he sees,
Be they beneath the noonday sun most clear—
Or dim because at dusk the shadows fall.
For blinded thus by God he knows no fear.
His eyes are closed, and yet his vision fills
With things celestial in transcendent light.
The glory of the unseen world is his
Whom God makes blind to earth's fair day or night.*

*His ears are deaf, no longer does he hear
Earth voices calling him from every side.
It matters not how sweet and clear they be—
Or rough with threats—he does not turn aside.
To every sound made deaf—that he might hear
The music of the infinite and know
The harmonies of God, for such are his
Whom God makes deaf to voices here below.*

*Struck dumb! no longer is there gift of song,
A silence fills his soul serene and deep.
The music of his lips is wasted breath.
In place of song 'tis given him to weep.
His trembling lips are mute—and yet they speak.
Healed now to sing because they kissed God's rod.
The song must live since it is born from death.
Thrice blest indeed the man struck dumb by God.*

hatred of sin, like every other attribute are living and active and must manifest themselves. His holy wrath at sin must strike. So to save humanity and to bring us to God, Christ not only bore our sins but He became sin that we might enter into salvation. He became the victim upon which the divine wrath, the judgment of God, struck.

This is the story of the cross. The picture is given to us in prophecy:

"Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken smitten of God and afflicted.

"But he was wounded for our transgressions, he

was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed."

The literal translation for the Hebrew, "hath laid upon" is, "caused to strike upon." Therefore in considering the stroke of God upon the hearts of His children let us not confuse it with the thought of His judgment upon sin. Christ has successfully and satisfactorily met the judgment for our sins and paid in full the penalty required by the justice and holiness of God.

But there is another sense in which to consider this theme. It is not in relation to the sin question or the sinner, but has to do with the saints and especially those who are seeking deeper fellowship and conformity to the likeness and image of Christ. "Struck dumb by God," were the strange words the Spirit brought to my heart over and over again as I was pondering this thought in relation to the saints.

In the natural we have all seen the unfortunate people whom we speak of as deaf, dumb and blind. The physical deprivation of hearing and sight is indeed a calamity. How thankful we should be that we are given the proper use of all our faculties! But thank God, today we are hearing of His marvelous work of healing power and many who have hitherto never seen, heard or spoken are being healed, and in answer to prayer and faith are entering upon the use of all their faculties. Such actions are indeed miracles and are truly wonderful to witness.

For a little while let us consider our spiritual natures and one of the many miracles God is performing for us in this realm of the soul and spirit. Do you know that the greatest miracles of God have not necessarily to do with the physical life? But because such miracles, as the healing of the deaf, dumb and blind and other marvelous works are in the realm of the physical they appeal to the natural man and arouse unusual attention. The natural man desires to hear, see and feel, consequently the spectacular has a wonderful fascination for him. It excites his sense of wonder and amazement and leads him to delight and rejoice in the strange and unusual manifestation of the Holy Spirit. This condition is not only common today where the Lord is pouring out His Spirit in miracle working and signs and wonders, but in the days of Christ the same effect was produced. Human nature (flesh) is just the same yesterday, today and forever. The human and unspiritual life manifests itself the same today as two thousand years ago. Because the people got their eyes upon the things seen, sought to please and gratify their sense life by the use of miracles, and rejoiced in the power and use of the same, the Lord was led to rebuke them and give them words of correction.

The next day after the miracle in which He fed five thousand the crowd continued to follow the Lord. What was the motive? Was it because of intense hunger for God and seeking of life? Were they starving in heart and longing for the bread of heaven? Not at all. Christ discerned their hearts and knowing the human desire to merely want the things that would appeal to their physical being, rebuked them.

"Jesus answered them and said, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Ye seek me, not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves, and were filled. Labor not for the meat that perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life. . . ." (John 6: 26, 27).

Let us not deceive ourselves. The fact that thousands press their way to the scene of miracles is no sign that they are hungry for God. Would to God they were! When the miracle fails to lead one past the satisfaction of human hunger or physical relief and does not bring him in touch with the bread of life, it has lost its purpose.

Christ saw the frailty of the flesh and the tendency to rejoice in power when it moved upon the natural, and wrought signs and deliverances unusual and marvelous. Therefore He sought to lift their vision, and to bring them into another realm where they might witness and rejoice in miracles of a moral and spiritual value. That is why He speaks as He does in Luke 10: 19, 20.

"Behold, I give unto you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy; and nothing shall by any means hurt you. Notwithstanding, in this rejoice not, that the spirits are subject unto you; but *rather* rejoice, because your names are written in heaven."

The fact that power was given to them to triumph over sickness and disease was truly wonderful, divine! But to triumph over man's nature, his sin and moral condition was more lasting. Even the sick whom Christ healed died at last. A miracle upon the physical or natural plane is after all fleeting and vanishes. Not so in the realm of the Spirit. The miracle wrought every time a soul is born again, or when God by His Spirit triumphs over the old creation and brings a trusting heart into a fuller realization of the divine life is lasting and endures through the ages to come. To rejoice in the fact that God has touched my physical body and wrought a miracle (which fact is true) is one thing but to know that my name is written in the Lamb's book of life and that I am born of God is greater.

Why is it that it is harder to realize this truth and to enter into spiritual phases of the subject of miracles as Christ desires us to do? Is it not due to the fact that (as Christians even) we are too much creatures of sense? God has given us a body in which we tabernacle or dwell. We are given five senses which act as reporters to us concerning the world in which we live. We see, hear, smell, taste and the natural man conducts his life accordingly, orders his steps and lives what we call the natural or physical life. These senses were in the original purpose of

(Continued on page 23)

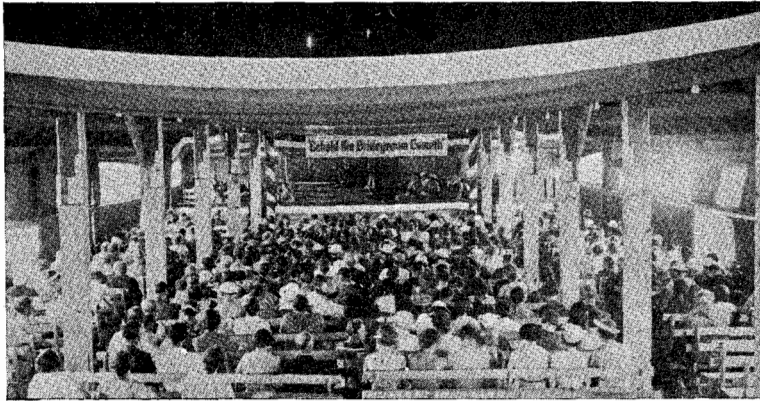
RUNNING through the swiftly passing years that make up one's lifetime, in some lives particularly can be traced the golden thread of surrender, and of a consistent walk with God. In the life of Pastor G. A. Chambers, of Peterboro, Ontario, Canada, we believe this to be true. Active in the organizing of the Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada, and for years the chairman of the Canadian organization, Brother Chambers has had the joy in the later part of his ministry of seeing the Lakeshore Pentecostal Camp, at Cobourg, Ontario, become a reality. As District Superintendent for the Eastern Ontario and Quebec District, he has been vitally interest-

particularly so in the matter of a great convocation of God's people for spiritual edification, such as this campmeeting will be. God grant that from beginning to end, all of the meetings be steeped in prayer, and the spirit of prayer pervade every part of the Campgrounds and rest upon every group of campers or workers. Each individual has a definite responsibility to bear in prayer, and no one can be spared from his or her share of this blessed and spiritual ministry. Believing prayer alone will make this campmeeting what it ought to be and what it can be, under God. Advantage must be taken of every opportunity for prayer, whether publicly, or in smaller groups, and by much secret prayer."

The Get Ac

Conducted

Presenting the story of
at Cobourg



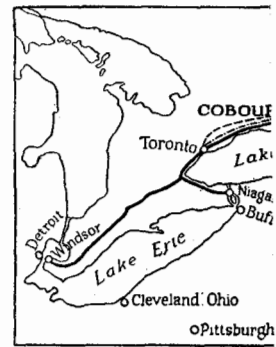
Interior of the Tabernacle

ed in the development of the camp, opened in the summer of 1936. Growing yearly, this summer will witness the Third Annual Camp on these beautiful grounds, when seventeen days of sweet fellowship and of heaven on earth, are anticipated.

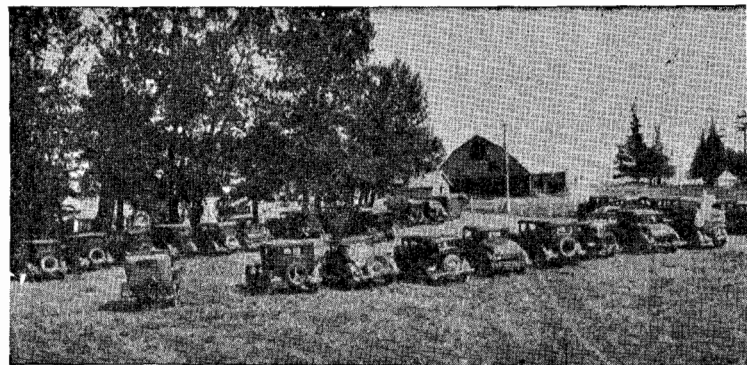
A glimpse at the map will immediately give one a definite idea as to the wonderful location of the Lake Shore Pentecostal Camp. It has three-quarters of a mile of lake shore frontage on Lake Ontario. Cool, clear, delightful weather prevails throughout the summer. The amount of ozone in the atmosphere, it is claimed, is equalled at only two other places in the world. The beaches along the shore at Cobourg have fine white sand bottoms, and are shallow, a condition particularly advantageous to children, who can enjoy wading with safety, or building their sand castles on the beach. Large ferry boats ply constantly between Cobourg and Rochester, N. Y.

Brother Chambers has poured out his strength unstintedly, and says of the forthcoming summer's effort: "Prayer is the secret of success in any undertaking, and

be given opportunity to present the work on the great mission fields of the world and tell of the trophies won for the Master in heathen lands. Nearing completion, on the grounds, is a large cottage dedicated to the use of missionaries, known as the Draffin Memorial Missionary Rest Home, a memorial to Brother Wm. L. Draffin, of Ottawa, Ont., who went to be with the Lord on August 22,



Map showing geographical location



A general view of the Eastern Ontario campgrounds

Printed Page

Helma Argue

Home Pentecostal Camp
O, Canada

New Paltz, N.Y. For Brother Bowley, who will be speaking at the night services, this will be his first visit to Canada, and soul-stirring gospel messages of a red-hot Pentecostal nature are expected in the evangelistic services. Brother Follette's rich ministry in unfolding deep truths of God's Word, is well known; he was Bible teacher for the Camp in 1937, and is warmly welcomed again in this capacity.

Because of his remarkable illumination of the Word of God, Brother Follette's name is a household word in hundreds of lives, for his students from several Bible Schools are scattered all over home and foreign lands.

The Children's Department will be under the leadership of Mrs. C. B. Smith (*nee Argue*) of Ottawa, Ontario, in a Junior Church, with a special tent of their own. Mrs. Smith has had considerable experience with children's work, with marked success. Capable assistants will aid her, and the children's work will be an important feature of the Camp. A Sunday School will also be conducted for the different ages. Mrs. Smith writes the Children's Page in *Pentecostal Testimony*. In Ottawa she has organized a unique rhythm band, and will have her instruments with her to or-

ganize a band among the children of the Camp. Playgrounds and sand boxes for small children, with an attendant in charge, will give the parents leisure to attend the services.

Regarding music, Brother Chambers says, "Music has always played a most important part in spiritual and religious gatherings, and has been the means in the hand of God, of the saving of many souls. Those who play instruments should plan to bring them, and contribute blessing through their talent to the salvation of souls. Mr. F. Robinson, who will be in charge of this phase of the campmeeting, is an efficient leader of brass and stringed instruments, having been in charge of some of the largest bands in Canada."

A variety of accommodation is available; cabins, dormitory rooms, tents, or space for tents. The C. P. R. and the C.N.R. run into Cobourg, and number 2 Highway runs directly by the Camp. This is the main high-



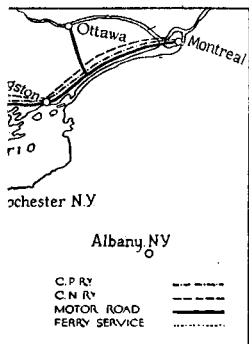
Pastor G. A. Chambers

way from Montreal to Detroit and Chicago. A Summer Vacation Bible School will be held on the grounds, opening July 26th, and continuing for five weeks. For this, all correspondence should be sent to Pastor Gordon Atter, 165 Neff St., Humberstone, Ontario.

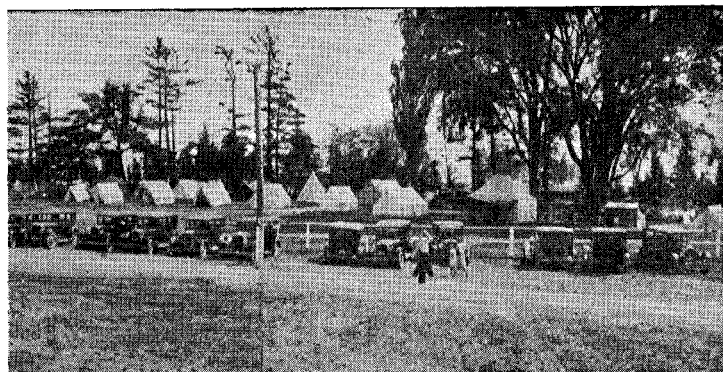
For further information regarding Lakeshore Camp, one may write directly to Pastor Geo. A. Chambers, Box 781, Peterboro, Ontario, Canada. Our prayers are that this, together with every other camp effort, raised up as so many have been by God in recent years, may be especially favored from heaven during this coming summer's ministry. We believe the camp effort affords a heaven-planned opportunity to meet God and tarry for His presence, and to hear anew His voice, under most favorable circumstances.

"COME YE APART AND REST A WHILE."

(Continued on page 23)



Location of Cobourg Camp



Camp Meeting at Cobourg, Ontario

“Except a Corn of Wheat Die—”

Miss Bernice C. Lee
In the Stone Church

IT IS quite impossible for me to describe my emotions as I stand once more in *The Stone Church* for I cannot forget the dear friends, old and new, who have labored so faithfully in prayer for me. And it is because of your intercession, your prevailing prayer, that I am here today. And I feel sure that God has something ahead for us all. He has not brought us back from the gates of death, through difficulties and trials but that He means to make something more of our lives and get more glory from them than He has been able to get before.

For a little while I wish to speak out of the fulness of my heart, of some of the wonderful things that God has been doing through the years. I am thinking very specially of the way God has been leading us as a people and as we have yielded and consecrated our lives we have found, and can testify today, that it has been the right way for each one of us. It has meant sorrow, it has meant trial and suffering, but it has been the right way nevertheless.

*“Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan God’s work in vain.
God is His own interpreter
And He will make it plain.”*

I cannot but go back down the years to the time about thirty-one years ago, when many of us were hungering and thirsting for the living God. How graciously He poured out of His Spirit and made us glad and sent us forth with a witness not only in our hearts but also upon our lips! We went everywhere telling the story of liberation, of joy in the Holy Ghost. Those were wonderful days and I think we can never cease to praise God that it was our privilege to have come under the showers of the “latter rain.” But we need not continue to look back and dwell upon the time of receiving the anointing, for the Christian’s best is ever onward and as we have gone on with God we have found pathways of service. I love to think that back in 1913 He gave me the gracious privilege of going to India.

I remember how concerned I was about this one thing — that the blessed communion that

How freighted some announcements are! Behind some simple statement there may be volumes of unwritten history, recorded only up yonder. Beyond one such announcement we may rightly envision a death-bed scene when a life of unusual vivacity and zeal was laid low in the jungles of India; the united prayers of a host of friends throughout the world, for she who loved much, was also much beloved—a gradual, but, nevertheless, miraculous return to health when all hope had fled. A year and more of waiting, to hear “What God the Lord should speak,” new heart renderings, a new yielding and re-consecration. — These scenes and many more too deep for heart to utter, are behind the announcement which we rejoice to make—that Miss Bernice Lee is sailing back to India on the S. S. WASHINGTON of the Anchor Line, leaving New York on May 4th.

existed between myself and God might not be broken. I realized the possibility of becoming enamored with one’s service; I knew the days that lay ahead would be filled with study of the language and becoming accustomed to new people and strange ways, and I just pleaded with the Lord that He would not allow me to lose that precious touch and communion with Him. I was so concerned about this that just before sailing I got down before God and asked Him for a definite Word of promise that I might know He would hold me fast in the days to come, and He gave me that precious word in Isaiah, “And the Lord shall guide thee continually and satisfy thy soul in drouth and make fat thy bones, and thou shalt be like a watered garden and like a spring of water whose waters fail not.” I said, “Thank you, Lord, that is good enough to go to a dry and thirsty land, such as India is,” and I have proven for twenty-four years that God keeps His promise.

But I must pass on, touching just a few high spots of what God has permitted me to see and do in the Name of Jesus. There were those precious years, especially during my first term, of going into the villages, travelling oftentimes afoot, and then in our ox tonga, reaching the people in distant places and telling the old, old story of the Cross, seeing hearts melted down before God. I remember so well, one time giving the Story in a zenana home; a young woman heard the story of the Gospel and was attracted. One never knows how many of those listening are taking in the story. But after the missionaries returned to the mission house, this young woman determined she would do something to get amongst the Christians and hear more of this Jesus of whom she had heard the first time

that day. Some of the people with whom she was staying, began to be suspicious, feeling she was a bit interested, and they watched her very closely. But under cover of darkness she slipped away and walked several miles till she came to our town where she secluded herself for several days.

Then one evening, in the mission bungalow, one of the missionaries said, "You know, I feel that the young woman who listened so well to the Gospel has been given to us by God." We had been praying for her and on this special evening, as we gathered around our family altar, we prayed especially that God would loosen this soul and enable her to step out for Christ. Just as we rose from our knees we heard a slight rustling sound in the next room, and, going in with a light, to our utter amazement we found this young woman. Only those who know the difficulty of loosening these souls, can comprehend what it means. In a surprised manner we asked how she happened to get away and she told us that she had been in the village awaiting her opportunity to come to the mission bungalow and now she had come. We had to be on the alert, and although the hour was late we knew we had to do something quickly; so by one o'clock in the morning we got her to a place of safety. As we went along the railway, under the shadow of the trees there were lurking Mohammedans but there are times when God puts a veil upon people, and they did not put forth a hand to touch her. We put her on the train and got her to safety.

She became a beautiful Christian, was married later on and lived a sweet Christian life for a number of years. It cost us much suffering but her sweet Christian life more than repaid us for all the sorrow and anguish experienced. I could tell you of many more who have been rescued when they took their stand for the Lord; they have suffered much and more than once it has meant the loss of a life. Many a time the food has been poisoned, and then again some drug has been given that causes the person to go insane. So the people of India, when they take a stand for Jesus, have a very rough road to travel.

We have our times of witnessing on the trains, by the road-side, in the little zenana homes and oftentimes, we see the tears trickle down their faces as they say His Name. Sometimes it is difficult for them to remember His Name. With a population of 350 million who worship 340 million gods, there is just everything to turn

them away from Jesus Christ. Once I was riding on a train, telling a woman in the zenana compartment about Jesus, and I was speaking very slowly. I often think of that line in the hymn,

*"Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in,"*

and so repeating it often, I told her the name of Jesus, how He came and loved her and then I would go over it again and get her to repeat the Name. Then I would sit back and wait and watch her lips move as she repeated to herself over and over again, the Name, His lovely Name! Just before she got off the train she turned to me again and said, "Tell me His Name once more." I repeated it again and as she went out of the train she was whispering it softly. My last word to her was, "Don't forget the Name"; and she said, "I will not forget it."

So it is, sowing the seed beside all waters. And now-a-days, not only are the people waiting for us to come to them, but they cross the fields and wade the rivers, coming from long distances to inquire the way of salvation. Today, India is hungry. Everywhere we find hungry hearts; one needs but to step outside the door to make a contact with souls for Jesus.

How I loved this witnessing in the villages, but the time came when I left it; left the sitting on the floor in the little homes with the women, left having those heart to heart talks, for the time came when God gave us the opportunity of witnessing among the outcast lepers of India and the Leper Colony, as it stands there today, has a place in my heart that is very sacred and precious to me. Only a few years back the land was purchased and the buildings went up, and I have often said that every blade of grass on the place and every stick and every stone is a very part of me. Somehow we do just get so in love with those dear people whom God has given us and privileged us to work amongst!

I remember one morning, arising early and going down to the end of our compound. To the north of us are the glorious Himalayas and as I stood there, just at sunrise, looking at the buildings which had been erected and the people who were living in them, I praised God for every soul He had given us. As I heard the people beginning to stir and heard songs of praises going up to Jesus, I thought how those lepers had come to us just a few years before, heathen men and women, and now they were rejoicing in salvation! And just a distance away was our Orphans' Home where the children are being taught from earliest remembrance

of Jesus and His love. I could tell you story after story of those who had been rescued. When I had my last touch with those children, just before leaving for my furlough, I thought my heart would break, not knowing whether I ever would see them again, and yet I felt I must be brave because it seemed out of place for little children to see older ones weeping. So I gave them my last little talk and told them how if Jesus came before we saw one another again, if they were sure that the blood was upon their hearts, we would all be ready to meet Him. They then sang and recited some Scripture verses and one little tot whom I have had since she was only two days old, started up the chorus, which they had learned in English,

*"Have thine own way, Lord,
Have thine own way."*

I took that message to my own heart and said, "Yes, Lord, have thine own way with me and the lambs of this flock."

And so I came home. It is just a little over a year now when they said good-bye to me but no one said, "We expect you back soon," as they had done every time I had left for furloughs before. But it was no wonder after my severe breakdown, for, after the years, when the burdens oftentimes were very heavy—and yet burdens which I loved—there came a sudden break, just in a few hours' time, until I was unable to move. Taken down with rheumatic fever I lay, a prisoner in bed, for almost a year, but I always said I was a prisoner of hope, for somehow I never lost hope. I don't know how much of it was faith but I know there was hope and yet the siege was long and I lay very, very low. I shall never forget in December, after having taken ill in November, I had a severe heart collapse, and if it pleases the Lord some day to take me by death before He comes, I shall never know more definitely the consciousness and feeling of actual death than I had that day; just a thread seemed to hold me and my life seemed to be going out, out, and down. I was just living and that was all. It was then that the cablegram was sent home and the dear saints everywhere took up the burden. Then continued months and months of weary pain and weakness; such a terrible condition of the heart that the dear ones, though they were praying hard, didn't think it was possible for me ever to come back to health. But God!

And then the time came in November of 1936, when I was practically carried on to the boat, put on the top deck where my room was, and

told never to travel one of those steps during the voyage. I never saw the dining-rooms all the way across for all my meals were served in my room. And while on that journey home I said, "Now Lord, no one thinks I am coming back but You know whether I am." And at once my heart began to cry this prayer, "*I will hear what God the Lord shall speak.*" I knew I must hear God's voice, I must have it from Him and one day, while reading a spiritual volume, I somehow had that sweet consciousness within that God would send me back. I came home and shut myself away, determined to hear what God should speak to me and you know the rest of that verse is, "for he shall speak peace unto his people, and to his saints: but let them not turn again to folly." So I took this verse and made it my very own; I spread it before God again and again, keeping in that waiting attitude to hear what He should speak.

And beloved, there come times in our lives again and again, as we go on with God, when we must needs make a fresh surrender, a new cleavage, times when God says, "I want you to walk this way now." And so there came a time a few months ago, when I had some definite things to settle with God. I had been told many times during the past year, that while I had made a remarkable recovery and that my heart was in a very good condition—and that was marvelous, for it had been so enlarged it had, by actual measurement, filled one side of my body—I never could go into institutional work again. So as I waited on God He began to speak to me of an enlarged ministry in India. In seemed to me I never could bear to do anything else than return to the work I have loved so much. But God began to lay another burden on my heart, speaking to me of the need of the young Hindu Christians, and older ones as well, who have not yet had that burning passion for the lost. It is they who must needs get the vision; it is they who must shortly take our places, they who can go out amongst their own and bring them the message of salvation.

So one night, as I went to bed, the Lord became very real and precious to me. I thought of the earlier days when there had been a cleavage and now I had come again to just such a time and He made it very plain that He wanted my ministry to be enlarged. So I said to Him, "Lord, with my hand in Thine, I absolutely yield on this point. I am ready, though it means never again to enter the service that has been so precious during the past years." And you

know what times like this mean—the peace of God filled my being and I was conscious of a new step with God.

That was on a Friday night. The very next day I was invited to the home of a friend who told me of one, whom I had never seen, who wished to help me on my fare back to India. Well, it was not the amount of the money so much, but the fact that God was corroborating the leading He had given me only a few hours before. I just broke down before Him, and from that moment on He has been opening doors. I go back with real joy as I think of the many, many precious Christians there who must have a burden for their own people. I was reminded of God's dealings with Jacob—He led him forth and instructed him, taught him and kept him as the apple of His eye, and no matter how old we get, God will lead us on if we let Him, and always there is the glad consciousness that we are dear to Him as the apple of His eye. God has definitely given me the promise, as I go out now for my fourth term, "The glory of this latter house shall be greater than that of the former," and still another precious word, "They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing"; and so I am believing for a spiritual fulness with fruit.

I want to take you all back with me, I want you to go forth in prayer, standing behind, not only myself but all the missionaries. You remember years ago, how we all came to the front with our very best for missions? There is yet great opportunity, and out in India there are being presented to us great needs. There are sixty million of the Untouchables and thousands of these are today halting between Mohammedanism and Christianity. We, as members of the church of Jesus Christ must come to the fore. I sometimes wonder if God will permit me to have a bit of ministry in that great mass movement in India and I long to go, touched with the fire of God. And no matter if some of us have had more years heaped on our heads, as we all have, God's strength and power are just the same. Let us go from the place where perhaps we have become stagnant. Jesus is bidding us to arise and go hence. The Christian's call is ever onward and somehow I feel that as we arise in the name of Jesus we shall yet have a glorious ingathering of souls for His Name's sake.

I felt so distinctly when I came home and the Lord was so wonderfully undertaking for me, that He was healing me for something more

than just a furlough. I had a letter from a dear one who said, "You aren't going back to India, surely? I thought the Lord would say to you, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.' Your work is done in India." But God has not said that to me and I am looking forward to returning. I know you will be helping by prayer. We shall all go on a new campaign for Jesus, for we will not be slackers nor faint in the race. The heathen need us more than they ever did, but we cannot give to them unless we first have touched the living God ourselves, unless we ourselves are a flame for God. I realize that in the natural there aren't so very many more years left us for laboring even though He should tarry, but I want the years He does allot us to be crammed and packed full of the very best that I can give to God for souls in India.

North Central Bible Institute Business College

A Commercial Department, including Shorthand, Typing, and Bookkeeping has been added to the North Central Bible Institute, 900 Elliot Avenue, Minneapolis, Minnesota. This Department will begin its classes May 16th, and will continue throughout the summer. Students can enter any Monday morning during the year and will receive personal instruction in such subjects as Shorthand, Typewriting, Bookkeeping, Business English, and Business Administration. Many of our Bible students are taking one or more of the above mentioned subjects in addition to their regular Bible course. Some business training will no doubt be a great asset to the students who enter the Ministry. We are equipped to thoroughly train young people who do not enter the Ministry for secretarial and accounting work so that when they leave our Institution they will be qualified to accept a position in the business world.

Lady students find no trouble in securing part time work in homes and receive as compensation, room and board, and two to three dollars per week. Men students are also able to obtain part time employment throughout the City.

Inquiries regarding the cost of tuition, board and room, may be addressed to North Central Business College, 900 Elliott Avenue, Minneapolis, Minnesota. Only Christian Young People are accepted.

NEW YORK CONVENTION

The Thirty-first Anniversary Revival Campaign of Glad Tidings Tabernacle, 325-329 W. 33rd St., (½ block west of Penn. Depot), New York City, Rev. Robt. A. Brown, Pastor, will be held May 1-15 incl.

Evangelist Harry A. Steil, late of Washington, D.C., will be the speaker. Mr. Steil is also a teacher of the Word, and will give helpful and searching messages for all. The Tabernacle Orchestra, Ladies' Quartet and Mixed Chorus will contribute a spirit of worship to the meetings. Young People's Rally Saturday, May 14, at 3 and 7:30. For further information write Miss Elizabeth Schuster, Sec'y, 325 W. 33rd St., New York City.

His Mother's Sermon



HE WAS an ingenious lad, with a callow simplicity of a theological college still untouched, and had arrived on the preceding Monday at the Free Kirk manse with four carloads of furniture and a maiden aunt. For three days he roamed from room to room in the excitement of house-holding, and made suggestions which were received with hilarious contempt; then he shut himself up in his study to prepare *the* great sermon, and his aunt went about on tiptoe. During meals on Friday he explained casually that his own wish was to preach a simple sermon and that he would have done so had he been a private individual, but as he had held the MacWhammell scholarship, a deliverance was expected by the country. He would be careful and say nothing rash, but it was due to himself to state the present position of theological thought, and he might have to quote once or twice from Ewald.

His aunt was a saint, with that firm grasp of truth and tender mysticism, whose combination is the charm of Scottish piety, and her face was troubled. While the minister was speaking in his boyish complacency, her thoughts were in a room where they had both stood, five years before, by the death-bed of his mother.

He was broken that day, and his sobs shook the bed, for he was his mother's only son and fatherless; and his mother, brave and faithful to the last, was bidding him farewell.

"Dinna cry like that, John, nor break yir heart, for it's the will o' God, and that's best. . . . Here's my watch and chain," placing them beside her son, who could not touch them nor would lift his head, "and when ye feel the chain about yir neck it will mind you o' yir mother's arms.

"Ye 'ill no forget me, John, I ken that well, and I'll never forget you. I've loved ye here and I'll love ye yonder. Th'ill no be any 'oor when I'll no pray for ye, and I'll ken better what to ask than I did here, sae dinna be comfortless."

Then she felt for his head and stroked it once more, but he could not look nor speak.

"Ye 'ill follow Christ, and gin He offers ye His cross ye'll no refuse it, for He aye carries the heavy end Himself'. He's guided yir mother a' thae years, and been as gude as a husband since yir father's death, and He 'ill hold me fast tae the end. He 'ill keep ye too, and John, I'll

be watchin' for ye," and her poor cold hand that had tended him all his days tightened on his head. But he could not speak, and her voice was failing fast.

"I canna see ye now, John, but I know yir there, and I've just one other wish. If God calls ye to the ministry, ye 'ill no refuse, an' the first day ye preach in yir own kirk, speak a gude word for Jesus Christ, an' John, I'll hear ye that day, though ye 'ill no see me, and I'll be satisfied."

A minute after she whispered, "Pray for me," and he cried, "My mother! my mother!" It was a full prayer, and left nothing unasked.

"John," said his aunt, "your mother is with the Lord," and he saw death for the first time, but it was beautiful with the peace that passeth all understanding.

Five years had passed now, crowded with thought and work, and his aunt wondered whether he remembered that last request, or indeed had heard it in his sorrow.

"What are you thinking about, aunt? Are you afraid of my theology?"

"No, John, it's not that, laddie, for I ken ye 'ill say what ye believe to be true without fear o' man," and she hesitated.

"Come out with it, auntie; you're my only mother now, you know," and the minister put his arm around her, "as well as the kindest, bonniest, goodest auntie ever man had."

Below his student self-conceit he was a good lad, and sound of heart. And as the aunt caught the likeness in his face, her eyes filled suddenly.

"What's the matter, auntie? Will ye no tell me?"

"Dinna be angry with me, John, but I am concerned about Sabbath, for I've been praying ever since ye were called to Drumtochty, that it might be a great day, and that I might see ye comin' tae yir people, laddie, wi' the beauty o' the Lord upon ye, according tae the auld prophecy: 'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace,' and again she stopped.

"Go on, auntie," he whispered; "say all that's in yir mind."

"It's not for me to advise ye, who am only a simple old woman, who ken nothing but her Bible and the Catechism, and it's not that I am feared for the new views, or about yir faith. But it's the folk, John, I am anxious about, the flock o' sheep the Lord has given ye tae feed for Him." She could not see his face, but she felt him gently press her hand, and took courage.

"Ye mind, laddie, that they'e no clever and learned like what ye are, but just plain country foulk, each one wi' his own temptations, and troubled wi' many cares o' this world. They'll need a clear word to comfort and to show them the way everlasting. Ye 'ill say what is right, no doubt o' that, but oh, laddie, be sure ye say a gude word for Jesus Christ."

The minister's face whitened, and his arm relaxed. He rose hastily and went to the door, but in going out he gave his aunt an understanding look, such as passes between people who have stood together in sorrow. The son had not forgotten his mother's request.

The manse garden lies toward the west, and as the minister paced its little square of turf, sheltered by fir hedges, the sun was going down behind the Grampians. The minister stood still before that spectacle, his face bathed in a golden glory. It seemed to him as if a victorious saint had entered through the gates into the city, washed in the blood of the Lamb, and the after-glow of his mother's life fell solemnly on his soul. The last trace of sunset had faded from the hill when the minister came in, and his face was of one who had seen a vision. He asked his aunt to have worship with the servant, for he must be alone in his study.

One by one, he had arranged the hard-bought treasures of student days in the little book-case, and had planned for himself that sweetest of pleasures, an evening of desultory reading. But his books went out of his mind as he looked at the sermon shining beneath the glare of the lamp, and demanding judgment. He had finished its last page with honest pride that afternoon, and had declaimed it, facing the southern window, with a success that amazed himself. His hope was that he might be kept humble, and not called to Edinburgh for at least two years; and now he lifted the sheets with fear. The brilliant opening, with its historical parallel, this review of modern thought reinforced by telling quotations, that trenchant criticism of old-fashioned views, would not deliver. For the audience had vanished and left one careworn, but very beautiful face, whose gentle eyes were waiting with a yearning look. Twice he crushed the sermon in his hands, and turned to the fire that his aunt's care had kindled, and twice he repented and smoothed it out. What else could he say now to the people? and then in the stillness of the room he heard a voice, "Speak a gude word for Jesus Christ."

The next minute he was kneeling on the hearth

and pressing the *magnum opus*, that was to shake Drumtochty, into the heart of the red fire, and he saw, half smiling, and half weeping, the impressive words, "Semitic environment," shrivel up and disappear. As the last black fire fluttered out of sight, the face looked at him again, but this time the sweet brown eyes were full of peace.

It was no masterpiece, but only the crude production of a lad who knew little of letters and nothing of the world. Very likely it would have done neither harm nor good, but it was his best, and he gave it for love's sake, and I suppose that there is nothing in a human life so precious to God, neither clever words nor famous deeds, as the sacrifice of love. The moon flooded his bedroom with silver light and he felt the presence of his mother. His bed stood ghostly with its white curtains and he remembered how, every night, his mother knelt by its side in prayer for him. He is a boy once more, and repeats the Lord's Prayer. Then he cries again, "Mother! my mother!" and an indescribable contentment fills his heart.

His prayer the next morning was very short, but afterwards he stood at the window for a space, and when he turned, his aunt said, "Ye will get yir sermon, and it will be worth hearing."

"How did ye know?"

But she only smiled, "I heard you pray."

When he shut himself into the study that Saturday morning, his aunt went into her bedroom above, and he knew she had gone to intercede for him. An hour afterwards he was pacing the garden in such anxious thought that he crushed, with his foot, a rose lying on the path, and then she saw his face suddenly lighten and he hurried to the house, but first he plucked a bunch of forget-me-nots. In the evening she found them on his sermon.

Two hours later—for still she prayed and watched in faithfulness to mother and to son—she observed him come out and wander round the garden in great joy. He lifted up the soiled rose and put it in his coat; he released a butterfly caught in some mesh; he buried his face in fragrant honeysuckle. Then she understood that his heart was full of love, and was sure that it would be well on the morrow.

When the bell began to ring, the minister rose from his knees and went to his aunt's room to be robed, for this was a covenant between them. His gown was spread out in its full black silken glory, but he sat down in despair.

(Continued on page 21)

The Prophetic Digest

ALBERT J. LEBECK, Sacramento, Calif.

Girds to Fight Tokio

Soviet Russia has suddenly closed its Siberian borders to cloak large scale reinforcements of its eastern armies and air force against a possible outbreak of war with Japan, it was reported in informed diplomatic quarters.

The Japanese armies have become so confused, over-extended, and weakened in their Chinese warfare that they would be certain to sustain defeat if a well-equipped modern Soviet army moved out of Siberia to smash them from the rear.

Japan Building Super Cruisers

The Navy Department has been informed that Japan is constructing a powerful "hit-and-run" fleet that may revolutionize naval tactics.

It was reported that Japan has three such vessels under construction. The ships were said to be between 16,000 and 18,000 tons each, to be armed with eight or nine "12 inch guns" and to have estimated speeds of 40 knots.

"If such ships are being constructed," a high navy official said, "they would represent perhaps the most powerful offensive sea weapon in existence."

It was said in official circles that if the Japanese reports prove true, the United States may be forced to increase the size of her cruisers.

Leave Cities to Escape Air Raids

Premier Mussolini called on the Italian people to meet the menace of aerial warfare by moving from the big cities into small towns, villages and the countryside.

He told his people they should quit the cities before it is too late to escape the consequences of war in the air. In case of war everything which prevents mobilization (such as civilian movements from the cities) might be prohibited.

Il Duce Says Best Defense is Offensive

"The best defense is to be offensive," Premier Benito Mussolini told the senate in a speech on the army, navy and air force appropriations totaling 5,800,000,000 lire (\$305,225,000).

"Italy's land, sea and air forces are tuned for rapid and implacable war. Italy today has the most powerful submarine fleet in the world."

Mussolini announced that before 1941, Italy will have eight first line battleships totaling 240,000 tons and that in case of necessity, Italy can mobilize 9,000,000 soldiers.

Great Britain and Italy Clasped Hands

Britain and Italy clasped hands in an historic "good neighbor" pact, paving the way for complete Italian withdrawal from Spain in return for international recognition of the Fascist conquest of Ethiopia.

Reconciliation between these two powers, whose three year estrangement several times steered them to

the verge of war and menaced Europe's shaky peace, became an historic fact when the pact was signed under the glare of Movie Klieg lights.

Mussolini's son-in-law, Count Galeazzo Ciano, who at 35 is the world's youngest foreign minister, affixed his signature for Italy. The Earl of Perth, British ambassador, signed for England.

Civil War Possible

The political situation in France creates grave concern in Washington diplomatic quarters. France is threatened with a revolution, but the fall of the second Blum cabinet is not regarded in the usual light. It may mean, according to unbiased advices from Paris, the beginning of a period of unrest and social troubles which might set France back to the days of 1789.

Diplomatic quarters in Washington and other capitals have bone deep doubts that the French will be able to do any effective Spring house-cleaning. They feel the situation in France must lead to civil strife, and that France will eventually emerge from the crisis in good shape. But a crisis is inevitable and will further the plans of France's well equipped opponents—Germany and Italy.

Soviet Purges Cost Million Communists

The Communist party is trying to fill up the holes which the "purge" of suspected Trotskyists left in its ranks.

A drive for new members, carefully selected from the younger generation, and reinstatement of innocent victims of the purgers is under way.

Party leaders have said the membership shrank in recent years to about 2,000,000 from 3,200,000, presumably as a result of the purge.

Russia Far Worse Off Under Stalin

Isaac Don Levine says, that Russia under Stalin, the first Communist Czar in modern history, is in nearly every way worse off than she was under the Romanoff dynasty. When Stalinism and Czarism are weighed on the scales, it becomes evident that the present dictatorship is far more oppressive than the autocracy overthrown by the Revolution.

Turks Spend Millions, Arm "For Peace"

Dynamic Dictator Kemal Ataturk is pushing a \$170,000,000 five year "arm for peace" program.

Key point in the Turkish scheme is eventual home production of arms and munitions the country needs to make it safe from attack.

But Ataturk isn't waiting until projected plans are ready. Two million dollars already have gone to buy 20 modern American bombers. Orders also have been placed in Germany, Poland, and Czechoslovakia for bombers and pursuit and reconnaissance planes. Prototypes are to be made in Turkey if tests prove satisfactory.

The Door That God Opens

(Continued from page 6)

for kings to go forth to war the record says that David sent Joab with the hosts of Israel to fight against the Children of Ammon, and David stayed at home. He walked on the roof of his house, and you know the rest of the story. He retired too early from active service. There is no age for retiring from the service of Christ.

To what church did God give the open door? Not the church at Ephesus. That was a wonderful church. The Lord commended that church for her love and her patience and because she couldn't bear those that were evil. When they found someone untrue they had a board meeting immediately and appointed someone to go and interview him. Orthodox! Oh how orthodox they were! They never allowed any false doctrine in their midst. But the Lord didn't say to the church at Ephesus, "I have set before thee an open door." It takes something more than preaching holiness and more than orthodoxy to receive the promise of the open door.

It wasn't given to the church of Laodicea. It would have been wonderful if that church had had an open door. They were rich and increased with goods, their treasury was overflowing. How wonderful that would have been for the missionary cause for them to have the "open door"! I remember some years ago a man came to our church in Duluth. He had been a Christian and was with us for about three months, coming in and going out. Then all at once I missed him. He was an old bachelor and I was told he was looking around for a wife. He didn't succeed very well at our church and so went elsewhere and just about a month later I heard he was married. Then about six weeks after that I took up the morning paper and found that the man had died a few days later, and a notice appeared that he had willed to that church where he found his wife \$30,000, and \$30,000 to his wife. When I read that I stared at it and began to feel weak in my knees. What could we not have done with \$30,000! We have a big mortgage on our tabernacle, and we are always down to the last penny in our treasury. Every time I have wanted to advance I am always asked, "How much have we in the treasury?" and I tell you I had an awful struggle in my soul. I almost felt as if the Lord was unrighteous. Why couldn't He have kept that man in my church? This other church was rich. They had their building paid for years ago, and

we were poor and had a big missionary program on our hands, but listen! It wasn't the church of Laodicea that had set before it an open door. You need something besides gold and silver for that. I am not despising money, but unsanctified silver and gold has been a greater curse in a church than anything else. It was to the church of Philadelphia, the church of brotherly love that the Lord said, "I have set before thee an open door," and let me say, we may be as poor as church rats, we may have nothing in our treasury, we may be, like the church at Smyrna, known for our poverty, but if the Spirit of God burns within us as a sacred flame and we love souls for whom Christ died, and are willing to sacrifice, God will set before us an open door, and no man can shut it. To the individual there is an open door of opportunity for you to pass through. It is a challenge to you. Will you surrender your life and enter the door which God opens?

His Mothers Sermon

(Continued from page 19)

When she had given the last touch, and he was ready to go, a sudden seriousness fell upon them.

"Kiss me, auntie."

"For your mother, and her God be with you," and then he went through the garden and underneath the honeysuckle and into the kirk, where every Free Churchman in Drumtochty that could get out of bed and half the Established Kirk, were waiting in expectation.

I sat with his aunt in the minister's pew, and shall always be glad that I was at that service. When winter lies heavy upon the glen I go upon my travels, and in my time have seen many religious functions. I have been in Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, where the people wept one minute and laughed the next; have heard Canon Liddon in St. Paul's, and the sound of that high, clear voice is still within me, "Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion"; have seen High Mass in St. Peter's, and stood in the dusk of the Duomo at Florence when Padre Agostino thundered against the evils of the day. But I never realized the unseen world as I did that day in the Free Kirk of Drumtochty.

It is impossible to analyze a spiritual effect. One was instantly pre-possessed in favor of a young minister who gave out the second paraphrase at his first service, for it declared his filial reverence and won for him the blessing

of a cloud of witnesses. No Scottish man can ever sing,

*"God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race . . ."*

with a dry heart. It satisfied me at once that the minister was of a fine temper when, after a brave attempt to join, he hid his face and was silent. We thought none the worse of him that he was nervous, and two or three old people who had suspected self-sufficiency took him to their hearts when the minister concluded the Lord's Prayer hurriedly, having omitted two petitions. But we knew it was not nervousness which made him pause ten seconds after praying for widows and orphans, and in the silence which followed upon us the Divine Spirit had free access. His youth commended him, since he was also modest, for every mother had come with an inarticulate prayer that the "puir laddie wud dae weel on his first day, and him only twenty-four." Texts I can never remember, nor, for that matter, the words of the sermons; but the subject was Jesus Christ, and before he had spoken five minutes I, who am outside dogmas and churches, was convinced that Christ was present. The preacher faded from before one's eyes, and there rose the figure of the Nazarene, best Lover of every human soul, with a face of tender patience such as Sarto gave the Master in the Church of the Annunziata, and stretching out His hands to old folk and little children as He did, before His death, in Galilee. His voice might be heard any moment, as I have imagined it in my lonely hours by the winter fire or on the solitary hills—soft, low, and sweet, penetrating like music to the secret of the heart, "Come unto Me . . . and I will give you rest."

During a pause in the sermon I glanced up the church and saw the same spell held the people. Donald Menzies had long ago been caught into the third heaven, and was hearing things which it is not lawful to utter. Campbell in his watch-tower at the back had closed his eyes and was praying. The women were weeping quietly, and the rugged faces of our men were subdued and softened as when the evening sun plays on the granite stone.

But what will stand out forever before my mind was the sight of Marget Howe. Her face was as white as death and her wonderful grey eyes were shining through a mist of tears, so that I caught the light of the manse pew. She was thinking of George, and had taken the minister to her heart.

The elders, one by one, gripped the minister's hand in the vestry, and, though plain, homely

men, they were the godliest in the glen; but no man spoke save Burnbrae.

"I a' but lost ae fairm for the Free Kirk, and I wud hae lost ten tae be in the kirk this day."

Donald walked with me homewards but would only say, "There was a man sent from God whose name was John." At the cottage he added, "The friend of the bridegroom rejoiced greatly because of the bridegroom's voice."

Beneath the honeysuckle at his garden gate a woman was waiting, "My name is Marget Howe, and I'm the wife of William Howe of Whinnie Knowe. My only son was preparin' for the ministry, but God wanted him nearly a year since. When ye preached the Evangel o' Jesus today I heard his voice, and I loved you. Ye hev nae mither on earth, I hear, and I hae nae son, and I wanted to sae that if ye ever wished tae speak to any woman as ye wud tae yir mither, come tae Whinnie Knowe an' I'll count it one of the Lord's consolations."

His aunt could only meet him in the study and when he looked on her his lip quivered, for his heart wrung with one wistful regret.

"Oh auntie, if she had only been spared to see this day, and her prayers answered."

But his aunt flung her arms around his neck, "Dinna be cast down, laddie, nor be unbelieving. Yir mither has heard every word and is satisfied, for ye did it in remembrance o' her, and yon was yir mither's sermon."—*Jan MacLaren in Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush.*

(Continued from page 3)

loving friends to bid tender farewell to one so widely beloved. There was sacred song, Scripture and prayer, but the minister had been enjoined to omit eulogy on the ground that the testimony of this fragrant life was already written in the hearts of those who knew her. The devoted pastor, however, found it difficult to entirely separate eulogy from prayer, and I was told later by one who was seated with the family in another room, that at each such tender allusion there was a chorus of fervent amens by the sons. With such reverence and simplicity did the entire service proceed that there was little to suggest the house of mourning.

More impressive still was the burial. The bearers were the five stalwart sons and son-in-law, who in a most beautiful and natural way took charge at this point. The interment was on a hill-top commanding a beautiful view and when the precious burden had been placed above the grave, six deep voices, without a quiver, broke out in,

*"When He cometh, when He cometh
To make up His jewels,"*

followed by, "Shall we gather at the river," and "I have a Savior in the Promised Land," hymns learned at the mother's knee.

A generation has passed, but that godly mother lives on in the lives of children and grandchildren. Remarkable has been the impress of each of the seven members of this family reared in the atmosphere of prayer.

One became a leading business man in a city of the far West and probably the foremost Christian layman in the state. Another is the head of an industrial enterprise of international scope and identified with many Christian activities. A third is a merchant of an Eastern city and long-time superintendent of a large Sunday School. A fourth became a business executive and leader in work among young people. A fifth is a professor in a well-known theological seminary. Two daughters are married and uphold their lofty ideals in family life and Christian service.

Thus does a covenant-keeping God show His mercy from generation to generation.—*Hugh R. Monro, LL.D., in "The Moody Monthly."*

(Continued from page 11)

God, no doubt, to act as servants or aids to us, but since the fall, the physical has triumphed until today as a rule, man is held a prisoner to his sense life. This is the hindrance which we have from our ancestors and is sometimes called our old creation. It is governed by sight or the report of our senses.

(To be continued)

Second Sunday School Convention

(Continued from Page 2)

The opening session will begin at 7:45 P.M. Friday, May 20th, and a treat is in store for all. On Saturday there will be two great sessions, the afternoon beginning at 2:00 o'clock, when special features will be introduced, a stirring message on Missions in the Sunday School, followed by conferences for all departments, in charge of efficient and well-trained leaders. Following this there will be a Fellowship Supper with special music and an appropriate message. The great closing service will be held at 7:45. All the sessions on Saturday, as well as the Fellowship Supper, will be held in the Normal Park Baptist Church, directly across the street from The Stone Church, which will afford splendid accommodations.

All who attended the Sunday School convention last year were most enthusiastic in their desire for another and we believe this second convention promises to be a greater success than the first. Sunday School workers and all who are interested in this phase of the Lord's work, are invited and we trust large groups will find it possible to come from outlying sections of Chicago as well as from our own city. No one will want to miss this treat and everyone will be given a hearty welcome.

The Junior teachers are requested to bring one or more written problems pertaining to their pupils, also some tested device of hand-work which has proved successful.

* * *

We know that many of our readers will find it impossible to attend the special feast awaiting all those who come to the Second Annual Pentecostal Sunday School Convention of the Stone Church. But they need not be disappointed. Just a few weeks later, the Sunday School Convention will be brought direct to your home *via The Latter Rain Evangel* and there you may gather your young people and neighbors together and enjoy the blessings of this Conference together. The July *Evangel* will bring to you stenographic reports of the main addresses and the high lights of helps and advice given at the Conference. Through the pages of *The Latter Rain Evangel* every Sunday School worker will receive new enthusiasm, new determination and a new vision to do his utmost for the extension of God's kingdom through the Sunday School.

Not only those who were unable to attend will want this number, but those who were privileged to be with us, will want to re-live those special days and have in black and white the messages and instructions given, to use for future reference.

Get Acquainted Page

(Continued from Page 13)

"COME THOU WITH US AND WE WILL DO THEE GOOD."

So to Brother Chambers, and to each of his untiring and capable assistants, we bid God-speed. We pray for them, that this coming summer at Cobourg will see "exceeding abundantly above all we could ask or think," accomplished in a great number of hungry hearts and lives, for the glory of God.

BOOKS ON PROPHECY

(Heavy Paper Cover)

- Startling Signs of Great World Changes... 25c
- The Worlds Desperate Cry for a Superman 25c
- The Harlot Woman on the Scarlet Beast.... 25c
- Satans Last Dread Counterfeit..... 25c

THE MARK OF THE BEAST

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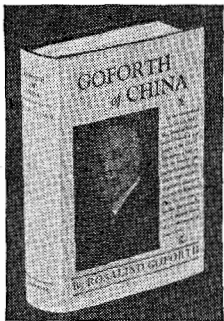
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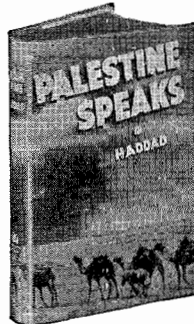
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