

EVANGEL

The Latter Rain

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,



Courtesy of The War Cry

December 1938

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THE EVANGEL PUBLISHING HOUSE

18 W. 74th Street

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The Latter Rain Evangel

Vol. 30

No. 2

Published Monthly by

THE EVANGEL PUBLISHING HOUSE

18 W. 74th St., Chicago

ANNA C. REIFF, Managing Editor
MISS ROSE MEYER, Assistant Editor

Entered as second-class matter, April 8, 1909, at the Postoffice, Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

\$1.00 per year in U.S.A. Canada and Chicago, \$1.12. All Foreign Countries \$1.20 (5 shillings). 10c per copy.

Special rates to Assemblies ordering twelve or more copies. Write for terms. Send drafts, express money orders payable to The Evangel Publishing House. Foreign Countries send international money orders. Do not send personal checks unless 10 cents is added for exchange.

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WRAPPED

and

TAGGED

WHAT AN AGE of "wrappings" is this age of ours! And at no other time of the year does this craze grip the general public as during the Christmas season. Visit any department store or the ubiquitous 5 and 10, and wherever you see the greatest crush of humanity, you are safe in guessing them to be around the gift-wrapping counter. What a bewildering and endless assortment of shimmery papers—papers of silver, of gold, and of every imaginable hue and pattern. Then there are the glimmering ribbons, for no package can be classed with the elite unless ribbon harmonizes with paper; seals and stickers, glassips and tags join the gay procession of "wrappings" until it is easy now to make the outward show really a dazzling spectacle. In short, that which is non-essential has taken an essential place and has a tendency to divert and detract attention from the actual gift itself.

Time was when white tissue paper played an important role but that has been relegated to the "end of the line" and today there are experts in the art of wrapping; special courses are offered, demonstrations are given and each one seems to be vying with the other in wrapping his package in the most glorifying manner.

Harmless indeed, may this trend be in the material world, except for the expenditure it entails—but Alas! when the same tendency invades the realm of the spiritual it becomes alarming. How prone human nature is to place the emphasis on the external! Turn the pages of history—e'en to the beginning of time, and you find that the beautiful and pure simplicity of the Christ has been shrouded in mysterious wrappings of ceremonial law, tied fast with ribbons of religious observances, with the result that the outward—the "wrappings"—attracted all the attention and diverted from that which was essential. So securely did they have God bound that for four hundred long years He was hushed to silence within the trappings of religiosity. But eventually, when a desperate world once again grew sick of sham and externalities, beautiful though they may have been—God did a most amazing thing. He gave to the world a surprising demonstration in the art of wrapping His Gift. He took the "glory" away from the wrappings and centered it all on the Gift—the Christ Himself.

Strange indeed were the materials He used, for as He laid His priceless Gift at the feet of a perishing world, we find Him wrapped, not in the shimmery brightness of kingly attire, nor in purple ribbons, so hard to untie, but that bundle of Deity was wrapped in most simple manner; there were the humble swaddling clothes, and the seals bore the marks of manger crib and cattle stall in place of the kingly palace and stamp of royalty; and all around were the ribbons of straw. Nor was the all-important "tag" overlooked; a record of it has been left us in John 3:16, and as we stoop low, we read the words, "**Whosoever believeth.**" How accessible to rich and poor! How easily handled was that Babe, divinity and humanity all wrapped in one! The very simplicity lent glory and charm to the Gift supreme.

Would that the Church of Christ had never forgotten that lesson which God taught that day! But doctrinal wrappings and endless issues soon began to clutter up the church until at times it seems Christendom is one huge counter of "gift wrappings" and one church is vying with the other in its art of wrapping until once again, the Christ Himself is well-nigh hid from view. And instead of being enthralled with a vision of Him, the church is in danger of having its attraction diverted from the Gift supreme, and centered on the external—the "wrappings." And whenever the attraction is centered on non-essentials we become as children playing with their toys, each one claiming his to be the prettiest. But a sin-sick and perishing world needs something more than trimmings—"pretty" though they may be.

(Continued on page 10)



Courtesy of The War Cry

BETHLEHEM

It is curiously significant that both Nazareth and Bethlehem are now Christian communities. Bethlehem has 8,000 Christians, 400 Moslems, and no Jews. Thus Israel, by a careful withdrawal, completely cuts the entail of her own prophecy, and makes impossible even the alleged birth of a future Jewish Messiah; for so (Matt. 2:5) do her own Rabbis expound, Mic. v. 2: "Thou Bethlehem Ephratah, out of thee shall one come forth whose goings forth are from of old from everlasting." —Dawn.

PASTOR H. A. STEMME

The Reincarnation of Jesus

And the angel answered and said unto her, [Mary] The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee: therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God.—Luke 1:35.

To as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name: which were born . . . of God.—Jno. 1:12,13.

THE GLORY of our Christian message at this season is two-fold as expressed in the above Scripture verses. In Luke, the Holy Ghost enables us to see a mighty miracle taking place: God the Holy Ghost is here overshadowing the Virgin Mary, and as a result she gives birth to a new type Man. God Himself, through that mysterious and wonderful birth, inhabits a human body; as a result we see both a Christ-like God and a God-like Christ; the Creator becomes Redeemer in a very special and significant sense. However, before He redeems, the divine-human nature, the Man Christ Jesus shines through thirty-three years of sinless living, to show the world how God Himself desires man to live. God is in Christ, in a glorious incarnation, reconciling the world unto Himself.

Interestingly enough we see Him in His titles set forth in at least three aspects:

Matt. 1:21, Thou shalt call His name *Jesus*: for He shall save His people from their sins.

Luke 2:11, For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is *Christ the Lord*.

As Jesus He is Jehovah, stooping to save; as Christ He is the Anointed of God to preach the Gospel to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, recovery of sight to the blind, and to set at liberty them that are oppressed. As Lord, we see Him in His exaltation in every station of life; Lord of His disciples, Lord over the elements of nature, Lord in the realm of thought and spiritual authority, Lord in His mighty power over all the forces of demon darkness. True New Testament believers the world over proclaim and worship Him as *Lord Jesus Christ*, "to the glory of God the Father" (Phil 2:11). In passing it ought to be said that the mighty Pentecostal Baptism and the eternal Lordship of Jesus Christ bear testimony one to the other.

Christianity at this season is a message of the Incarnation. It is the season of a gift which pours into a whipped and de-

feated humanity a mighty tide of abundant life. If all Christians could point to the event, over 1900 years ago, in which God became incarnate in Christ the Lord, and thus leave Him standing in grand isolation from us, there would be very little in the way of a Gospel to be preached to a sin-cursed and suffering humanity. But, thank God, those who have received the Lord Jesus Christ as their personal Savior, and by a divine witness of His Spirit with their spirits know that a miracle has taken place in their own lives, are glad to testify that the Incarnate Christ has moved one glorious step closer to the human heart. We do not celebrate the Incarnation truly until that "holy thing" which is called the Son of God operates its miraculous power within us to produce a birth.

Christmas then, in its New Testament sense, is a celebration of two great and glorious births. The Scripture clearly informs us that the Babe in Bethlehem's manger came into being by the overshadowing of the Holy Ghost. Listen to the message of the angel to Joseph in Matt. 1:20, "Fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife: for that which is conceived in her is of the *Holy Ghost*." Similarly, the Lord Jesus in Jno. 3:5 says, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit he cannot enter the kingdom of God."

At this holiday season it would be well if all of us could analyze quietly the exercises of our spirits when we became conscious for the first time that Jesus Christ was our personal Savior. How clearly do I remember how something began to live within me, when on November 10, 1907, at a little mission in this city I knelt down, and in my stumbling way opened my heart to Him who is "the *Life*." For just as surely as that holy thing born in Him was called the Son of God, so something came into being that glorious time when Christ moved in as Savior and Lord; and the same Holy Spirit who overshadowed Him in His mighty Incarnation, overshadowed me when I moved out of the first Adam into the "Lord from heaven."

The unspeakable preciousness of that event is made real by the same Holy Spirit to multitudes of us who, at this time, have our thoughts turned again to the central Reality of this wonderful season. Reader, it makes little difference how many valuable gifts you will receive from friends and loved ones if you haven't known that miracle which makes Christmas what God intended it to be.

Those of us who have been brought into intimate touch with large numbers of the shopping public and have studied the ex-

pressions on the sea of human faces which surge up and down the streets of our large cities, are certain that the vast majority who are making so much of this season, have missed its primary meaning. Perhaps it would do us good if, with pencil in hand, we should study the results of the first Christmas message as recorded in the New Testament upon the wise men, shepherds, and faithful Israelites who were looking for the spiritual peace and redemption of Jerusalem. We would find, as recorded in Luke, that heaven didn't seem far away from those humble shepherds who, on the Judean hills, saw something else besides sheep as they kept watch over their flocks by night. "And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid." Christmas was introduced with a dazzling and glorious heavenly light, and with it came the glory of the Lord.

Friend, it is your privilege at this season to get the best there is in Christmas for you. If the glory of the Lord shone round about the shepherds that wonderful night, why should the glory of God not shine in and through you? If the good news of Christ's coming to this earth came with a heavenly light, why can you not know the power and the reality of the light of the world shining in your heart and making real to you the glory of our incarnate Christ? There are many people today who, in the natural, would give everything they possess for this light and glory and yet are ignorant of how easy it is to find it. Thank God, Christmas reality is more than lighted candles and ornamented trees, with earthly gifts from friends and loved ones. Without losing the pleasure of those by-products of this blessed season we can press into its deeper meaning which centers around The Eternal Gift.

Christmas was introduced also with a song: "And suddenly there was with the angel, a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest" (Luke 2:14). That wonderful song has thrilled and rejoiced the hearts of multitudes all through the centuries.

Today, in spite of the depressed poverty and human suffering, the melody released that blessed night refuses to be silenced. Thank God, though there will be probably thousands of true believers this year who will not have a bountiful earthly store of gifts, yet that unspeakable joy will somehow enable them to forget their limitations and enable them to spend a richer and more satisfying holiday season than those who have all that heart can desire.

I like that statement in verse 15, where the shepherds said one to another, "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known to us." They

(Continued on page 13)

Christmas in an Indian Jungle

MAY M. McKELVEY
A True Story

It is ten o'clock Christmas Eve in a missionary tent in the midst of the Punjab jungle. Evelyn and Bunny Boy are sleeping on the two little cots; wee Peggy of two short years snoozes blissfully in her crib.

A low familiar whistle at the door. Mary Mack eagerly lifts the flap of the old tent, with her finger to her lips.

"Oh, John, I'm so glad you've come; the babies will be up so early tomorrow morning to look for the Christmas tree; and I want you to get some sleep. You look so tired, dear. Was it a good meeting?"

"Yes, fine, Mary. I am so glad you didn't try to walk over. It was just wading through mud most of the time. The rice fields are being flooded now; that is why the Ford couldn't navigate."

"Look, see what I've done, John. Don't you think this will be a nice surprise for the babies?"

The tired, mud-spattered missionary looked around at the faded, spotted, dilapidated old family tent. His eyes lighted up as he saw the transformation. Picture post cards covered over the worst spots; brightly gay paper flowers and mottoes, made up of capital letters from newspaper headlines, dotted the walls. Mary pointed to one of these mottoes.

"See what Evelyn did. It was all her own idea, too. Bless her heart, she cut right into an article I wanted to read, in that magazine Mother sent; but when she saw those big colored capitals she made her own verse out of them. See? 'God loveth a cheerful giver'—and even if it is lined up rather wobbly, she's done her level best! She thinks that it is a Christmas verse."

John laughed, as he tried to smother a yawn. "I think that her arrangement of it then, should have been 'God loveth a cheerful giver-up.' And He certainly must love you, Honey." And his tired eyes looked at her tenderly.

A quick shake of her head was Mary's reply, adding: "Give up—why, John, you know that we get more than we give, and get from God more by far than we have to forget! But honestly, John, tonight it has been a little bit hard to forget; and I own that I've just wished hard for a few of the 'pretties' that children at home have such loads of at Christmas time. And while I was trimming this poor little tree, I couldn't help thinking of the Christmas trees at home, with their colored electric lights, and candles, their tinsel, and frost and ornaments and 'snow'—and I felt like a Spartan mother—and John—it isn't so

easy to be one at Christmas time!"

"But, Honey," said John, "it's a lovely tree—you've made it look wonderful. Anyhow, wherever did you get a tree, in this flat, treeless waste?"

Mary laughed triumphantly, "Ah, I thought that would surprise you! Well, on our last move, I noticed some tall bushes sticking up on the horizon. And so yesterday I just sent the water-man to bring it back to me—and do you know what it turned out to be? Why, a *milkweed stalk*, but it is surely a big one, and the branches are strong, so I've just used it anyway. The kiddies don't know what a Christmas tree is supposed to be anyway, and don't you think I've fixed it up well? The cotton isn't bad imitation of snow, and the paper flowers, and Peggy's left-over birthday candles, and the gum covered with silver paper Mother tucked into her last letter—don't they look decorative? And that old star on the top, I brought to camp for exactly this occasion; the strings of popcorn and red seeds the children made, and those oranges at the bottom add to it all, don't you think? Peggy Wee will probably have spasms of joy over that one red glass ball and the blue glass bird! They'll think it's wonderful and I've got something for each stocking, too. It's a good thing they're little ones! There's candy in each one—and some nuts—and an orange in each toe—and a colored crayon apiece—and a hankie. And they know that when we reach the house tomorrow, their present from Grandma will be waiting for them there. They are so excited about the Christmas journey home, they could hardly get to sleep tonight. Oh, they are going to have a lovely Christmas!"

And her last conscious thought, as she stretched her tired body upon the lumpy mattress of the little camp cot, was about her boy, "Precious little man, how he has prayed for Christmas, every night since we came to camp, 'Please, Jesus, bless our Christmas presents in the trunk in the house—and take care of them—and don't let the white ants eat them—or the jackals get them—and take us back to them on Christmas.' And now he will see . . . that . . . God . . . answers . . . prayer." And the weary eyes closed.

Stifled, joyously excited whispers from the little cots, punctuated by a wild shriek of happiness from wee tousle-headed Peggy, as she caught sight of the wonderful "tree". "Mumsie, I tried, I really tried to keep her still but when she saw the birdie's tail go up and down, she got so excited that she jumped her mouth away from my hand"—thus quoth motherly Evelyn.

"Oh, well, I guess Daddy is ready to wake up, but don't you remember, we were going to wake him up with that pretty carol? Sing now, all together,

*'Away in a manger, no crib for His bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down His
sweet head,*

*The stars in the sky looked down where
he lay,*

The little Lord Jesus, asleep in the hay.'"

That finished, all eyes turned expectantly upon Mother, who said emphatically, "Now ten minutes, just, to look at the birdie and the pretty tree while you eat what you find under your pillows—then up you get!"

How fast the little homely patched garments went on. Arms went into the wrong sleeves, for eyes were busy watching the wonderful tree, gay in its Christmas pride. Bunnie-boy pointed out his handiwork, the strings of red seeds he had hunted for in the jungle roads and strung. "What pretty new hankies, Mummy, with teddy bears in the corner," said Evelyn. But all wee Peggy's minute brain focused was "Pushal, pushal" (Tail). "I'm glad the birdie is up so high," said Evelyn, "else there pretty soon wouldn't be any tail!"

"Now honeys," said Mummy, "just one present apiece, and then breakfast—each one choose the thing he wants the most!" The joyful scramble yielded up fruit to each excited child, and furnished material for happy conversation through breakfast. Oatmeal and toast received scant attention, for they had little to spare from the "tree," and the pile of oranges on a chair near. "Who are they for?" queried Bunnie. "Have you forgotten," said serious Evelyn, "that all the workers and helpers and servants will each get an orange from you and a rupee from me?" "But can we afford it, Mary?" interpolated the missionary. "Oh, yes, John; I've been squeezing those rupees out of our daily food and other necessities for weeks. We must have the fun of seeing their joy; a rupee is such a lot to their tiny wages, we must save some other way! And children, you aren't forgetting, are you, that you are each to choose some one of your presents, to give to some poor little girl or boy who never, never has had a Christmas gift—so now think, while you look at the tree, about which one you want to give away." This staggering information demanded serious consideration—to be sure it was a yearly custom, but only Evelyn's memory reached back three hundred and sixty-five days. Peggy Wee's cry, "Not pushal gib," brought back the laughter to brown eyes and blue, and then Bunnie remarked ingratiatingly, "Daddy, I think I'd like to give away my new Second Reader, standing there," pointing to where it was propped against the base of the tree.

His parents laughed. "Sure you would,

boy," said John, "but you see that book would not do any little Panjabis any good, and here's hoping it will *you!* Here, skip out and ring the bell for morning worship. Give it a good ring, 'cause it's Christmas, and tell them to bring their drums and clappers and everything."

Then followed a scene that beggars description, as the tent filled up with Bible women, evangelists, helpers, some of the poor outcaste Christians living near, a few teachers, who had risen early and walked far, to say "*Bara Din Mubarak Ho*" (Christmas day be blessed) to the Sahib and his family; some of the naked, shivering children from the nearest villages, too, until it was packed. The sweeper sat in the doorway, a rooster in his hands; he had spent too long running it down to relinquish it at the call to prayers, so the chicken came to service too, which fact threatened to overcome Bunny's equilibrium, each time that it put forth a lusty crow. But when the stirring strains of "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands," rose from those gathered (ful-

legs stumbled awkwardly along under their burden of fruit. As soon as the tent was empty, the children expectantly surrounded the "tree," but a worker came in and whispered to Mary.

Swiftly Mary hurried to the little dispensary tent across the path, whose furnishings were a table of Gospels and tracts, a box of simple remedies and the "baby organ." Almost hidden behind the organ was a slender form, wrapped in the "*burqa*" of the better class and conservative Mohammedan women. As Mary approached, smiling, the shrouded figure quickly rose and bowed low, while she shyly turned back a bit of the veil. "Why, Mulvani Ji (the title of respect given to the wife of a Mohammedan religious teacher), is it *you?* How ever did you come so far? All those miles—sister, tell me, how did you get away?"

The veil dropped again as the little woman whispered, "Sister of my heart, I wanted to see you once more and to hear the sweet words. He (the *maulvie*) has gone to Chawinda, and will be gone two

figure, gliding swiftly away, the thought came unbidden, "Will I ever see her again?" It would have dimmed the brightness of that Christmas day with her babies, had she known that the time would be short before Mulvani would be spirited away by those who suspected her love for Jesus and never heard of again! When, after months, she did learn this, she thanked God for that half-hour's reading of the "love that will not let go" even a frightened little Panjabi woman.

It is about noon, on a village road in Sialkote District. A 1913 model Ford, packed full of people, wraps, lunch-basket, water-jar, picture cards, and a kettle of soup, is approaching a Panjabi mud village. "Here's another village, Daddy. Will we stay a *very* long time?" "Why, girl, are you so tired?" "No-o-o—I was just thinking of that little red stocking full of candy, in the lunch basket, and wondering which piece Bunny would choose and which I would have." "No, I guess we can't stay so long in this village, cause it's dinner time, isn't it? Here are the Christians'

A Baby was born in Bethlehem many years ago. His parents were poor and He had no unusual advantages. He raised no army, He conquered no kingdom, He owned no real estate, and He had no bank account. Neither did He write books or paint pictures or compose music. He was mocked at by the great, and died a criminal death. Yet this Man has revolutionized the civilized world. Multitudes have lived and died triumphantly by the power of faith in Him and obedience to the doctrines He inculcated, and He has more followers in the world today than ever before. His maxims are acknowledged, even by those who reject His authority, to be the noblest and purest that ever have been uttered, and no man has been able to pick a flaw in His character. What will you do with Jesus who is called Christ?"

—Phillips Brooks.

filling at least the condition of "noise," but surely pleasing to Him who bends a listening ear to hear His children's praises) even Bunnie forgot the chicken, in the joy of pounding on his own little drum. Peggy-Wee, whose impatience could no longer be concealed, caught up the nearest orange on the pile and hurled it at the rooster, whose noisy objections had threatened to supercede the rest of the music! "Peggy thinks it's time to give the oranges out, Daddy," whispered Bunnie, while one of his own hands surreptitiously felt the toe of the coarse little mended stocking bearing his own name.

"Well, I guess it is; go and give everybody one, and Evelyn, come here and get the rupees for the workers and helpers." Such pleasure shone in the brown faces that Mary said to herself, "This is better than that toy piano for Evelyn and the tin soldiers for Bunnie, and the children are just as happy." Everybody *was* happy, in fact; and the sour, seedy oranges, raised on the mission compound, were appreciated as much as California's finest Sun-kist; and grateful *salams* and smiles were the portion of the *Chhota Sahib*, as his fat

days. See, there is my old servant, over behind that tree—now read quickly to me of Jesus." Running for a couple of oranges, Mary said, "Yes, I *will* read, but eat these too." "Yea, *Mem Sahiba*, but read quickly, for soon I must take my journey back again. It takes a long time, fourteen miles, and he beats me so because I will not curse Jesus and deny Him, that I know not what the end will be. So read—my heart needs comfort."

Mary's worn Panjabi Bible was quickly opened, at the tender Love-Story of First John; and as the two women crouched together on the coarse mat, the little suffering heart drank in the loving words of our Father: "The blood cleanseth from all sin; . . . we have an Advocate with the Father; . . . love not the world—the world passeth away; . . . He that doeth the will of God abideth forever . . . Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed on us . . . My little children"—right through the epistle Mary read, and then bowed in prayer. "Now I can go," said the little woman. "I believe it all—and I will not forget Him. I love Jesus." As Mary looked after the slender, shrouded

quarters," and they sang a simple little Panjabi hymn, to the sound of which not only Christians, but many others came running from their one-room mud huts.

Following a five-minute talk about the meaning of Christmas day, a pretty picture post card with the writing pasted over, for every child, the Ford honked its way thru the narrow crooked streets, crowded with cows, sheep, buffaloes, dogs and refuse heaps. A mile further on they found a spreading banyan tree, "just fine for Christmas dinner." Great was the excitement when unpacking the basket divulged a small, cheap toy for each child—and a chamois purse for Daddy, with ten shiny rupees in it. John took his gift rather sheepishly, looking a bit apologetically at Mary's mischievous smile, while conscientious Evelyn exclaimed, "Now where's Mummie's Christmas present?" "Where indeed?" said her father ruefully, but Mary leaned over to kiss the earnest face, whispering, "*You're* Mamma's present—and so are Bunnie and Peggy—three lovely presents, best children in the world! What do I need of *more* presents?"

And so Christmas day passed, each vil-

lage adding its thread to weave a day full of family joy, Christian service and precious memories, until, "Look over there, Bunnie, 'way over, past the big tree! Whatever house can *that* be?" shouted the father. But the words had hardly left his lips before the little boy gave a joyous shriek: "Our house! Hurrah for the Christmas trunk! Hurry, Papa, hurry!" "Steady, old man! If the jackals haven't got that trunk by this, they won't now! What's that, Evelyn? Daddy didn't hear," for the little girl was leaning over her father's shoulder, trying to whisper something. "What? Oh, a present for Mamma. Why, yes—you're right—we'll just have to find something, won't we?" (Though *where in the jungle*," he muttered to himself, "we can find anything for a present, beats me! Oh why didn't I remember to send to Bombay for some little thing?")

* * *

It is Christmas night around the fireplace. The light of a kerosene lantern reveals laughing, excited children, each happily exploring his little pile of "presents from Grandma." Evelyn's gay new hair-ribbon perches crookedly on her curls, while she looks over her paintbox and painting book, cradling in one arm tenderly, a "dolly with real hair." Bunny is driving his "horse" around the room, blowing a tin horn the while. Peggy-Wee's woolly white sheep is close clasped to her breast, while she delightedly comments on the red rubber parrot she is squeezing, "*Yih bolia hai*" (This talks). Mary, a smile of deep happiness on her face, sits gathering up the colored paper, tinsel, ribbon and colored string, and smoothing it out, carefully untying knots.

The missionary burst hurriedly in. "Say Mary, the Christians in Piro da Chak saw us passing and they want a service right away. I told them you couldn't go, that we had had services ever since sun-up; but they were going to be so disappointed, so I just said that I would go. While you are getting things picked up and put away, I can have the service, and then get back for a bite of supper, but don't get much; that soup will be plenty. Miyan says they've commenced to sing already—so I must run," and with a hasty kiss, John cranked the Ford and rattled away.

Mary sat quiet for a while, counting her blessings, and enjoying the children's play. Then she said, "Come here, darlings, let us all thank Jesus for this happy Christmas day." Sleepy Peggy-Wee's prayer was brief, and punctuated by wide yawns, "Jesus, fank you for my pushel birdie!" Bunnie gravely thanked the Father because "the jackals didn't take the Christmas away!" A pause—then with a small sob, Evelyn said, "Dear Jesus, Mummie did not get any Christmas present. *You* please send her one, so *she* will have a merry

Christmas too!" Touched, Mary caught her daughter's hand and said, "Christmas girlie, will you set the table for us, because we must hurry now? Daddy may come any minute, and he'll be hungry." And setting the soup kettle on the side of the fireplace, to heat, Mary ran to the garden, where she had descried some late mari-golds.

Suddenly they heard the "honk honk" of the returning car, and all hurried out to see Daddy drive in. Hand in hand they stood on the veranda, watching the car turn slowly into the mission compound. "What makes him drive so slowly?" asked Bunnie. "And, what is that dirty bundle on the back seat?" added Evelyn. Mary said nothing, but her eyes narrowed perplexedly, for John had a queer expression, as he brought the car gently to a standstill.

"Children," said he, "look what I've brought home." And reaching over to the back seat, he gingerly picked up the dirty bundle, which gave a little squirm in his arms, and a little wailing cry. "*Why—a little baby*," cried the children. "Mary, I had to bring it," said John, putting the naked newborn child into his wife's outstretched hands. "There wasn't anything else to do; the father is away in Mesopotamia, in our Christian regiment; the mother died two hours after the baby was born, this morning, and I've just buried her. And the only thing that belongs to *this*, is a blind and helpless grandmother. She begged me to take the child to you—and asked we name it Munawwar."

"Munawwar," said Mary softly, "that means *light*. The poor blind woman gave him the best name she knew!" And then, "Why, Evelyn, dear, what *is* it?" for the child's brown eyes were dancing with delight, and she was fairly jumping up and down in her excitement. "Why Mumsie—don't you see? You *said* we children were the nicest thing in the world, and the best Christmas present you could have, and you know I *asked* Jesus to send you a present—and it's *come!* The baby is *your* Christmas present, Mummie! Oh Mummie, aren't you *glad?*" Mary looked down at the little eager face, all aglow—if she

stified a weary sigh, who shall say?—but her voice was full of cheer as she answered, "Yes, darling—Jesus did answer your prayer for Mother, didn't He? And we'll just say, 'Thank you' to Him."

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS EVE

There will never be another Christmas eve like that first one. The service of worship with which it was celebrated will never be reproduced.

The sanctuary was not a structure of brick or stone, but a building of God, not made with hands. No costly temple or famed cathedral, no church or chapel, heard the notes of that first Christmas service. It was held at night on a hillside under the star-lit dome of a Syrian sky. Never did a service of worship have a more beautiful setting, a more wonderful environment. Quite naturally did the glory of God shine 'round about it.

The congregation was small, smaller than usual. It represented neither pomp nor pride, neither power nor wealth nor wisdom. Only a few humble folk were present. They were shepherds abiding in the field. Why were "good tidings" not heralded first in Herod's court? Why not in the hall of the Sanhedrin? Why not in the market-place where men bought and sold, or in a bazaar where men bartered? Why not in the school of some Gamaliel? Why were shepherds the first to hear the good news?

The choir was no ordinary group of vocalists. Voices trained in heaven and keyed to the music of the skies led the singing. The song they sang was no ordinary anthem. Never can "Gloria in Excelsis" be sung as it was sung on that first Christmas eve. Never was music carried higher.

The preacher was not a messenger ordained of men, but an angel ordained of God and wearing the livery of heaven. Nor was it a mean honor even for an angel to be permitted to deliver the message at that first Christmas service.

—The United Presbyterian.

THAT NIGHT

That night when in the cattle stall slept child and mother in humble fold,
A cripple turned his twisted limbs, and dreamed that he was whole.

That night when o'er the new-born Babe a tender mother rose to lean,
A loathsome leper smiled in sleep and dreamed that he was clean.

That night when to the mother's breast that little King was held secure,
A harlot slept in happy sleep and dreamed that she was pure.

That night when in the manger lay the Holy One who came to save,
A man turned in his sleep of death and dreamed there was no grave.

—Susie M. Best.

At the End of a Perilous Journey

FRANCES KAUFFMAN
In the Stone Church

I WOULD LIKE to tell you a little of how the Holy Spirit is working in the land of China, in spite of the ravages of war. I know many of you dear ones have sacrificed through the years and prayed, and these instances will be an encouragement to your faith.

I will give you a few missionary experiences which are a little out of the trend of the usual missionary address; there may be some things a little crude but they are actual experiences of the missionary. Starting out from our Mission Station in Tsingtao, where my husband labored so zealously for so many years, and where God gave us that wonderful revival in 1930, we take the boat to Hong Kong. After we have traveled for some distance in the south of China, we come to the Station manned by the Morrisons. I thought I had gone a long distance and had reached my destination, but the first thing I heard was, "Why Sister Kauffman! We are so glad you have come. We are going up into the mountains to a village where they have never seen a white woman. We are counting on you to come along." "To come along? Why I feel my pioneer days are over." The missionary said, "I am sure you can make the trip." "But how do you expect me to go that long distance over those mountains? I could not walk." He said, "I have talked it over with the natives and they say they can carry you on two poles." "They have never carried a white woman before; how can they carry me?" "They have carried pigs weighing 200 lbs. and they are sure they can carry you."

Well, there is nothing like trying a thing once, so the next morning we were up bright and early and down to the bus station in order to get a good seat. The old bus had a Ford engine but they didn't have any gasoline. The Chinese are very clever, and away up in those mountain roads they have lots of wood. They took charcoal, made a nice fire and generated gas, and made the old bus go, believe it or not. When the Chinese travel they do not use clean sheets. They take their own bedding which is usually an old dirty quilt, used perhaps one year or two. They roll it up in a nice little bundle and throw it over their shoulder and start out. They crowded into this bus, taking their bedding with them. It seemed the bus was crowded to the limit but they opened the big door, put in some crates of chickens and ducks, slammed the door and said, "All aboard!"

It seemed there was not one bolt in place and the fumes from the charcoal nearly

suffocated one. A missionary sat opposite me and his face was white and drawn. The engine became very hot and they didn't bother to put the top on the radiator because the water boiled like a geyser. The road was new and up a steep mountain. You could look down to the river which was many feet below. And how that driver made those turns around those curves! Usually the Chinese are very slow, but not when running one of these buses up the mountain.

One of the missionaries was experienced in that mode of travel. He had an old motorcycle, and when he stopped it would back-fire. As they came to the bend in the road there stood three bandits. The missionary became excited and stepped on the gas; the bandits dropped their guns, thinking they had been shot, while the missionary made the run in safety. When they got around the corner his evangelist said, "Were you afraid?" The evangelist was shaking from head to foot, but God went before us. We were on business for the King of glory. It was necessary for us to go into the far interior so the Lord protected us.

When we reached the end of the bus line the men said, "We must eat before we go any further." Some of us were feeling rather sick and didn't feel we wanted food, but we made our way to a Chinese restaurant that was not noted for its cleanliness. In China they do not have beautiful windows, but when they get up in the morning they take down the shutters. The chickens and the pigs go around the table and pick up what you do not want. It saves a lot of work. I didn't care to eat, and after the men had eaten, we started off again, this time on a mountain chair which consisted of bamboo poles tied together with little pieces of rope. When all was ready someone put the poles upon the coolies' shoulders and we started off. As we went along I could see in the distance we were coming to the river. I had crossed rivers in many ways, but I couldn't see how we were going to get across this one. All I could see were two poles going up, two going across, and two poles going down. The coolies are very sure-footed and we crossed in safety, praise the Lord. When we got to the center of the stream I peeked out of one eye, and saw the water rushing below. I could do nothing but look up to God and pray. I never could have crossed that water had I not been carried.

It was the time of rice-sowing and the carriers simply slid through the mud. When we got to the top of the last mountain they put us down. After you travel

awhile in this kind of a chair your limbs become numb, so the coolie just sets you down and you sit on the ground until the blood begins to circulate. At this point the coolies said, "We cannot carry you another inch. There are 850 steps down the side of the steep mountain. You will have to walk." There was nothing else to do, and the Lord helped us so that we finally reached the bottom safely, but trembling from head to foot.

We walked along the bottom of the mountain and came to a little Christian village. In that country they have many bandits, so each village has a fort. The walls are thick, with an opening just large enough to put a musket through. We were to sleep in that fort and I can assure you we were wet and tired. After our eyes became accustomed to the darkness we saw a few boards stretched out over in the corner. That was to be our bed. A missionary had sent word that the white woman was very clean and they must use clean straw. The Chinese do not like to waste anything, so they put a little clean straw on top of the old. I will have to admit there were many other things on that bed besides straw. I had a sleepless night and the next morning my hands were swollen. I was glad to leave that corner.

Someone will ask, "Why did you take such a trip?" To be present at the dedication service of a little chapel. The best part of the story is yet to come. Each village in that part of China has a head man. The head man of this village came down to the Coast and heard the Gospel. He accepted Jesus Christ and said, "Now I must go back to my village and tell the people the joy I have found in the Savior." The women are very simple there and said, "We do not understand a man. They have so many brains they speak above our heads. Couldn't you possibly send a woman to tell us about the Lord Jesus Christ?" So they sent to the Coast and asked for a woman to come up to that mountain village. The night the announcement was made, an old widow lady rose to her feet and said, "I am only an ignorant woman but I'd be glad to go up and tell the people what God has done for me. I cannot read the Scripture. I can only tell what God has done for my life." It is marvelous how the Lord can use a weak vessel for His glory. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit." We do not have to be brilliant to be used of Him.

So that dear woman made the trip over the mountains. Daily she gathered the people together and told them about the Lord Jesus Christ. One day she said, "Do you know the Lord can heal you?" "You do not mean to say that this Jesus you have been telling us about is willing to heal sick bodies?" "Yes, He has healed me."

(Continued on page 14)

Portents of this Dying World

ALBERT J. LEBECK, Sacramento, Calif.

Jewish Persecution

The present wave of Anti-Semitism is appalling. In Ezekiel 20:34 we read where it foretells the "return of the Jews to Palestine." Could this persecution be a means of driving them back? Surely this condition is a sign of the last days and of the soon coming of Christ.

Three Empires

"The world created after the last war will crumble," says Constantine Brown, "On the ruins will be erected three empires; one in Europe, dominated by the Berlin-Rome Axis, one in the Far East dominated by Japan to the exclusion of all white races and one in the Western Hemisphere which necessarily will be dominated by the United States. This new map will be founded on military strength. You yourselves will realize sooner or later that only huge navies, huge air forces and huge armies can guarantee political and economic peace."

Million Parade Before Stalin

One million persons marched past Josef Stalin, November 7th, in a huge parade through Moscow's Red Square celebrating the twenty-first anniversary of the Bolshevik revolution, Soviet Russia's "Coming of Age."

Stalin, Russia's undisputed leader as secretary general of the Communist Party, stood on top of the tomb of Nikolai Lenin, leader and saint of the revolution, for the review.

Tens of thousands of picked troops and hundreds of light and heavy tanks, some of which raced across the square at forty miles an hour, and hundreds of war planes took part.

The only speech was that of Klementi Vorshiloff, war commissar, who emphasized that Russia is prepared to meet force with force.

Russia Encourages Family Disloyalty

A bronze statue to Soviet Russia's youthful hero, Ravel Morozoff, is to be erected soon in the Red Square.

Morozoff, was the 14-year-old boy who denounced his father for hiding grain. The father was arrested, but the boy was killed by relatives.

The children's newspaper, *Pioneer Pravda*, said today a design for the monument has been selected and it will inspire all youngsters who look at it to say to themselves, "Like Ravel Morozoff, I must be a good pioneer."

We see there where governments encourage disobedience and disloyalty to parents and put the state above the home.

Britain Seeks U. S. Aid

Britain is looking about for inspiration, encouragement and support against the steadily rising tide of Nazism and Fascism. And the powers that be in England are directing their eyes toward the United States, strong in money, material, man power, idealism, and quick reacting emotional sentiment to any appeal for aid.

In an SOS broadcast recently the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, First Lord of the British Admiralty in the World War, said that democracy in Europe is doomed unless once again America comes to the rescue. And they say in London and in Paris that if the United States stands by and lets democracy in Europe go under, then America herself will be in peril.

America will become the target of European propaganda in the coming months to "save world democracy" as it has not been propagandized since the height of that campaign in April, 1917, when it misled, lured or impelled the United States into the European conflict to make the "world safe for democracy." The bill for that job, still outstanding on our books, was \$11,019,731,782. This time America will be called upon to make "democracy safe" in the world.

Sunday School Declining

"During the past year the loss of Sunday School scholars in every community has been appalling," says Mr. R. Wilson Black.

"The Baptists lost 16,000 scholars, the Congregationalists 23,000, the Methodists 66,000, and the Church of England 82,000.

"If this rate of loss continues there will not be a single Sunday School scholar in the land at the end of twenty-five years."

—*Public Opinion, England.*

Methodist Denominations Merge Into United Church

The three great branches of the Methodist Church—the Methodist Episcopal Church South, the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Protestant Church—are united for the first time in more than a century.

Representatives of the three branches of the church founded by John Wesley met as one in Madison, Indiana, October 17th to celebrate the reunion. It marked the unification under one church government of more than 8,000,000 members, making

the denomination the largest Protestant organization in the world.

Anti-God Convention

On September 9th the organized Anti-God Forces of the World opened their International Conference in London, England. Delegates from not less than 36 nations including the United States and Canada were reported in attendance. The International Conference is sponsored by the "World Union of Free Thinkers." The next Annual Conference of the International Atheist will be held in Moscow in 1939. Plans are under way to bring the Anti-Religious Convention to the United States or Canada in 1949.

Buddhist Body Has Meeting

An estimated 500 members of the Young Buddhists Association of Northern California closed their two day Convention in Marysville, California, Nov. 14th with a farewell banquet in the Memorial Auditorium. (This is not in China; but here in our own country.)

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The Living Christ - Yesterday and Today

JOHN WRIGHT FOLLETTE

SOME TIME ago I wrote an article on "The Dominating Personality of Jesus." In it I laid emphasis upon the fact that in every department of Christianity the dynamic personality of a living Christ was clearly manifest as the life and inspiration of each phase. We found that Christianity issued in an adequate philosophy for life and He, the Christ, was a *Life* while the philosophy merely issued as a law for its operation. In the matter of organization, Christ is the life-center of an *organism*. The organization element is merely a technical phase of it. In the matter of ethics—Christ again dominates. He not only gave in Christianity the most comprehensive code of ethics but He also gave more than any other reformer or teacher has ever given. He gave *Himself* as the power for the outliving of His code of ethics.

Since I stressed the fact of a living, present Christ as a possibility and necessity for a *real* spiritual life, some may object to such teaching. This centralizing of our religious faith in a Person is too much for them to embrace. It is to them too sentimental and not very short of fantastic. Of course they can understand how it was possible for the early disciples to thus center devotion, worship and life interests in such a personage. But that was long ago and the memory of His immediate presence still held them. I am sure marked influence must have been felt by even the looks He gave or the little personal touches which spoke louder and clearer than words. We might bring to mind many such occasions—the time He looked at Peter when he denied Him, the walk to Emmaus and the tender dealings with disappointed hearts, the last supper and John leaning upon His breast. All such very personal touches left indelible tracings upon their minds and hearts. Jesus had told them that after He went away the Holy Spirit would come and bring to their remembrance the things He had told them. And I am sure as the Spirit did so they would be sure to again visualize or bring to mind also the personal presence. Many people say that was good for such a time but today we are two thousand years down the road and far removed from the scene and atmosphere of that early day. For us today to recapture the presence of Christ for fellowship and daily life is rather fantastic and sentimental. Such people are

always telling us the wonder and privilege of living *then*. They seem to think that there must have been something in the very physical presence of Jesus which must have given clearer revelation as to His character and ministry.

But really I am *not* so sure I should like to have lived *then*. Here is one reason. History gives evidence of one certain fact. Great persons, great events, teaching, art, music, literature, etc., are *never fully* appreciated at the *time* of display or manifestation. Usually the people or generation living *when* such things happen are too *near* to see. That may sound strange but it is true. One may be *so near* a mountain that he may not fully realize the size, beauty or marvel of it. He is *too close*, but at a *distance* it looms up against the distant skyline in wonderful line formation, mass and color. Its real character begins to dawn upon the person as he sees it at a distance with long perspective and he is held and charmed by its shere grandeur. It has ever been so in the field of art, music, literature and great teaching. The great leaders in such fields gave their best but *so few* in their day ever realized or appreciated them. Many died in poverty and unclaimed. But after a *time*—O Time, what strange alchemy is thine!—how very different things look! The persons are just the same and all they gave, but in the generations which have followed so many people have seen, heard and viewed from a thousand different viewpoints both the person and his work. Each has in turn told his impression, interpretation or translation to the world. Thus a great background of appreciation has been built up, so that in the latter days we see, hear and approach them in the light of such a ministry.

Compare the group of people who lived, knew and heard the ancient poets, teachers, etc., and their appreciation, with the group and appreciation of those who live today. The monuments and acclaim are *now* quite manifest, but seldom or never *then*. In relation to Christ think of all we have given to us concerning Him *since* He lived. We have the four Gospels and Paul's wonderful teaching and really the whole New Testament, Church history, the experiences of thousands of saints who have demonstrated the truth of His sayings, and the many bits of revelation

granted many as they have let Him teach. Have not such contributed much to a fuller understanding of Him than the little local group had? Surely so. After being in His immediate presence for three years and seeing Him, how limited and broken was their understanding of Him! I do not mean they did not love Him. They were very devoted to Him but they surely did not fully understand Him even with so close contact. I am glad for one that I can see Him *at a distance* against the horizon of history looming up in majestic power and beauty. He is like a great light illuminating the drab and unhappy patterns of human destiny. His cross (so hard for the early disciples to understand) is lifted high and speaks a language more fully understood as we see the prophetic unfolding of God's eternal plan shaping events in historic development.

*"In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time."*

Yes, the early disciples saw Him in person but were *too near* Him to understand Him in many ways. I am thankful I see Him (not only in my heart and daily life) but in the light of all that the years and lives of others have contributed to more fully interpret Him. Much that was local and inseparable from His physical limitation has passed away, dropped off, and now the timeless and universal elements remain. They stand in strength and beauty against the past.

But again we find difficulty. There are some who think because we now live two thousand years down the road *past* His time and place, that we must be quite in advance in spiritual matters also. They seem to feel they have outgrown much that accompanied His day and age. They continually criticise us for saying: "What would Jesus have done? What would Jesus have said?" They seem to think that the standards and teachings of Jesus were good for *that* day and age but today we are in a modern age and need a *new* interpretation of His teaching. We must *now* have a more elastic and liberal code of ethics to meet the demands of a more sophisticated age. Many look back at the Christianity of that day with quite a degree of condescension. They feel so far advanced and have outgrown the old teachings and ways that it all seems rather amusing to some. Then to prove their point they begin to rehearse (and sometime we are really wearied by it) all the modern improvements, advancements made in the last few years or decades. Then they swing out on a discourse of

what the *Church* has done by way of educational institutions, hospitals, and changes in social orders, etc., and then a line on the advance of science for the benefits of mankind, etc. All of which is very true. But listen! There is confusion here. Let us remember there are two realms or areas in consideration. There are *two* phases of life we are judging. One is the physical—material and tangible. The other is moral—spiritual and intangible. It is a fact, as true as you live, that we have made most wonderful advances in the material realm. The old universe has yielded up many secrets never dreamed of by the early Christians. It is very true that the natural life of the Christian today is in many respects quite different from that of Christ's day.

But let us look for a moment at history. Do you like history? I hope you do for it will help you greatly in understanding God in His workings and will help solve some of the problems that seem so hard. In our study of history we notice this important fact: The advance, growth and development in the material, physical aspect of life is *always* ahead of and outruns the advance made in the spiritual and moral aspect of life. We find spiritual culture of *slow* growth. I do not think this is *always* necessary. People are not taught *where* to lay emphasis in life and so learn slowly by hard experience. Because we have outgrown the means of locomotion common to David or the early disciples, do not think for a moment we have outgrown the spiritual calibre of such saints.

I was reading a few days ago the book of Esther. How I was moved afresh by the spiritual strength and character manifested by that Jewish maiden! You remember the story. Esther of course did not know about the three point landing of an aircraft, she had never ridden in an auto, knew nothing of vitamins, never dreamed of America, nor had she been a very long journey from home. She was not sophisticated to the Twentieth Century degree. No, to some she was *very* limited. But listen, friends! She was *obedient* and had paid attention to the teaching of Mordecai until it had moulded a character and built strength of spiritual conviction to be marveled at and admired. A crisis is at hand and it evolves upon her to become the pivot upon which the destiny of her nation turns. Her heart is moved; she knows the power of deep sympathy and understanding. She devotes her heart and will to the cause and is surrendered body and soul to a great ideal, even a

divine call. She faces the situation in a martyr's spirit: "If I perish, I perish." Now, my friends, do any of you feel *condescending* to that? Again listen to her: "For how can I endure to see the evil that shall come to my people? or how can I endure to see the destruction of my kindred?" I read it over and over again. How could anyone feel condescending to that? Who has *outgrown* such devotion? Can 1938 produce devotion or consecration or loyalty on the part of a young woman today that is *so far* ahead of that? Esther had never been far from her home (she was not, as we say today, "traveled"). But she had traveled *far, far, oh so far* in the direction of devotion, faith and love.

Let us look at Paul for a moment. He never knew the privilege of the modern world, the radio, the auto, and any of the great scientific improvements. He traveled but in a very limited territory. But the *power* of a personal, dynamic Christ had worked a miracle in his life. At one time persecuting the Christians and now a devoted follower of the Christ, even a bondsman. Listen to him: "For I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh." Can anyone possibly feel he has outgrown such soul burden and love? With all that 1938 can give by way of culture and material growth can anyone pass that mark of pure Christian love? Do not think for a moment we have passed such a mark—we are *many* a mile down on the other side of it, making a somewhat more or less approach toward it.

Now back again to the thought of a personal fellowship as a present *reality*. The thought of the reality of Christ should not be limited to the physical manifestation in the flesh. He is *now* alive and is the center of the very universe. *Only* as a heart recognizes the fact of His person and power in life can there be a clear manifestation of His power and glory. I know there may be some danger when a Christian holds the fellowship merely in the realm of his emotional life. There is, of course, a realization of His love and power in that department of our nature. But we must always remember man *lives* in his will, not in his emotional or intellectual departments of life. At least he should not. They are not always *what* the man may choose them to be. It is in his will and in his will alone that he has power of choice to be or not to be. Therefore it is in the will of the Christian that Christ is to be enthroned: "Not my will, but Thine be done." There He becomes the *Reality* of spiritual power man so needs

and longs for. About this center the Christian finds the Spirit is bringing a more and more perfect integration of *all* of the man's powers and gifts. Hallelujah!

Such a life and fellowship in the heart of a Christian is too deep to be merely sentimental. It is too costly for that and yet at the same time it is *most* blessed. It is too practical and *real* to be fantastic. The great privilege is ours, in the light of *all* that has come to us since Christ was here. *Now* we may crown Him as *life, light, power* and indeed *all* we may need as we journey on. "Not I but Christ—Christ *in* me, the hope of glory."

The Reincarnation of Jesus

(Continued from page 4)

acted immediately upon the truth revealed to them. If they must go to Bethlehem in order to have the gift of God revealed to them, to Bethlehem they would go. They determined to leave no stone unturned to get the full benefit of this divine revelation, and they took the journey without delay. "Let us *now* go." Many other things could have occupied their attention, but they had wisdom enough to see that the very fact that God had spoken called for definite and immediate action.

There is an urgency about this glorious Christian message of the Incarnation both to saint and sinner alike. There are multitudes of professed Christians who are forced to confess that they know nothing about the glory of God, a divine, indwelling light, or a song of the Lord, and yet, all of these flow out of the Gospel concerning the Incarnation.

I am positive that every child of God who reads these words can just now get alone with God and know by personal experience a greater glory, light and melody than he has ever known upon any previous Christmas occasion. The Lord Jesus, in the power of the Holy Spirit, will change your darkness for light, your depression for glory, and your sadness for "songs in the night." Let the Spirit of God enable you to see and appropriate your Christmas inheritance in Him. He who ascended up on high, led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men, is not willing that any of us should fall short of the blessing purchased for us in that wonderful

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redemptive life which began with the incarnation and continues through the centuries.

"Lord, what will *You* give me this Christmas?" Certainly if we believe that the Christian life is a progressive revelation of Christ in and through us, we have an unselfish right to open wide every avenue of our natures to those gifts which will enable us to live larger lives and impart a more useful ministry to the many round about us who so sadly need a fresh touch of our Christmas Gift upon their lives today.

The cycle did not end when God became incarnate in Christ. God was not satisfied until that miracle reincarnated Christ into receiving and believing hearts. Thank God the process goes on. With the redemptive passion born of what is done for us and in us, every true believer longs to share the Christ gift with those who are so much in need of it. We enrich ourselves by sharing, entering into the experiences of others with the gift that we are confident will do for them what it has done for us.

At this holiday time it is our privilege to make much of the evangelistic note wrapped up in the message of the Incarnation. Christ must needs be born in thousands of hearts in the whitened harvest field. Each child of God is an angel (messenger) declaring unto his generation, "Behold I bring unto you good tidings of great joy!"

At the End of a Perilous Journey

(Continued from page 8)

They said, "There is an old man just up the road who has been lying in bed for three years. Do you think God could heal him?" "I know He can." She made her way up the road and found this old man lying on boards, perfectly helpless for three years. As she looked at him her faith didn't fail, and she knelt down and prayed a simple prayer of faith. Then she turned to him and said, "Now if you believe God you will be off that bed in the morning." She went back and the next morning early she heard a great commotion. The women said, "Come quickly, the old man is healed." Sure enough, the old man was off the bed, down by the fire putting straw in the stove while his wife got the breakfast. As a result, the entire village, over 200 folk, accepted the Lord Jesus Christ.

Then they said, "Now we must burn our idols," which they did. Then they wanted a place where they could worship the true and living God. They went to the mountains, cut the timber, and with their own hands mixed the clay, made the bricks and built this nice little chapel. They sent word to the Coast and asked missionaries to come up and dedicate the chapel. It was my happy privilege to take

that long journey and be present at the opening. Our shoes stuck in the mud more than once; the rain was falling continually but the villagers were all there and they were so happy as the key was turned and they all filed into the chapel. They stood through all the services. How their faces shone! It was a precious sight, and could you have been there you would have felt that any sacrifice made in behalf of missions was a good investment. May God encourage each one to pray a little more, to give a little more, that His Word may be given to the heathen, and that those who sit in darkness may see the great Light.

MOLDING THE PLASTIC CLAY

It is said that at the age of six years a child's brain is nine-tenths developed. This is a staggering thought as we realize how few persons pay any attention at all to what little children hear or see in the presence of adults.

On the covering of the brain, each in its own place, the images or impressions brought in by the senses and the activity are registered. The brain cells of children are so susceptible that impressions received in childhood are as clay receiving the touch of the sculptor's finger and some impressions are ineffaceable.

Thus we see what a great responsibility belongs to each adult and likewise the great privilege that is given us to touch these young souls about us for good instead of evil. Many a conversation would not have taken place had adults realized the impressions made on the brain of the little one standing near. One severe look of condemnation of a child's faith in Christ or at their attempts at service for Christ may start a child in other channels. They needs must make a beginning and in their childish way may do things that seem useless or of little avail, but to the child it is another step in service to Christ prompted by the love for Jesus within the child heart. Thus we see what a grave responsibility rests with the leaders of children in day schools, in Sunday Schools, in Junior Churches and with every grown-up wherever they are and at all times.

In this world in which we live, many led of Satan are bidding for child-souls, realizing their value, and many are the attractions offered to the child. And the child without the indwelling Christ does not know which to choose.

In Sunday School the child is being trained in the Holy Scriptures and a supplementary Junior Church service has an opportunity to find expression in rendering

service unto Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour, in song and in testimony. The sermon, too, is given in stories and words adapted to the child mind.

Here also is an added opportunity to memorize Scripture. Many a person has memorized large sections of Scripture in later life, but none know so well as they how easy it is to forget these memorized passages, while those learned in childhood are not so easily forgotten. The Junior age is a never again opportunity to store up rich treasures of Scripture in the heart of the child. Not only that the child might just memorize the Scripture but "being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible by the Word of God which liveth and abideth forever" (1 Peter 1:23). Jesus said, "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life." (John 6:63b).

All of the blessings from God are obtained by faith. In Romans 10:17 we read, "So then faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God"; and in James 1:22, "Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only." In this service the children themselves pray for the sick and God meets their faith. The Word of God becomes a reality to them as they claim the promises of God for themselves, for one another and for others for whom Christ died.

Most important of all in the Junior Church service is prayer at an altar at which are kneeling other little children; timidity gives way to freedom in the children's own place of worship, whereas at an altar surrounded by grown-ups seeking God, the child must give reverence and place to those older than they and hold back in claiming a place at the altar. Also in prayer conducted by children and for children, the children find it easier to learn how to talk with Jesus.

Here also the child is free to voice his problems that he meets at school, in his play and on the street. Jesus prayed for us that we might be kept from the evil in the world. The most beautiful experience for a child today is to be born again and then to receive the Comforter's abiding presence, that he might have power in the hour of temptation to be kept unspotted from the world.—Irene Dedelow.

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News

FROM WAR-TORN CHINA



OUR MISSIONARIES in China are passing through great trials because of the war. Arthur Johnson writes that up to this time they felt quite secure in the far-away corner of Yunnan, but on Sept. 27th the city of Yunnan was subject to its first aerial bombardment by nine big Japanese bombers. "Between eighty and ninety bombs were thrown, some of which fell outside the West Gate, and the rest to the Southeast of the city. None fell inside the walled section. The Normal School buildings were damaged considerably. As a result sixty people lost their lives and twenty-six were injured. The Chinese airmen brought down three of the Japanese bombers. Each one of these Jap bombers carried a crew of five or six men, all perishing with their planes except one.

"As the nine big bombers flew over the city in perfect formation, carrying weapons of destruction to life and property, we looked to God alone for protection. Yunnanfu was a growing city, business was booming; rents and the cost of living soared, and from all appearances it was safe. In less than twenty-four hours after the raid, the city has taken on the appearance of depression. The doors and windows of shops are shut practically day and night. Each morning crowds walk out into the country and stay there until about eleven o'clock, when danger seems to be past; then they file in again. They are like sheep without a shepherd. The realities of war have been brought to our very doors.

* * *

"In the town of Lunan the church is in a healthy condition and the people come regularly to the meetings which is the real test of appreciation for what the Lord has done for these native Christians. God poured out His Spirit upon the church, and the Christians received a new touch of fire on their souls. One of the Christians, Mrs. Wan, was specially anointed with the Spirit. The next day 11 were baptized in water, including Mrs. Wan. Her husband has beaten and persecuted her, but she has stood firm in her convictions.

"Another family has turned to the Lord at Natural Bridge, where we have a small outstation. A Mr. Lee had been suffering from a large tumor. He was prayed for and the Lord marvelously healed him. Like Joshua of old he says, 'As for me and my house we will serve the Lord.'

We shall soon be having another bonfire of his idols and ancestral tablets. Only the power of God can wean these people from their superstition and idolatry. The work at Broad Bridge, Natural Bridge and Lunan is very encouraging."

* * *

Bro. J. R. Spence of South China writes: "We are a scattered family. Mrs. Spence and Patsy are at Yunnanfu, where she is getting opportunities in wealthy Cantonese homes to preach the Gospel. The city is full of officials' wives and families and the Lord is working. The daughter of the Chinese Ambassador to Moscow was saved recently, and also the sister of the Minister of Communications. Refugees are pouring in at the rate of 600 per day. What a field for the Gospel!

"I am at SzWui. After a year's absence at Yunnanfu, I found the work going ahead. Forty have been saved, baptized and taken into the church. Of the thousands of refugees from Canton quite a few are Christians, and these worship with us.

"Every week the Gospel is preached to over 200 prisoners in the jail—twelve of whom are vitally interested and study New Testaments given to them.

"Since General Chiang Kai Shek announced by radio that the Bible could be taught in Schools, the Church, with the Magistrate's permission, opened a day

school, and now there are fifty pupils, which makes it self-supporting. The Principal is a convert of the SzWui church."

Sometimes we have carried missionaries on our list for years and never hear from them, but the following note of appreciation from South China, makes us to feel our labor is not in vain:

"For some time now we have been receiving your splendid publication, the gift of some kind friend, perhaps yourself. I want to thank you most sincerely for this and to assure you that every copy is read from cover to cover, sometimes twice. It fills a unique place in our Christian fellowship, a place that no other publication can or does. God has blessed you in your choice of sermons and articles. There is a breadth of subjects and a range of truth that is most refreshing."

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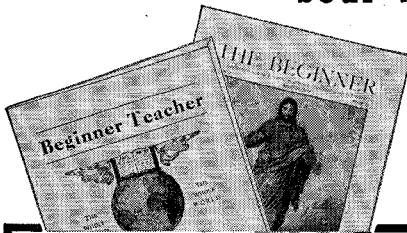
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HOW TO KILL A SUNDAY SCHOOL

A field worker, after making a tour of a certain state and observing the conduct of some schools that were visited, compiled a list of things that would be sure to kill any school.

1. Run your school as a "quarterly," or lesson help, school rather than a Bible school. That is, keep the Bible out of it. Use your denominational or other literature, but never have a Bible in evidence.

2. Never start on scheduled time. Always be late in starting. And then when you do call the school to order, apologize or scold for the lateness of the hour.

3. Forget all about the school between Sundays. Never plan a program ahead. Always start out by asking "What shall we sing?" Never, never prepare a program with songs appropriate to the lesson. Give one hour a week to the school, no more, and brag because you give no less.

4. Never attempt to have a monthly meeting for teachers and workers—too much trouble, and besides they won't come! Once or twice a year will be often enough to have a teachers' meeting, and be sure to have not a single interesting or helpful number on the program. Indeed; have no prepared program, just announce the meeting and let it go at that.

5. Take up as many "collections" as you feel the community can stand, but use the money for your own local work. Never under any circumstances plan to include others in your benevolence. Why send money to the heathen far away when your own school needs so much?

6. Ask just anybody to serve as teacher. Make no attempt to fit the teacher to the class, and never inquire as to the spiritual fitness or teaching ability of those who agree to "take a class."

7. When a teacher is absent be sure to put her class in with some other group. Never try to arrange for prepared substitutes. Of course, if the teacher is any good, it won't interfere with her lesson plan to have a class of some other age group sit in for the day. And if the teacher does not complain it means that she likes the extra pupils!

8. Never change the order of service. Try to keep it always the same so that the scholars will know what you are doing even though they are absent for the day. It is bad policy to provide surprise numbers on the program—it might make the pupils

more interested and attentive.

9. Because Mrs. Brown has arranged the Christmas exercises for thirty-eight years, be sure and have her continue to do so. It makes interesting history, and she likes to use the same things year after year. And Mrs. Jones has had such lovely programs on Children's Day for so many years that it would be a shame to ask anyone else to serve. Never appoint any new person to take charge of a special day service. Just stick to the old, well-known exercise.

10. People come to Sunday School to learn, therefore do nothing to make the surroundings attractive or to inspire worship. Keep the desk cluttered with quarterlies, backless hymnals, and papers. Never put a flower on the pulpit, or hang a flag or picture on the walls. Never do a thing to make the place pleasant; just keep it homelike and bare.

Follow any or all of these ten prescriptions, and your school will be killed.

—Elizabeth Williams Sudlow.

BOOK REVIEW

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