

The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

IN A SPIRITUAL GYMNASIUM

I WAS ALWAYS very fond of a gymnasium because I am naturally very limber and light and like exercise. What do we have a gymnasium for? Simply that we might admire those rings and bars and dumb-bells? No, they are all a means for exercise that we might take on health and strength and vigor so that we would have strong bodies in which to live and serve. And when we had learned our lessons were we to stay parked on those bits of apparatus in the gymnasium? No, they were but a part of the equipment to serve us, that our bodies might become strong. We let them serve us.

God has put us in a spiritual gymnasium. Why? For the culture of the spiritual man who must take on new vitality and life; he must learn to be God-like. We are building a spiritual man. How? By using the gifts unto edification. The gifts were not for a display but for edification and in the exercising of the gifts we learn how to be trustworthy. In the gymnasium into which God has put you, don't get attached to your apparatus; don't wonder if it has the right kind of dumb-bells or not. He has equipped it with apparatus that will give you spiritual vigor and life and He will give you the Indian clubs when you need them. Then He might say, "Jump that horse for six months." What for? To put in us spiritual life. Some day we shall be taken out of it. "And whether there be tongues, they shall vanish away" but the new man shall come forth and say, "This is the result. Here we are, trained and equipped for immortal life and service for the age to come." So don't worry about your dumb-bells anymore. Let the gifts remain where God would have them; the main thing is, Have we life? Have we assimilated and taken into our spiritual life the culture that should have come as a reaction because of the use of the gift, as a use of the power? For the spiritual gymnasium some day will vanish away and only that which is etched upon your spirit and mind will live—the God-likeness, the faithfulness, the trustworthiness, the kindness. All these qualities are to reflect God. We are His witnesses—witnesses of the character of God through the mighty Holy Spirit which has submerged us and lifted us up, that we might be for His glory.—*J. W. Follette at Camp Byron.*

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

The Latter Rain Evangel

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CHICAGO TENT MEETINGS

THE STONE CHURCH held a very blessed tent campaign during the month of August and beginning of September. Pastor Edward Jeffreys of England, son of Stephen Jeffreys, held a three-weeks' meeting, speaking nightly (except Monday) to a well-filled tent. He was not able to stay the full time, so Brother Ben Hardin of San Bernardino, California, who has been in Campmeetings in the West during the summer, came and continued the meetings for two weeks longer.

We were very glad to have the opportunity of witnessing in the open air to hundreds who came nightly to listen to the Word of God. Many churches in Chicago are closed during the summer; thousands in this great city are pleasure-bent, so we praise God for the opportunity of lifting up the Gospel torch, that passers-by might hear of our Savior. We know that the Word of God was not preached in vain. There were definite cases of salvation, and some who had grown cold and indifferent were brought back to God.

ILLINOIS DISTRICT MEETING

TWO VERY PRECIOUS services under the auspices of the Illinois District Council of the Assemblies of God, were held at The Stone Church on Monday afternoon and evening, Sept. 19th, in which a large number of ministers from different parts of the state were present, besides friends throughout Chicago.

It was a delightful time of fellowship and of spiritual blessing. Two new ministers were welcomed into the District, Bro. William E. Long, the incoming Pastor of The Stone Church, and Bro. McCarrell, late of Kansas, now entering on his duties in Zion, Ill.

Bro. Chas. F. Carmichael of Mattoon, Ill., brought the afternoon message, and Bro. Carl O'Guin of Rockford, Ill., the new Chairman, spoke in the evening on the timely subject, "The Harvest of the Earth Is Ripe."

The next District meeting will be held in Galesburg, on Oct. 10th.

"Many a sermon on hell has been ineffective because of its coat of sugar; many a sermon on love has been lost because it has been driven home with a club."

EDWARD JEFFREYS
In the Chicago Tent Meeting

Who Touched Me?

THE NARRATIVE for our meditation is in Mark 5:25-34: "And a certain woman which had an issue of blood twelve years, and had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse, when she heard of Jesus, came in the press behind, and touched his garment. For she said, If I may touch but his clothes, I shall be whole. And straightway the fountain of her blood was dried up; and she felt in her body that she was healed of that plague. And Jesus, immediately knowing in himself that virtue had gone out of him, turned him about in the press, and said, Who touched my clothes?"

Peter—always first to speak—said, "Master, the multitude throng Thee and press Thee, and sayest Thou, who touched Me?" We can see the surprised expression of that disciple. Jesus was hemmed in by the great throng, continually being touched by the great crowd following Him. Should we not have been just as much surprised as Peter had we been present? It was quite a reasonable question to ask the Master.

There are three points in this narrative worthy of attention, this time relating to the woman's attitude.

I. She Heard

Verse 27: "When she heard of Jesus." Blessed gossip when the theme is Jesus! Someone had been recounting to her some wonderful stories of healing by the touch of the Christ. What a help we might be to suffering humanity if we talked more to them of Jesus! Could we but rescue the personality of Jesus from behind our organized religion, and let the world know that He is the wonder-working Jesus, thousands more would be helped spiritually and physically. Alas—in many places He has been made only an endless text for sermons.

He is not an impassive God. His great heart beats in mother love for the whole of the human race. Talk more about Jesus that some struggling soul may be helped.

II. She Came

"Came in the press behind." Sensible little woman. So many sit and listen to the wonderful things which He has done and is still doing, but—they never come! What would you think of

one suffering from some dreadful disease if, after hearing that she could certainly be cured by going to some great physician in the same town, she sat delighting in the healing of others, but went not herself?

Alas! so many are doing that today. They hear of the wonderful things that Jesus has done for people, both spiritually and physically; they enjoy listening to these good reports, but never come to have their sins blotted out or to receive a healing touch from the Master. Sin is the madness of the heart; but the Physician is near with the antidote for the poison.

III. She Touched

It has always been a mystery to me how this frail, emaciated woman pushed her way through the crowd. But one day in my study the mystery was solved. As I read the narrative carefully, I observed that Jesus *knew* who had touched Him, before she fell at His feet. He watched her at the fringe of the crowd and, as I must believe, He made it possible for her to come so near by making an opening here and there through the crowd. Man yet God—we must never forget that. No crowd will prove too great for the earnest seeker.

WHO TOUCHED ME?

The question reveals that it was

A Distinctive Touch.

There were many touching Him, but this woman touched Him in a special way: it was the touch of Faith. It was not the fact that she had touched the hem of His garment that brought the blessing; remember the final words of Jesus: "*Thy faith hath made thee whole.*"

The blessing never comes through anything material. Supernatural healing is not the result of the minister laying on "*his hands.*" It comes through active, believing faith! It was

A Personal Touch.

"Who touched me?" Blessings from God come through direct contact with God. It is not auto-suggestion, or "mind over matter"; it is the very life of God flowing out from Him into the seeker. Luke 8:46 reads, "And Jesus said, Somebody hath touched me: for I perceive that virtue is gone out of me." It was

A Victorious Touch.

"And straightway the fountain of her blood was dried up." It was

An Experimental Touch.

It was of no use anyone trying to persuade her that nothing had taken place; she had a personal experience. There are tens of thousands who have touched Him in similar fashion and received not only physical but spiritual healing, which is by far the more important. Men who have been paralyzed in their personality through the poison of sin, have received a healing touch. They, too, have an experience; instead of being captives to sin they have had the power broken in their lives through the Healing Christ.

"He breaks the power of cancelled sin
And sets the prisoner free."

It was an *elevating touch*.

"And He said unto her, Daughter . . ."

A woman suffering with particular diseases in those days was under suspicion. Through her complaint she was excommunicated from the synagogue and ostracized from society. In the case of this unfortunate woman He used the word "*Daughter*." In Mark 3 He had named three other relationships. "Who is my mother, or my brethren? Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my *brother*, and my *sister*, and *mother*." After her healing this poor woman, who had suffered so much, would have liked very much to go away unnoticed. But the loving Savior had another blessing for her which she never would have had if she had stepped away quietly.

"*Daughter!*" "You have been excommunicated from the place of worship and fellowship; come into my family. You have no friends; let me be your best!" How it must have cheered her heart when she heard that word fall graciously from the lips of the Master!

It was a *peaceful touch*.

"Go in peace." For twelve years she had had no peace—twelve years of constant misery. But now, "Go!" It is the voice of the King. You have my authority to face life in a happy, courageous manner; "*Go in peace*." Can you visualize the joy in that woman's face as she heard the word "*Peace*." As her body thrilled with new life she felt she was starting life all over again. She was! Any person who has felt the hand of the Healing Christ becomes a new creature. "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away, behold, all things are become new."

It was a *competent touch*.

"Be whole of thy plague." There was no need to fear a return of the plague which had

tormented her for twelve years. She had touched Him with active, believing faith. Here was a new principle to live by: *Faith*.

How did she receive her blessing? *By faith*. How is she to walk in order to retain the blessing? *By faith*. "As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in Him."

SAVED FROM A SUICIDE'S GRAVE

THEY WERE desperate days for David Scott—no job, separated from his wife. The future held nothing for him. "What was there to live for?" he asked himself. "Why not end it all? There is no hereafter and if there is it cannot be worse than what I am going through," he soliloquized.

After days of fruitless looking for work he made one more attempt, only to be turned down. With just seven cents in his pocket he decided he would take a street-car from the South Side of Chicago to the North Side, and there end his life. The first car he attempted to board was crowded so he waited for another.

As he moved up toward the front of the car he saw a young man reading his Bible and it made him stop and think. He had been brought up in a Christian home, and as he stood there a flood of memories swept over him. He thought of his parents and wondered what they would think of his contemplated step. There came a cry in his heart, an unuttered prayer for what that young man had in his life. He, too, should be seeking the God of his fathers, but how could he find the way?

He walked to the front of the car in deep thought, and got off at Monroe Street. The young man who had been reading his Bible also left the car at that time, and the two faced each other on the street corner. It was not simply a coincidence; it was God who brought those two face to face. "Is there anything I can do for you?" asked the Christian young man. "Are you in trouble?" He broke out in cold perspiration. There was such a conflict within his soul. The cry in his heart found expression and he spoke of his deep need. There on the street corner the Christian opened his Bible and pointed out to him the way of salvation. They went to the office of the Gideons, just a few steps away, and the disconsolate young man accepted the Lord Jesus Christ. He was filled with joy. He called up his wife expecting to receive a chilly response, but she rejoiced with him in his new-found joy and they were blessedly united.

Price Tags!

Buying in the Spiritual Mart

IN FANCY one day, we followed one, called Paul, the Apostle, into the spiritual mart, and, unknown to him, watched as he made his selections to meet the need of his ever increasing spiritual capacity. A spiritual giant, was this man and even a brief jaunt with him convinced us that somehow he had outgrown much that satisfied the ordinary Christian buyer. The vast majority were dazzled with transient blessings; one measure of joy and they were filled to the brim and satisfied; their capacity never demanded much of real value, nothing that cost real suffering or denial of self, and hence they passed up the trophies of priceless worth. But this Paul was so different; somehow none but the highest priced could satisfy him. While it was true, that in material matters, he had learned in whatsoever state he found himself "therewith to be content," it was exactly the opposite in spiritual values and thus he passed up booth after booth in this spiritual mart, that so attracted many others, and wended his way to those that displayed the costliest, the very highest type of "goods." His sense of value had been exercised to the *nth* degree and so passionately did he hunger for things of real worth that no price was too great for him to pay.

Suddenly we see his gaze fixed on a lustrous jewel, labeled Timotheus, displayed in the Lystra booth; he is charmed with this diamond for he sees beyond its unpolished exterior, great possibilities for God, and though the "tag" attached was marked, "A stoning and being left for dead," he so coveted this gem for the church of Christ that he readily assented to the price and in due time, Timothy was his purchased possession and became his "son in the faith." What though it well nigh cost him his life; what mattered the opposition hurled against him, if he could but appease that intense spiritual craving of his nature and do exploits for God.

We are in a spiritual mart today and

"All along life's dusty road,

There are many, many pearls by the way,"

but genuine pearls cost, and it is only as some Paul comes again with that reckless abandonment that will stake everything on God, that these priceless jewels will ever be won for Christ. But alas! too many, as in days of yore, are satis-

fied with the mediocre and cheaper selections and few there be whose spiritual cravings demand the best. But here and there in God's mart we find another Paul whose spiritual capacity begins to take on giant dimensions. And such is our Jewish friend, Lee Krupnick. He, too, seems to be outgrowing much that satisfies the ordinary Christian, and his unbounded zeal and readiness to pay the price have left a trail of extraordinary experiences. The following is one of many.

He needed a retoucher in his business (Mr. Krupnick is manager of the *Tulsa Daily World* photographic news department). A very attractive young lady applied for the position, but her intoxicated condition presented to him another opportunity of witnessing for Christ. It is rarely that an employer hires a girl and pays her to attend a prayer-meeting but Lee Krupnick saw in this girl a jewel for the King of kings. So, instead of talking about a position he talked to her of Jesus, while she smoked one cigarette after another. But let us get the story from his own pen:

"Soon she began to weep and then she unfolded her sad story; how she did not want to drink and smoke but her husband forced her to do these things as he wanted her to be a 'regular fellow' and not a 'wall flower,' since his friends did these things and they would call her a 'sissy' if she refused. As she continued with her bitter story I was convinced that her husband forced her to do these things against her will and now it was impossible for her to stop. When she had unburdened her heart I advised her to go home and sleep and if she would return the next day, sobered up, I would put her to work. That night I prayed as I had never prayed before, for wisdom in handling this case. The next day when she came to the office she looked so nice and was so sobered up that I was convinced she could be won for the Lord.

"It happened that on this particular day my wife was meeting with a group of young married ladies, in our home, for a prayer time and quickly I saw my opportunity. I said to the girl, 'How would you like to meet with a group of your own age?' and explained that they were meeting to sing and pray and talk over spiritual matters and I told her that I would be glad to

pay her the same as though she were working in the office. She readily consented; I called my wife on the telephone and explained the situation. When this girl arrived in the home they decided they would go to the church so as not to disturb the neighbors in praying with this lost girl. She was so wretched in soul and body but God met her and she was gloriously saved; her burdens rolled away. But then the trouble began. Her husband was an habitual drunkard and when he learned that she had given her heart to the Lord he became furious. He actually raved and threatened to kill me. A few days later the girl's mother came to see me in my office and she could not cease thanking me for what I had done for her daughter, and said the girl was altogether changed. I explained that Jesus had done it all and she should not give me any credit for it but she simply could not refrain from thanking me—she was so grateful.

“Then a few days later the father called me on the 'phone and said he would like to see me about a very important matter. He made an appointment for me to meet him at a certain time in a public park, also describing himself to me so that I would recognize him. I went to the place at the appointed time and to my surprise I discovered that he had a revolver with him. I was at a loss to know what he intended doing but I pleaded the blood of Jesus Christ over me and claiming the promise that He 'would never leave me nor forsake me' I asked, 'What did you invite me here for?' The tension was relieved when he said, 'Mr. Krupnick, I don't know how to thank you for all you have done for my daughter, and now I have come to get your advice. I am desperate and am ready to kill some of her husband's friends if they don't let him and my daughter alone. That crowd has influenced that couple till I can tolerate it no longer for I know my daughter and her husband would never drink or smoke and run around like they have been doing, if that crowd would let them alone. Now my daughter says she is through with it all but her husband is making it miserable for her. Mr. Krupnick, I must take action at once in some way.' Of course I explained that he was going about it the wrong way, told him that Jesus was *the* Way. And right there in that park we knelt together and I prayed that God would somehow stop this man from taking the wrong course. He promised me he would refrain from any drastic step. After telling him about Jesus we parted.

“The next day they called me again and said that the girl's husband was determined to 'get' me and warned me to be very careful as he was drunk and desperate. That evening, about 5 o'clock, he flew into a rage of jealousy and was so infuriated that he tried to kill himself by locking himself in the bathroom, closing the windows and turning on the gas. The family at once called the police and the fire department and they rushed out and broke open the door and dragged him out just in time to save his life. The next day he was sobered up considerably and I was told he wanted to see me so I went to his home. He told me he hated me and accused me of trying to steal his wife. I let him say all he had to say and then I started in telling him about Jesus. After telling him what God could do for him he was willing to pray, and praise God, he was truly saved. To them old things passed away and all things became new so that they ceased having anything to do with the former associates; they gave up smoking and drinking and to cap the climax, the father and mother gave their hearts to God also. Over and over again the parents would come and thank me, and tell me how different their children were now that God had come into their lives, and how changed the home was.


“And that wasn't all. The girl's sister was in charge of a dancing studio and one day she came to my office to ask if I could give her some theatrical pictures for her studio. I invited her to have a seat and instead of talking pictures I talked to her of Jesus and after about an hour she broke down and wept and the result was that she, too, was saved and shortly after gave up her dance studio. Now, this brother who once hated me and threatened to kill me, feels he owes a debt of gratitude to God for all He has done for him and wherever I am invited to speak he insists on taking me. No trip is ever too long nor weather too cold—he insists on going wherever I go.

“I shall never forget one such time. I was invited to be the special speaker in Joplin, Missouri, about 140 miles from Tulsa. It was so bitter cold that I am sure if one had stayed out any length of time he would have been frozen to death. But I promised and would not break my word although I felt sure scarcely anyone would be out to the service in that bitter cold. What was my surprise, when I arrived, to find the place packed and jammed; people had been turned away; standing room was at a premium.

(Continued on page 22)

JOHN WRIGHT FOLLETTE

The Dominating Personality of Jesus

HRISTIANITY is dominated by a dynamic, living personality. There are different fields upon which it moves and varied phases of its manifestation. But there is ever the center from which all life and power for its very existence radiates and rests in a dominant and unique personage—our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

Christianity issues in a philosophy, but after two thousand years of study and experience, Christians have not all agreed just *what* that philosophy is. Do not mistake me. I do not mean that Christ came to the world to bring it philosophy. Christianity is *more* than a philosophy. However, we are able to deduce from the masterly teachings and comprehensive wisdom of Christianity an adequate philosophy as the basis for a sane and purposeful life. I never dip into Will Durant's "The Story of Philosophy" without coming away from it a more devoted and humble devotee of the adorable Christ.

As intelligent beings, we crave some philosophic answer to life and a sound basis for the building of character. In accepting Christ and His message we do not reduce Christianity to a philosophy. We cannot do that, for Christianity is a *LIFE* and the philosophy we find is only the wisdom and law by which it is to be lived. Christianity issues in a philosophy most satisfying to the human heart when that heart is *honest* and *humble* enough to accept its hypotheses and allow its laws to dominate the *whole* trinity of man—spirit, soul and body.

While thinking of this phase of Christianity let us turn and see what the Bible has to say. 1 Cor. 1: 22-24—"For the Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom: but we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God."

Here we find Paul telling us the same thing. The Jew represents the religious factor in the human race—he is the religionist of the family, and has functioned as such in producing for mankind the Hope of the world, even Christ the Lord. The Greek represents the wisdom and philosophy of life. Greece has led the world

in her field and to this day we have to return to her for the highest and most profound in philosophy. The roots of all the other modern wisdom and philosophic culture are deep in Greek soil. The satisfying portion therefore for the Jew was a sign or power. To the Greek it was wisdom. But when Christ came in a perfect manifestation he was to the Jew, not a correct and intelligent sign, but a stumbling-block. And to the Greek He was not the wisdom which could be fitted into the mold of human philosophy, but rather foolishness. But, praise God! to them which are called He is the power of God and the wisdom of God. That is, Christ is the perfect answer to all human desire for religious expression. He is the sequel in the religious life of the race to all the unutterable longing and potential possibility for personal fellowship with God. He perfectly answers the religious question of the ages. Then also He is the wisdom of God. That is, Christ becomes the safe basis and sound foundation for any superstructure to be erected under Christian teaching. He is the answer to both the riddle of life and of the universe. Not only do the teachings and message and ministry of Christ hold truth, but He is Himself the personification of truth. His very name is Wisdom.

Christianity issues in organization but after two thousand years of growth, Christians have seldom agreed as to *what* that organization should be. Christianity, in its true sense, is *not* an organization. It is *VITAL*—an *ORGANISM*. Of necessity there must be enough of the element of organization to give it (1) definition and (2) stability. Christianity is in the world a distinct and active factor in the economy and prophetic purposes of God. There are structural laws of its being as necessary as those of the human being to give it identity and definition. Again, that it might function correctly, there must be stability. This is also given it by proper organization. But if we had both these desirable elements and no life we should be indeed hopeless. The Bible idea of Christianity is lifted far above mere organization—it is a *vital* organism with a *living* Head, even Christ our Lord.

Christianity issues in an ethical system. Very true, but Christians have differed widely in

their interpretations of it. Christ and His message mean *more* than an ethical code for happy living. Many teachers, even before Christ, from what we call the heathen nations, have offered some very commendable codes of ethics for human behavior. Think of Confucius living about five hundred years before Christ giving to the Chinese the Golden Rule, stating it negatively: "What you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others." The influence of Confucius has been greater than any other teacher excepting Christ and perhaps Buddha. There have been any number of ethical and moral codes instituted by reformers and great teachers and many have left deep and abiding influences on the race. But all of them lacked.

Christianity issues, as I say, in an ethical system but *more* than that. The whole system thus offered is again dominated by a dynamic and powerful personality, even our Lord Jesus. He has the *power* to make the ideals suggested and taught by the others a *living*, demonstrable fact. Not only does Christianity hold the sum total of ethical teaching but *more*. The Christ who has given a perfect demonstration is still *able* and now indwells the true believer to again manifest to a needy and hungry world Christian *living*.

Yes, Christianity may issue in a philosophy, in an organism, in an ethical code, and in two thousand years not find perfect interpretation in the manifold branches of the Church. But, thank God! one element is continuous in Christianity—the dominating person of Christ—the soul and core of Christianity.

How much more freely religion is discussed today than in former years! And how frequently we hear the query as to *what* we believe? The matter today seems to take on that tone, *What* do we believe? That idea, however, does not seem to dominate in the New Testament. Listen to Paul—"I know *whom* I have believed." That is the vital center, the abiding and perpetual renewal of Christianity. When does Paul say this? Is it at the beginning of his ministry when he is in the floodtide of the light of revelation granted him? Not at all. At that time and for years he is too occupied (and it must so be—I am not criticising) with the technical, theological, and systematic arrangement of the truth so flooding his mind and spirit. Therefore at such a time we get Romans—doctrinal, argumentative, systematic, etc. Also Corinthians—the correct application of the truth. It is the truth finding proper expression in the Church, etc. Then comes teaching, correction

and opening of the revelation of truth. But note how in it all there is the feeling of *abstract* truth and fact. But as Paul "grows in grace and knowledge" he becomes absorbed with the *PERSON*, Christ Jesus.

Let us look for a moment into Philipians. We are now nearing the close of his life. Here I always tread very softly for we are on holy ground. This is the book of his inner experience. How gracious of Paul to let us look into his heart! Here are the motives, loves, purposes, and inner workings of this man of God. About what is it all centering? Is it merely truth in the abstract? Never! It is the truth indeed as it centers in and is personified in the wonderful Christ. The captivating Christ has captured Paul. He, a Person, had become the center of Paul's vision.

Let us turn now to II. Tim. 1:12, "For I know *whom* I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." Here is Paul in great trouble. And what is he doing? Does he bring now to his mind all the laws of wisdom, the proper formulas for the exercise of faith in that truth, the technical application of some combinations of faith to a promise? No. That would be too technical, mechanical, and abstract, too much like "mind over matter," or mental science. He uses three very personal pronouns in the verse—"WHOM," "HE, and "HIM." He is dealing with a person. I do not disparage the Word as truth alone—it is sublime! But truth—the deep and profound revelation as it comes from God—is to me unapproachable and incomprehensible unless I can see it *IN* Christ. *HE* is the living, moving, loving, throbbing, heart-warming and encouraging *TRUTH* and that *where* I can get at it. Praise His wonderful Name!

I do not wonder that he warned Timothy and Titus as he did lest they might miss the great revelation of truth in Christ by getting sidetracked on some minor issue (maybe of truth or error). I. Tim. 1:4; II. Tim. 2:14; Titus 3:9; I. Cor. 1:23. Here are warnings against foolish questions, genealogies, contentions, words to no profit, strivings about the law, etc. Think of the *issues* today even in Pentecostal ranks which mar, tear, and hurt the body of Christ. Why is it so hard for some to preach Christ and Christ alone? I wonder sometimes if it is not a subtle trick of the enemy to substitute (even seemingly religious questions) for Christ and His message, just that he might

divert attention *away* from Christ? I have heard of preachers spending an evening on, "The evils of the dance," "Father Divine and his followers," "The drink habit," etc. Too many times listeners know more about such things than the preacher himself. Broken lives and hungry hearts do not need such things—they need Christ. Much good, precious time is lost parading the works of the devil when Christ might have been offered to needy, broken humanity. Jesus Himself said, "And *I* if *I* be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."

When Christ was here in the manifestation of human nature, and lived and died among men, the real hunger of His heart was for humanity. He was truly the great lover of souls. When looking at His life and ministry we find the philosophic principles, and the methods He used were sound and *not* based upon human wisdom. All the evil institutions common to our day were common and flourishing in His time. There was frightful injustice in political life, wickedness and flagrant sin; the economic life of the country was wretchedly out of plumb; taxation was no new problem; slavery was also common; social life with race prejudice and many social strata were unbearable. What was His means of approach to such dire need and sin? There is always the *direct* method—this one is too often used by those who have but little faith, no patience, and but little thought perspective. Then there is the *indirect* method—this is to many the round about way. We do not find Christ making a direct attack upon any of the evils confronting Him. He was very conscious of the political, economic, and social irregularities and sins, but did not lead an attack directly at them as a whole. He was not a revolutionist against His country. He loved His nation and always respected her laws and order. Did He not say, "Render therefore unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's; and unto God the things that are God's"? But we find Him seeking after the *root* of *all* the difficulties and dealing with that. If once He could correct that, He had hopes of clearing the ground of all the rest of the sins and failure. There is truth in the old saying, "The world is all right, the trouble is the people in it." Yes, the *people* are the troublemakers. Therefore He dealt *directly* with the people and the individual. The saying of Thoreau is so true, "There are a hundred men hacking at the branches of evil, to one who is striking at the root."

Christ was ever after the man. He had little to say about his doings and what usually interests the popular and even religious minds. How very different today! The popular church (with little faith and in a hurry) wants to use all the short cuts possible to bring in a millennium. Of course this must be so because she is working by a self-made program, and has not the same vision the Lord holds for this dispensation. She is trying to reform the world. Christ did not come to reform it but to die for it that He might redeem it. She is by all sorts of civic methods trying to clean up politics. My! what a hopeless job! He did not come to do that either but to bring in a kingdom of truth and righteousness in the hearts of the people. He saw slavery, too, but did not lead an attack directly against it as a reformer. However, His refusal to make attack upon any of the evil institutions of His day did not mean that He either favored them or was ignorant of them.

There was one thing He did want to do and that was to reach the human heart—where the

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How God Dealt With a Lawyer

E. W. WHITNEY



HAVE no desire to write the things herein except as a testimonial that may help others who are interested in seeking the Way of Life. So whoever reads it, remember that it is written for the sole purpose of saving others.

I was born in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Northern Pennsylvania, the second child of eight. I had very wonderful parents, deeply devoted to each other, but they were not Christians at the time of my birth, and did not become such until I was eight years of age. My mother had been very sick and expected to die. I remember the spasms of torture she endured and how it wrung my childish heart. Then one morning I was informed by a godly aunt that dear mother had been saved the night before and was now a Christian. My father, too, was saved and the home then took on a different aspect.

I have never been able to account for it but I was born with an attachment and love for church and Sunday School, often going alone before my parents were saved. In later years I learned that my grandparents were godly, and perhaps heredity, in which I believe very strongly, had its effect on my life.

Just before I reached the age of 12 my mother suddenly died. Her last minutes were given to praying audibly that God would take care of her little ones. From that time on, life was a struggle. Father never married again, so great was his love for my mother, and many years after, when I was about 26 he, too, left us.

I was converted at 16, under peculiar circumstances. John Davis, Ernest G. Crable and Rev. Pike from the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, were conducting a revival meeting in the Baptist Church of my home town. I attended regularly while working my way through High School. The conversion of several of my associates impressed me, and I, too, longed to experience what they had. But I could not "feel" what I thought they expressed, which was nearly my undoing, because I wanted my way and not God's. One night the sermon was on "The Changed Life" and I took God at His word as much as able and felt better.

Another testimony from a Christian Business Man. Our previous articles along this line were so appreciated by our readers, we are running them again from time to time. Mr. Whitney's family have been spending several winters in Chicago and attend the Stone Church and Sunday School.—ED.

That very night, going home alone, a mile walk in the snow with zero temperature, I had the battle of my life. As the devil has always done, he met me on my weakest ground. He reminded me of what the preacher had said, that we gave up the old self and became a new creature. Then he reminded me of what I had done: "Now you have killed the good Sunday School boy that you were. You have murdered your better self." I grieved much about it and wondered if I had done the wrong thing just because the preacher said so. The reader will smile at the simpleness of it, but to me, then, it was no simple thing. My telling it may help some one who may be similarly tempted. Just remember that Satan is a liar and the father of lies. He took advantage of me and my sentimental feeling for the old, dead self and tried to turn me back from my decision.

But that did not last longer than the hour that it took me to cry myself home and get into bed. Then a strange thing happened. I said, "Well anyway, Lord, whatever I have done I will take You at Your word and am not turning back." Right then the thing we call "feeling" came so unmistakably that I experienced the first moments of that "peace that passeth all understanding." There was no more doubt, only happiness and contentment. My father was overjoyed with the step I had taken and it doubtless had its influence on the conversion of my three sisters later.

With the help of my father and friends, I worked my way through Bucknell University and came West at the age of 24 to teach school in Oklahoma. In a short time I was admitted to the Bar to practice law.

I taught Sunday School and was Superintendent of a Baptist S. S. for years, and in spite of changes and environmental factors I never gave up the formality of religion, but I followed the usual trend of formalists and took part in all the worldly amusements, such as picture shows, card parties and like social functions. Had I stopped to analyze the situation I could not have failed to be impressed with the failures of revival meetings to accomplish definite conversions of others. It is a fact that it takes an

evangelist the usual three weeks to wake up the church membership and get them to give up the things which hinder success. By that time the meeting is ready to close and, of course, the membership relapses in the next eleven months, so that about all that is accomplished is to wake up the devotees once a year, and repeat the cycle year after year, while others go on their way down to hell.

Well, I didn't backslide, as the world calls it. I just eased down to an exalted position of social requirements and decency of reputation. That was all. And then, along came the World War and service in the army, and reputation and character both slipped tragically, although I was still holding on to the form of it all, and relying on past experience of conversion to carry me through. An unused Christian experience just deteriorates like rust on iron. *You have to work at it or lose it.*

I cannot help but be impressed to say to you who read, that one can follow a formal condition until he himself becomes unaware of his true state. It must have been evident to the Lord that I was doing more harm than good, and that by my example I was dragging hundreds away from the possibility of becoming what He wanted them to be. He took a hand in the matter. I had been driving an automobile a good while and was considered a good driver, but suddenly I began to have wrecks, four of them, one after the other, about as fast as I recovered from the previous one. No matter how many people I had in the car with me at the time, I noticed that I was the only one who was hurt, though not severely. By the time I had been through four such experiences I began to get my eyes open. I am now convinced that God intended to straighten me up and get me where He could use me or let me be killed.

About that time a band of a despised company of believers came to town and held a meeting in a tent. I had to walk by that tent from my office. I had never been prejudiced or unfair with any Faith and I thank God that I did not ridicule them. I stopped in to listen to the singing, but always sat on the last seat for a speedy get-away. But I lingered to hear them testify and began to take interest in the way they said it and the light on their faces. I wondered that some of them were so young and yet did not do the things I did and counted allowable. I began to graduate toward the front, and the first thing I knew, one night I found myself right up at the altar. There God got a new hold on me, and the same

"feeling" of the old conversion experience returned. I recognized it immediately and wondered then where it had been all those years. Naturally, all the things of the world have gone. I am no part of them and they are no part of me. Besides all that, I began to grow, and God began to show me ways to help others.

You will understand and not count it coincidence, I am sure—you who believe and know—but the wrecks stopped. I have never had a serious one since that time. There isn't enough logic in the world to convince me that God was not doing it for a special purpose. Besides, I have no fear now and He takes care of me. I am finding ways in business to witness and work. And success is coming as a result of the many activities He reveals to me to do.

You may wonder at this simple, little account, but nothing is so eloquent as the bare truth told in simplicity. If I were to analyze my life and recommend from it the things for others to watch, I would say, "Watch the little foxes." Nothing is too small and insignificant in the Christian life and training for our personal attention. We do not fail or go wrong in big things *first*. We let down in small details and that ruins us.

Satan is always on the job and each soul has to meet his arguments at his weakest point of contact. When that happens, just remember what God said about him being a liar and go on your way rejoicing. Our salvation is such a wonderful gift that no one could believe in works to attain it, but I am a firm believer of works *in* salvation. I am sure that the best way to keep saved is to keep working. If we as individuals will set our souls to do some one definite thing each day, looking toward the salvation of another, it will not be long until we will be doing it without effort and as a force of habit. Then it will not be long until we will be doing two things in a day, then three, and after that we will forget to keep count, and instinctively do things looking to that end. Then we will have become workers and of some good to the kingdom of heaven.

I soon learned that I did not have to succeed. All I had to do was what the Spirit led and leave the result with God. The time is too short to argue. Just work. Our Lord will be here very soon, now. This is the message of the hour. It is our duty to get ourselves ready and then every one else whom we can turn to the Lord. The world little notes this near event, but if everyone

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The Get Acquainted Page

Conducted by ZELMA ARGUE

FOLLOW THE BIRDS to Victoria," is a slogan used by a Pacific Steamship Company of the western coast. The sight of gulls hovering in mid-air as one's ship glides over the blue Pacific, amid beautiful pine-clad islands, and coves for fishermen, is so lovely that the memory lingers long with those who have ever taken the trip to this, the main city on the great Vancouver Island.



Pastor E. W. Robinson

This is the extreme Western point of Canada's main travel routes, and here missionaries get their last glimpse of Canada, their faces (abroad one of the greatest Empress ships) toward the Orient.

The heavenly dove, the Holy Spirit, has been hovering over this beautiful Island city. It is with joy we are able to present the story that follows, as submitted to *Evangel* readers, by Pastor E. W. Robinson of that city:

"The Pentecostal work in Victoria began with a few, faithful, Spirit-filled people, and God blessed and added to their number. Then, in April, 1923, Dr. Chas. S. Price came for a city-wide

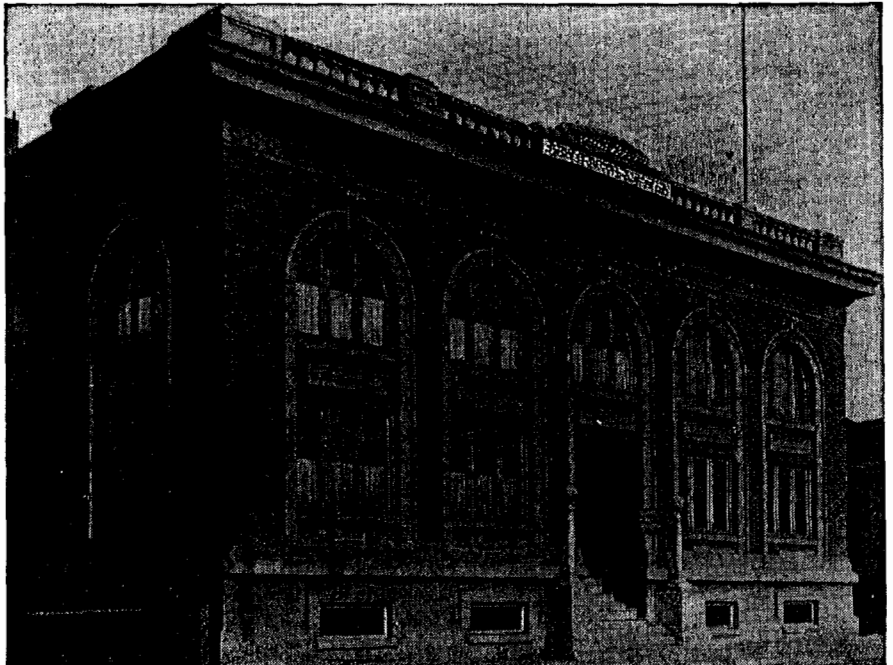
Presenting the story of Victoria Tabernacle, Victoria, B. C.
E. W. Robinson, Pastor

campaign. The entire city was stirred and moved Godward. Out of this mighty moving of the Holy Spirit came the present Pentecostal Assembly. Like many another Assembly, because of growth, they moved from place to place as their numbers increased.

"For the past eleven years they occupied a portion of a block on Broad, known to many as '1318 Broad.' But for a number of years there was a longing for a more suitable church home and much time was spent in investigating buildings and properties. Then God, in a most remarkable manner, opened up the way for the purchase of the splendidly-equipped building known as 'The City Temple,' and on July 10, 1938, under the name of 'Victoria Pentecostal Tabernacle,' the building was dedicated, in a most impressive service, by Dr. J. E. Purdie, Principal of the Western Pentecostal College, Winnipeg.

The new church home is quite spacious, the auditorium seating 750 comfortably, with a lower auditorium seating 250, besides a number of Sunday School class-rooms. Since the open-

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Victoria Pentecostal Tabernacle

CARL F. GRAVES

Missionary to Ceylon, in the Stone Church

Putting Out the Fleece to God



OME PEOPLE think that missionaries are folk who have had some wonderful vision of kinky heads and pleading hands, folk who have seen some great word written across the sky or something spectacular to make them realize that they are called as missionaries. But I cannot say that anything like that ever happened to me. I was a pastor in the State of Kansas, having a good time and I thought I was nicely settled for lifetime in America. When Brother Harry Waggoner was home on furlough I had him come to my church to talk to my people on foreign missionary work. He stayed at our house and we talked India from morning till night and almost all night, for whenever he would seem to run down I was ready with another question. The result was that I became deeply interested in India.

But I received quite a shock when one day he turned to me and said, "Why don't you come out as a missionary?" "Oh," I said, "I am not very strong physically and then I have this church and I don't know whether the Missions Department would accept me; and after all, I am not quite sure that I could go, or that I would be a success." And thus I made every excuse that I could think of, but Mr. Waggoner just said, "Have you tested God on this? Has He ever told you He wanted you to work in America?" and I answered, "No, I just supposed that He wanted me to work here."

Mr. Waggoner said, "Are you willing to put God to the test?" and, being ashamed to say "No" I decided I would do that, put out some fleece that would be too hard for God to work out; so when He would not answer I could say, "No, God didn't answer me and therefore I am scheduled to stay at home." Brother Waggoner spoke twice in our church and they gave him \$1.50, so you can see how missionary-minded the people were. He turned to me and gave me the \$1.50 and said, "This is the first part of your fare to India."

I said, "How do you know God wants me in India? I haven't even put Him to the test as yet." And he said, "Well, let it stand there. I feel you are coming to India and this is a start on your fare."

True to my promise I put out three fleeces

which I felt would be too hard for God to answer. When I had them all lined up I settled down quite comfortably. For three days I had peace and then the fleeces began to be answered; one, two, three—all my impossible fleeces came to pass and then there was nothing to do but to take the old Ford and my \$1.50 and start off for India. Now India was only 13,000 miles away but when we left that pastorate there was not the least bit of fear or hesitation in stepping out, because God had so wonderfully answered our fleeces and we felt sure He must have a hand in this. We visited the churches, telling the people what had happened and they seemed to be convinced it was God and got behind us. So out to the foreign field we went, and through all these years God has wonderfully cared for us and supplied our needs. I don't remember a single day that I spent in bed because of illness.

I so often think that right in our congregations there may be missionaries in the bud, and the danger is they cannot get started. I believe we should have as definite a leading and call to stay at home as we expect people to have who go as foreign missionaries. I believe if we really do business with God we will know our specific place of labor and that is the only place of rest. God is able to make us know. I believe God is business-like and just as we are expected to know our salvation, healing, our faith in the second coming of Christ, so we are expected to know where God wants us to work for Him.

Perhaps your trouble is that which the disciples had after the resurrection. It says that Jesus appeared to them and they worshipped Him but *some doubted*, and the reason was that He seemed so far away. But then it says, "*When Jesus came*" and that word "*came*" has the inference of drawing near, then the assurance came into the hearts and lives of what God wanted of them and it was *then* that He was able to say, "Go ye into all the world."

I remember that when we started out for the Island of Ceylon we did not know what would take place. I had been reared in a Christian home; every morning my father was up before I was, having a feast from God's Word. Before I went to work there had to be a word of prayer with father and I was brought up to believe that Christianity was the only religion. So when I

started out I thought, "Now just suppose I run across some of those intelligent heathen and they begin to explain their religion and suppose they make it so beautiful that they will convert me instead of my converting them?" Yes, that thought flashed across my mind, but let me tell you, there was a royal passenger on board my ship and His name was, The Lord Jesus Christ. He took passage on the same boat with me and I had no fears. I soon tackled a man who was not a Christian. Right in the cabin next to me there was a dark-skinned boy who, I found upon inquiry, was a Mohammedan boy. He was trading between the United States and India, selling foreign goods. Although only 21 years of age he was making good money. One day I met him on the deck and I said, "I understand you are a Mohammedan. Would you kindly explain to me why?" He sat down and said, "You know we believe in all the prophets of the Old Testament just as you do — Jeremiah, Isaiah, etc., and then by and by God sent Jesus Christ who was also one of the prophets but not the Son of God. He taught the Word of God and did much good but His disciples decided that He was the Son of God and *that* was a great mistake. The fact that they taught this error caused God a great deal of concern, so after 500 years He sent Mohammed to correct this wrong impression and to set people right, and therefore I am a Mohammedan and not a Christian."

Now I knew in my heart that he was wrong but just what verse of Scripture to use on that man I did not know. I got out my Bible and thought it over. I thought of John 3:16 but somehow that verse did not exactly fit the need. I wanted to convince him of the personality of Jesus Christ. I thought of Acts 4:12 but that did not seem to fit either and then as I was praying and meditating the Holy Spirit brought to my remembrance a verse in Revelation which says, "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last." Jesus in glorified form was speaking to John, and referred to Himself as being the first and the last. So I said to this young Mohammedan, "But there is a verse in the Bible which says that Jesus Christ is the last." He said, "He couldn't be." But I pointed out the verse to him and asked him to read it. Then he said, "Well, I am not a priest of our religion. I am only a believer, so I don't know just what the answer is to that, but I can find out and I will write you about it." That has been seven years ago and evidently he is still hunting the answer. He will never find

it, for the Word of God is the final authority on all subjects that are questionable.

When we arrived in Colombo we found the work in a serious condition. About 14 people were gathered together the night we started in as their missionaries. They had found it difficult to meet the rent on the building, for some had gone off and formed a little church elsewhere. You know God's laws are addition and multiplication but the devil's law is *division*. A church may have a great many branches but there is a vast difference between branches and divisions. So I felt this division was not of God and I went to see the people who had left and said, "We need your help in the winning of precious souls for the Lord in this place. I don't know what caused this division and it is none of my affair but we are here to preach the Gospel. Will you help us?" And one of the men slowly rose to his feet and said, "I believe that since this brother has come all this way to preach the Gospel to us we ought to co-operate, and the whole group give up our differences and come together."

Now someone may say, "My, you surely did a big thing!" No, I didn't. Back here hundreds of people were praying that God would bless and beat back the forces of darkness and give us souls. How could God but answer those prayers! A missionary would have to be a very poor stick indeed not to work with such prayers behind him. So God wonderfully undertook and in three years' time, instead of 14 we had 51 members and about 90 in the Sunday School, and we were happy to turn the work over to Brother Clifford in a good condition.

Then we went to the town of Galt to start a church there, which was 72 miles further south. The Island of Ceylon is 240 miles long and 140 miles wide with about 5½ million people on it. It is situated just at the southern tip of India. That little island has had the Gospel about 100 years, more or less. One hundred years ago some godly church missionaries went and labored there and prayed and brought the true old-fashioned message of salvation to the people. But alas! today in those very houses where those missionaries lived, there are those who deny the blood of Jesus, deny the miracles and the virgin birth. And they are taking missionary money from America while they are teaching the heathen to be worse than they were before. That is the reason we need the Full Gospel in Ceylon. I suppose I could count on the fingers of one hand the missionaries who

are actually preaching the Full Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ in Ceylon with its 5½ million people. When we first arrived we were the only two Assembly of God missionaries and we had a time trying to cover all the territory. Even now there are only four in our group there and we certainly need reinforcements.

When we went to the town of Galt people said, "Don't go there. That is a dead place and you can never raise up a spiritual work there." But I believe in a God of resurrection and that makes all the difference. We started meetings in a private home; the dining-room table was the pulpit and the chairs formed the congregation. But we had some nice little meetings and the Sunday School started with fifteen. It was a small beginning but little is much if God is in it. In about three months' time I saw we couldn't continue in a private home. People have malaria fever very badly there and while I would be preaching, off in the bedroom someone would be groaning with a terrible headache and the folk would be disturbed. So I prayed, "Lord, we must have a church building somewhere." I called the folk together and said, "I think we ought to start to build a church." They said, "Brother Graves! Build a church! You have about nine people that you can count on and only two of them have steady jobs."

But I said, "I have been reading about Hudson Taylor, and David Livingstone, and William Carey who prayed and went forward in faith and God wonderfully met them." I think it was in 1932 when the depression was so bad, that the China Inland Mission sent out 200 new missionaries. Other denominations were retrenching but they took a step forward. I believed that Christianity should be like that, that when it looks blackest and most impossible, then is the time when we need to hear the voice of God say, "Speak to the children of Israel that they go forward!" I know it is easier said than done but I know it can be done. It wasn't long till a lady came to me and said, "Brother Graves, do you need a piece of land on which to build?" "Yes, we do," I said.

And she said, "I have a piece of land and you can look at it." I found it had a foundation already laid, 26½ by 50, built ten years before, just about the size I had intended to build. God had it well seasoned for us before we started to build. There it was all ready for us to begin and I said, "Thank you, sister, we will accept this gift." Today it is the property of the Berean Gospel Tabernacle. When we began to

build a man came to me and said, "What are you building with?" I said, "I am sure I don't know." He said, "Don't build with brick." Due to sea breezes the brick is always damp, so he said, "I have a big quarry of black granite rock and you can have all the rock you want if you will cut it." So we built our little church of black granite stone and it is strong as a fort, has electric lights and a cement floor that is colored red and brown. Just three months later we had the dedication and there were about 150 people gathered at the opening of the church in that place where they said no spiritual work could be built. Today that little church has about ninety in the Sunday School and we have a double congregation; one of Tamali-speaking people, numbering 35 to 50, and another congregation of Singalese-speaking people numbering from 40 to 60; so it is reaching over one hundred people. Every Sunday night I have a broadcasting station, for we open up all the windows and out there in the darkness I can see heathen people squatted or standing, listening to the Gospel. The Christians come inside but not the heathen; but they stand outside and listen to me preach. And we believe that the seed sown in the hearts of those people will bring forth fruit unto eternal life. Pray for those figures out in the darkness.

When the church was dedicated it was half paid for, but after about nine months it was all paid for and it cost over \$1000. One lady said, "I think there is something strange about this. Every Sunday you tell us that more money has come in for the church. You must have a gold mine in your back yard." She didn't know very much about my Father, for

"My Father is rich in houses and lands,

He holdeth the wealth of the world in His hands." I declare to you that if you dare to believe and walk in the will of God, all things are possible. We have about \$300 all ready to use in building on the back end of the church. I built it only 30 feet long and that will seat a little over 100 people. But I want to double the length so that it will seat about 300 and then it will fully meet the need of that territory. How wonderfully God has looked after our needs!

I am sorry I cannot give you any hard luck tales; I haven't any to tell. The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. There is no aftermath today, for David said, "I was young and now am I old, yet never have I seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread." My father was a righteous man and I believe this promise.

Pointers for Sunday School Teachers

MRS. VIOLA M. CONGELLIERE
At Camp Byron

IN SPEAKING on the lack of growth in the Sunday School I have three points that I consider minor and yet very important. One is the lack of transportation. Sometimes there is no bus or street car service, and sometimes with both of these they are not able to send them, and often the parents are not sufficiently interested to send their children.

This question of transportation can be taken care of if there is someone in the church who is sufficiently consecrated and his car is consecrated, who says, "I will give my service and my car." If they will do that God will use them. This is just as great a calling as that of the teacher. It will be a ministry that will be rewarded. In some churches they have a fund for this purpose to transport children who have no other way of attending.

One of the greatest needs to a successful Sunday School is a human understanding of the child. When we get a human, heart interest in the child we say: "Where is John this morning?" "Joe, how is your baby sister today?" "Did Daddy get back to work?" "Tom, how is your bunny?" "Have you finished your dog-house?" Some people will say you are wasting Sunday School time. No, you are not. You become personally interested in the children and you win an interest in yourself. They will come and say, "Did you know my little sister prayed at breakfast this morning?" The Sunday School teacher becomes a human being to her scholars and they do not look at her as being a great distance away. I like to go into a store where they know me. I will sacrifice some economy if they will go a little out of the way to show an interest in my taste. Children are the same. They will forget they have to walk miles to Sunday School if their teacher is interested in them. They will wade through rain and snow to get to that Sunday School because of the teacher's interest. The child goes home and says, "I like my teacher because she likes my bunnies," and the Word of God goes home to the heart where they would not listen to a lesson without the vital interest in the child.

I take as a last thought, TACT—just how to deal with the scholars, particularly those which are under-privileged. I am reminded of a teacher who had 11 and 12-year-old boys. She had

one boy who was painfully slow in reading. He could not pronounce words of even one syllable, and the class wanted to read their lessons. She didn't see that she should deprive the other boys of this privilege so as to spare this boy, but what to do? was the problem. Her first impulse was to put him back in a class suited to his ability, but God spoke to her heart and said, "Wait a minute." She went to her knees in prayer about the little boy and God opened up to her a different plan. He said, "You can have your other scholars read and watch him." So she watched with her heart open to God's leading. The boy was painfully conscious of his deficiency, but she found out that that boy had an excellent memory for detail. If she told a story the next Sunday he could repeat it in every detail. So she said, "I see you are a fine story-teller. Let's you and I make an agreement. Next Sunday we will let the other boys read and you can have the entire review of what we had the last Sunday." The next Sunday that little boy came with shining eyes and gave them the finest review. He went home and told his mother, "I know I did just fine in the Sunday School class. You ask my teacher." The result was the Sunday School had won a little friend and also a mother, through a little tact and understanding. He ranks as one of the finest boys in the Sunday School.

A teacher said to me, "I have some children in my little class that never do bring 'hankies' along. One day I went down to the 5 & 10 and bought a little package of them. I said to the children, 'You know how it is. Sometimes I forget my handkerchiefs. You would never believe it, as big as I am, so I have brought these and will leave them right in the Sunday School and when through with I will throw them in the waste-paper-basket.' So they would say, 'Teacher, I forgot mine, too, this morning.' So they went home and told their mother of our new method and I had a half dozen mothers come and apologize the next Sunday. My heart was rejoiced to see the little children come the next Sunday with their handkerchiefs pinned on their dresses. I am so happy I didn't go to the mothers and say, 'Don't you know how to raise your children?' But I still keep my box of handker-

(Continued on page 21)

Healed of Total Blindness



ONCE I was blind, and now I see!" What a wonderful, nay—should I not say, glorious testimony to the healing power of the Great Physician, our Lord Jesus!

In October, 1917, during the World War, I was wounded in the face and had to have my eyes bandaged for four days, as the shrapnel had injured the optic nerve. I had to stay in the hospital for twelve months, though mostly for other injuries. I was soon to find out that my eyes were not what they were.

After a time I had them tested and found it was necessary to wear glasses, and had to wear them continually until about fifteen months ago, when I realized that something serious was threatening. I then

Consulted Eye Specialists

in various places, including a famous Eye Hospital in Liverpool, but received the same verdict from all, that my case was hopeless; they stated that the retina in both eyes was severed.

In three months' time my eyes failed *completely* and I was left in total darkness. No one but those who have had the pleasure of seeing the glorious light of day, and then lost it, could ever realize what it really means to a person who suddenly goes blind.

After some considerable time I eventually got over the shock, and started out to try and find my way about. And then, praise God, the 23rd Psalm came to me one night in most marvelous revelation, telling me in simple fashion not to lose hope, but to trust where I could not trace.

First, I had a greater conception of the only true and unfailing Guide, and then the blessed assurance that the Lord Jesus would supply my needs, which was followed by peace and contentment. Then came the desire to glorify God in the paths of righteousness, and then my fears

Pastor Edward Jeffreys, the Welsh Evangelist, held a very blessed Tent Campaign in Chicago, under the auspices of The Stone Church. The Lord used him and there were some definite healings. This healing occurred in England in one of Mr. Jeffreys' large campaigns when thousands attended a meeting in the city of Blackburn. The man is healed today.

were scattered by divine comfort and His continual companionship.

After that He prepared a table of good things to enjoy in the presence of my enemies. He also saw that my joy was full and brimming over. After all this I began to sing with the hymn writer, "No, never alone. He promised never to leave me; never to leave me alone."

Last Easter, a Mr. J. Connell and myself were escorted by the secretary of the Local Branch of "Limbless Ex-Service Men," Mr. T. Entwistle by name, to London to see the Eye Specialist of St. Dunstan's, who on examination declared my case as without hope of any kind. But the Great Shepherd was still tending His sheep, and saw with His compassionate eye, my need. And He began in His own most marvellous way, yet another wonder to perform. It was noised abroad that a real "Divine Healing Campaign" was in progress in my own town, Blackburn, and I was told of all kinds of miraculous healings. But the telling was not enough. I wanted something more; a touch from God! And praise His wonderful Name, I got it on Dec. 2, 1931, when Pastor Edward Jeffreys, a servant of God, laid hands on me, and instantaneously I was healed and saw Pastor Jeffreys' face in bold outline.

And now, after nearly a whole year, I can see to write, to read, and tell the time without the aid of a Braille clock. In closing, I would add that my ambition is to live to serve God. For what He has done for me I can never repay Him, my Lord.

"Take my life and let it be, consecrated, Lord, to Thee." What more can I have or want than this so great salvation, for back to the world I cannot go until my debt of love is paid. And that I can never do, for He died in my stead.—*Ernest Talbot, 31 Peronni Cres., Intack, Blackburn, England.*

The Wind Bloweth Where It Listeth

By Lewi Pethrus

Just out! Translated from the Swedish by Harry Lindblom. This book of 99 pages is most fascinating and instructive. Eight chapters on the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. Helpful and corrective. Heavy paper cover. 60c. Postage 5c.

A Bible Conference in a Pullman Car

SOME YEARS AGO my family and I spent several months among the Laguna Indians of New Mexico in missionary work. It was a time of great blessing to our own souls and we enjoyed to the full the association with these warm-hearted people of the mesas. Living conditions, however, were not exactly what we had been accustomed to, and because of this in all probability, I evidently picked up a toxic germ that caused me considerable trouble later. For some weeks afterwards when I was in Minneapolis to give a series of addresses, I found myself in a very peculiar physical condition which made it exceedingly difficult to carry on. Finally, just after a meeting, I tumbled over, and when I came back to consciousness found I had to get to bed at once as I had all the symptoms of a second attack of typhoid fever. Seven years before I had gone through a seige of this disease and hardly expected a repetition; nevertheless, such it proved to be. I was a long way from my California home, but for six weeks I was most kindly cared for by a dear Christian family until becoming convalescent, I felt able to start West again. Being still too weak to sit up long, and only strong enough to walk about as I held on to something, I engaged an entire section in the pullman and had my berth made up day and night. In the day time the curtains were drawn back and I was able to recline restfully upon the mattress and pillows feeling much to my amusement something like an oriental despot on a divan.

On the first morning out after partaking of breakfast, I was lying on my improvised couch reading my Bible when a buxom German lady came down the aisle. As she was passing my berth she suddenly stopped and exclaimed, "Vat! you haffing vamily vorship all by yourself? Vait a moment, I go und get mein Beibel and ve read togedder." So off she went and shortly returned with a large German Bible—planting herself on the side of my berth. "Vere you reading?" I indicated the passage, and soon we were enjoying real Christian fellowship as we compared the two translations and talked together of the precious things of Christ. She proved to be a very intelligent Christian who loved the Lord sincerely and delighted in His Word. It was not long until a tall fair Norwegian came down the aisle. Noticing how we were engaged, he

exclaimed, "Ah, reading the Bible, eh! Vait a moment, I tank I go and get mine too, and yoin with you," and so away he went and came back with his Norwegian Bible. The berth opposite mine was empty so he sat over there, and we had a three cornered conversational Bible reading which soon attracted the attention of several other passengers who crowded in to listen to what we were saying.

About this time the pullman conductor passed through and observed what was going on. I learned afterwards that he went through all the other sleeping cars and told the people that if they cared to attend a religious service there was one going on in our car. The result was that more people crowded in than were able to hear all that was being said, but raising my voice as loudly as I could in my weakened condition, I attempted to preach the Gospel, and in answer to many questions from my fellow passengers, to open up important lines of truth for the establishment of believers. As a result of the fever, I found myself mentally very weary, so after talking for an hour or two I was obliged to tell the people that I must have a little sleep before continuing. As I opened my eyes following my nap, I noticed my Norwegian friend was watching closely and suddenly, to my amusement, he began shouting out, "He's awake! He's awake!"; and again the people started to gather about.

Most of the time was devoted to an effort to expound the Epistle to the Hebrews. We rejoiced together as we contemplated the glories of our blessed risen Lord, He who though the eternal Son, the beloved of the Father, stooped in grace to link Himself with our humanity and by His suffering and death became in resurrection, the Captain of our salvation. I found that many were not very clear as to the Person of Christ, and it was a joy to see them drinking in the truth set forth so graphically in the first two chapters of this Epistle. As we went on to take up the subject of His high priesthood and His intercessory work on our behalf in Heaven, it was evident that we were dealing with things new to many, and when we considered the perfection, and finality of His one offering on the Cross, there were many questions which we tried to answer from the Word itself. I would not dare to say how many entered into the full assurance of faith because of our study together,

but I am certain through the appreciative way they expressed themselves, this was true of several at least of that company. Then some time was devoted to answering questions on various other Bible themes. What struck me, was the real interest that some showed who did not even make profession of Christianity, but evidently, thought much about so-called religious subjects. I hope that I shall some day meet in Heaven at least one or more of the passengers who were brought to know the Lord Jesus Christ as their Savior because of the Gospel messages they heard on that train on the way to California.

This kind of thing went on morning and afternoon each day until we were nearing Sacramento, California. At this junction city the train was to be divided; part of the cars going on to Oakland and San Francisco, and the others down the valley to Fresno, Turlock, and other points. Many of my newly made friends were ticketed for the valley route and so they came one after another to express their appreciation and to thank me for the unfolding of the Word of God to them.

The German lady was particularly voluble in her gratitude. "My," she exclaimed, "it has been just like a camp-meeting all de vay! Mein soul has been fed and many things I see now I did not see before. But brudder," she asked, "vat denomination do you belong to? You haf not told us yet." I smiled and replied, "I belong to the same denomination that David did." "Vat vas dat?" she inquired, and added, "I did not know that he belonged to any." "Well," I answered, "he says, 'I am a companion of all them that fear Thee and of them that keep Thy precepts' (Psalm 119:63)." "Ya, ya," she cried, "dat iss a fine denomination to belong to." This gave me an opportunity to unfold in the little time we had left, something of the revelation of the mystery of which the Apostle Paul speaks in the letters to the Ephesians, the Colossians, and other epistles. It seemed to be new to some that all believers in this dispensation of grace are members of the Body of Christ and, hence, members one of another, whether they be linked up with some local organization or not. I suppose we must have represented perhaps a dozen different groups of Christians looked at denominationally, but we found that the things on which we agreed and which were precious to all our hearts were far greater than the things that separated us because of different theological opinions or diverse conceptions of church government, or the Christian ordinances. I did not

ask any of them what organization they belonged to, nor did anyone inquire further as to my own particular fellowship. As we drew near the station at Sacramento, we bowed our heads together and thanked God that through His infinite grace we had been washed from our sins in the precious blood of Christ and were now members of that new creation of which He is the risen exalted Head.

In the years that have gone it has never been my privilege to meet one of my fellow passengers on that memorable trip again, but I fully expect to see and recognize many of them in that glad day when our Lord Himself will "descend from Heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air."

It may be that some who traveled with me at that time will see these lines. If so, nothing would please me better than to hear from them.

—H. A. Ironside in *Revelation*.

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Gold Glut

U. S. Treasury's latest gold report, was that American gold stocks had passed 13 billion dollars and totaled 55 per cent of the world's supply.

It was apparent that the run on gold abroad had injured dictatorship more than democracies. Although French stocks had slipped from \$5,445,000,000 to \$2,428,000,999 since 1934, France was still the third largest holder of the metal. Second to the United States, was Great Britain, with about \$4,000,000,000. Together the three great democracies had \$19,428,000,000 compared to only \$546,000,000 in the vaults of Germany, Italy, and Japan. War can be won with gold as well as with guns.

U. S. Steps Up Daily Spending

The Government stepped up its spending pace to the record peace time average of \$24,890,000 a day. This is \$3,613,000 more a day than last year's average.

The Public debt will break many records, in rising from a current \$37,200,000,000 to an all time high record of \$40,650,000,000 by June 30, 1939. The end is not yet.

Military Training

The United States is witnessing the greatest mobilization of men in army training of any year since war time. The number estimated at nearly 700,000 are receiving, or have received, some type of training.

U. S. Prepares for War

The Army was reported to be planning a \$2,500,000 75-ton bomber, biggest fighting airship in the world. The Navy disclosed its intention of building a fleet of fifteen 50-top bombers, at a cost of about \$1,000,000 each, within the next few years.

Army engineers described a new "streamlined" gun, capable of firing a 200-pound projectile 20 miles, which will be mounted on a flat-car so that it can be rushed from coast to coast in case of naval attack on America.

Study Balloon-Chain "Fences"

Under discussion by the army is the possibility of establishing balloon-chain protective "fences" around big cities of the Pacific coast, similar to those undergoing experiment in England.

Captive balloons would carry cables as high as 30,000 feet to snare enemy bombers intent on destroying vital aircraft factories and other wartime industrial plants.

Ray of Death Discovered

A death ray which can bring down aircraft six miles away, slice through steel like a razor, blast holes in stone walls and wither animals and humans, is the brain child claimed by Maj. Arthur W. Marchant of Somerville.

Lutheran Church Bans Wedding Kiss at Altar

Faith Lutheran Church banned the conventional kiss at the altar after the wedding ceremonies. Dr. Arthur Carl Piepkorn, resident pastor announced that the parish also had adopted these regulations:

No rice or confetti shall be thrown at the door of the church.

Wedding rehearsals shall be as few and as brief as possible, and secular and operatic music such as the familiar Wedding March from Lohengrin, "I Love You Truly," "Oh, Promise Me," "At Dawning" and "Because," shall be replaced by ecclesiastical wedding music or the chant nuptial music of the ancient church.

Dr. Piepkorn said the Lutheran church long has advocated such rules.

Church Opens Early for Sunday Golfers

Recently the St. Paul's Memorial Methodist Church announced a 7 A.M. Sunday service for golfers, fishermen and all who wish to spend the day out of doors. Seemingly they get their church duties "out of the way" so that they can go unhindered to their pleasures on the Lord's day.

Church Attendance

According to *Herald of Holiness*: One Statistician states that "only 6 per cent of our nation attend services on Sunday morning and 2 per cent on Sunday evening.

"About 40 per cent of the American people are on church registers, but only 29 per cent ever attend church."

Change in Morals

Mrs. Elizabeth Meriwether Gilmer of New Orleans, the veteran feminine advisor known as Dorothy Dix, said:

"When I began writing my column I got many letters from young girls asking if it were proper to help a man on with his overcoat; today I receive many letters from girls wanting to know if it isn't all right to go and live with men without marrying them."

Spirits Gather by Thousands

A recent news dispatch states:

The "spirits" gathered at Lily Dale, largest, most famous and, some say most serious of American Spiritualist Camps. Around 1,500 people live on the grounds all summer.

They are proud of their belief, which is a religion, not a diversion.

Good conduct is the only qualification for entrance—skeptics are not refused. They have dances, Bingo games, and occasional caberets with floor shows. The men and women smoke if they want to and men appear to use a normal amount of profanity. This may be religion, but not Salvation.

British Orders 1,000 New Planes

Sir Kingsley Wood, minister for air, ordered from Baron Nuffield, Britain's foremost automobile producer, 1,000 Spitfire fighting planes.

The order is the largest ever placed at one time with a single firm in Great Britain.

The Spitfire is the fastest plane used by the Royal Air Force, with a speed of nearly 350 miles an hour. It is a low wing all metal monoplane equipped with a Rolls Royce 1,050 horsepower engine.

Jewish Population Increasing

For many centuries the number of Jews in the world kept at a level of 5,000,000. Today they number 17,000,000 and are increasing 35 per cent faster than any other race or people.—*Glad Tidings Herald*.

Father Divine Adds to His Kingdom

On August 13th the newspapers reported that "Father Divine" recently purchased "Krum Elbow" a 500-acre Hudson River Estate, opposite President Roosevelt's Hyde Park Home, for \$51,600, and acquisition of a 50-room Madison Avenue mansion for \$24,500 to serve as Father Divine's private home and personal headquarters—the latest in a long series of Real Estate deals.

Wilbur Warns College Women of Their Duties

Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, President of Stanford University, told delegates to the Gamme Psi Beta Sorority International Convention, recently, the mothers of America are not protecting their homes and fighting foul forces, but are playing bridge while their children go to hell.

War Debts Rise to 13 Billions

War debts to the United States increased by more than \$100,000,000 instead of diminishing as the June installments fell due.

The war debts to the United States are growing about \$4,000,000 a week because of accumulating interest.

War Paint

It is estimated that all the lip-stick used in the United States by the ladies in one year would be sufficient to paint 40,000 average size barns. It would do the barns more good.

Pointers for Sunday School Teachers

(Continued from page 16)

chiefs in case of necessity." If you win the child you win the heart of the mother.

I remember an illustration of one little difficulty everybody has in the Sunday School, that of wrecking the song books. Some years ago a little boy was doing that very thing and the Superintendent was about to say, "Boy, you cannot do that in this Sunday School. You may

do that in your home, but this is the house of God." But she didn't say that, however much she would have liked to do so. She thoughtfully sat down by the side of that boy and said, "Sonny, I have so much on my hands to take care of and need helpers. I need little boys like you are. Do you think we could work together? You know we have all kinds of children in the Sunday School, and some do not know how to handle song books. Will you help me? Keep your eyes open and help me take care of these song books. They are God's books and you tell me if you see anybody mishandling them." She gave him a little pin. It was called "Faithful Helper," and you never saw a boy more proud of anything. He kept his eye on those books from the time he came until he left. If he saw anybody misusing them he would tell him, "Those are God's books." And so a little tact settled a difficult problem.

How God Dealt With a Lawyer

(Continued from page 11)

does his duty it will bear fruit in the first ten days after the Rapture, even if it does not do so before. The ones who miss it will then understand and be ready to pay the price demanded. We must be faithful. God will do the rest.

THE GET ACQUAINTED PAGE

(Continued from page 12)

ing of this Tabernacle there has been a marked growth in the attendance.

The Sunday School is a very important and progressive feature of the work, and among the splendid group of young people there is much consecrated talent; together with the pastor, they carried on a successful radio program during the winter months. Due to the mild climate they are able to conduct street meetings all the year round. The Assembly is known for its missionary activities, both home and foreign.

On Labor Day week-end a most helpful Young People's Rally was held. What a time of rejoicing and spiritual blessing it proved to be! Two hundred and ten registered from twenty-one points, the majority coming from the state of Washington. Many visitors came on the last day. Sunday morning was a time of feasting as the Lord's Supper was observed. In the afternoon, Rev. Bert Robinson of Port Alberni brought the message, and Rev. P. Jones

of Seattle, preached at night. Then on Monday, Rev. T. Johnstone, Dist. Supt. of Vancouver, brought a most inspiring message, addressed especially to the Young People. In the afternoon the pastor preached, and in the evening Rev. Hagli of Seattle brought a stirring message. At the close, one hundred and four young people, by actual count, stood around the altar, consecrating their lives afresh to God."

Pastor and Mrs. Robinson who took over the work in November, 1937, extend to all visitors to Victoria a most hearty welcome.

The Dominating Personality of Jesus

(Continued from page 9)

issues of life are born. Having once found a man to whom He might reveal Himself in truth, power, strength, and beauty He sought to so capture that heart that He might become enthroned in it and once more live through it His wonderful life. When He comes to such a heart He does not destroy personality or individuality. He works a miracle. He enters into the inner life of such an one thus opened to Him, begins an integration of all the potential powers and gifts of the man and brings them under the masterly control of His will and purpose. When our wills are thus surrendered to Him we discover this arresting fact—"For me to live is Christ, . . . nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

Are you still trying out some human philosophy of life? Crown Him in your inner life as the Wisdom of the ages and allow your little life to be controlled by the laws and orders of His wisdom. He is the answer to the deepest cry in your inner life and the fullest supply to your deepest need. Do you feel yourself an isolated item in the universe and unable to find any satisfying relation to it? Surrender yourself *fully* to Him and become identified as a part of the great organism. It is a new creation of which *you* may become an integral factor. We may be but tiny reflectors but we can reflect the true light. Is yours an ethical problem? He will become the core of a whole ethical system centering in your very heart. And too, He becomes the power for the manifestation of the same.

Are you afraid of such a marvelous Person? Do you feel your life too small and too uneventful for touch with Him? Listen! He wants you. Does He not say, "Come unto ME, all ye that labour," etc. He does not say, "Come to

the temple, to the church, to a creed, to a new philosophy, or to any such thing." He says, "Come unto ME." That is very, very personal. You are invited to a Person. Does He not say, "I am the way, the truth, and the life"? All these so needed things—*way, truth, life*, are all centered in a PERSON. How can anyone stay away from HIM? When I behold Him in such a light He draws me and I find myself at His feet. Shall we not right now surrender more fully to His love and grace? Cultivate a deep, personal and understanding fellowship with Him? If you do your heart will be arrested by His power and beauty.

Price Tags!

(Continued from page 6)

Some had come a distance of 75 miles to that service. I had prayed and agonized for a message from God for this occasion but God had other plans. After travelling 140 miles on that terrific cold night, I never even gave a message, for God's presence and glory were so manifest that it was impossible to speak. Truly it was a night long to be remembered."

But the night was not over and here again there was a price to pay, for it seemed they would be called upon to give their lives ere they returned home. While driving back in the extreme bitter cold, their feet and hands were so numb it was well nigh unbearable and then the worst happened; about three o'clock in the morning something went wrong with the car and there they were, on the highway, far from help, and in danger of freezing. Failing in every effort they made to get the car started, they hailed every car that passed by but not one would stop to lend any help. No doubt they feared a hold-up. The minutes ran into the hour and still no help was offered them. They were getting desperate and then the last three words of Isaiah 45:11 came like a flash to Lee Krupnick's heart, "Command ye me." He began to "command" help of the Lord and within five minutes' time they saw car lights in the distance. More than six cars had passed them up, refusing to lend any assistance, but now Lee Krupnick felt assured that help was nigh and just as he said, "God is sending us help," a truck pulled up beside their car; the driver called out, "Do you need help?" and in a moment or two the truck had given them a push and off they went, reaching home in safety and rejoicing that God always answers just in time.—R. M.

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MY CARES

(An Experience)

When about thirteen years of age Jesus brought me to Himself.

Beginning at something less than my fourteenth birthday, as I grew up, I kept close to God.

My health, in various ways, was good; but an ailment, that under no treatment would diminish, was a cause of settled gloom.

At the age of twenty, or somewhere thereabout, the Spirit of God flashed into my mind the truth that my cares should be on Jesus; precious Refuge of His saints.

"Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that He may exalt you in due time; casting all your care upon Him for He careth for you."—1 Peter 5: 6 and 7).

I promptly acted, and, indeed, was very greatly blessed.

A little later, however, because of my complaint (destructive of my plans, and of my fond ambitions) I took back my burden, and because of little strength: an easy prey to tempters: some human; and others Satan's kin.

I had rejected light: would not obey: the consequence was sad.

Jesus said, "While ye have light believe in the light that ye may be the children of light"—John 12: 36).

I was desperate: sour my spirit: rebellion in my heart: a condition from which sprang evil to others: bitterness of speech; and various acts to be deplored.

But God was pitiful. Upon repentance, He forgave; restored; and gave new strength for the never-ceasing war.

There were twelve, or thirteen, of these unhappy years. At the end of the same (physically unimproved) I began again to leave with God my much-disturbing cares.

But, alas! that ever I should have chosen to have my own way.

Amazing it is that God should beg of His child the carrying of his burden; and an interest in his tears.

Brothers and sisters in the Lord: By the love of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; by the purchase of your service on the cruel cross (2nd Corinthians 5: 14 and 15) by the need of the saints; by the anguish of a ruined world; and by my own vain regrets; I ask that, under every trial, your cares shall be on God.

I am old: God has been good: marvellous the flow of mercy to His once unstable child.

With sincerest love to every saint, I close this narrative.

A BROTHER SEEKING TO SERVE.
Toronto, Canada, 1938.

The Faith of a Pentecostal Christian

By Harry A. Stemme

A thrilling account of his conversion and growth in the Lord, his transformation from a gambler to one having a zeal for the lost, struggles to get an education, call to the ministry, a faith life, snares, etc., etc. Paper, 46 pages. Price 35c each. Postage 3c.

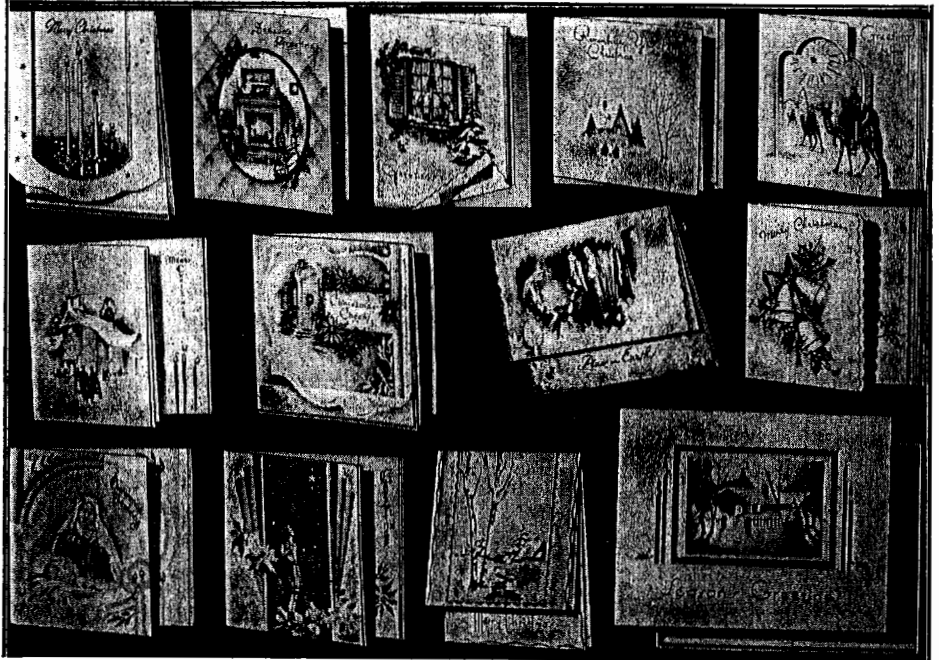
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SPECIMEN OF TYPE

775 CHAPTER 30

1 Word of the Lord concerning Israel and Judah. 10 Jacob comforted. 18 Their return promised.

THE word that came to Jer-e-mi'ah from the LORD, saying,

2 Thus speaketh the LORD God of Is'ra-el, saying, "Write thee all the words that I have spoken unto thee in a book.

U. L. 27. 22. ch. 29. 14. ch. 31. 23. Amos 9. 14. c. ch. 16. 15. 1 Or, there is fear, and not peace. 2 a male. d Isa. 22. 4. 5. Joel 2. 11. Amos 5. 18. Zeph. 1. 14.

12 For thus saith the LORD, Thy bruise is incurable, and thy wound is grievous.

13 There is none to plead thy cause, that thou mayest be bound up: thou hast no healing medicines.

14 All thy lovers have forgotten thee; they seek thee not; for I have wounded thee with the wound of an enemy, with the

STYLES AND PRICES

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