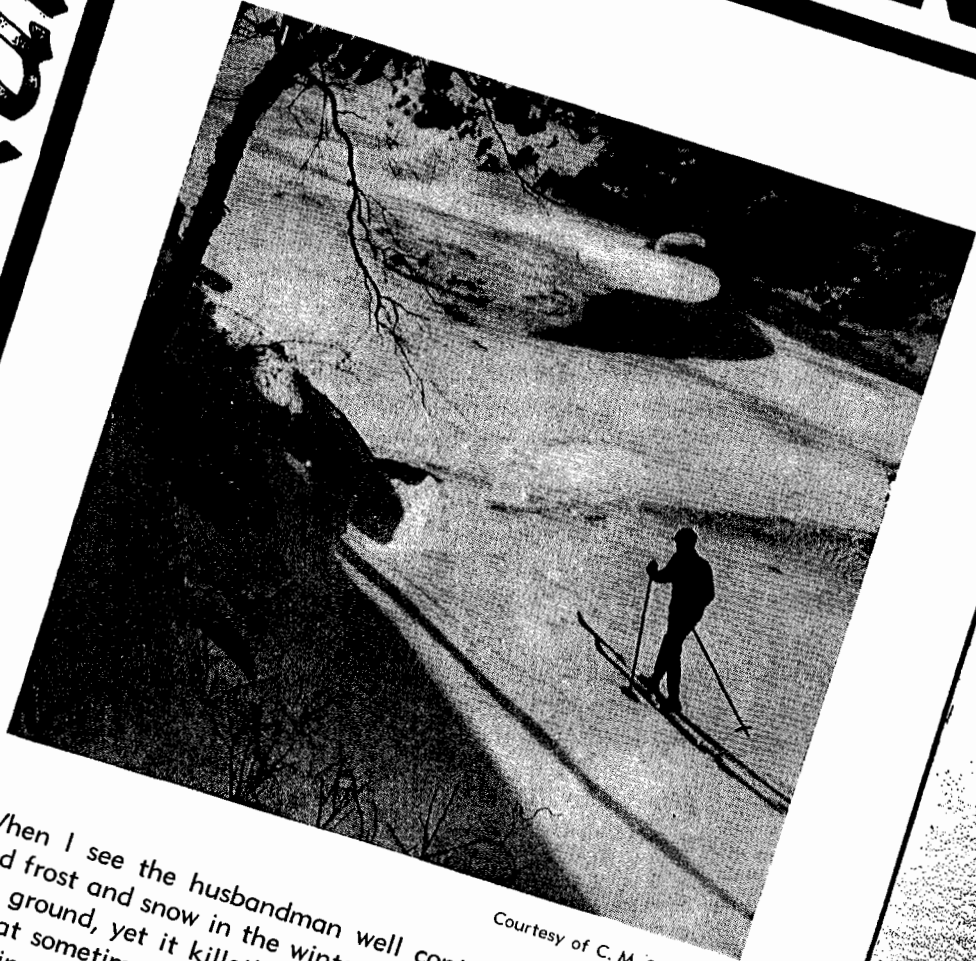


# EVANGEL

## The Latter Rain



Courtesy of C. M. & St. Paul

When I see the husbandman well contented with the cold and frost and snow in the winter, because, though it chilleth the ground, yet it killeth the charlock; though it check the wheat sometimes in growing, yet it choketh the weeds from growing at all; why should I be moved at the winter of affliction.

—Warwick

January 1939

With every rising sun think of your life as just begun.  
 You and Today! A soul sublime, and the great heritage of time.  
 With God Himself to bind the twain, go forth, brave heart!  
 Attain! Attain!

—Anon.

*The Latter Rain Evangel*  
 VOLUME 30 NUMBER 3

## A Blessed New Year To Our Readers

THIS Holiday Season we have had made very real to us the promise in Ecclesiastes 11:1. The "bread" that we have cast on the waters in days gone by has returned, and been multiplied over and over again.

We thank our friends for their ready response to our appeal for subscriptions and welcome many new readers into our Evangel family. We know they will enjoy this issue as it contains an unusual number of splendid articles. We call particular attention to "The Making of a Preacher" by Donald Gee, and "The World Spirit" by John Wright Follette; another very important one by Mrs. A. W. Kortcamp, along the line of Church Visitation, which every pastor should have his congregation read. The February issue will contain among other good things a very timely article on The Jew in his present dilemma in Europe.

For the convenience of those who were unable to send us club subscriptions during December we are repeating our offer made in that issue, and shall be glad to give our readers who respond the same consideration we gave in December. Our rates during January are as follows:

Only \$1.00 a year; Six subscriptions for \$5.50 in U. S.; Canada, \$1.12; Foreign, \$1.20 yearly. We send a gift card for each subscription. All you need to do is send us your list of friends with money. We do all the rest.

For SEVEN subscriptions we will give a Bible, illustrated, self-pronouncing, black-faced type, flexible Fabricoid, Divinity Circuit, gold edges.

For FOUR subscriptions a box of assorted, Every Day cards.

For THREE subscriptions a calendar or a devotional booklet.

Send your subscriptions early. They will have prompt attention.

A reader from Stockholm, Sweden, writes as she renews her subscription:

"The Latter Rain Evangel has been a great blessing to my soul during all the years I have subscribed for it. And when I have read it I have sometimes translated Bible studies or sermons from it into both Swedish and German, in eighteen copies for my friends in these two countries. Then I pass it along to a Supt. in a Lutheran Church who is open to the Pentecostal truths."

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

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# A RECIPE FOR A HAPPY NEW YEAR



Take twelve fine, full-grown months, see that these are thoroughly free from all old memories of bitterness, rancor, hate and jealousy; cleanse them completely from every clinging spite, pick off all specks of pettiness and littleness; in short, see that these months are freed from all the past—have them as fresh and clean as when they first came from the great storehouse of Time.

Cut these months into thirty or thirty-one equal parts. This batch will keep for just one year. Do not attempt to make up the whole batch at one time (so many persons spoil the entire lot in this way), but prepare one day at a time, as follows:

Into each day put twelve parts of **faith**, eleven of **patience**, Ten of **courage**, nine of **work** (some people omit this ingredient and so spoil the flavor of the rest), Eight of **hope**, seven of **fidelity**, Six of **liberality**, five of **kindness**, Four of **rest** (leaving this out is like leaving the oil out of the salad), Three of **prayer**, two of **meditation**, And one well selected resolution.

Pour into the whole, love **ad libitum** and mix with a vim. Cook thoroughly in a fervent heat; garnish with a few smiles and a sprig of joy; then serve with quietness, unselfishness, and cheerfulness, and a Happy New Year is a certainty.

—H. M. S.

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, . . . think on these things."

## T O D A Y

Upon the threshold of "today" I stand,—  
It lies before me, fresh from God's own hand,  
Without a blemish—mine, for good or ill,  
But, if I trust to self, to my weak will,  
To keep it spotless, I shall surely fail;  
Thy strength and guidance can alone avail.  
So now my heart goes out in earnest plea,  
That, for today, Thou wilt abide with me.

Life's yesterdays forevermore have passed  
Beyond my reach; and so, Lord, Thou hast  
Them in Thy keeping. Let Thy righteousness  
Hide the dark stains they bear. Help me to press  
On toward the mark. Humbly, dear Lord, I pray  
That, as each "morrow" merges in "today",  
I may surrender all I am to Thee,  
And that Thy presence may abide with me.

For, so abiding, doubt and strife must cease,  
With Thee to lead me on, the perfect peace  
That passeth understanding I shall know;  
Alike through calm and gale I needs must go  
My way content. Then, on the morrow fair  
Which brings deliverance, grant Thou my prayer,—  
That immortality my part may be,  
So shall I evermore abide with Thee.

—J. H.

## The Making of a Preacher

By DONALD GEE

ONE summer's Sunday night about twenty-five years ago a young preacher stood on the rostrum of a tiny hall in a suburb of London with his mind an absolute blank. He was midway through his sermon, but every word had left him, and his brain whirled and refused to furnish one single thought. It is kindest to draw a veil over what followed. Once outside the hall after the service had finished he declared to his young wife, who had been a sympathetic spectator of his confusion, that he would never, *never*, NEVER preach again! But he evidently possessed something of that inward Fire that Jeremiah found so irresistible; for he DID preach again. He was the one who now, by special request, is trying to write the following testimony.

Before that night of such vivid memory there had fortunately been a few happier experiences of public speaking. A year or two previously he had received the baptism of the Holy Spirit at a Pentecostal Missionary Home in North London, and the very first brief message from the Word of God had been passed on to a sympathetic little company right in the very room where "it happened." How good of the Lord that those earliest attempts were not such a complete breakdown, or else the discouragement might have been complete and final!

Perhaps the first clear intimation within his heart of a "call" to preach consisted of a deep inward response and desire occasioned by a sermon in a large Presbyterian Church, about a year before "Pentecost" became a personal experience, when the preacher had been speaking on behalf of his own denominational seminary for theological students. The sermon was based on Isaiah's great personal vision and call. Yet at that time personal circumstances were such that to "become a minister" seemed utterly beyond the wildest dreams of probability. Some Bible Class work seemed about the limit of anticipation. Contact with the young Pentecostal Movement began, however, to bring larger possible horizons of ministry within view.

Then came the great war: and conscription; and conscientious objection: and compulsory work on a farm that really turned out to be this preacher's truest training college. A local mission hall, and little Methodist chapels, were glad to seize any available preacher in those days, for all their regular supplies had been called to the colours. But authorities were suspicious of the pulpit being used for pacifist

propaganda, so one night, as the sermon began, a stalwart policeman entered the little hall and solemnly listened to a rather crude address on the Lord's coming. It was an ordeal for the young preacher, but proved good training for later years when a similar experience was repeated in Poland and Eastern Europe. That policeman came again once or twice, but evidently felt satisfied that the preacher was not politically dangerous, and thereafter he was left in peace. There was much necessary work to do on Sundays in connection with the cattle, and sometimes it was a case of going straight from the farmyard to the pulpit; but there was a war on, and nobody seemed to mind.

God was meanwhile working in the preacher's soul by means of the petty, local persecution because of the stand he had taken for conscience' sake; and through the change from a sheltered, easy personal profession in the city to the rough, healthy outdoor physical labor, and continual contact with other men, working on the land. It all put strength into the body, and iron into the soul.

The complete severance from the old business in town; the frequent Sunday preaching engagements; coupled with those earlier desires; and then "Pentecost" on top of all made both the erstwhile farm-labourer, and the wife who was sharing his "exile" with him, come to an unmistakable conviction that the Lord had truly called them to the work of the ministry. The Holy Spirit was speaking within, and self-preparation for the now recognized life-calling became definite, even in face of the continued grip of the war upon personal liberty. Preparation of Sunday messages broadened into wider reading and study of a theological nature. Many things were memorized while following the plough up and down the broad acres in those sweet, quiet valleys, shut in with deep woodland. It was a rather lovely "college" after all.

A kind Providence had provided a Christian "boss" on the farm who was himself an occasional Holiness preacher, and many a good talk took place when the two were working together on some odd job in a sequestered part of the farm. One day, while building a haystack together, "Pentecost" was testified to in detail, and expounded from the scriptures. The sequel was a never-to-be-forgotten night in the preacher-laborer's cottage, when the "boss" received his Acts 2:4 experience with a "fire" so literal that he



A year ago we approached the author of the accompanying article, about penning a few of his personal experiences, on this special topic, for the benefit of our readers. With some reticence he set himself to the task, but rather hesitated to make public these glimpses into his private life. However, in response to our urgent appeal, we now have the privilege of giving to our readers this splendid article which we know will prove a great inspiration and help to the clergy and laity as well.

was in a bath of perspiration. That led to weekly meetings in the cottage, when the kitchen became full of hungry seekers for the promised Holy Ghost, and the preacher-laborer and his wife knew in their hearts more clearly than ever that the Lord had called them to a pastoral ministry.

One misty November morning the ceaseless sounding of distant sirens proclaimed the Armistice. Then came a mysterious testing time, although the "call" was never doubted. The farm had to be left. Contrary to expectation, no immediate opening into pastoral work was forthcoming, nor appeared likely. The tiny British Pentecostal assemblies of those days looked askance at the financial responsibility of supporting a married couple with two children. So an attempt was made to re-enter the old business in London for a time; but it was a bitter struggle with poverty, perplexity and hope deferred.

A thrill came with the first invitation to an out-of-town preaching engagement for a few days. The packing of the little bag, the journey on the train, the consciousness of at last really travelling as a "preacher", all made it a memorable milestone. The meetings were only held in a friend's parlor; all thought of a definite pastoral invitation was reluctantly ruled out as impracticable; and except for the spiritual invigoration of the experience, and a very welcome gift of £5 (\$25.00), the outlook closed in again, as hopeless as ever.

At last, through the unfailing helpfulness of the loved pastor who had faithfully shepherded those earliest Pentecostal years, there came—a telegram! "Would a call to Edinburgh be considered?" Edinburgh

is 400 miles from London, and to one who had never been more than 100 miles from home in his life it seemed like a call to become a foreign missionary. The opening was gratefully accepted: all day one Friday the preacher fulfilled the last demands of his old business in London: all day on the Saturday he travelled Northwards on the famous "Flying Scotsman", and on the Sunday morning he preached his first sermon as a real "pastor" to a little company of thirteen people gathered in a dingy shop by Leith Docks. One who was there, but has now been a missionary for several years in China, told the preacher only a short time ago that she remembered quite clearly the message he preached that morning. It was on Isaiah 40:1.

After a month of becoming mutually acquainted the call was confirmed. A consecrated and successful business-man in the assembly became responsible for support for the first six months, and showed unfailing kindness in many ways. Wife and children joined the new pastor, and the ministerial boat was at last now finally launched upon a tiny stream that, thank God, has proved to be an ever-broadening river of gracious God-given opportunity.

The early years of struggle in Edinburgh can find their counterpart in the experience of numberless other pioneer pastors. Heart-breaks, mistakes, poverty, discouragements, jealousies; intermingled with joy unspeakable, victory and growth and an ever-richer experience. Right at the outset the Lord spoke a word that proved a veritable anchor: "Be strong, and of a good courage, for unto *this* people shalt *thou* divide for an inheritance the land which I swear unto their fathers to give them." The pastor wrote it out, framed it, and hung it in his study. Once, in his darkest hour, when he felt as if all but his wife had turned against him, he took it down from the nail. He ran away to England for ten days. But he returned, hung the text up on the wall once more, and never wavered again. The tide turned. A new hall was built, and opened free of debt, and under God's blessing the congregations in Scotland's conservative capital grew slowly but steadily.

Meanwhile the preacher had to be diligent to "wait upon his teaching." Slipshod ministry was futile to even the humblest congregation in a city like proud Edinburgh, where there were far too many other possible alternatives for the sheep, unless their souls were being fed. So every morning, just before nine o'clock, when the children went off to school, the preacher cycled away down to the little vestry at the church, a mile away, that he had fitted out as a study. There, invigorated by the fresh air on the way, and quietly alone for meditation and prayer, he spent every forenoon for several years in storing up

precious truth from the Word of God. It was to stand him in good stead in the vastly busier years that were to come.

Having had no Bible School training he had to discover and perfect his own system of study and sermon preparation. The process made it a prized personal possession such as the finest system given ready-made can never become. The distinctive Pentecostal testimony that he was required to champion necessitated giving special attention to what are sometimes called *deeper truths*. The practical problem had to be overcome of teaching profound truth to congregations of simple working-people on week-nights after they were tired with a day's toil. It was grand training in the very essence of the art of teaching—making all truth simple to be understood. The blackboard was freely used. But, looking back, the preacher fears that at times he must have been fearfully heavy! If any of those who suffered at that time should chance to read these lines he hereby thanks them for their great patience while he practised upon them! How often student-preachers weary their congregations by insisting upon dragging their listeners through every step of their own private and exhaustive study of the subject, instead of giving the final results.

The preacher also began to write in an increasing measure. The first articles were nervously submitted to various editors with considerable diffidence. But when they asked for more, he gained confidence, and began to realize that the Lord had allowed him a definite ministry with the pen. Continual writing all helped to make clarity of thought, and expression seemed to be one of the most desirable things for which any expositor should strive. Writing and preaching re-acted upon one another, with some benefit to both. There was given as a reward the encouragement of an ever-widening sphere of ministry.

Little more may be told—as yet. One Monday morning, like a bolt from the blue, came a week-end cablegram containing an invitation to minister in Australia. The preacher and his wife dropped on their knees before the Lord. Tremblingly it was accepted, for it seemed, and indeed was, a tremendous venture. A world-wide ministry was commencing, though unrealized at the time. Arrangements were made for the resumption of the now entirely happy pastorate at Edinburgh once the visit to the Antipodes had been fulfilled. But invitations began to come in from other lands overseas; and at last the divine call to minister to "The Church" as a whole, rather than to the one beloved local assembly, could no longer be denied.

The preacher now had to learn some drastic lessons in personal adjustment as he was suddenly called to face large congregations in strange lands. When he first

left his native shores he was unconsciously steeped to the core in British custom and tradition, even in "Pentecost." Added to that he had been in the habit of speaking only to quite small congregations of a rather specialized nature, usually in very little halls. The process of adjustment has been fascinating to himself, and has doubtless broadened his whole outlook upon every subject, with that broadening that only wide travel and contacts can give. He still has much to learn in this truly Pauline school of being made "all things to all men." The romance of some of the incidents is a separate story.

"The Making of a Preacher!" It seems as if a preacher is being continually remade as, and if, he keeps the touch of God upon his soul. Only as this is true can his ministry retain its essential freshness to bless others. The most potent factors of all in the life of every preacher are those inward personal *Peniels* and *Gethsemanes* that come to all God's children if they walk with Him, but which preachers probably feel in an intense degree by virtue of that very thing in their spiritual nature which is part of their special calling. Such deep personal experiences are too sacred for either pen or lip, however, except on very rare occasions. The rejection of any "cross" brings barrenness; its acceptance brings blessing.

Underlying all the opportunity that Providence provides; and deeper than all the necessary diligence that seizes every opportunity and makes the most of it, must ever remain the truism that "preachers are born, not made." A spiritual gift, and a heavenly calling, lie at the root of their ministry. The ultimate explanation, and it sweeps on one side all human boasting, is the love of the Risen Christ in the Glory at the Father's right hand;—"HE gave some apostles, some prophets, some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers." He is still giving.

The District Sectional Fellowship meeting sponsored by the Illinois District Council of the Assemblies of God, will be held at the Lake View Assembly of God Church, 3140 N. Racine Ave., Chicago, on Jan. 16th, 1939. Two great services at 3 and 7:30 P.M. All in Chicago area are invited to attend.

## BEAST IS ABOUT TO COME FORTH

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## The World Spirit or The Bruised Corn

JOHN WRIGHT FOLLETTE

**H**ERE is a message fresh upon my heart and I feel God would have me tell it to you. If I were to take a text, I would choose Matt. 5:6—Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled—since the revelation which God so wonderfully brought to my heart is on the subject of “eating.”

Recently, during the hours of the night, the Lord unfolded as in panorama, a series of visions and with the Holy Spirit as a Teacher and Revealer of the things of God, He showed me in the spirit what “eating” means as shown in the Word.

The first in the group of visions was the garden of Eden. The whole atmosphere of the scene was that of light, and tranquility. There was no marked detail which attracted my attention as to the particular object in the scene. My spirit was more impressed by the hush and wonderful light so soft and clear—the tender flush of nature newly born. There was no sense of failure, sin, or even shadows but all spoke of peace, and transparent purity. I knew this was the home of our first parents, and my heart was charmed with the beauty and grace of the whole domain. I knew man as a creation to be there and that all before him was for his good and that all was in perfect harmony. This text came to me (Gen. 1:29): “And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat.”

The thought of eating was clear and seemed the most natural thing to do. It was God’s plan for man and more than being a necessity there was a sense of enjoyment as well. But more than the physical eating there was a wonderful communion and fellowship between the heart of man and his Creator.

Then the vision changed and I sensed as never before the meaning of Gen. 3:6: “And . . . she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her; and he did eat.”

Then I saw that it was through the act of eating as an outward evidence of the sin and surrender on the part of man, that awful darkness had come upon the race. Man had first eaten in harmony and communion and now having eaten of the forbidden portion, sin and darkness must follow. The clouds of an awful night

gathered thick and fast overshadowing my vision. The scene was dim and full of shadows. I knew there was pain, sin, toil, and sickness before me but all so dim and indistinct. Then the sky began to change and the faintest light of dawn came trailing over the distant hills and left streaks of light in her way. The whole heavens began to catch the gleams and ere I knew it, the sun had risen and the shafts of lights so strong and far-reaching soon shattered the curtains of night and filled the heavens with an unspeakable and glorious brightness. The very air seemed to scintillate and sparkle, radiant with the life and light of celestial character. I had a feeling that the dawn of this marvelous light spoke of liberty and deliverance. It was too intense in brightness and glory to tell of a common day. There was something divine, majestic and awe inspiring in the character of it. Not only were there elements of light in that it would dispel the darkness, but the sense of power that would even consume it as though it were but a mist. No sooner had this marvelous morning dawned than I saw rising from the vision filmy veils of smoke like webs so thin and delicate. Up, up, up they rose ever gaining in strength and darkness until they were woven into a murky curtain covering the whole sky and blotting out the glory of the rising sun. As I looked I could see clearly what before had been dim and misty. The smoke rose from the million chimney throats of earth, from factories, mills, and foundries all of which spoke of toil and pressure. Then I saw the masses of humanity driven as it were by a cruel monster (the world spirit) whose greed was insatiable. The people seemed like slaves or prisoners, toiling and laboring ’neath the pressure and stress of life’s burden. The men’s backs were bare and bent far over. Their faces were pictures of despair, pain and distress. I looked into their eyes and was pained to find them so vacant and expressionless. They seemed to notice only the nearest things which pertained to their duty or task before them. There was no gleam of spiritual intelligence in their eyes. How ignorant they were of the glorious morning which hung quivering in splendor over their dirty city. The smoke from their factories even though so thin, served well in shutting out the day.

*Note.*—All the while the Spirit was upon me, and as these visions were passing before me, the Spirit spoke through me in

This vision was given to Brother Follette in the early days of the Pentecostal outpouring, when the Lord was manifesting Himself in this way. It was printed in “Trust” a number of years ago, and seems especially appropriate at this time when all mankind is toiling under heavy burdens and being driven by “the world spirit” of insatiable greed and unrest, robbing of all that is noblest and highest.

perfect meter and verse line upon line of poetry—sometimes in description of the scene, etc.

At once the Spirit brought to me Gen. 3:19—“In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread. . .”—and showed me this was a fulfilment of the same. This was man in the old creation, under the curse earning his daily bread. It was all the eating man seemed to understand and this at such a painful cost

*The babes were hurried from their  
mother’s breasts,  
And robbed of childhood’s sunny hours  
and play,  
Went joyless to their work through  
sultry noon  
Till early nightfall closed their little day.*

Here I sensed the fierce hunger of the god of this world to consume the time and energy of mankind, to rob him of life’s fullest meaning and so occupy his mind and hand that he would not hear the call to a higher life. I knew then the blessing of the gentle touch of early evening to sooth the tired brows of thousands who have toiled through the hot hours of life’s short day. Thank God it is an early evening which calls them to rest and peace and saves them from the dark hours of a starless night. So many are laboring now through its weary watches and long to see the smoke and shadows flee away.

*And as I looked a glory filled the sky,  
Ten thousand shafts of light pierced  
through the gloom.*

*If all this blaze be but the break of day,  
I cannot sense the meaning of its noon.*

Here the Spirit brought to me I. Peter 1:13. . . “and hope to the end for the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ.”

The revelation of Christ in all His glorious life, victorious death, the marvels of His saving grace, the mystery of His person and character, the saving and transforming of the thousands on earth—all seems but a sunrise when compared to the transcending splendor of the noon of His day. O, how little we realize the meaning of it all! If now we are so moved by the revelation of His grace, what must be the joy and wonder at the revelation yet to come?

As the visions remained before me, the Holy Spirit interpreted much of their meaning. The lower part of the vision

filled with sin, unrest, sorrow, suffering and darkness represented the fallen race or humanity today away from God and laboring in unbelief. I sensed as never before the awful result of sin and the dire calamity incurred by the act of disobedience—the depths to which man has fallen. The sun coming up in such splendor typified the Sun of righteousness as He broke through the clouds of sin and darkness of night, and rising with healing in His wings (Mal. 4:2) gave light again to the doomed world.

But man has ever sought some other way than the way of God. When he has refused to look by faith and live, he has substituted works and died. The smoke rising from the shops and mills is like the unbelief and darkness resulting from our own toil and labor. The result of the energy of flesh is only and always a cloud to hide the glorious face of Christ in grace. This group of toilers speaks of even some Christians who are still on the plain of works and service.

Again the vision changed and I had a very precious revelation of the Lord Jesus. As He stood before me, my heart was very much moved and I recognized as never before the meaning of humility. There was something so quiet, dignified and lovely, yet wonderful and beautiful, about Him. My heart was hushed. I did not feel like shouting, but rather like bowing my head and prostrating myself before Him. Although I knew Him to be Jesus, there was an indescribable something about Him which hindered Him from being truly discerned in all His beauty. It was something like a cloud or veil and yet impressed me like a prison in which He chose to live and move—yet not really limited. The Spirit later showed me it was the humiliation of His incarnation, the form of man, the veil of flesh, the tabernacle of clay. How little we understand the humility of our Lord. As I looked upon Him so quiet, dignified and noble yet wonderful and beautiful, He was altogether lovely to my soul. My heart longed and burned to fellowship even in greater measure with this silent, adorable Christ. Then the Spirit began to show me that He had come to be Bread for the world, that He was the Bread from heaven to feed the masses of humanity. Then the text Isa. 28:28 came like a solemn call to my heart. "Bread corn is bruised, Bread corn is bruised." My heart felt faint and I began to weep much. Then there broke over Him a most terrific storm. The sky was crowded black with the heavenly chariots of thunder, the wind raged and beat, roared, sighed, and groaned. All the elements seemed to be in confusion. There was such an overthrow of rain, fire, earth, water and awful darkness. The horror of night in blackness of the pit settled in and my heart fainted in the presence of such

terrible working. Not only were the physical forces in wildest confusion, but there was a sense of sin, and wickedness, of hell and the forces of Satan in heavy conflict. I never knew before, the dreadful wrath of God against sin. Oh, the heinousness of sin and the dreadful penalty when the wrath of God must smite! "For He hath made Him to be sin for us..." (II. Cor. 5:21). The wrath of God did strike—not upon us as sinners, but upon Him, the spotless Lamb of God, the patient, silent Christ.

Then as the storm broke upon Him, He was moved, buffeted, and crowded down until He seemed to be utterly crushed under the stress and agony of it all. As I looked at this crushing and going down, the Spirit let me see, or I tried to see, the meaning of space. First I attempted to see what height means. I turned my eyes upward and tried to follow the direction up, up, up, beyond the zenith, beyond the highest heaven as we would know it. This was but the beginning and my sight was lost in the heights above. There are no words to tell the immeasurable heights. And I knew that was the height from which He had come—the Son of God came *down* to earth. Then I looked at the depths. Oh the sense of depth I had as I tried to look down! Depth upon depth seemed to drop lower than the pit and hell—down, down, until I was afraid to look and shrank back. "He humbled Himself..." (Phil. 2:5-11). Oh, the depth of His humiliation! Then I saw the length and breadth of His love—the love that could lead Him from the heights of glory to the depths of darkness—that man might live. My eyes looked, but sight could not carry to such distance. My mind failed to estimate or comprehend the meaning of East and West when trying to measure His love. These terms lost their meaning and I was lost to measure "so loved the world."

If you note the directions: height, depth and breadth make a perfect cross. From height to depth is the upright shaft and the breadth is the cross beam. The bruised corn is the crucified, broken Christ.

Then there broke out from the vision a very wonderful light. I knew the Lord was standing before me again as bruised corn. The light was very white and powerful in penetration. Instead of fear and desire to hide, I found myself weeping and extending my arms out flat as I lay prostrate upon my bed. I began to pray, "Search me, O God, search me!" And as I wept there went out from my being a most precious sense of fellowship with Christ as bruised corn. The more I yielded to it the more it gripped and ravished my heart until I wept for sheer joy in such secret fellowship with Christ, the bruised corn. It seems my heart has never known the joy, rest, and satisfaction it did in this

blessed union. No work, or service can ever equal the secret joy of this fellowship. Dear friends, are any of you seeking real joy? It is only found through pain. Do you seek blessing? Then follow along the road of suffering. Do you burn with zeal to serve? Then yield and in surrender let Him bruise you. Bread corn must needs be bruised. It is not so much our service, not so much our doing that He seeks. He wants bruised corn today that there may be bread to eat. Do you want to be bread? Submit to the bruising, and joy unspeakable will fill your soul, and you will find being built up stronger and stronger a precious fellowship with the broken, bruised Lord. There will be bread then and food for the needy. The secret of this hidden joy and fellowship is not the result of a feverish, anxious prayer, "Use me, O Lord, use me," but rather from a quiet, yielded heart saying, even through tears, "Bruise me, dear Lord, bruise me." I cannot tell you, friends, how desirable God is able to make this bruising. It seemed that after all, that is all that is really worth while in life. This blessed union is not to do, to see, to go, to have, to be seen, to be heard, no—only to be bruised.

As with the other visions there came also the scripture text John 6:57: "...and I live by the Father, so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me."

Then again the vision changed and began to lift upward. I saw another group in contrast with the suffering, toiling group at the left of Christ the bruised corn. Here all spoke of light, joy, peace, victory, and grace. All the qualifications which enter in to make the new creation life desirable, were found here. The people seemed to be moving along the roadway of life. The light of morning shone in their faces. There was no trace of pain, sorrow or anxiety to be found. I noticed also they were breaking bread and were in sweet fellowship and communion. As they moved along there was no energy of the flesh but such grace and ease. The air was full of singing and seemed to radiate life to the happy, contented people. There was nothing which spoke of bondage or toil—these were foreign elements. Underneath this vision I saw the word, "Abundantly." At once I knew this was a picture of the Christian here and now as God has planned he should live. It was not a picture of the millennium or heaven, but the Christians as now privileged to live. Then I knew the meaning of Rom. 5:17... abundance of grace, II. Cor. 9:8... and God is able to make all grace abound toward you..., Jas. 4:6, But He giveth more grace, etc.

In the new creation life there is no effort, no struggle, no bondage, no toiling, no labor. All of that savors of the old

(Continued on page 10)

HEBREW.

כי כה אהב אלדום אתהעולם כינתן את  
בני דודי למען כל-הנאמן בו לא יאבד  
כי אסחיי עולם ידדו לו:



Homer's works are being read in twenty languages; Shakespeare boasts of forty translations. But the Bible now speaks in a thousand tongues.



ARABIC.

لَا إِلَهَ إِلَّا اللَّهُ أَحَبُّ إِلَهِ الْعَالَمِينَ حَتَّى بَدَّلَ إِلَهُهُ  
الْوَجِيدَ لَكُمْ لَا يَهْلِكُ كُلُّ مَنْ يُؤْمِنُ بِهِ بَلْ  
تَكُونُ لَهُ الْحَيَاةُ الْأَبَدِيَّةُ.



The combined circulation of Bibles, Testaments and Scripture portions, distributed by the three main Bible Societies, during 1937 has the grand total of 23,073,414.



FIJI.

Ni sa lomani ira vaka ko na Kalou na kaluravura, me solia kina na Luvena e dua au ga sa vakasikavi, me kakua ni rusa ko ira yadua sa vakabauti koya, me ra rawata ga na bula zawa mudu.

There still remain 300,000 Sulu Moros (Philippines) who have only one Gospel portion translated for them.

VOLTAIRE once remarked that when his book, "The Age of Reason," became widely circulated, it would replace the Bible and finally put it out of existence. Little did he dream that, after his death, his very own home would be used as a Bible Depot, a distributing center from which the life-giving Word, in various tongues and dialects, would be scattered abroad. Well might his home have been the "door" where stood the author as he penned the following lines:

"And Now in

*I paused one day beside the blacksmith's door  
And listened to the anvil ring the evening's  
chime,  
And looking in, I saw upon the floor,  
Old hammers, worn with beating years of time.*

*"How many anvils have you had," said I,  
"To wear and batter out these hammers so?"  
"Just one," he answered, with a twinkling eye,  
"The anvil wears the hammers out, you know."*

*And so, I thought, the Anvil of God's Word,  
For ages skeptic blows have beat upon.  
Yet, though the noise of infidel was heard,  
The Anvil is unworn — the hammers, gone.*

Of all the romances, the Romance of the Bible is the most gripping and fascinating! How it has stood the test of the ages though a thousand storms have beat against it! How it has been translated and propagated until today, it has won its way into the hearts and homes of peasant and free-man, lisping child and tottering sage, the man in the hovel and the man in the palace. It has transformed lives of men and women of every age and every nation; it has wended its way to the tiniest hamlet and the largest metropolitan city and has penetrated to the furthest outpost of Africa, to the most hidden-away village of Asia. It has traveled across trackless desert sands, through jungle brush, over rushing torrents and taken passage on every conceivable mode of transportation.

But all this has been accomplished at a staggering price—the price of endless hours of toil, the last bit of strength and even of life itself. When you pick up your Bible the next time and hurriedly read a verse, remember that what you so easily read in the English language, cost the life blood of Tyndale who heroically paid the penalty of putting the precious Word into our mother tongue by burning at the stake. Think of Robert Morrison who gave seventeen long years of his life to the translation of the Bible into the Chinese! And what terrific obstacles he continually faced as he labored on to break down the barriers of those barred gates and insurmountable walls of the Chinese Empire in those early days.

Down in South Africa there was a young Britisher, a splendid linguist. When he went as a missionary they told him he was throwing his life away, to bury himself in a black belt. But he could never rest till he answered the call. He found the dialects rich indeed, but none had ever been reduced to writing; so he set himself to the task of reducing it to writing and thus give to those natives the



At the present rate a century to read four-fifths, who printed Scripture



Gospel in their own tongue. He did it, and the manuscript was completed in 1917. He took the boat for England but when he came through the Mediterranean a U-boat met him. His manuscript was rolled in a sack, enclosed in rubber and put into a box. A letter, giving the key to the words as he had used them for the translation, was there, and a statement regarding the experiences that had come to him. When the U-boat torpedoed the liner, not a living soul was saved, and the manuscript went down also. But after some weeks there drifted ashore, in a lonely part of Tunis, among other bits of wreckage, a box. It was picked up.

It looked interesting. It was opened. The letter telling the story was shown to the American Consul who passed it on to a British clergyman; and in London, in 1921, the last page of that manuscript was completed and the printed book was sent back, in the hands of an Oxford student, to the tribe in Africa.

Thus, through the centuries, from the time when the Old Testament was first translated into the Greek, down to our day, it has been a Herculean task and has involved a vast army of linguists at home, of foreign missionaries and native workers abroad, and has demanded of them the most strenuous application and toil from early morning till late at night through weeks and months and even years, midst fever infested lands, and climatic hazards of every description.

But on and ever onward, has been the march of Bible translators. "It is estimated that on the eve of the invention of printing only 33 languages had any part of the Bible translated and even this invention did not greatly accelerate translation. By 1800 only 71 languages and dialects had seen some printed portion of the Bible. The next thirty years saw an amazing expansion—eighty-six languages received some part of the Bible—more than in all the 1800 years before.

The missionary movement with its roots watered and fertilized by the evangelical revival of the 18th century, bore this sudden burst of bloom.

Then, in the 107 years between then and now, 851 languages have been added to the list, and—Now—**In a Thousand Tongues**—is the life-giving message going forth. Well may hearts thrill and praises swell as we witness the little scene in the interior of Africa, where is born the translation of a portion of the Bible in the **one thousandth tongue**:

"Four men sit at a rough table in a little house in an African jungle clearing. Two are dark-skinned natives. Two are Europeans. Before them lie eight or ten printed books, some notebooks, a pile of carefully corrected manuscript, and before one of them a partly written sheet. They are conversing in a language unknown to us. One reads aloud in English:

*'And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written.'*

"He speaks again in the unknown tongue, looks for the agreement of his three colleagues, and after further



conversation writes down:

*'Yesu akeri bekere besa bevuku ovongo. Ya ozuku infuna nda, zi zama, nda ya nda, bua mantea ntuari nazonga boke lebo min-kanda mi mama.'*

"Little do they realize that a milestone in the spiritual history of the human race has been passed. For the pile of manuscript, carefully wrapped and registered, goes to a city some 5,000 miles away; a compositor patiently thumps out on his typesetter keyboard the words of the manuscript, meaningless to him; a printing press picks up sheets of paper and slides them out with the strange words impressed; a binder folds and sews; a packer nails shut cases of bound books, and stencils a label, 'Bendela, Congo Belge, via Matadi,'—and a Bible House scribe enters on a list in a committee's minutes, '**No. 1000, Sakata.**'

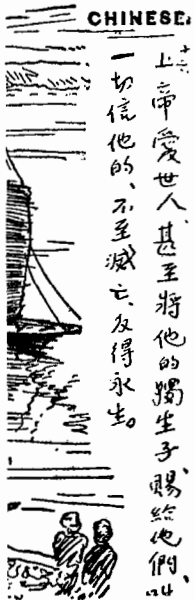
"It is the thousandth recorded language into which some part of the Holy Scriptures has been translated and published!

"In a sense, richer than he dreamed, the prayer of Charles Wesley has been fulfilled:

*'O for a thousand tongues to sing,  
My great Redeemer's praise,  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of His grace.'*"

and Tongues"

R



tion, it would take of the unsupplied ite age, with the

## Not Knowing

I know not what shall befall me, God hangs a mist o'er my eyes,  
And at each step of my onward path He makes new scenes to rise,  
And every joy He sends me, comes as a sweet and glad surprise.

I see not a step before me as I tread on another year;  
But the past is still in God's keeping, the future His mercy shall clear.  
And what looks dark in the distance may brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded future has less bitter than I think;  
The Lord may sweeten the waters before I stoop to drink;  
Or, if Marah must be Marah, He will stand beside its brink.

O restful, blissful ignorance! 'Tis blessed not to know;  
It holds me in those mighty Arms which will not let me go,  
And hushes my soul to rest on the bosom which loves me so!

So I go on, not knowing; I would not if I might;  
I would rather walk in the dark with God than go alone in the light;  
I would rather walk with Him by faith than walk alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials which the future may disclose,  
Yet I never had a sorrow but what the dear Lord chose.  
So I send the coming tears back with the whispered word, "He knows!"

—Mary G. Brainard.

### The World Spirit

(Continued from page 7)

creation, unbelief, and lack of faith. Faith was simple to these joyous people because their vision was up and they looked beyond the here and now of the earth and its walk. It was so refreshing, so inspiring to look into their carefree faces and know that they were the everyday, practical, Christians as God delights to see us. How clearly I saw the difference between faith and unbelief, spirit and flesh, grace and law, fruit and works! Have you not noticed in experience (the church or individual) when *faith* dies out, immediately *works* come in to substitute? So with many of God's children today. Faith has died out and their vision has filled with things before them, trial, trouble, work, and life's problems. They have failed to see God big enough, so have drifted back into the group of hard toilers, where they are working and struggling. The very smoke, as it were, from their work only dims their sky and hides the face of God. I failed to say that under the vision of those who were so pressed with care, I saw the word "Economy." How very suggestive! How utterly contrary to the word "Abundantly"! It is so characteristic of the old creation. There one must save, scrimp, and plan to live in so small a way for he is under the hard master *Unbelief* and his

rations are small. How many of God's children today are hiding behind the word "economy" and living a poor starved life when really there is no true economy in it but an appalling example of rank unbelief and lack of faith. Many are really deceiving themselves in this matter and will find that their economy and saving have been but a delusion behind which they have been living in unbelief. How different all is from God's free grace. The new creation knows nothing of that kind of economy for here He is able to make all grace to abound.

This is true literally and spiritually. In these days of testing and shortage is the time for God to display grace, and for us to exercise faith and so in the face of lack and want prove God is enough. There is a difference between economy and littleness as well as abundance and extravagance. One need not be fanatical and waste or act unwisely because he has found that God has plenty. Nor should he live niggardly in order to be economical in the true sense. Oh friends, if you have found yourselves in some regards wandering with the group of toilers, where you are cramping your lives down into a mere machine of doing, and you are afraid to ask or take, I beg of you trust the Holy Spirit to bring you quickly into your rightful sphere. Lift up your faces; let the light of God shine

upon them; begin to trust, to ask largely, to expect and to possess.

Once more the vision changed and I saw this time only a glimpse as it were into the next age. It seemed to be the New Jerusalem where there was a glorious light. It was much brighter than day and seemed to be alive. There was a sense of heavenly or celestial movement as the scene opened before me. I was not occupied with the detail as to people, action, color, music, etc. Only one thing held attention. Before me was an exquisitely wrought chalice. It was of silver and from it radiated shafts, beams, and splinters of light and glory. These words came to me at once, "the glorified chalice." I knew it to be the token of memorial of the Lord's Passion and death. I believe that even in the age to come the life and death of Christ the Redeemer of mankind will never be forgotten, but as a memorial it is ever to be kept before our hearts. In scripture, silver is always a type of redemption and so I believe this chalice was silver to speak of the work of Christ as the Redeemer. As with the other visions a text came also—Matt. 26:29: "... until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom."

Thus in these visions the Lord made me see what eating meant under so many different circumstances and yet all phases of life told in Scripture—from the Garden to the New Jerusalem. Then He made me see the beauty and wonder of His grace that it could take that which was the means of death and through grace convert it into the means of life.

Man ate and died, he now eats and lives.

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## A Secret of Church Growth for 1939

MRS. A. W. KORTKAMP

**A**T LAST a long-cherished dream has been fulfilled, and we have a regular weekly Visitation Program launched in our church. Scarcely a day but we hear some good news from this visitation work. Often when I would hear these cheering reports I would go home and pray that God would cause other churches to do the same thing. I talked it to the pastors' wives who happened to drop in to visit our church. Then, when the editor of *The Latter Rain Evangel* asked me to write it up for that magazine, I was really glad to do so. It has proved a network of blessing running out in all directions in our quad-cities, and I pray God that this may be the means of starting networks in some other cities.

Our women meet in the Assembly Hall of the church on Tuesday morning at 9:30, each bringing a "covered dish." I used to think, "What if they would all bring potato salad!" But don't worry, they never do. If more convenient, some give a little money with which the cooks buy whatever is lacking; or if the husband is out of work, we tell them to forget that part.

I have the cards all lined up with name, address, and all available information, arranged in groups of five according to the section of the community, and clipped together in the best order to save time and gasoline. We usually send out two together, just as Jesus did with the seventy. If some home turns the cold shoulder and the lady doesn't seem inclined to converse, well, the two can talk together, and some of it is almost sure to soak in. But you would be surprised how few ever do resent our calling. One sister on her first day with us dreaded to go for fear they would all be busy getting dinner and not want to be bothered. I told her I didn't know how to explain it, but they didn't any of them seem to have any dinner to get on our visiting days. She returned with a joyful face and said, "Why, they were all just sitting there waiting for us." When you take Him with you it is apt to be that way (John 8:40). Two different women when called on poked their heads out the door and asked, "Are you soliciting for any church?" They could hardly believe that a band of church women were out doing something besides *soliciting*, and paying for their own gasoline to do it.

After a few instructions and an earnest prayer each set files past the table and takes some tracts on salvation, healing, the blood covenant, etc., and some note paper to

leave a friendly note inviting the family out to Sunday School or church in case no one is at home. We had purchased several thousand little mottoes with cord hanger and had a printer put our schedule of services on the back. We are surprised sometimes to see how much these are appreciated, one aged man telling some friend a few weeks later, "I shall keep that as long as I live." If an evangelistic campaign is in the offing we leave a handbill in each home to back up our invitation to the services.

We soon found that the shut-ins, whose lives are bare and colorless, will appreciate having a card with the names of those who called in that home. Several told of trying all week to remember what the callers' names were. So I got some plain filing cards and with the aid of a paper-cutter I had each one supplied with a bunch of cards.

Shut-ins appreciate little surprises, and my "girls" are good at that. One sister works at a public institution having landscaped gardens. When the gardener took up the geraniums this fall just before frost she persuaded him to give them to us for our calls, and she came driving up with the back seat piled high with the gorgeous blossoms. Sometimes a cake will be brought when some convalescent has a birthday, or maybe just a few pieces of cake or candy or fruit. One little grandma is enjoying some narcissus blossoms in a bowl of fancy pebbles, another is watching a pot plant bloom. One invalid told our callers, "Please don't ever forget me. I live all week for this day." We are planning to leave a little gift in each home visited on Christmas week.

Two of the sisters remain at the church and prepare the dinner, which melts like mist before the morning sun when those famished callers come bursting in at 12:30. As they eat, first one set after another gives in their report. In this way all can hear and know how to pray for the various cases. If there is anything that would not be best to tell out, they slip around and whisper it to me. If we have a large number of calls, I sometimes let the cooks take two or three near the church before starting the dinner. We enjoy that fellowship around the table, and it makes a nice climax to the day's work.

It has proved a training school for callers. When some sister tells me she has never called before and doesn't know what to say, I put her with some old seasoned warhorse who has been calling for years. I

have been pleased to note that there has been no tendency to form cliques, and that they seem just as willing to go with one partner as another. The combination of a loquacious Peter to do the talking and a quiet John to do the praying, works fine. When singing would be desired, we arrange to send some one to that home who can carry a tune.

And God will bless the callers as well as those called upon. One sister had her daughter, a beautiful Christian girl, home from college for Thanksgiving vacation. She would have liked to stay home and visit with that girl the few days that remained. But she decided to put God's work first and brought the daughter along, planning to visit a little on the way. God saw the sacrifice and rewarded that mother by baptizing the daughter in the Holy Spirit at the tarrying service that night. Another caller testified that her Ford had been acting up every time they went anywhere till she took it calling and it had run along fine since then. Nothing like having the old car get converted anyway. One sister past seventy thought she was ready to climb up on the shelf, but she started calling and has taken a new lease on life and feels years younger. Her experience makes her a valuable partner for beginners.

How do we know on whom to call? Where do we get the names? you may ask. From various places. We get the names of new converts in the revival lists or the regular Sunday night converts from the altar secretaries and call on them. Thus the pastor's old problem of garnering the wheat of a revival is solved. This gets the new converts acquainted with some of our people, as well as giving us a chance to invite other members of the family out. Then, too, we have the church people turn in the names of unsaved or sick neighbors or relatives. My son had often invited to church a certain young man who works in the office with him, but he had never come. Then, recently, our young people put on a contest in their society, divided up into the Army and Marines, and began working for five hundred attendance. (They got 506 the last night of contest.) Their enthusiasm knew no bounds. They would stop strangers on the street, ask if they attended church anywhere, tell of the contest and beg them to come out next Sunday night. Under these circumstances this young man came, liked it, stayed to the after service in the main auditorium and gave his heart to Christ. Sometimes we get phone calls from perfect strangers saying that they had heard we had a calling band and asked if we would call on such and such a person. And one person called on will often ask us to call on some friend, and thus the work grows. It is often advisable not to tell the person called on who turned in the name.

We had so many invalids beg us to come every week that in a few weeks I realized that we were about to resolve ourselves into a Shut-in Committee. I went to the Lord about it, and the Spirit seemed to whisper, "Don't you ever expect any of them to be healed?" Sure enough! *Any* church could visit shut-ins and carry jelly and flowers around, but God had given us the truth of divine healing which if faithfully presented should bring forth fruit. So I prayed that week much about it and on the next calling day I told the women of my burden and had them join me in prayer for some definite cases of healing. And God has met us. The reports on that day showed every sick person "better". Later one sister with cancer whom we had visited each week and had on our daily prayer list, was taken to the hospital for an operation. The doctors opened her up, found conditions too serious to risk an operation, sewed her up and sent her home to die. She is now coming out to church each Sunday, walking several blocks at a time, and thinking of getting a job. Another woman had neuritis of the spine, but God has touched her and she has dismissed her housekeeper and is doing her own work. A sister with tuberculosis is up and around, gaining in strength, and is helping with the housework.

We began the calling work Sept. 20th. It is less than two and a half months, but we have the names of nine persons that have been converted as a direct result of the calling, and no doubt there are many others resulting indirectly from it. In fact, some of those called on are so changed as to make us wonder if they had really had the born-again experience before. The list of those we have noticed attending church or Sunday School as a result of the calling, most of whom have become regular attendants, numbers forty-four, though we could easily miss some in the crowds.

One lady informed our callers that if she went to any church it would be the Christian church and not the Full Gospel as she had no use for that church. They encouraged her to go to the church of her choice and work for the Lord there. Before they left she said, "I *might* come to the Temple *sometime*." She came the next Sunday night and when the pastor gave the altar call she came down the aisle and gave her heart to Christ. We had the joy of baptizing her and her husband a few weeks ago. One brother who had been a Methodist minister twenty-five years, but who had been backslidden and drinking for fifteen years, came back to God and now whenever able to come is seen in his place. Some of our men called and prayed with him each evening for the first week or two, especially a little group who had themselves been delivered from drink and knew how to sympathize in the struggle. His son-in-law saw what God

could do beyond the "cures" and accepted the same Savior. Another man, a diseased drunkard in a hospital, was prayed with by our women, gave his heart to the Lord, asked his wife to forgive him for his abuse of her, and during the three weeks that he lived after his conversion that former blasphemer never uttered one oath. Surely a brand plucked out of the fire. I couldn't help but wonder if some mother who had gone on to glory fifty years before wasn't having her prayers answered. One broken home has been united again.

We take the cards home, carefully go over the information the callers have scratched on them, and classify them as to whether they need another call by the ladies, or whether they should be turned over to the young people's society or some Sunday School teacher for a follow-up call on some prospects found in that home. Then I file away the original card in my filing cabinet.

This precious cabinet, by the way, is the "fleece" God sent us to set His seal on the work. I told the Lord I would need a filing cabinet, and that I wouldn't tell a soul outside the home, but would trust Him to send one if He wanted us to undertake this work. Soon after, my husband and I called on one of our members ill with pneumonia and the husband followed us to the door and said, "I've got a good steel filing cabinet that I used to use in the office, but it's only in the way now. Could you make use of it in any way?"

It is harder to get the men to visiting, probably because they are not used to such things. We had a nice little group going good when a revival started and we had to discontinue for a few weeks. That is fatal to such a project, and it has been hard sledding since. They met at 6:00 P.M. and ate the pot-luck supper their wives had brought, then called until 9:00 when they returned for reports. But they have accomplished some real results, and though we are in the midst of another revival campaign yet some of the men often make a call or two before coming to service in the evenings.

Here are a few of the instructions we have found timely:

1. Go prayerfully. Expect the Holy Spirit, the "One called alongside to help," to go with you, to talk to the persons you visit. If opportunity offers, read a chapter and pray with them.

2. Keep a prayer list, praying especially for those you called on last time. Pray, too, for all called on and for our fellow callers.

3. Watch for those you have called on at church, speak to them, sit by them if possible, and introduce them to several others.

4. If they are backsliders, don't scare

them out by acting too surprised to see them at church, but just be pleasant and friendly.

5. Don't gossip, either with them in the call, or about them. If they tell you their troubles, don't betray their confidence by telling even your husband.

6. Be kind and gentle in dealing with them, but be true to their souls.

7. Don't stay too long in any one place, but of course you can't run in and out again.

8. Meet them on their own plane. Jesus began the conversation at the well by asking for a drink, and ended up with the living water.

9. Write on back of card, after you get back to the car, not in their presence, the data learned — spiritual condition, what church any in family attend, ages and sex of children, etc.

10. Don't argue with them. Jesus said, Ye are my witnesses, not my arguers. Be pleasant, but not gushing. Bring them a smile, many never see one.

11. Don't serve onions for breakfast that morning.

12. Find if they have any neighbors who do not attend church anywhere.

13. Don't give in any Auntie Doleful reports to the crowd. Tell me about it privately if any one kicks you out the door, but don't scare out the rest of the women with the story.

14. Don't let any one have a chance to accuse you of proselyting. If they are attending any church that teaches the Blood, encourage them to be a faithful worker for God there.

We have from twenty-five to twenty-seven women come each week for the visitation work, and from seven to nine cars. Often if some calls are not reached in the morning's work some one or two will take them in the afternoon.

How I do praise the Lord for this earnest, consecrated band of women who are willing to leave their own work and give one day each week to the Master's service. And my heart wells up in gratitude as the good reports come in of blessing to various homes through their calls. And, too, it is another way to give the "personal touch" that some feel is missing sometimes in a large congregation. Every way you look at it, I believe this visitation work is one of the greatest blessings that can come to any church.

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#### THE HAPPY NOOK

1702 N. LaSalle St.

Chicago, Ill.

## In the Wake of the War

No words of tongue or pen can describe the awful suffering, devastation and death that have followed in the wake of the war in China. Homeless, helpless refugees are wandering hither and yon, many of them dying from disease and exposure. The scenes our missionaries look upon beggar description.

Brother J. R. Spence of South China in a letter to Brother Williamson, Nov. 17th, endeavors to give a picture of recent events in the war-stricken territory. He was one of three foreigners who was able to get through the lines to the Coast from the interior during the Japanese bombing. The substantial Missionary Home in Sai-Nam is now in possession of the soldiers. Many of the missionaries on furlough had their belongings stored there, and without doubt all are lost. He writes:

"I returned from Yunnan two months ago and immediately went up to SzWui. There the work was in fine shape with over twenty awaiting baptism. Forty have already been baptized this year. The city was full of refugees, some of whom were Christians, and we had great meetings.

"On October 16th I was up at Paai Sha for the Lord's Supper and baptismal service and we had a big day in the Lord. The next day when I returned to SzWui the Jap planes began to visit us. Two spies were caught and shot and things began to get exciting. Autos, buses, trucks by the score began to pour into SzWui from Canton and Fat Shan. Thousands of refugees came until it was impossible to buy unless very early in the morning. Rumor had it that Canton was taken by the Japs and to see the crowds made us believe it. I waited two days for mail but no word could get through, so on Friday I left by the last bus from SzWui. Just before we reached ChaFong a Jap plane came and dropped a bomb which blew an auto and the driver to pieces. After some time we got to HokHau and went from there to Sai Nam, which was being bombed daily. I found Ah Kwan, the caretaker and his wife from Shui Tong living there. The next morning the Jap planes came and began to bomb. Soon there were fires everywhere. I became tired of running out and in, so decided that, come what may, I would stay in the house.

"At four P.M. there was a terrific explosion. The railroad bridge was blown up; all glass and woodwork in the Home were smashed. There was a big crack in the wall on the third story. I was covered with pieces of glass but not hurt. In the meantime all stores in Sai Nam were closed

and the people began to leave. On Sunday the Jap planes dropped sixty bombs on SaiNam and it became a roaring furnace. This hurried the exodus and by Monday all that were left there were refugees from Canton and Fatshan who, day and night, kept pouring through on their way to Kwangsai and safety—800,000 people on the *trek!* What a sight! And at the same time thousands going down to Hong Kong. Never have I seen such a sight!

"After walking from Canton to SaiNam—30 miles—all weights were laid aside (see Heb. 12:1) and most of them had very little beside the clothes on their backs. They stopped at SaiNam and rested, made little fires all over the place where they cooked their rice and then moved on. Canton has now a population of 11,000—those who could not get away.

"By this time one could not buy anything. Everybody residing in SaiNam had gone, so I decided to move over to Wang Kong chapel. Just then a bus full of soldiers appeared and asked me where I was going. I said Canton. I jumped in and we started off but got only to Shui Tong, for owing to thousands of rebel soldiers we had to return. Just as we got back three Jap planes appeared and began to bomb. I rushed into a lumber-yard near the old chapel and crouched, watching the plane circling overhead. Two Chinese women near me were shaking with fear. The bomb was released—whizzing through the air, and bang! a little to the left of us. The women were thrown on their faces. I grabbed my suitcase and ran; got a sampan and went across the river.

"I was several days at Waang Kong. The local military held the Japs back from crossing the river. One day Dr. Kwok

swam across at the risk of his life and brought word that the Missionary Home was full of soldiers, that a big gun had been placed on the 'sai paang' and machine guns on the verandah. Since then several battles have been fought with Sai Nam as the centre. We heard the big guns, watched SaiNam being bombed and the city burning at five different places. I heard a British gun-boat was at HohHau. I began to crawl and make my way to the gun-boat. What a trip! Was nearly shot several times, taken for a spy, and after going the six miles found the gun-boat had left that morning. There was nothing to do but return to Waang Kong. I began to realize now that it was impossible to get to Canton so decided to walk to Macao. Sunday morning at WaangKong we had a wonderful service! Several Christians from Canton and other places came, and when Chan Kai Kwong began to pray for China the whole congregation broke down and wept. Surely the Lord heard that prayer and saw their tears!

"Monday morning I left for Koon Shan, getting there just at one o'clock—six hours of good walking. There I found two German sisters in charge of Miss Hitchcock's work. They could not leave as they have a Girls' Orphanage & Women's Bible School. I stayed there over night and with one of their Christians started off next morning for KauKong. Nine miles out I was robbed of everything except the clothes on my back, by five bandit soldiers. They all had guns which they used threateningly.

"At Kau Kong we stayed in the chapel. Nothing mattered much now. We went to Kong Moon and from there to Macao by sampan, 22 hours on the way. Then the steamer to Hong Kong. How good the Lord is to see me through! Canton and FatShan are dead—no Christians and no work left. SaiNam is a heap of ruins; Hoh Hau and Sam Shui, too. SzWui is being terribly bombed. We are standing in need of prayer."

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Charge not thyself with the weight of a year,  
 Child of the Master, faithful, and dear;  
 Choose not the cross for the coming week,  
 For that is more than He bids thee seek.  
 Bend not thine arms for tomorrow's load;  
 Thou mayest leave that to thy gracious God,  
 "Daily", only, He saith to thee,  
 "Take up thy cross and follow Me."

It is well that we get this lesson fixed in our heart at the beginning of the year. As the days come, each one will bring with it its own little basket, carrying a day's supplies, but no more.

—Sel.

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# Portents of this Dying World

ALBERT J. LEBECK, Sacramento, Calif.

## Suicides Surpass Murder

Strangely enough, American murders are twice as often self-inflicted as committed against others. That is in 1936, in 119 American cities more than eight persons in every 100,000 population were killed by others. But in the same year, in 189 cities, more than 15 persons killed themselves out of every 100,000.

Christianity is the panacea for the ills of humanity providing new life, hope and joy.

## Situation Bad, Minister to Britain Says

Joseph P. Kennedy, United States ambassador to London, paid a flying visit to report to President Roosevelt that he thinks the possibility of war in Europe within a few months is very great.

## A Flying Torpedo That Thinks

The military experts of every European country are hearing stories of ultra-modern engines of destruction developed in Germany and ready to be inflicted on the enemy in event of war. One of these persistent rumors mentions an entirely new type of aerial torpedo with a "brain" that makes it think its way to its mark.

Vague descriptions of the flying torpedo that thinks, have come to France and Russia. They describe the super bomb as a highly explosive metal cylinder with sensitive photo-electric cells in its pointed nose. These cells are not sensitive to light, but to heat, and will send the torpedo towards any source of heat within range of the fire. For example, a battleship is much warmer than the water around it. One of these torpedoes dropped from a plane would be attracted to the ship and presumably score a direct hit, even if the flyer who released it was inaccurate in his aim.

The destructive robot would, of course, be just as effective for the destruction of power plants and factories, the boilers and machines of which generate a great deal of heat.

Germany never has made official mention of this weapon that if it exists, would add to the horrors of war for fighting forces and civilians.

## Radio Directed Bombers

An American transport pilot, D. W. Tomlinson, head of the Transcontinental and Western Airlines experimental flight section, just returned to the United States after visiting airplane factories in Germany, related:

"A German transport plane was coming into Croydon Airport with passengers. A heavy fog hung over London nearby. The

German plane reported to Croydon by radio that it was over the Victoria Railroad Station, London, and would land at Croydon so many minutes later.

"After the plane had landed the amazed Croydon officials asked the pilot how he knew he was over the Victoria Station. The Pilot replied: 'Berlin told me.'"

This, said Tomlinson, convinced the English that German radio direction finding was accurate enough to send bombing planes straight to their targets, even in a fog. He adds that the incident made a deep impression on the Royal Air Force.

The Nazi plane factories, the flyer said, are far superior to any in this country. One plant is large enough, he said, to turn out ten large bombers a day and it is but one of the many such plants throughout Germany.

## War Regimentation Program

For several years, plans have been carried forward in Washington, D.C., to have everything in readiness "just in case" America should be drawn into another world conflict. The program is now virtually complete. The various bills now pending in Congress will doubtless be amended to provide that maximum of "war mobilization" conceived by military strategists.

The plan provides that the moment America goes to war, democracy shall be abolished. Free speech will be suppressed. Labor and capital, as well as youth, will be conscripted. Martial law will prevail at home as well as at the "front." Workers in factories and farmers tilling their own fields will be under military discipline—subject to court-martialing for disobedience to the bureaucratic slave-drivers who will tyrannize over once free Americans. Once our United States goes to war, democracy is suspended and dictatorship takes over in our country.

This action may, or may not, be necessary to "win the war." But, one thing is certain: If democracy becomes dictatorship to win a war, democracy loses. The idea is too absurd for serious consideration. A war to defend democracy, under this system, would mean the death of democracy. If democracy is going to die anyway, to give way to dictatorship, it might as well surrender without a struggle, without the war! —*Kings Business*.

## War Horrors Multiply

The horrors of the "next war" continue to strain the imagination of men. A news report states that three European nations have now taken to training the blind as

"air raid wardens." It is a known fact that blind persons develop excessive acute hearing. They become supersensitive to sound.

The militarists believe this cultivated faculty of the blind can be exploited in war "defense." The theory is that blind persons, by reason of their acute hearing, can "spot" or sense planes quicker than ordinary individuals can. Presumably the helpless blind will be stationed on high buildings or in exposed outlying districts where they will "stick by their posts," relaying news of the approaching air raid, until they fall victims of it.

## 1000 Planes a Month

Army officials, consulting with the aviation industry, are reported to have set an airplane production goal of 1,000 a month to match Germany.

## Japanese War Expenditures

The Konoye cabinet in Tokyo approved the 1939-40 budget, largest in Japan's history. It totaled about \$1,051,380,000, but it did not include war expenditures. War expenditures, it was predicted by the Japanese news agency, *Domei*, would be roughly about \$1,350,000,000. Having already spent close to three billion dollars on the invasion, Japan was now preparing to continue it at a cost of almost \$4,000,000 a day.

## China is Facing Worst Famine in History

War-torn China faces the worst famine in its history, during the coming winter, according to H. T. Silcock, director of the China Institute, who has just returned from an extensive survey tour of the Far East.

Famine and disease, not war, are the greatest problems facing China today, Silcock said. "Already in the parts of China occupied by the Japanese troops, cholera, typhoid and even typhus are rife."

## Italy Wants Tunisia

Italy is again clamoring for more territory. Now she wants Tunisia, Corsica and Savoy from France. Her possession of Tunisia would give her complete control of the narrow strait that separates Africa from Sicily, thus making her absolute master of the Roman Lake as Mussolini seems to think of the Mediterranean Sea. There seems to be no end to the avaricious appetite of these dictators.

## Annexation of Memel by Hitler

Berlin diplomatic quarters expressed the belief that annexation of Memel territory by Adolf Hitler's greater Germany is only a matter of weeks.

## He Went a Little Farther

R. S. PETERSON

*"And he went a little farther, and fell on his face, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt." Matt. 26:39.*

SOME wonderful thoughts present themselves in this statement, "He went a little farther." After Jesus had faithfully served Joseph at the carpenter's bench, having grown into manhood, He entered into His public ministry. Although He spake as never man spake, comforted the sad, healed the sick and suffering, raised the dead, yet He was little appreciated by many of the scribes and Pharisees. Persecuted and forsaken by men, it was as He said, "The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head."

But He did not stop with His ministry. If He had, your souls and mine, as well as millions of others, would have been lost. He "went a little farther" and carried our sin burden to the garden of Gethsemane, took our place in the Judgment Hall, at the Whipping Post, and on a little farther up Calvary's mountain. He "went farther" into the very strongholds of Satan, into the grave and the spirit-world; He went "a little farther" and arose from the dead. Thus He conquered death, hell and the grave and was received back into heaven, from whence He is coming one of these days to establish His throne upon the earth. Hallelujah!

May I call your attention to other characters who "went a little farther." Abraham, when he believed God and received the promise. Moses, "went a little farther" when he was come to years, refusing to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, "choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." Joshua and Caleb went a little farther than the rest of the children of Israel when they entered the land of Canaan. But alas! there are many today who like Israel of old have been supernaturally emancipated from the land of sin, yet have set up house-keeping by the Red Sea, until their houses are filled with the odor of leeks, onions, garlic and other things inconsistent with a life nourished by milk, honey and the fruits of Canaan. There are others who are detained at Mt. Horeb, or smoking Sinai, seeking to become perfect by the law. But let us go forward, fellow traveler, a little farther into Canaan with Joshua and Caleb.

Elisha determined to go a little farther, and said, "As my Lord liveth I will not turn back," and God honored him with a

double portion of the Spirit that had rested upon Elijah. Daniel "went a little farther," continued his prayer-meeting and received great things from God. Most of us do not go far enough in prayer to receive a revelation from God. The three Hebrews "went a little farther" and dared to obey God rather than man, and although they were cast into a furnace heated seven times its usual heat, yet they suffered no harm for the form of the Son of Man was with them, and when they came forth there was no smell of fire upon them. Some of God's people go through the fire but their garments smell of fire and smoke ever thereafter. All these went a little farther "seeing the Invisible One, Jesus Christ."

Friend, do you say that you have tried again and again, only to fail, that all your New Year's Resolutions are broken, and your longing heart-cry is still unsatisfied? If so, may I ask you to go a little farther and receive Jesus. "Whosoever cometh unto Him, He will in no wise cast out." "As many as received Him to them gave He power to become the sons of God." "He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son hath not life." Jno. 6:27.

Perhaps you have experienced salvation but like Peter of old have repeatedly failed your Lord for a lack of overcoming grace and power in your life. If so may I ask you to go "a little farther" with Peter and join the Christians as Peter did on the day of Pentecost, and earnestly pray through for a mighty endowment of Holy Ghost power, "for the promise is unto you and your children and unto all them that are afar off." Acts 2:39.

Everywhere I go I find Christians who are at a standstill in experience. They have been saved a number of years but have never gone on into the farther depths and heights with God. They began as little babes in the cradle and have always remained there. Every now and then a good brother or sister comes along and gives the cradle an extra swing, and they seem to get enough reviving to coo, but it doesn't last long; sometimes not even until the next evangelistic campaign comes around. God expects us to grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and

Savior, Jesus Christ. If we do not, then we are dwarfs and remain babes. Milk is our portion, and we are often found satisfied with a passifier, carried about in the nursery when we ought to be fed strong meat and found in the harvest fields. Some are a constant care when they should be caring for others. They are peevish and "pouty"; faultfinding, they do not like anything the pastor does. A dwarfed Christian is an object of pity; he is the tragic picture of undevelopment. It is pitiable, yea painful to see him.

The tragedy of stunted Christians has caused some churches to become nurseries instead of armories, hospitals instead of training camps. Sadder still, we find some Christians who have indeed ventured out and like warriors of steel have fought bravely under the banner of the cross. But not living the victorious life, they were tempted and failed to press farther into the grace and strength of God. There are many reasons why men do not succeed in their vocations and professions, but there is no reason on earth or in hell why men should fail to be successful Christians, since God has given us all things that pertain to life and godliness and has made all grace to abound to usward.

In our great Commander's Name, let us forget the things that are behind, the failures of 1938, and reach forward into 1939, pressing "a little farther" toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus (Phil. 3:13,14). Beloved, the day is far spent! The night is at hand! Let us, therefore, not mind the trifling things that strip us of our power.

We are entering another year of soul-winning opportunities; perhaps many tests and trials may beset us, but while others make their usual resolutions, which will as usual be broken ere many winds have passed, let you and me resolve to go thru with Jesus and press on a little farther in spiritual development and in the interest for lost souls, so that we will be ready to meet Jesus in the Rapture, with joy bringing our sheaves with us. Oh, my comrades, arouse ye! "Let us run with patience the race set before us, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith."

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### The Year

Has gone, and with it many a glorious throng  
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,  
Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course  
It waved its sceptre o'er the beautiful,  
And they are not.

But "forgetting everything which is past, and stretching forward to what lies in front of me, with my eyes fixed on the goal I push on to secure the prize of God's heavenward call in Christ Jesus."

—St. Paul (Weymouth trans.)

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## THE MAN WHO HUNG ON A STICK

SHE WAS a widow, old, ignorant, blind and crippled. Her son had kicked her in a rage of temper and had broken her back.

When the missionary sister found her, she was lying on a bed of straw in a filthy stable where the buffalo was kept. Vermin, lice, etc., were doing their worst and she was too conscious of physical discomfort to even attempt to listen to the words of the Gospel the missionary sister and her Biblewoman tried to speak to her.

Their hearts went out in pity for her, but a moment's further study of the situation was sufficient to convince both that words were useless at present, so they called the son and asked him if they might take his mother away to the mission compound where they would be able to care for her.

Of course he wouldn't allow such an unheard of thing as consenting to let one's mother go and live among the despised Christian folk. What would his neighbors, friends and caste people think of such a faithless son?

"Will you let us try and make her a little more comfortable then?" asks the missionary. "Oh, you may do that if you care to," he replied, "although she is really well cared for."

The next day soap, towels, sheets, and a blanket were brought and after some hours of toil, the missionary sister said, "Now you are more comfortable and before we leave we want to tell you of One who loves us and died for us that He might save us from sin."

"I can't understand," the old woman answered. "It is useless for you to try to teach me. I am too old and too ignorant to learn anything now, and besides I am a woman and a woman has no soul and can't be saved."

Simply and slowly the Story was told with a prayer that at least some words would be remembered, but after a few days when another visit was made, they found that all had been forgotten.

Several visits were made with the same results until the missionary sister began to feel it was utterly useless, but one day she asked her fellow missionaries to unite with her in very special prayer that the Spirit of God Himself would illuminate the darkness into which she had been unable to penetrate.

Some time elapsed before another visit could be made, but when the missionary sister again entered the foul, dark, stable she became conscious that something had happened. A light and a look of intelligence had come into the old withered face and she cried out, "Oh, I'm so glad that

you've come. Something strange, very strange happened to me some time ago. You know for years I have been blind, so blind, that I haven't seen a ray of light, but one night a great light shone into this room and I saw it. I saw something else—a stick standing up in the ground and a Man was hanging on the stick and He turned and smiled at me and said, "Peace be unto you," and there was a sparkling stream of water flowing from under the stick and I became very happy and ever since a wonderful peace has filled my heart. I thought perhaps you could tell me what this means. Who was that Man hanging on a stick? And what was He hanging there for?" The old, old Story was repeated, just as it had been so many times before but now it was *understood*.

It was not long till the "Man who hung on a stick" called her away—away from the dark, foul stable to a mansion of glory to be with Him forevermore.

"I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and hast revealed them unto babes, even so Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight."—*Violet Schoonmaker in No. India Field News.*

## Begin Again

Every day is a fresh beginning,  
Every morn is the world made new;  
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,  
Here is a beautiful hope for you—  
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,  
The tasks are done and the tears are shed;  
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;  
Yesterday's wounds which smarted and bled  
Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever,  
Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight;  
With glad days and sad days and bad days which never  
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,  
Their fulness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

—Susan Coolidge.

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