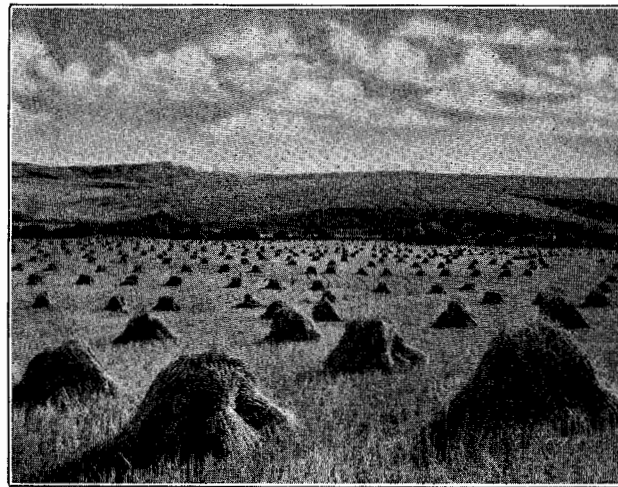


The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on Earth



Courtesy of C. M. & St. Paul R. R.

"He Abideth Faithful"

By ROBERT CRUMLEY

Golden harvests gleaming
In the autumn sun;
Drowsy Nature dreaming
Of a task well done!

And if Want and Terror
Grip the human heart,
Man must own the error:
God has done His part.

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

OUR THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY

LITTLE did we think, at the beginning of the "latter rain" outpouring in 1907, when the coming of the Lord was upon every lip, and many of those who received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit had visions and prophetic utterances of His soon coming, that we would see 1938 drawing to a close and He not yet come! It was a common thing in those days for us to ask ourselves upon awakening in the morning, "Will He come today?" It put a holy hush upon our lives. We walked carefully and softly before the Lord lest He should come and we not be in that company to meet Him.

Some have grown weary in watching, and have become cold and indifferent, and yet as we see the signs of His coming greatly multiplied, we should be more on the alert than ever to lift up our heads in expectancy of that great day. As God's people, the Jews, are returning to Palestine in great numbers, His coming is ever becoming more imminent.

With this issue of *The Latter Rain Evangel* we are celebrating our Thirtieth Anniversary. The paper was started in October, 1908, by the founder of The Stone Church, Wm. Hamner Piper, of sainted memory, who was signally used in the early days of the outpouring. He was taken away in the very height of his ministry, and his dying words were, "Go on with the paper."

With fear and trembling, in much weakness, we took the task committed to us as a sacred trust, and always endeavored within the pages of the paper to build up Christian character, inspire faith, create a love for the Word of God and teach the great fundamental truths of the Gospel which brought the Pentecostal Movement into existence.

Sometimes our hearts have almost failed when, with the coming of the depression, it seemed so hard to carry on, but we have always been able to say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." With people out of work on every hand, many of our subscribers felt they could not continue. We put into the work our little personal funds, but because of the unusual slump during the late summer we were unable to get out an issue of the paper in August, much to our regret, though all yearly subscribers will receive the full 12 issues. This made our fiscal year end in October instead of September as formerly.

After much prayer and consultation with interested friends, we find ourselves obliged to make some changes, and in

order to put the paper on a paying basis we are opening its pages to clean advertising. We fear some of our readers will be disappointed, but in order to continue on we have no alternative. Those who are familiar with the high cost of printing, etc., tell us that the subscriptions alone are not sufficient to meet the expenses of running a paper. Had it not been for great economy we would long ago have been obliged to close out, but the time has come for a very decided change and we trust our readers will bear with us in the re-arrangement.

We are changing to a 16-page paper, altering the size and the type, but our printers assure us that with the larger pages and the smaller type we are giving our readers just as much reading matter as before, even though we carry advertisements. We are also reducing the price of the paper to \$1 per year for the United States, for Canada and Chicago \$1.12 per year, all foreign countries \$1.20 (5 shillings) per year.

We assure our readers that the reading material will maintain the same high spiritual tone it has always had, and by God's grace we will endeavor to make it even better. We hope, if God enables us, to again go back to 24 pages.

We are deeply grateful for the kind words of appreciation that come in with almost every mail, and we trust our friends will not cease to pray that God Himself will keep the paper going until Jesus comes.—*The Editors.*

The Stone Church has been blessed with having a number of visiting ministers recently. Some weeks ago Mr. Morse Ward, former editor of *The Pentecostal Testimony* of Canada, spent Sunday in Chicago and spoke at three of our services. Brother Ward has left Toronto to take up work in connection with the North Central Bible Institute, and also to become Editor of *The Gospel Broadcast.*

Mr. and Mrs. Willard C. Peirce, formerly of Evangel Temple, Toronto, passed through the city on Oct. 16th and spoke at two of our services. They are at present holding meetings in Milwaukee, Wis., and are expecting to be the speakers at the 31st Annual Convention at Glad Tidings Tabernacle, 328 W. 23rd Street, New York City. They will be there from Nov. 13th to Dec. 4th, with the exception of Nov. 13th, when Dr. Lilian Yeomans will speak. Missionary Day Nov. 27th, Young People's Rally, Dec. 3rd. Meeting every evening at 7:45 except Mondays.

(Continued on page 16)

The Latter Rain Evangel

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

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

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The Ripened Harvest

CARL O'GUINN
In The Stone Church

MY SUBJECT is, "The Ripened Harvest" and my text is from the 15th verse of Revelation 14, "For the harvest of the earth is ripe."

The Book of Revelation gives us many graphic pictures of the Lord Jesus Christ and some of these pictures and events lie between the rapture of the church and the revelation of our Lord Jesus Christ. The text which I have chosen has its setting in that period between the rapture and the revelation of Jesus. Some of the chapters which precede tell us how that Satan is cast down; some tell us how the church is taken up and then of things as they occur upon this earth. They remind us of the time when Enoch was going up, Noah was going in and Lot was going out.

Inasmuch as in this case, Satan is cast down, he sets his knowledge, his anger and his wrath against the children of men; he knows that he has but a short time, therefore this knowledge, anger and wrath are intensified and concentrated into a very brief period of time and hence these days in which this occurs, bring terrible trials to the earth dwellers. We think that we today are living in a time which tries the souls and bodies of men, and we are. We have built up a civilization which is shaking the human mind to pieces and our insane institutions are crowded out; truly our manner of living today is taking a terrible toll. And yet these things which we see today are but mere shadows of the dark days that lie ahead and the baptism of sorrow and distress that is before the earth dwellers of the times spoken of here.

The message comes to us through our text, that the earth is ripe, but he is not speaking of the harvest of souls that is ready to be gathered now. Jesus made one reference to such a harvest as that in His earthly ministry, but that has entirely departed now from the earth, and the harvest before us is of an entirely different character. During this period the men of this world will have a hard road to travel. The man of the world will be held between two dreadful forces: the wrath of God on the one hand and the wrath of the Antichrist on the other. If he is faithful to God he must yield to the tortures of martyrdom and if he yields to the Antichrist then he exposes himself to the wrath of the Almighty God. The days

of the martyrs are coming back on this earth just as sure as we are living tonight. The day will come when men will suffer privation equal to that which they suffered in the days of Nero and the rulers of the days of early church history; at that time the earth dwellers will have only one alternative.

In those days there will be no escape. Men and women are coming into that period of time and they might as well be told about it now. I think it is commend-

THANKSGIVING WE THANK THEE, LORD

*For the stars above in their radiance
bright,*

*For the solemn hush of the glorious
night,*

*For the thought that makes us akin
to Thee,*

*For the "vision splendid" of the
"shall be,"*

*In rapture, dear Lord, we thank
Thee.*

*For pain and crosses and weariness,
For sorrow's enrichment and love's
distress,*

*For the thrilling joy of a service
done,*

*For the rich deep sense of a victory
won,*

*Dear God, our Father, we thank
Thee,*

On this Thanksgiving Day.—SEL.

able for ministers of the Gospel to tell men and women what they are facing as far as this world is concerned. Everyone, these days, has a certain amount of fear and misgivings regarding present day conditions but in the days that are to come, it will be far better to die than to live. Now in this 14th chapter of Revelation we read, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." I have quoted that scripture at funerals as have many other ministers, but I believe it has particular application for this period of time. In those days it would be far better to die than to live.

Now when the Bible says that the earth

is ripe for the harvest, what does it mean? It means that the harvest of man's efforts, of his energy and of his genius, on every line, has come to a climax; that he has reached its apex, and we are looking upon a ripened harvest, upon a world where all the efforts of man have come to a focus, and tonight we might say, that as far as man's efforts are concerned, they have certainly come to an end. So when man's day is completed then it is time for God to step in and do things similar to that which He did in days gone by.

I might say that the world is ripe in the realm of inventions. Today we have mechanical devices which can do things absolutely unbelievable. We are reaching the end of man's genius. If I were speaking before a microphone tonight, the faintest sound here would sound like the roar of a cannon at a distance. In our homes, the slender fingers of the radio bring to us the voices from all the world. Man's genius is ripe and it is coming to an end. We cannot always go on as we are going now. It is a fact that today, in the State of New Jersey, there is built, equipped and in operation, a great rayon factory without any human hands connected with it. There is one person at the switchboard who operates the machines of that great factory which is making rayon without any human help whatever.

The world is ripe in every direction as you can see. Take our modern ships; they are veritable cities with all modern luxuries and conveniences plowing on the bosom of the waters. When our forefathers came to this country it took them three months to cross the Atlantic and now you can do so in three days, and in an airplane you can make it in thirty-six hours.

As far as our speed heroes are concerned, they continue to experiment until the previous record is always broken. And modern inventions have reached their apex. A brother and I were in Philadelphia and went into a restaurant to get a meal. We stepped up to the counter, dropped a dime into the slot machine and out came a bowl of soup; another dime and out came our meat order steaming hot. There was no one in sight any place; we simply dropped in the money and out came the food and we sat down and ate. Our modern cities today are mechanically perfect as far as conveniences are concerned.

Not only is the world running riot in the realm of inventions and speed, but also in religion. Men today, according to their temperaments, have adopted all sorts of religion. I met people in Florida whose

religion consisted of never eating anything that was cooked, and others who never ate anything that grew under the ground. Then I met people who had as their religion the absence of buttons on men's coats; others did not believe in shaving or cutting the hair, and still others who did not believe in wearing neckties, and some do not believe in wearing shoes. So I do not know what you could advocate and not get a following of certain types of people who are susceptible to these religious influences. In the United States we have 232,000 different church connections. We have one minister to every 700 inhabitants, and still, in a great many of these 232,000 denominations you may find everything but salvation. Their buildings are beautiful for architecture and appointments but the people who attend know little of what it means to be born again. I was noticing a report of a group of forty-one sermons and from those forty-one before me, the word "sin" was used only three times. And yet, if you know your Bible, you will know that the word "sin" is used in its various forms, three thousand times, and when a man does not preach against sin he is side-stepping the great Gospel message. Today you can hear most any kind of sermon about the soft and easy things of the Gospel but when one preaches on *sin* till it begins to disturb the consciences of the people, his message is not accepted. They would rather have you use high sounding phrases, or amuse them with interesting stories.

The world is also ripe in the realm of sin and wickedness, ripe for judgment. I can remember when people had reverence and respect for God and the churches, for the majesty of the law, and they were living careful lives; but that is not true today. Take our great country which has been considered a model. Today, every one will admit that there is a certain class of people who have reduced this country to a slaughter-house, by crime and bloodshed, and life is safer in Africa today than it is here. People may tell you that this world is getting better but everything that wrecks homes, breaks hearts and brings sorrow and misery, is on the increase. I see more pride and sin in the hearts of people than ever before so I am convinced that this world is ripe as far as this generation is concerned and I believe that the devil has tightened his grip on all creation.

But I praise God for a great company of men who are watching while others are sleeping, and standing while other people are falling. I am glad to be a member of a body of men that does not tone down

the Gospel message. We must come out bold and clean with God's great Gospel message and tell people what sin is, and that God will bring them into judgment for unrepented sin. Articles coming from religious leaders these days, make all sorts of excuses for sin. If a man is an outrageous sinner they say he is suffering from a series of complexes. You can find these soft names attached to almost anything these days but the fact is that it is just a plain state of sin, the author is the devil, and there is no complex about it. You can soften it up but it remains just as offensive to God as it ever did, and is something you have to give an account for.

There cannot be many more hours of grace left in which to spread this Gospel of salvation before men are called to give an account for their sin. Let me call your attention to this one thing: that in this generation God has shown us His rumblings; we have had famines, floods and earthquakes as never before. I can remember a short time ago when a group of scientists took up the subject of earthquakes and Harvard University established a chair to trace out their history. They told us that earthquakes always followed a given path, and that we would find them only in the earthquake belt. But that is not the case. You will remember a little phrase used by Jesus in Matthew 24 when He says that "earthquakes shall be in divers places." That means in different places, and since the scientists have rendered their verdict we have had earthquakes in Texas and New York and many regions which, according to their report, lay outside the earthquake belt. Jesus never said they would follow any given path; they are liable to take place anywhere, at any time. We have one about every eleven minutes now, according to reports.

God is going through the world in judgment and He calls men to account for sins committed. We have had much that has gone unpunished but many of the events which are happening show us that God is moving here and there and He is reckoning with the people, for the sins that they have not put away.

Let me ask you a question. When did God reap in the old world? He did it after one hundred and twenty or one hundred and thirty years of faithful preaching by Noah to his day and generation and when they still remained in sin and rebellion against God, He turned loose a flood and destroyed those who were wicked. Do you think that God was offended at sin only in that day? Do you

think He has changed? No, God is just the same in His hatred of sin today. I praise Him that His power and might are just as great today. His great heart is open to our need in this day and generation just as it was in the days of the apostles, and when the humble believers of the Early Church were able to face mobs and all kinds of persecutions, to make people know that Jesus Christ could save them from sin. The same God that broke down all the barriers and loosed a mighty flood of blessing in apostolic days is waiting today for an army of ministers and workers, with a burning zeal and love in their hearts to go forth, and with an anointing from God, give to this generation its last hour message before Jesus comes. In this hour of the world's need, when men's hearts are filled with sorrow, finding every support swept away, we ought to be ready to tell them that this is not their battle and cannot be won by self-effort but that they need God to save their souls, to enable them to make that great round-up that lies out ahead, at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

It is in the plan of God that grace should precede judgment, and mercy precede wrath, but after there have been floods of mercy and of grace, then you will find God has always come in judgment and wrath. And I do not see (if we exclude the people of God) what will keep God's wrath from falling upon this earth in our day. God's people are holding it back now, but the world is ripe and we can expect God to step in any time in judgment because of the sin of the nations.

Jonah was sent to proclaim the Word of God to Nineveh, and after he went through their streets calling upon them to confess their sins, from the king to the humblest on the street, they repented and turned to God. But the day came when they failed to repent and Nineveh was destroyed. Babylon, that great city, went down and became a habitation for the bats and the owls, and the Arab, says the Word of God, shall not pitch his tent there. For centuries the site of Babylon has been one of desolation, which the Arab feared, and yet at one time it contained the wonders of the earth.

It seems strange that in our day and generation, with all of our light and scriptural knowledge, we do not make greater progress, but it is no doubt due to the fact that worldliness is so rampant and men love darkness. Yet there are hungry hearts everywhere, and souls to be saved, and we must trust God to give us the message

(Continued on page 13)

My Journey to the Unknown Sanctuary

MYER PEARLMAN
At Camp Byron (Wis.)

THE JEWISH national anthem, as many of you know, is written in the minor key. All Jewish music has that minor strain, so expressive of sadness, disappointment and sorrow. But I rejoice that the music this side of the cross is written in the major key. Christ has made such a difference.

My life was once pitched in the minor key, sadness and disappointment predominated. The Master pitched my life in a new key, and gave me a new song of rejoicing for where Jesus is there is joy. In the minds of many of you there are question marks: "How is it that you, a Jew, are a Christian? Why did you become a Christian? What influence turned your steps from the synagogue toward the church of Jesus Christ?" I shall do my best to straighten out these interrogation points and turn them into exclamation marks.

I was speaking to a Jewish merchant. In his mind was the question, "Why are *you* a Christian?" So I told him the story of that noted Rabbi who hated Christianity, Rabbi Saul of Tarsus, who considered the Christian message blasphemy, and who engaged in an anti-Christian campaign, determined to exterminate Christianity and save his people from the inroads of what he believed to be a heresy. So he went to the priests and elders, asking for papers that he might arrest any Jew who professed the Name of Christ. But one day something took place, and instead of arresting and persecuting the Christians, behold, he was preaching that Jesus was the Son of God. Then I asked this Jew, "How do you explain that?" "Well," said he, "he must have had a change of heart." I said, "My friend, you know more about Christianity than some modern preachers do. And that is why I am a Christian; I am a follower of Paul the Apostle who said, "Follow me as I follow Christ."

For the first six years after Jesus had left this earth, the church was entirely Jewish, every member was a Jew, either by birth or by conversion. Then, Christians were Jews and Jews were Christians. During that time the Gospel was not preached to the Gentiles, for as yet the Jewish Christians had not lifted up their eyes to behold the fields beyond. It was

so difficult to contact the Gentiles from whom they had been separated so long and it required a special revelation to convince these Jews that the Gentiles should have the Gospel preached to them, regardless of the fact that they did not observe the Mosaic law. So Peter preached to the house of Cornelius and the first Gentiles entered the church. I can well imagine those Jews saying, "Think of it! We have some Gentile converts in the church!" Probably they had Cornelius go from one Jewish assembly to another, to give his testimony, "Why I, a Gentile, am a Christian." No doubt he was considered quite a curiosity.

Now the Jewish section of the church has practically disappeared and the church is predominately Gentile so that when a Jew becomes a Christian it is considered a miracle of God's grace, which indeed it is. But really, it should be the most natural thing in the world for a Jew to become a Christian. Did not our Bible come through the Jewish nation? Did not the church spring from Judah? In speaking to a Jew I said, "What better Messiah can we look for than Jesus who has influenced millions of all ages! whose personality stands supreme above all the children of men! He belongs to us so why should we not accept Him?"

The first preachers of the Gospel were Jews, the first church was Jewish, so why should it not be natural for the Jew to become a Christian? I feel perfectly at home. And, let me say that Christian Jews are by no means scarce. I understand there are 250,000 Hebrew Christians in the world today and about 3,000 Hebrew Christians are preachers of the Gospel. In the last century more Jews were baptized, according to the proportion of population, than were heathen.

Now to the story of my conversion which I shall relate under the illustration of a journey. I shall entitle it, "My Journey to the Unknown Sanctuary." A few years ago a French Catholic became a convert to Judaism, a very rare thing these days. After his conversion he wrote a book giving it the above title. On one side of the cover was a picture of the Roman Church and on the other side a picture of the synagogue. That man went

backward, but I feel sure I have gone forward and I shall describe my journey from the Jewish synagogue to the church of Jesus Christ.

The journey begins in spiritual darkness. I first saw the light of day in Edinburgh, Scotland. (You may wonder how Jews can make a living in Scotland. I don't know, but they do it.) I remained in Scotland for a few years and learned to love the country. Then I went to England and became a patriotic Englishman. Yet down deep in my soul I knew I was neither Scotch nor English, but Jewish by race. Many Jews have the idea that when a Jew becomes a Christian he becomes a Gentile and wants nothing more to do with his nation. But I explain to them that Christianity is a spiritual brotherhood composed of people of all nations and races. I am Jewish by race, Scotch by birth, English by up-bringing, American by citizenship, and a Christian from conviction.

If you should go to Birmingham, England, and ask for the Jewish quarter you would be directed to a street called Singer's Hill, at the summit of which stands the Great Synagogue. Adjoining that synagogue was the Birmingham Hebrew School, where I received my common school training. There I learned the three R's, Jewish religion, Old Testament scriptures and the Hebrew language. I was taught that while I was to be a patriotic Englishman I was also a Jew, a member of *the* nation, and that I was different from other people, because I belonged to the chosen people.

However, that superiority complex is by no means confined to the Jewish nation. I think nearly every nation has it and that it is one of the chief causes of war; one nation thinks itself superior to every other nation. At any rate, in that school there was inspired within me that Jewish pride of nationality. I do not have it any more. God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. I remember passing meat markets and inwardly thanking God that I did not eat unclean meat.

In that school it was compulsory that we attend the Sunday School, and if we were not there woe be unto us, for in the

old country they believed in the proverb, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." We would be sitting in the class-room when suddenly the door would open and in would march the grim-faced head master and those of us who had not been in Sunday School began to tremble for we felt that the day of wrath had come. He asked the teacher for the record book which he would look over to see any black marks against us. Then he would call out and say, "Moses, come forward," and poor Moses would come. "Why weren't you in Sunday School?" he asked as he glared at the boy, and if he did not have a good reason he was told to hold out his hand and down would come the cane. I remember so well an old teacher who was a German Jew, very orthodox and zealous for the law. As I think of him now I can quite understand what the Pharisees must have looked like in the time of Christ. Every now and then he would glare at the boys who didn't attend the synagogue and make us feel that we were unsanctified rascals. These are some of the memories of the old Hebrew School. I learned many good lessons there; I was taught the Bible and about God. I was also taught the thirteen articles of the Jewish creed, one of which is, "I believe with a perfect faith in the coming of the Messiah and though He tarry I will wait daily for His coming." How dim that hope has become to them! Now when they want to say that a thing will never come they say, "When the Messiah comes." Hope is almost dead. But I rejoice that He is a reality and that I know He has come.

In that school I absorbed prejudice against Christianity. We boys would make jokes about the Name of Jesus and sing insulting songs. We did not know who Jesus was or what He had done; we did not know the beauty of His personality. If anyone had asked me, "Boy, what do you have against Jesus?" I would have had no explanation, for my attitude towards Him was not based upon any knowledge but upon hearsay. Christianity was a hated religion. One reason was spiritual blindness. My eyes were closed to the truth. I did not know Him and I was prejudiced against Him. But there was another reason. Israel Zangwill, a noted Jewish leader, said, "If the church in Europe had acted Christlike there would not have been one Jew left there." That is a tremendous statement from a Jew. It means that if the church of Jesus Christ had always manifested the spirit of Christ the Jews would have been won and absorbed into the church. How shall we

commend Christ to the Jew? By showing a spirit of sympathy, kindness and understanding. That is the wedge by which we may make an opening into the heart of the Jewish people who through hundreds of years have been the victims of discrimination and abuse.

I dare say that a large number of Jews owe their conversion to some Christian who showed the spirit of Jesus till they were able to see the real Christ. I thought, as most Jews do, that everyone brought up in a Christian land is a Christian but I know now that there is a difference between a Gentile and a Christian. I try to explain to the Jew that a Christian is one who walks in the Spirit of Jesus Christ and guides his life according to the principles of the Gospel, that it is not the Christian who persecutes the Jew, that the commandment of Christ is to love all men and if a person is a true Christian he will love all nations and he will love the people of the Old Testament. But often, as I explain this, I am embarrassed when they say, "How is it that there are so few Christians?" Then I tell them that I belong to a people in whose midst we have no anti-Semitism. Alas, I have reason to fear that this spirit of anti-Semitism is trying to find an opening in our ranks. Let us resist it.

In our Bible class we studied the Old Testament history so we would go to a second-hand store and buy a King James Version of the Bible. To our surprise we discovered that these Christians had had the audacity to add a new book to our Bible, a strange outlandish Book, called "The New Testament of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ." There were such queer names as Saint Matthew and Saint John and Revelation. We had no use for it so we would carefully open the book and tear out that part. If you had examined the Bibles in that school you would have seen an ugly jagged gap where the New Testament should have been. But if you examine my Bible today you will find the New Testament right in its place. That happened in the days of darkness when I did not understand the real Gospel.

At the age of fourteen I would go to the Public Square and listen to men speak against the Bible, with the result that I lost my faith in the old Book. However I did retain my faith in the one true God and the validity of the law of Moses. When I was seventeen I came to the United States and in Cincinnati, Ohio, there occurred something which, as I look back to it, makes me realize that the Light of the world was guiding and drawing as

I was journeying through darkness on my way to the unknown sanctuary. In those days I did not understand but as I stand on the mountain peak and look back I can see the hand of God leading me. Travelling through darkness to the unknown sanctuary I was walking down Fourth Street in Cincinnati and passed a church—to me, an unknown sanctuary. I stopped to look at the sign board and read these words, "*Church open. Come inside. Rest and pray.*" For a brief moment there swept over my soul a desire to enter that church and pray to the God who was worshipped in that strange place. There came into my heart a hunger and thirst for the living God. But I passed on without entering. However, as I look back I love to think that the Spirit of God even then was beginning to deal with me. A few years ago I re-visited Cincinnati and had a longing to see that church again so I went to the place and there was that same sign. I entered and silently thanked God that He had led me all the way into light, life and peace.

I enlisted in the army and while in camp something else occurred which caused me to believe that God was leading me on though I knew it not then. A colporteur was distributing New Testaments. They were beautifully bound in leather. Since I always had been a lover of books I said within myself, "I would like that New Testament," so I went to the man and asked for one. He said, "All right," and handing me the Book he also gave me a card and asked me to sign it. As far as I remember the card read, "I hereby accept the Lord Jesus Christ as my personal Savior and I promise to read a chapter from the New Testament every day." Well, I was not quite prepared for that but I wanted the book so I signed the card and thus became a "nominal" Christian. Now as I look back I often ask myself, whether, like Caiaphas, I prophesied without realizing what I was doing and whether the Lord looked down at my signature and said, "Some day, in reality and truth he will accept Me as his personal Savior." The war over, I returned to my home and on arriving, my father handed me a letter. It was from that Bible Society and it was to the effect that his son had accepted Jesus Christ as his personal Savior. Now you may wonder what happened then. Fortunately for me, my father could neither read nor write and I do not remember what explanation I gave but whatever I said it was not the truth.

Time went on and I went to San Francisco where again there took place an

awakening. I would look up to the heavenly bodies and wonder, Who made all this? Groping for light I began to read religious books and attend services. I remember attending a Russellite service and when I came out some men were distributing tracts advertising an organization that actually worshipped devils. So I visited that place out of curiosity but I am glad I did not stay with them. Now I can see that God was leading and drawing me, and just as a flower in a dark cellar will turn its head towards a ray of light so I turned towards God and reality.

One evening while walking down the street I was attracted by a group of people gathered outside of a hall. I stopped and heard the sound of music from within; lively strains they were. Looking at the sign I read, "Pentecostal Mission." That was a queer name to me; I had never heard of it before. The announcements mentioned Divine Healing services and that too was strange to me. I did not go in that night but on another evening I passed the place again and stood outside that strange hall—my unknown sanctuary. There was the same crowd and as the door would open the sound of lively music could be heard. Finally I plucked up courage and entered. I took a seat and began to look on. The singing impressed me; it was so joyous and lively. They were singing that song, "There's Honey in the Rock," written by Elder F. A. Graves. Little did I think then that I would marry his daughter later. Then they came to the time of prayer and the leader invited them to make their requests and said that the "saints" would all pray for them. "Saints"? Did we have saints today? I thought saints were people who stood on pedestals and looked pious, and that they were all dead. I thought, "This is a queer lot to be sure." When they prayed in unison it all seemed strange and amusing to me. I understand it all better now.

From that night on I attended every night, week after week and month after month, drawn by a strange attraction which I could not shake off. One night I determined to go to a show but on my way there I turned back and went to the Pentecostal mission. There was something in the very atmosphere that appealed to me and then, too, the testimonies attracted me. People would stand and tell how Jesus had broken the fetters of sin, how He had given them peace and joy which they had never found in the world; how He baptized them in the Holy Ghost. I began to prick up my ears and take notice.

Paul said that the Jews seek after a sign. That mission was full of signs!

The speaking in other languages interested me most for I was a student of languages. One time Brother Craig was baptizing some people in the baptistry and suddenly his eyes closed and he gave an exhortation in another language. To me it conveyed the impression of the supernatural, of a power beyond this world. Under the preaching of the Gospel I began to see the real Jesus; not a Jesus misrepresented by prejudice and tradition, but a real Jesus as He is portrayed in the New Testament. I saw Him, desired Him, and longed for His salvation.

The people of the mission had noticed that I was of the Jewish race and they spoke to me in a very kindly way. No doubt they were praying for me and one night, while in bed, I was overwhelmed with a sense and consciousness of guilt, feeling I was a terrible sinner and that naught awaited me but the flames of hell. It was a real conviction for sin. Had I been able to put into words the longing of my heart it would have been expressed in the words of that beautiful hymn,

"Lead kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,

Lead thou me on.

The night is dark, and I am far from home.

Lead thou me on."

The kindly light was indeed leading me on step by step to the unknown sanctuary. I remember how I began to pray. The light within me was beginning to reach out, my eyes were trying to open and I saw glimmers of the light. My first prayer was not in the name of Jesus but in the name of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Nevertheless, it was the beginning of a spiritual awakening.

A little later on I heard a brother testify of how God had delivered him from the cigarette habit. I had tried to break off the habit but could not in my own strength. I was not yet a Christian but down on my knees I went and in true simplicity I asked God to deliver me, and from that moment to this I have never had a craving for tobacco.

Then came that evening in my experience which I shall never forget. I reached the place where I fully believed that Jesus was the Christ. I am sure most of you know that it means a great deal for a Jew to accept Jesus Christ. It might mean to be cut off from one's family; it would mean being cut off from Israel. Many a young Jew has been disowned by

his family and for some an actual funeral has been held. When I did become a Christian my mother was at first very bitter. She pleaded with me, "Please come back and be a Jewish boy again." She thought I had become a Gentile. But she is friendly now, and I am welcome at home any time.

But to return to that particular evening; I went to the mission. At the close of the sermon I made my way toward the door. When I reached the doorway I stood there listening to the closing chorus. I was not worked up emotionally nor was I expecting anything to happen, nor was I praying. As I stood there, I remember I felt some strange influence come over me, indescribable but very pleasant. I quivered a little, then turned and went out, feeling very happy. That sweet presence was with me. As I went to bed there was a new consciousness of Christ's reality. I saw no one and heard no audible voice but something seemed to tell me that I had the joy of heaven. And that was the turning point in my life; I became a new creature in Christ Jesus. My journey was ended; I had reached the unknown sanctuary, now no longer unknown to me. That was the time I began my new life. A week later, when in the prayer room of the mission, Brother Craig said to the evangelist, "I have the witness that this young man was saved a week ago," which was true. So that is the story of how I travelled through darkness into light.

I was told that there was another experience for me—the baptism with the Holy Spirit, so I sought this experience. While down in San Jose, in an ordinary prayer-meeting, the Lord Jesus Christ baptized me. As I was kneeling there, praying, the Lord shifted the gears of my soul and lifted me into the spiritual realm and I began to speak a language which I had never learned, just as my countrymen did on the Day of Pentecost, when Peter replied, "This is that which Joel the prophet spoke of, saying, It shall come to pass in the last days that I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy." It lifted me into a higher realm and gave me a sense of the nearness of God. Oft in times of discouragement and depression the utterance comes again and I feel my soul strengthened and lifted because "He that speaketh in an unknown tongue edifieth himself."

Later I went to the Bible School in Springfield, Mo., and graduated. One day Brother Boyd said to me, "How would

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The Get Acquainted Page

Conducted by ZELMA ARGUE

Presenting the Story of how Trinity Tabernacle came into being and the call of its Pastor, Miss Elsa Schmidt.

SITTING on a bench one day, amidst the milling throng of the hundreds of thousands attending the Chicago World's Fair that beautiful September day, was one who

*"Had walked life's path with an easy tread,
Had followed where pleasures and comforts led,"*

and yet that day, the very day when she had anticipated being entranced with the thousand and one displays of the Fair, somehow there came a sickening thud to her heart as she realized for the first time, the emptiness of life as she had lived it.



Miss Elsa Schmidt

Through the years she had built up her "dream castle" until at last, that which had been merely desires had now become tangible realities. What a heap of "blocks" she had succeeded in building up about her; there was that shiny one when her dream of a lovely car was fulfilled; then there was that block with such beautiful proportions, added, when she owned her very own home; still a more "important" block representing the educational attainments she had reflected. And she had felt so sure that this one block alone would guarantee perfect satisfaction. But far at the top of them all was that dazzling one of a bright career, and this, too, had become tangible for she was now holding the position as chief chemist in the Allaire Woodward Chemical Plant of Peoria. And here, just when her dream castle had

been completed, the unreality of the blocks suddenly swept over her and one by one they came tumbling down and her "castles melted and vanished away."

Being devoid of any spiritual investments, she felt utterly stripped, and a more dejected and forlorn creature than she could scarcely be found that day; she felt she might as well end it all, so little did life mean to her then.

But "man's extremity is ever God's opportunity," and now that those "play blocks" no longer blocked her vision, she began to grope for the realities of life; and though she was not aware of it then, somehow another Builder came on the scene and with utmost skill that Divine Architect laid *His* plans. An inexplicable something took hold of her to persuade a Christian friend, a former room-mate from university days, to return to Peoria with her. And this was strange indeed for Miss Elsa Schmidt, the subject of our story, was an avowed atheist, reared by an atheistic father, and had no time whatsoever for anyone or anything religious.

In the weeks that followed rapid progress was made on this new spiritual house. The friend came against all her plans and wishes; her love for and study of the Word made a deep impression, and conviction was digging deeply. Then a notice in the

newspaper of special meetings attracted her attention, which resulted in this soul meeting God, the only one, as far as the leaders of the services knew, to be saved in all that campaign.

A stone of whole-hearted consecration was added, for Miss Schmidt realized that this new building was not to be her own but reserved for the Master's use. And so anxious was she now to serve Him that now and then she herself was tempted to take a hand in the erection. Was it then, with the thought of "helping the Lord along" that she took a trip to the West Indies early in 1937? Perchance God would make that her field of labor. But He did not lead that way, and she returned to Peoria to resume her secular work in the chemical plant. How faithfully she witnessed there! Bibles were constantly being distributed to other employees, and yes, employers also. So many there were who were converted in answer to prayer that some begged her not to start praying for them, lest they, too, should be compelled to yield to God. Thus, for a period of about three years she was faithful in her "Jerusalem," laboring also in the jails of the city with marked success.

But failing health and a deep conviction that God's hand was upon her life, moved her out into full time Christian service. In due time she was ordained for the ministry by Dr. Drake, her pastor in Peoria.

And now began the erection of the second story of this spiritual structure, when gradually but surely that Hall of Faith was being built up; and what an enormous amount of faith was needed! Faith for divine direction, faith for finances, and more than all, faith for "such as should be added to the church." Feel-



Trinity Gospel Tabernacle

ing impressed to open a work in the city of Bloomington, adjacent to the College town of Normal, she, together with her pastor, went on an investigation tour for a suitable place of worship, or at least a site on which she might build. Somehow Miss Schmidt felt she should have faith for large things for the city had had missions and halls, but where was the site for a church? The real estate man they interviewed was most disinterested and said the city had enough churches now, and anyway, evangelists had come and gone for the sole purpose of seeing how much they could get out of the town. He did not care to show any property for church purposes. Almost ready to give up, Miss Schmidt silently prayed that if Bloomington was the place of His choosing, God would grant her, as a token, a marked change in this man's attitude. Scarcely had she breathed the prayer when he suddenly offered to show them a vacant lot which was for sale; a few minutes later, when on the lot, to their amazement, he offered to make the first payment of \$500, adding that he felt the city needed something *real*. The deal was closed and on the 18th of July of last year, a tent campaign was opened on that site. To meet the expense of the lot, one of those "play blocks" of former years—the private home—was disposed of and the proceeds put into this building in God's blue print.

With the coming of cold weather a change was imperative; a hall was secured temporarily but they realized that something permanent must be arranged for. Contractors were interviewed, a tabernacle was contemplated; then the building of a chapel was considered and they also tried to rent a church, but everyone of these projects seemed to be out of God's plan for each in turn "fell through." Faith was being severely tested but even while all seemed dark, God was working.

Often they had passed the corner of Mulberry and East Streets where was located an auspicious-looking church—at least from the exterior. It was a former Congregational Church, now abandoned by them and was being used for lodge meetings and dances. And while the interior was so disreputable-looking from misuse and abuse, that they rather shrank from taking it, yet God seemed to be leading in that direction. It was during a communion service held in the old Hall, that the pastor, Miss Schmidt, heard God's voice saying, "Buy the church"; and at the close of that service, one of the "pillars" came to her and announced that God had spoken to *her* regarding the purchasing

of the church. With such a confirmation from God, negotiations were entered into, but stiff obstacles arose when the initial payment was advanced from one thousand to four thousand, and then suddenly to six thousand.

In the natural it seemed fool-hardy to venture on such an undertaking when they could count only thirteen actual members and just about half of those were tithers. But "God still specializes in the impossible" where faith will venture; and that Hall of Faith by this time had taken on great proportions. One Saturday, while Miss Schmidt sought refuge in a cemetery, to get alone with God, this same, faithful "pillar" terminated the deal, signed the contract and the church was purchased. And always, God was just in time with a buyer for the lot previously used for the tent, and also releasing other property. Just one year, to the day, from the time the work was first begun in Bloomington, they had their first service in the Sunday School auditorium of the church.

Two weeks later they held their dedicatory service. And what precious fellowship they enjoyed together as they worshipped that day in the house of God, swept and garnished and made clean, for, as in days of old, they had repaired the breaches and built up the walls that had fallen down, and now those who had labored and those who had so liberally given, shared in the rich blessings of that dedication service. The house was filled to capacity on the eventful occasion, affording a rare opportunity to reach the "unreached" with the full Gospel message.

So today, that beautiful church, erected at a cost of \$75,000, with its costly stained windows and comfortable accommodations is the Home of Trinity Gospel Tabernacle, where are faithfully heralded clear cut messages of salvation and Full Gospel truths. It was sold for only \$14,500 with a ten-year term for payments. In one wing of the church is a Prayer Room, open day and night; on the door are the words, "Come unto Me . . . and I will give you rest." This room is lighted all night long for those who wish to come and pray.

And the prayer for "such as should be added to the church" is being graciously answered and in place of the "play blocks" of former days, living stones are being added as slowly but surely, and so solidly, this edifice unto the Lord is being built. What graphic stories could be detailed in connection with these various "stones" but we can touch on but one or two.

In the days of the tent campaign, which ushered in the Full Gospel work in Bloom-

ington, there came one night one of the city's prominent women, then head superintendent of a large hospital there. To be in attendance at some club or leading some social or political affair would have been nothing uncommon, for there was scarcely an organization of that kind in which she was not active. But to be found in a tent meeting, in a *Full Gospel Tent Meeting*, and in a Full Gospel tent meeting conducted by a *German evangelist*—that was beyond all reason. But such are some of God's strange tactics of reaching a soul. Had Miss Knapp been asked her reason for going there, she had none better to give than merely curiosity and perhaps for ridicule. After the service she was more convinced than ever that all this was not in her line, and so disgusted was she with it all that she muttered aloud to herself that *no one* was going to tell her she was a sinner, and least of all a German and a woman at that. But strange as it may seem, the next night she was there again and so anxious was she to get a front seat, that she left very early; and this became a nightly occurrence. And then, one day, to the surprise of a group of hospital associates, during a little social gathering in the hospital parlors, she took her stand for the Lord and was genuinely saved. She became a real "pillar" of the church and has unstintingly contributed to the upkeep of the work. The chiseling and the moulding of this one pillar alone, has cost a terrific price, but she is standing solid for God. We hope to bring her story in fuller detail in a subsequent issue of the paper.

In a beautiful way God worked in bringing in those who had outstanding talent which they later consecrated to God's service; one young man, an accomplished violinist, had been engaged to play and one night, when the usual altar call was omitted, he came with tears, saying he had expected to surrender that night. Pastor and supplicant knelt together and another stone was added to the living church. The organist also, is a trophy won for the Lord through the ministry of the Tabernacle. The willingness on the part of all is very marked. Two, who were saved, took upon themselves the responsibility of regularly cleaning the living quarters of their pastor and so faithfully do they discharge this duty that they are known by all as "the gold dust twins."

A very striking feature is the illuminated sign over the side door of the church, "*Prayer changes things*," and this has been the means of leading some wandering and hungry souls to Christ.

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The Remedy for Drifting

BEN HARDIN

In the Chicago Tent Meeting

CALL YOUR attention to the thought found in Hebrews 2:1, "Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip."

The key word of this epistle is "better," and the book is written to those who, because of their high appreciation of Jewish law, are in danger of going back to it. The apostle, in writing to them, shows by his argument that Jesus is better than the angels by whom the law was given, more glorious than Moses, who was the mediator of the old covenant, and that as a High Priest He was more excellent in His priestly ministry than Aaron who officiated as priest, and that He offered a better sacrifice than that which smoked upon Jewish altars, and is surety of a better covenant, and draws the conclusion that it would be foolish to go back from this *better* thing to that which is not its equal; foolish to go back from the mercy seat of Calvary and the Gospel of Christ to the smoking of Sinai. If they gathered sticks on Sunday, under the law they would be stoned, and some of you have already done more than that to merit death today.

How much we owe to the grace of God! The Revised Version presents to us a somewhat better thought on this verse: "Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should drift away from them." A thing may slip out of our grasp without our being particularly at fault, but when we drift away it puts the blame on ourselves. To drift away is to be enticed by other interests, and this cannot occur without our attention being drawn to it by the Holy Spirit. No need of accusing God of being unfaithful, and claiming that we were loving Him and serving Him to the best of our ability and then suddenly find ourselves away from Him. When you begin to lose the touch of God upon your life the ever faithful Holy Spirit will bring pressure to bear and do everything possible to draw you unto Himself and away from the thing that is causing havoc. If you are not in the proper attitude toward God it is not an accident but the result of a deliberate walking away from God. And so the Apostle writes that we ought to give the *more earnest heed*, lest at any time we should drift away. These are days of

compromise and of letting down, a little here and a little there, a gradual declension and slipping from our early moorings, but God expects us to hold fast that no man take our crown.

I believe that we ought to be more spiritual today than when the Latter Rain was first poured out. I often wonder if, when we pray for a revival, we would recognize one if we saw it. The conservative element believes that a revival is something that comes in a dignified wrapping; that it never offends anyone and brings prestige with it; that it is so dignified that not even the most fastidious will take exception to it, and if God manifests Himself just a bit differently they say it cannot be of God. Then we have those who are so free and believe a revival always comes when folk get happy in the Spirit, and when there is much shouting. They claim that any revival sent of God must be accompanied by a physical demonstration and manifestation of the Spirit. But I find it hard to tell just how a revival will come, for God doesn't always follow some stereotyped method. I am glad that we have a God of variety; almost every service in which He has *His way*, is different. Sometimes I have been in a service where there was such a holy hush one could scarcely breathe and then in the next meeting there rose a shout of praise and thanksgiving to God, like the voice of many waters.

It means something to have a revival. Some years ago I was holding a meeting in a town in Colorado which was right at the junction of Colorado, New Mexico and Utah. One day as a brother minister and I were going down the road to the Ute Indian Reservation I saw a wolf across the road where there were some sheep. We went home and got the gun thinking we would kill the wolf before he could get at the sheep. We started for the brush but on my way I felt a pressure come over me from the Lord. I felt that God wanted me to turn back but I had my mind set on getting this wolf before he could kill the sheep and instead of going home I went on trying to find it. The pressure became so great it felt like a heavy load on my chest and finally I said to my friend, "Turn the car around and let us go home." He did and I went to my hotel room, shut the door, and with my Bible knelt before God. I groaned in the spirit and under a

heavy burden of prayer. The meetings in the little old church had been as cold and hard as could be, and I prayed, "Oh God, break through this hardness and give us a visitation from heaven!" After some time I came out of the room all prepared with my text and sermon for the night. When I walked to the pulpit that night I opened my Bible and started to read my text, when all of a sudden there was a tremendous commotion in the back of the church. Someone gave a shout and fell to the floor. The folk came running to me and said, "Brother Hardin, there is a man back here who has an epileptic fit; we ought to carry him out. Come and see what you can do with him." I went back and knelt down by the man and asked God to deliver him but I had not prayed long when somehow a warmth of the Spirit of God came over me and I began to laugh. I said, "This man doesn't have a fit; he is under the power of God." The people told me they didn't know who he was. He was Spanish with raven black hair. The Spirit of God rested upon him for three days so that he seemed unconscious of all around him; we even had to wash his face for him and comb his hair while he was lost with God and speaking in tongues.

When the Spirit of God lifted I said, "What is your name?" He told me it was Solomon, that he was a sheep-herder, and while out on the mountain caring for his sheep he came down the western slopes to a little town called Delta. He saw a mission there and entered, and upon leaving they gave him the Gospel of John in Spanish. He put it in his pocket and while taking care of his sheep he would read it over and over. This particular night he had come to town, saw the light in our church and came in. During the singing the power of God came upon him. I said, "Solomon, what has happened to you?" He showed me his Gospel of John; the pages were so thumbed that it was in tatters. He pointed to a certain Scripture, but being in Spanish I could not read it but I figured out the chapter and verse by number and hunted the same Scripture in my Bible. I found it was the verse which reads, "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." And God by His Holy Spirit had gotten hold of his heart and saved this shepherd of the Colorado mountains.

I went on, never thinking I would ever hear of him again, but just about four or five years ago when attending the General Council in Dallas I was speaking with a

minister engaged in Spanish work. I told him of my strange experience with the shepherd. He looked surprised and said, "Do you know what became of that man?" I said I did not and so he said, "Well I can tell you the whole story." He went on to tell me how this man had lived in New Mexico, his people were all Catholics. After God saved him he came into the town and got a little adobe room. He would go out and get everyone he knew to come into that room, kneel down and raise their hands to God. He didn't know what to tell them to do so he would just kneel down with them till the power of God came upon them. Then the minister showed me a picture of the mud church with the new pastor standing in front of it. He said, "Solomon has gone back to the hills to take care of sheep and a pastor was secured who was qualified, but this is the church which he started after God saved him in your meeting, the time he fell off the chair."

So it seems some people do not know the difference between the power of God and an epileptic fit. If God came with the same visitation as before we would recognize it but supposing He manifests His power in a new way, would we know it as a visitation of God?

I fear that as a nation we are drifting. Do you know that even in my short life things have transpired that were undreamed of before? Could you imagine, when you were a child, seeing a picture of an old white haired grandmother, knitting and reaching out for a cigarette to smoke? Did you ever see that sort of a picture on a billboard? Did the mothers of small children sit around and smoke till they were nervous wrecks in those days? The advertisers of whiskey would lead you to believe that you are a back number if you do not drink; that every smart, respectable individual is a whiskey drinker. We repealed the 18th Amendment and recognized Russia, two great tragedies, the latter the greatest of the Twentieth Century.

Then take the Sunday—how we have drifted! I can remember my dear mother, who was not even a Christian, coming to me and whispering in my ear when she wanted me to go to the store on Sunday and buy some bread. One would think she had committed some terrible deed. I can hear her whisper, "Slip over to the store and rap at the back door and get mother a couple of loaves of bread; tell them we had company and I ran short or I wouldn't send for it on Sunday," and I would act just as if I were committing

some crime and lower my voice as I asked our groceryman for the bread, so the public wouldn't hear about it. Then I would slip in the back way of our house so the company wouldn't see me. But we have drifted till the best you can say now is that it is just a day which we sandwich in between Saturday and Monday. Have you ever heard people say, "We will take that trip on Sunday and get back late Sunday night." How about church in the meantime? "Oh, church will just have to wait till we have more time!"

Then I believe that the church has drifted from its former standard. Do you believe that John Wesley would recognize the church he established if he came back? Would Martin Luther recognize the one he established? Do you believe those early rugged reformers, the men of God who preached the truth without fear or favor, would recognize this feeble effort that is being put forth in the name of the church of Jesus Christ today? I don't believe they would. We have drifted and unless the saints get a firmer hold upon things eternal we will go the way of all flesh.

The Apostle was not afraid of them rejecting the truth but he was afraid of them going from the state of neglect to that of rejection, and that is the way people always drift. You don't begin by rejecting the truth but by neglecting it and go on till you reach that place where you reject it and say, "I don't want the power of God." Admiral Robt. E. Peary tells that while his crew was in the Arctic regions, one day they set out to take their boat over the ice and they expected to go further northward. But after they had journeyed two or three days in a northerly direction, with the compass guiding them straight north they discovered that they were further south than when they had started. You ask how that could be. The ice floe on which they were travelling was moving south while they as individuals were travelling north. If you are in a movement that is headed in a certain direction, even though you may feel you are going the other, you will drift with the tide. You may be putting forth an effort and head in the right direction but what can one individual do against a church that is slipping? What can one church do in a movement that is slipping?

What does the Lord say to the Church at Ephesus? "I have *somewhat* against thee; thou hast left thy first love." You have drifted. That is the first church, and that element of drift runs on down through the seven churches till, to Laodicea He says, "I stand at the door and knock."

They have drifted until Christ is on the outside. The drifting away begins at Ephesus and continues down through the church age, till Laodicea finds Christ, not walking in the midst of the golden candlesticks, but outside the door, knocking for admittance. Truly our drift as individuals, our drift as a church, our drift as a movement drives Christ outside the door.

A good doctor doesn't simply come and tell you what ails you and then leave you. If he diagnoses your case he will doubtless prescribe a cure and I believe I ought to do the same; so after I have looked at your tongue and felt your spiritual pulse, the thing for me to do is to tell you what will make you better. Our text gives the prescription—"Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard." More preaching is not the thing that is needed for if we had heeded only a small percentage of that which we have heard all these years we ought to be leagues further on. The only thing that will keep us from drifting is to give more earnest heed to the things we have heard. Don't throw it off your own shoulders and say, "I kept thinking of Brother Jones all the time he was preaching." We need to think of ourselves and apply the truth to our own hearts.

"We ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip"—lest we should lose the keen touch with God from our lives. There is nothing in the world that we can substitute for the power of God and if you have ever known that power you will never be satisfied with anything short of it. We are living in a day when every natural tendency is to drift. The only thing that will keep us from it as individuals, a church or a movement, is to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, by letting the Spirit quicken the Word to our hearts, and by being doers of the Word, and not hearers only. Let us make that old hymn our theme song for today,
*"Faith of our Fathers, holy Faith,
We will be true to thee till death."*

SPIRITUAL REVIVAL IN FULL SWAY

The war in China has added greatly to our material burdens. It has greatly deepened the spiritual life of all at the Home and also increased the number we are caring for. Your prayers and aid will now go further in winning souls for Christ than perhaps ever before. This faith work is one of the largest Christian institutions in the Orient. Write today for FREE picture and story of Chinese girl shown in this ad, also receive "Helping China's Helpless", telling how God led Rev. and Mrs. Anglin to open the Home and how He blessed the work, a thrilling story.



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Drawer 34

Portents of this Dying World

ALBERT J. LEBECK, Sacramento, Calif.

A New Napoleon

Are we witnessing the rise of another Napoleon? Hitler, now the most dominant figure in European politics, is moving forward, taking what he wants. He has taken Austria; Czecho-Slovakia is within his grasp. But this is only the beginning. Poland has a strip of land running through Germany, ceded to her during the last war. Will Poland be next? And if Hungary agrees to union, and Roumania falls into his hands, Hitler will have an empire reaching from sea to sea. Then will he move eastward against Russia as he has so often hinted he might do?

Napoleon and the emperor of Russia once sat down before a map and proceeded to divide Europe between them. Will the time come when Hitler, king of the North, and Mussolini, king of the South, and Japan's emperor, king of the East, gather around a table to divide the world between them? Time will tell. In the meantime Armageddon is much nearer than when our Pentecostal evangelists first began preaching on the "Signs of the Times."

—*Evangel.*

New Italian Warning

Italy today warned French and British enemies of Fascism against nourishing the hope of a preventive war against Italy and Germany after the Munich accord dismembering Czecho-Slovakia.

An official "diplomatic information," believed to have been written by Premier Mussolini himself, gave "unconditional approval" to Chancellor Hitler's speech in Saarbruecken, Sunday, October 9th.

Hitler said Germany wants peace but is continuing to rearm because "there are those abroad who do not want peace."

A "preventive war" is wanted, said the Italian statement, by groups and parties in France and Britain "led everywhere by Jews."

Germany Fortifying

The Fuehrer has ordered that all fortifications must be complete by the end of October.

Night and day, shift follows shift without pause. Workmen come from all over Germany.

Industrial work has been held up. In

Munich the building of the new underground railway has been stopped, and the workmen sent to help in the fortifications of the west on the Sietfried Line and the fortifications of the Rhine.

Reports in military and aviation circles have credited Germany with the world leadership in the organization of her airplane industry on a basis for the quantity production a war would necessitate.

France's Aerial Defense

The French press launched a campaign recently designed to show weakness in France's air defense.

The independent newspaper *Paris-Soir* said that in the midst of the Czechoslovak crisis France had "only a few dozen modern bombers and even fewer modern fighting planes" to match Germany's powerful air fleet.

The rightist weekly *Aux Ecoutes* advised the government to order 2,000 fighting planes from the United States to augment purchases already made in that country.

War Preparations in Paris

The Municipal Council of Paris has recently ruled that each public building erected in the city henceforth must be built according to the specifications which now apply to new buildings designed for commercial, industrial, or official use. The specifications require that all roofs be of noncombustible materials, that the top flooring be of sufficient strength to hold up under a 10-kilogram bomb, that fire-proof screens be placed in walls separating buildings, and that the bottom floor be strong enough to sustain the weight of all brick and metal above it in case the structure collapses. An additional requirement stipulates that gas-proof shelters be provided in the building, each large enough to contain 150 persons.

Speeding of Red Defense Against Nazis is Reported

Reliable reports that the Soviet Union is hastening the construction of a vast artificial no man's land along her Western frontier as first line of defense against Germany.

The information is that the Soviets, seeing the collapse of their efforts to forge an international barricade eastward around Germany, virtually have dropped everything else to protect the Ukrainian wheat and coal fields from any invasion.

Britain Acts to Rid Holy Land of Terrorism

British armed forces in Palestine undertook a new and mighty drive to stamp out terrorism. The home government ordered reinforcements for the campaign sufficient to bring to 21,000 the approximate total of British soldiers and police in the Holy Land.

Britons here see in this an indication that all resources of the Empire will be put behind a drastic drive to halt the Arab-Jewish strife which flared July 3, 1937, when a British royal commission recommended the partition of Palestine into Arab, Jewish and British mandated areas.

Here Today—Gone Tomorrow

The divorce rate in America is growing seven times as fast as the rate of population; in other words for every 1 per cent in our population there has been a 7 per cent increase in our divorce rate. During the seven years, 1930-1937, there was one divorce for every six marriages in America; in Chicago there were thirty-three divorces to every one hundred marriages—one to three. During 1937 in the city of Detroit there were performed 22,000 marriages by legal empowered authorities, both civil and religious. During this same period of time there were granted by the courts 5,300 divorces, nearly 25% as many divorces as marriages—one divorce to every four weddings. And in the city of Denver, Colorado, the number of divorces in 1936 exactly equalled the number of marriages.

—*Commentator*, Nov. 1938

Moral Trend

The modern moral trend is revealed by a case in Syracuse, N.Y., where two women, one the mother of three children, and their husbands confessed they had exchanged husbands August 1st and had lived together in harmony in the same house.

The Thrills of a RETURNING MISSIONARY



OUR READERS will enjoy hearing from dear Bernice Lee, now again in her beloved India, the story of whose miraculous healing when at the very gates of death for many weeks, was told in the November *Evangel* of last year. She writes:

"How can I even try to express my emotions upon my first sight of this dear land last June! My return after a little less than two years' absence

when nearly everybody thought I would never again see my beloved Indian people—Oh, what can I say it meant to me! The first sight of the palms as I viewed them from the distance, the city of Bombay in all its Oriental beauty, the brown faces into which I gazed hungrily as the boat neared the shore—all these gave far more of a thrill than I have words to express. . . . The world talks of thrills but there is just nothing in all the world quite like the return of a missionary to the field of God's choice. Yes, it was hot, but who minds the heat when one's heart is already afire with the love which He alone puts into the human breast for souls!

Childer's Lodge—the Missionary Home! It would be quite difficult to properly tell all this blessed place means to weary, burdened missionaries who come for a few weeks leaving their problems to find a bit of rest and relief from the terrible heat, and this year all say it is worse than usual. I arrived about an hour before the afternoon meeting, and Miss Barber in her concern for me, feeling I might be very conscious of the altitude, nearly 8,000 feet, wanted me to go to bed for a little while, but I felt I could never let that Sabbath afternoon pass without getting into one of those precious meetings. I took a short rest and went out and sat on the front veranda, just outside the room where the meeting was in progress. Can I describe my emotions as I listened to the singing and the message by one of our dear missionary brothers? I felt I was again in the very place in all the world where I wanted to be. After the meeting what a greeting as we clasped hands and praised the Lord for all the way He had led. Some there were whom He had brought through the depths, among them our dear Brother Cummings, who spent two years in the

darkness of a terrible struggle, but Oh, the exceeding joy as I looked once more upon the face of one whom God had so marvelously delivered! Amongst the number were those who had been severely tested in one way and another, but the mark of God was upon their faces, and in deep tenderness we thanked Him for the "wealthy place" which comes after the "fire" and the "water." I could not help but think if we always understood the tests, the deep heart-burdens, the longings down in each heart, how much more patient and loving we would be one toward the other.

And what a summer this has been in this wonderful spot! We wish the dear home friends might know something of what this place means to all who come. Miss Barber had the "vision" many years ago of a place where hungry souls might come and receive nourishment for both soul and body. Many and wonderful are the stories we could tell of the denominational missionaries who have found the Baptizer and gone back to their stations to spread the flame. During the past 18 years many have received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit and also been healed, and it could not be estimated how many have been brought through terrific struggles into places of largeness and victory.

And not only has there been spiritual feasting, but real work has been done on behalf of souls. Dear Miss Gager may be seen nearly every day working among the British soldiers and their families, praying for their sick, and putting forth every effort to win people to Jesus. It is a familiar sight to see Dr. Slocum walking along the pathways, talking with the coolies, or sitting by the roadside faithfully preaching the Word to the unsaved.

"How good the dear Lord has been! When some of the dear ones heard I was

coming to this height of nearly 8,000 feet, it seemed almost like presumption because of the very badly damaged heart occasioned by my recent illness, but very definitely did He give the word, "If God command thee . . . then thou shalt be able," and there was not the slightest bit of fear. And now, after more than three months in this high altitude, I find myself so well in every way, that my heart is filled with exceeding joy.

"Very, very real is the burden for the "sheep" and the "lambs," and I ask your prayers that in these days of opportunity which are yet left us, we as missionaries may be very faithful in establishing our dear Christians for the days of trouble which are surely coming. Life never looked more wonderful to me than now, with opportunities for soul winning before us. How deeply grateful am I for the privilege of being back in this dear land!"

(Miss Lee has for many years been a real faith missionary, trusting the Lord alone for her support. We understand it is currently believed that she is a Stone Church missionary but such is not the case, though God used her in the early days during our great revival.—ED.)

The Ripened Harvest

(Continued from page 4)

of conviction the same as the saints of old trusted Him in hard places, with nothing but the arm of the Lord to lean upon. Here we are, with this great message, with God's power back of us and the ripened harvest ever ahead of us! I pray that everyone may press on to the divine task, with God's smile upon us, to gather in the souls and have them ready when Jesus comes. That great round-up day is just ahead.



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TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY IN AFRICA

One of the new missionaries, Miss Lila Skinner, Kisumu, East Africa, with Mr. and Mrs. Otto Keller in the Nyangori Mission, writes of Mrs. Keller's 25th Anniversary in Africa. Since purchasing their present mission property, Mrs. Keller's work has been largely with the women, which has now grown to great proportions. Miss Skinner writes:

"As soon as the mission was purchased, Mrs. Keller gave her time and strength to winning the women and girls, who, in turn, could influence their husbands and children. She gathered them together and taught them of Jesus; she made phonetic charts of the sounds of their language and taught them to read, so they might read the Scriptures for themselves. Some of these women were not young and had six or eight children, so the task was not easy. Perhaps you think all these women were eager to learn to read. *Oh no!* Some of them, no doubt, were, but many had no desire for learning, or for the Gospel. That made no difference to Mrs. Keller. She followed them to their huts, pleaded and coaxed, and when this had no effect she insisted that they attend the classes. Whenever they looked like falling by the wayside, this method was repeated. All this effort has been well repaid by seeing hundreds of these women and girls become established in the faith and veritable bulwarks of strength for the church.

"These women have been faithful through many years. Numbers of them have been and still are Sunday School teachers, or taking their places in the morning Bible classes, leading groups of women and girls, hunting out those who were absent, praying for and visiting the sick. In most missions Bible women are paid, but these receive for their service of love, just a blanket or a cotton dress at Christmas.

"The African women lead very drab lives, so Mrs. Keller decided to make a little feast for them on July 1st. About 150 gathered on that day. The service was held in the church, the women seated around tables decorated with bright flowers. After hymns of praise, prayer and a talk by Mr. Keller several of the women gave their testimony.

"First of all we heard *Rhoda*, who from

the very start has given her assistance unstintingly. She is a fine preacher and knows the Word; is the wife of the present native pastor. At the close of her testimony she read a Psalm and said, "Let's give three cheers," in which all joined.

"*Rebecca*, the wife of the retired pastor, followed with her note of gladness. She was one of the first to receive the Baptism and is a great intercessor in the Spirit. Her face is always full of sunshine and she weathers a storm with such a quiet peace that we all realize she has help from above.

"Then there is *Miriamu*, who has a hard life. She lives alone with her children, digging and struggling to keep them fed and clothed. Her husband, who has other wives, comes to see her just often enough to keep her miserable and carry away anything he may fancy, but she is a staunch Christian through it all. What a witness to the Lord being able to satisfy the troubled heart!

"Then we listened to *Hannah*. Her Christian husband died and according to native law and in spite of all that could be done she was given in marriage to her heathen brother-in-law. Only the Lord knows what humiliation this good soul suffered. She praised God for Mrs. Keller. Having to live all these years with this heathen man, she would have gone into his ways had not Mrs. Keller followed her when she saw her faltering and encouraged her to go on.

"The Menu consisted of three bananas, thick corn bread and stew, and greens, a large plate of boiled rice, and for dessert, corn-meal cakes and peanuts. It was a real treat to them. I think we might all join with *Rhoda* in giving three cheers for the Lord for sending Mrs. Keller to work among these women and girls whom she has learned to love."

The Get Acquainted Page

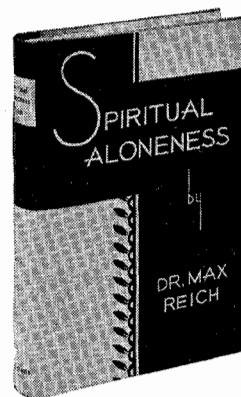
(Continued from page 9)

And as for the pastor, Miss Elsa Schmidt, the blocks that seemed so dazzling in the years gone by, have been stripped of every vantage of reality and in their places these other "blocks"—imperishable stones for God's building not made with hands—are filling her vision

"*E'er since one day, in a quiet place,
She met the Master face to face.*"

—R. M.

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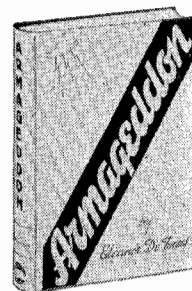
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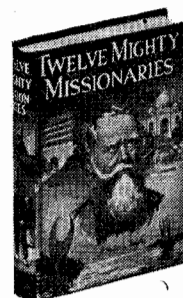
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My Journey to the Unknown Sanctuary

(Continued from page 7)

you like to teach?" I entered the door of opportunity and surely blessed is the man who has found his work. The Lord saved me, baptized me and called me to His work, and what more can any human being want?

I am still journeying on and the kindly light is still guiding. "Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended, but this one thing I do, I press on toward the mark of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

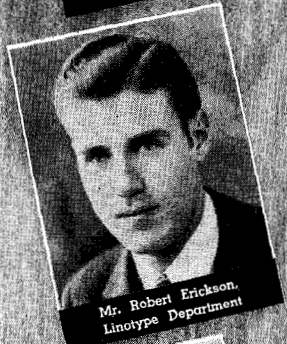
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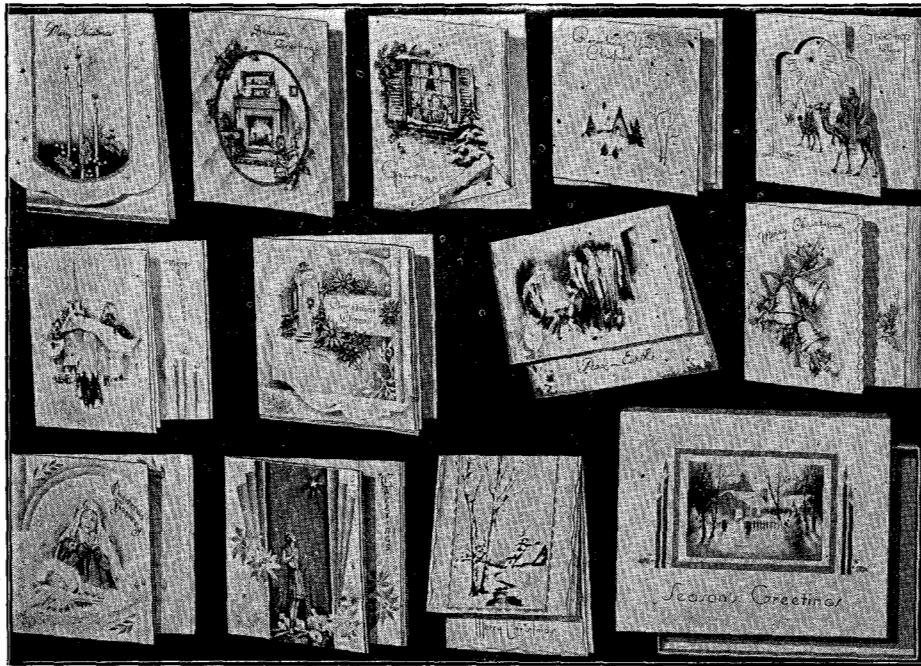
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(Continued from page 2)

On Sunday afternoon, Oct. 23rd, Bro. P. C. Nelson, President of the Southwest Bible School at Enid, Okla., spoke to an appreciative audience. Mrs. Wm. E. Long, formerly of Kansas City, Kans., has been in charge of our services during the summer months.

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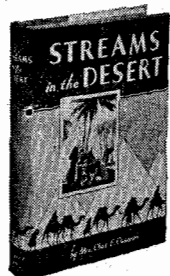
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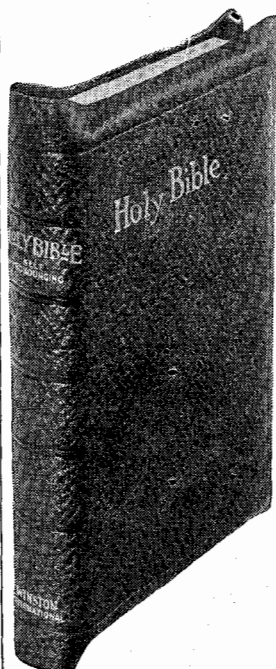
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SPECIMEN OF TYPE

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 Levit. 27. 22.
ch. 29. 14.
ch. 31. 23.
Amos 9. 14.
e 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

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