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He's Coming Soon

-L. C. Wengler.



The little Babe holy, in manger so lowly,
We praise and adore.
Our gifts would we bring, to the heavenly King,
As the wise men of yore.
But He's put a new song in our hearts today,
For again He is coming, is coming to stay;
Let's sing it, let's shout it, tell others about it,
He's coming again!

As in bright clouds ascending, so in bright clouds
descending,
He cleaveth the sky,
While angels acclaim Him, the earth will pro-
claim Him,
The King from on High;
The King who will banish all sorrow and sighing,
The King who is Victor o'er sickness and dying;
Let's sing it, let's shout it, tell others about it,
He's coming to reign!

No cross for Him now, and no thorns for His
brow,
No dark Gethsemane hour;
But with angels attending, and every knee bend-
ing,
He cometh in power.
So lift up your heads, for the hour is nigh,
The hour that shall answer earth's sorrowing
cry!
Let's sing it, let's shout it, tell others about it,
He's coming to reign!

When our sorrows are past, and that day breaks
at last,
We shall look on His face,
And we'll sing the glad song, with the heavenly
throng,
That we're saved by His grace.
For He shed His life's blood on the dark rugged
tree,
To save a lost world, and from sin set us free;
Let's sing it, let's shout it, tell others about it,
He's coming again!

Merry Christmas



Happy New Year

There Will Be No Issue of the Evangel Next Week

-:- A Mountain Widow's Thirty Cents -:-

A True Christmas Story

On a cold, rainy day in December, 1919, during the last day of the drive to secure pledges in the 75 Million Campaign of the Baptist Church, I sat in the comfortable office of a young attorney friend of mine in the city of Ashville, N. C. This attorney, a former member of the popular First church, in order to be of more service to his Master, had several months previously moved his membership to a small and less influential church located in the mill district in the west end of the city. Here he had been placed in charge of the 75 Million drive for his church.

While we were discussing the probabilities of the West End church pledging its quota, a woman, probably sixty years old, entered the office. She was very poorly clad, her shoes were worn and broken through in many places; her dress was patched, and her entire costume was rendered more pitiable by reason of the fact that she was wet to the skin. Her only protection from the cold rain was a small shawl, known to a previous generation as a "fascinator."

Placing a comfortable chair near a radiator, the attorney led his visitor to it as he introduced her to me as one of the most faithful members of the West End church. As her teeth chattered from the cold, the woman said:

"La, now, young man you mustn't believe him. He's always sayin' somethin' to make me feel good when he knows I'm so poor I can't hardly do nothin' for the church."

As the poor old soul sat warming I studied her features. Her face, her hands, her costume spoke eloquently of a lifetime of struggle for the barest necessities. Her eyes told better than words that she had met life's rebuffs unafraid and had come through them all with the dross burned away and the gold in her nature refined. Poor, wet and bedraggled as she was, there was something in her manner that indicated true nobility. Instinctively one could recognize in her a person who knew Jesus—a woman who would be welcomed at the bedside of a dying saint or sinner—one who would weep with those who weep or laugh with those who laugh.

In an undertone my friend told me something of her history. Being left a widow without funds a few years previously, she had gone to make her home with an only daughter, whose husband was killed in a railroad accident shortly afterwards. Soon after this disaster the younger woman's health failed, probably because of hard work and undernourishment, leaving the grandmother with a semi-invalid daughter and four small children to provide for.

"How in the world they have managed to live is more than I can understand," my friend continued. "She says she just trusts the Lord for their daily

needs and that He has always supplied them. Her's is the greatest faith I have ever seen."

Having warmed and partially dried herself, the old lady explained the reason of her call.

"I hear the Campaign is nearly done and that West End church ain't a-goin' to git her share," she said. "Now that's too bad, ain't it? I'm afeared to make any pledge, I'm so poor, but the Lord has done so much for me I want to show my gratitude some way. This thirty cents is all the money I've got in this world, so I brought that to you today. The devil tried to make me ashamed to offer it, it's so little; but I told my daughter I was going to bring it and maybe the Lord would find a way somehow so's it would help. My daughter tried to keep me from comin' and said the money ought to be saved to get the children some Christmas tricks and that the rain would be bad for my rheumatism. I told her that God would provide for the children and that He wouldn't let rheumatism bother me when I was tryin' to serve Him."

"But even after I got ready to come the devil tried to keep me from it. When I went to hitch the old mare I found she had hurt her foot so bad she couldn't hardly walk. But I said, No, I'm a-goin'. So I walked and here I am."

"You don't mean to say that you have walked in the rain all the way from your home here do you?" exclaimed the attorney. "Why, it's eleven miles to where you live."

"Yes, I did," the old woman replied. "I wanted to help in the Campaign by bringin' the little I had. I wish I had more to give; but that's all I've got."

"Your offering makes me ashamed of myself and of the members of the West End church," the attorney declared as his voice broke. "That thirty cents will put us 'over the top' unless I am greatly mistaken. When the folks hear about it some of them will do as I am going to do—double their pledges."

As I tried vainly to hide my tears and swallow the lump in my throat I became sincerely ashamed of the pledge I had made to the 75 Million Campaign. I wondered what the Lord had thought of it as compared to the thirty cents brought by this woman—a poor widow's all—or in the light of the sacrifice made by His Son on Calvary. I slipped out of the office feeling almost small enough to crawl through the key-hole. I hunted up the First church's Campaign manager and explained to him that the total amount of my five-year pledge was intended only as one year's quota. I also told him that conditions in my office had so improved as to make it possible for me to find time to help him in the final round-up. The seemingly good excuse I had given a few days previously to evade

this work appeared to lose weight when I thought of the widow and her thirty cents.

As a stimulus to the Campaign I wrote an article for the newspaper. I was then serving as managing editor, telling of the poor old woman walking through the rain, eleven miles and return, to contribute thirty cents—all that she had—to the Campaign. The effect on the local 75 Million drive was electrical. Pledges were increased ten-fold in some instances. Every church in the city raised its quota, and in a few instances almost doubled the amount asked.

The story of the widow's sacrifice was republished in dozens and dozens of newspapers—both religious and secular. It was retold by Campaign workers all over North Carolina and in other states. One denominational leader declared it was the largest single contribution, in point of results recorded in the drive.

Being rich in what the newspaper fraternity denominates "H. I." (human interest), I rewrote the story and submitted it to a syndicate service that served about five hundred daily newspapers scattered throughout the several states of the Union. With the story I submitted photographs of the woman, her daughter and grandchildren and of her home, a two-room log cabin with a "lean-to" with cracks between the logs, where the mud daubing was missing, wide enough to throw a dog through, provided the dog was not more than a day or two old.

I was in doubt as to whether the story would be accepted by the syndicate, and I did not expect remuneration of more than a few dollars in case it was accepted. Imagine my surprise when I received a check that amounted to more than my increased pledge for five years! Accompanying the check was a letter from the editor-in-chief stating that my story was "the best that has ever passed over my desk."

The syndicated story, illustrated with the photographs, was sent to each of the five hundred clients of the organization and was printed by practically every one of them. Accompanying the story was a suggestion from the syndicate's editor that those who read it should share the abundance of their Christmas cheer with this poor family that had given all for Christ's cause. The story was released for publication about one week before Christmas.

I was asked by the syndicate to visit the widow's home on or about January 1 to see if any one had responded to the editor's suggestion and write a "follow-up" story. January 1 being a half holiday, with only one edition of the paper, I visited the widow's mountain cabin eleven miles from the city.

The interior of that cabin was like a great department store after a frenzied bargain sale. Both rooms and the "lean-to" were filled with articles of every description. There were dresses, suits, hats, shoes, underclothes, coats and overcoats for every member of the family—many changes for each—made of every conceivable kind of material from worn-out and made over garments to the latest and most expensive Parisian creations, including party dresses. There were

books enough to start a small library. There were more toys than any member of the family had ever seen before and candy enough to keep the children sick for the rest of the year. There were contributions of groceries ranging from a package of tapioca to several bags of flour; from salt mackerel to a side of bacon.

A little crippled girl had nothing she prized more highly than her pet kitten so she sent it "to the little girl who has no papa and whose grandmother gave all her money to God."

Several hundred dollars in cash were received in amounts ranging from ten cents to twenty dollars. A number of prosperous business men wrote to instruct the grandmother to draw on them for any amount she needed. There were more than twenty requests from childless couples for permission to adopt one or more of the children. All of these were denied. There were hundreds of Christmas cards and letters bearing postmarks from every state in the Union.

I found the old lady in the midst of a great pile of miscellaneous articles. Her daughter was reading to her some of the cards and letters. Many of these were from those who had nothing to send but sympathy. As one of these was read the old lady said:

"Poor soul. I'm sorry for her. I've got so much and she's got so little. I'm goin' to send her a box full of these things."

It soon dawned on me that the old lady was giving God credit for a miracle because of the unprecedented shower of good things. She knew nothing of the syndicated story or of the editor's suggestion that she and her family be remembered by those in more prosperous circumstances. There was nothing to excite comment in the fact that He used the rural mail carrier to deliver the answer to the prayer. With Christmas approaching and with nothing in sight to give her grandchildren and with the reproaches of her daughter for giving away their few pennies ringing in her ears, she had calmly carried the matter to God in prayer and had confidently awaited the answer—never doubting that He would grant her request in due time. Her only surprise was that God had apparently overestimated her needs.

"The Lord has been so good to me I just thought I shorely couldn't stand it," she said to me. "I knowed that the children would be awfully disappointed if we didn't get them some Christmas tricks and so I just asked the Lord to send us a few things for them. When the mail carrier commenced to bring packages here I just knowed my prayer was answered. I have just been praisin' Him all week. I never was so happy in all my life."

When it was suggested that the great shower of presents was a return from her thirty-cent gift to the 75 Million Campaign, she said:

"No; it ain't that. The Lord knows I never meant to make no show of that. That thirty cents was all I had. I wanted to do something for the poor heathen who don't have no gospel. So I took it in. There's some things the good Lord keeps us

in darkness about, I reckon, and how all these presents come to be sent here is one of them. But how do you reckon all these folks got my name and address?"

"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine

house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it."—Ora L. Jones in the Baptist Message.

CHRISTMAS IN ITALY

A Letter From an Italian Christian

My good, Mr. Sundqvist, selling cars with me, went into the war region that Christmas Eve last year. That place is Gioletti, one of the places where they could not afford a Christmas as they said.

A good bunch of "Friends" from Richmond, Ind., are working among them; were then, and are still. So they let us know how to find the worst off ones, and we had quite some things in groceries. It was not so late, but, you see, we had to go earlier, because they had little of candles. Now please comprehend that these people are not what you call shiftless, but there was no work, and currency is of such low value.

Ah, why can I not write well of what we had to see? There was not a thing to show it was Christmas Eve. The places we entered were such cramped places, the room where so many lived, as small as a pantry or closet in an American house. Children were just rags. Furniture? The little rooms were, as you might say stripped naked, stark naked. Not sold, but let by to the pawnbrokers, so as to help provide necessities. Some places the husband and father had gone missing, not to the pawnshop, though, but in the war. Such big families of children! Say, I have seen on six little ones not clothing enough to clothe one decent. And oh, the t. b.! You know what that means, tu-ber-cu-lo-sis. But you do not know the awfulness of the disease till you see it among these people. Poor little maciated children, coughing, feverish; stooping women; and those who have been strong men, now white, and staring out of eyes that had a fire way back in them. And all, every one, were sure they would be better soon. What do you think of that,—starving to cure the t. b.? Starvation three times a day before meals, if you want to put it that way and—no meals. And you know that typhus was mixed in with the consumption in the war, which makes it worse yet.

It was not so bitterly cold that night, but the cold came by later. Fuel was scarce, such as it was, wood of course, and hard to get, and to make to burn up. Fires were made to last as long as possible, and they were but apologies for fires, and only at times in the day burning. At night no fire. The family went to bed, not on the mattress, but under it, and some of them told us that they slept very comfortable. In daytimes that was the same way they get warm, those children; put to bed. Say, it stings my eyes to think of it. But there was no evil odor about any of the houses we visited,

for bare as they were the women kept them very clean, and a clean child in rags is such a pitiful sight, don't you know? No scum on them, not a bit. Before war they were gentle peasants, doing well. Pride? I should say so. Some said that they did not want charity if they could only have work. I tell you what it is, it is no good that we saw in the smouldering eyes of some of those men. I wonder if it is safe to let them starve. But how can it be helped, with the price of coal blocking the factory wheels?

May be you think that there is some patriotic ecstasy in starvation. No, sir, none at all. Let the poets sing that, if they will. The people are no less patriotic when they are sick, hungry and cold, but all the same they are quiet. But let any one say a word against government, and my! they are passionate at once, and resent it. They want to work. They claim a right to work, and would do so; but do not you dare blame Government. Bags of bones, and loyal to the Government.

The fault? The war of course. These are victims of it. Think of it! Kiddies the victims. Mr. Sundqvist said in one house, "Oh, you poor young ones!" And the mother (there were seven children) said that they are not young ones. "My children were never young, they were little, not young." Little, and they had nothing to do with making the war! When the subject seemed too sad, and we tried to change the conversation by saying that it is peace-time now, they said in a very whisperly sort of way that peace against hunger has yet to be declared. I do not like to say much of anything about the way that our "Christmas gifts" were received, for really they were not so very much. It is hardly worth mentioning—thanksgiving for cans of condensed milk, bacon, flour. We could not but see how glad they were. Every one had to shake our hands and the women were much at kissing the same hands. Grateful? Oh, no mistake. A can of tinned milk in a child's hand,—ah, that was a gift! Some mothers, laughing and gulping at the same time, told us how happy we made them, and then told the children what day to-morrow was to be.

"I did not yet before dare to tell that," they said.

One old grandmother who admitted us with our bundles asked where the "other, the third king," was. "You three ride

(Continued on Page Eight.)

:-: "Christmas Eve On The Prairie" :-:

A True Incident

Mr. Parsons was trudging along the bleak country road one evening almost dark. It was raining very hard. Only those who have been on the lonely prairie of Saskatchewan will realize the surrounding.

His spirits were quite in keeping with the elements. He had been called upon to officiate at a funeral. His trusty horse having suddenly become lame he was forced to walk.

As he entered his home, which consisted of one room and two small bedrooms, Mrs. Parsons was preparing the meager evening meal which consisted of corn bread, a few pieces of bacon and turnips, the last of which a kindly neighbor had brought. There had been a terrible drought and the farmers were hard-pressed to be able to sustain themselves, and there was little with which to support their pastor.

Mrs. Parsons assisted him in removing his wet clothing. She sighed as she noticed how thin and shabby his only top-coat had become. He removed his wet shoes and his wife brought his much-worn slippers.

Little Clara sat in her tiny rocking-chair, her only real toy, as she rocked a tiny faded rag doll. She looked up for a moment as she asked, "Are you wet, daddy? How tired you must be!"

She ran to him and climbed up on his knee patting his cheek and stroking his hair which began to show signs of gray.

He held her for a few minutes and put her down, saying, "Run and play with your dolly, Clara. I will hold you some other time."

Clara looked at him in wonder for a moment, then childlike gave her attention to her dolly.

Supper was announced and the little family partook of the simple meal almost in silence. Mrs. Parsons looked up once at her husband and inquired, "Do you think our box from the East will be here soon, Edward?"

"I do not know Maud, I hope so. I do not quite see what we will do if we do not get help soon."

The meal was finished and Mr. Parsons took his chair beside the fire, for he was chilled through.

Mrs. Parsons cleared the scanty table and after putting little Clara to bed took her seat beside her husband and resumed her sewing.

They thought Clara was asleep and were quite surprised when she called, "Mamma, come here, will you please? I want to ask you something."

Her mother rose and went to her.

"Do you really think if I pray real hard that God will hear me and send me a mamma dolly for Christmas?"

Her mother answered as she swallowed a lump in her throat. She did not dare to let her little one know that she was beginning to feel rebellious.

"Yes, dear, God hears little girls when they pray."

Clara answered, "Then, mamma, I am going to pray that God will send you and daddy some nice, warm coats and a turkey and shoes and-and-l-o-o-s of things."

There were tears in Mrs. Parsons' eyes as she returned to her husband. They sat for a time in deep thought. Mrs. Parsons broke the silence at last:

"I cannot help wondering, Edward, why God is so long in sending the comforts we need so much. I do not mean to be rebellious, but I some times think life seems very hard for us when we are in His service and one would think in His special care."

Mr. Parsons stroked her hand gently as he spoke: "Never lose faith, my dear, in Him who is always ready to hear and help those who call upon Him and trust Him for all things."

They sat a while longer, discussing the work which was their lot to carry on in the Name of the Master. Conditions were growing rapidly worse as winter approached. Some of the more fortunate were taxed to their utmost to give what they could to those most in need. At last the room grew chilly and, not wishing to use any more of their scanty supply of fuel, they retired.

The next morning was the first of December. Winter had been somewhat later in settling down, much to the joy of those in distress. There had been quite a fall of snow during the night reminding them of the fierce blasts and snow drifts that were soon to follow.

The minister and his family arose and on looking out of the window saw the white mantle. It reminded them of the joy they used to feel when the first snow appeared. But alas! they could not enjoy it so much now. A feeling of homesickness came over them. Mr. Parsons was quick to notice the burning tears in his wife's eyes. He tried to comfort her.

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"Never mind, mother, God has not forgotten us. Take courage. All will come right." Mrs. Parsons shook her head sadly as she turned to her household duties.

The struggle was a fierce one. Winter had set in in earnest. Mr. Parsons had to summon all his courage to keep up his drooping spirits. Many of his people had taken sick, which called for much of his time and attention.

One cold night, a week before Christmas, he returned late and supperless. He was almost exhausted. He took off his frozen shoes which had become much the worse for wear.

Mrs. Parsons burst into tears as she beheld his frozen feet. "I could not treat a dog like that."

Her husband was so much benumbed with cold and exhaustion that he could not make any reply. Mrs. Parsons administered to him as best she could from her scanty supply. She made him a hot bowl of gruel which soon revived him.

Christmas was near and little Clara could think of nothing but her doll. She would ask her mother over and over: "Mother do you think God will send my dolly?"

Her mother would answer doubtfully, "I hope so darling."

At last it was Christmas Eve. There came no Christmas cheer in the Parsons' home. Clara had been put to bed. As she was retiring she said her evening prayer as usual. She also added as she put up her little hands in childlike simplicity: "Dear God, I have tried to be such a good little girl and I want a dolly so bad. I know You will send it, for mamma says You hear little girls. And won't You please send papa and mamma some warm clothes and something good to eat, 'cause they look so sad?"

She turned to her mother and asked, her eyes shining, "Mother, when my dolly comes bring it right to me, won't you?"

It was with a strange mingling of feeling that Mrs. Parsons approached her husband as she laid her hand caressingly on his shoulder. "Edward, we have heard that a little child shall lead them. I wonder if our darling will be the means of answered prayer. I only wish I had faith like hers."

They sat down to wait. Eight, nine and ten o'clock had struck and still no one came. At last, when they were thinking of retiring more discouraged than they had ever been on Christmas Eve before, a faint tinkling of bells was heard, then a loud rap on the door.

On opening the door a neighbor stood outside and called in his cheery voice:

"Sorry to keep you waiting, the train was late. There was a wreck on the road."

He spoke just as if they were surely expecting him, although not a word had been said. They thought of it long afterwards. He said, "Give me a lift here, will you? I have something heavy." Mr. Parsons assisted him in unloading a large box which they could scarcely get in the door.

The farmer returned to his sleigh. "I have something else here. A little Christmas cheer from your own people."

He brought in two bags of potatoes, a large ham, flour, and last, but not least, a

huge turkey with "From your neighbors, wishing you a merry Christmas."

He was gone before they could thank him. Before they opened the box, Mr. Parsons lifted up his voice in a heart-felt prayer of thankfulness to God for His goodness in answering prayer. Also begging His forgiveness for ever doubting His mercy and power to hear.

When the box was opened with trembling hands, on the top was a large Christmas bell, also a card with "Christmas Greetings from your friends in the East." There were warm blankets and underneath a very large "mamma doll." Just the very one Clara had wanted; hair, eyes and all. Clara was awakened and came out rubbing her eyes sleepily. When she beheld the doll, she held up her little hands to receive it, as she cried, "Didn't I tell you God would send it?"

There was one happy little girl on the prairie that night. The process of emptying the box was a slow one. Such gifts!

There was a warm overcoat which just fitted. Mr. Parsons. Warm socks and stockings. Shoes, underwear for all, warm dresses for Clara and her mother, a coat for Mrs. Parsons, for hers had grown thin and shabby. A plum pudding, Christmas cake, dough-nuts, candy in abundance, oranges, and besides a handsome check which made their hearts rejoice, for they thought of the many things they had longed to purchase for some of their dear people who were suffering.—Kate Griffith in Christian Life Missionary.



LIGHT FOR CHINA

"Wise men from the east came to Jerusalem saying, where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we saw his star in the east, and are come to worship him."

A curious story is found about the time of Christ in the Chinese "Annals" of this "Desire of all nations" (Haggai 2:7), to the following effect: "In the 24th year of Tchao-Wang, of the dynasty of the Tchou, on the eighth day of the fourth moon, a light appeared in the southwest, which illuminated the king's palace. The monarch, struck by its splendor, interrogated the sages, who were skilled in foretelling future events. They then showed him books in which it was written that this prodigy signified the appearance of a great saint in the west, whose religion was to be introduced into this country. The king consulted the ancient books, and having found the passage corresponding with the time of Tchao-Wang, was filled with joy. Then he sent the officers Tsa-yu and Tshin-King, the learned Wang-Tsun, and fifteen other men to the West, to obtain information."—From the Sunday School Chronicle.



HEART-BORN

O holy child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray!
Cast out our sin and enter in;
Be born in us today
We hear the Christmas angels
The great, glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!



A CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR JESUS

A Poem for Children

By Carrie Judd Montgomery

It was early Christmas morning;
Jack and I had been to see
What was in our little stockings,
And we laughed in childish glee.

For we found them fairly loaded
With gay books and toys so fine,
And I saw a darling dollie
Peeping out of one of mine.

Then with shouts of "Merry Christmas!"
And all noise we could devise,
We aroused the silent household,
Driving sleep from all their eyes.

When we grew a little weary,
"Tell a story," was our plea,
So our mamma drew us gently
To a place beside her knee.

And she read to us so sweetly
Of Christ's first birthday on earth,
And how angels told the shepherds,
Of the blessed Saviour's birth.

How the wise men came to worship,
How they brought their gifts of gold;
But they found the baby Jesus.
In a stable drear and cold.

Then my heart with love was melted,
And I whispered with a tear,
"It is HIS BIRTHDAY, dear mamma,
...But we quite forgot, I fear.

"And myself and little brother
Have received the gifts, you see,
But He never had one present
From wee Jack, or you, or me.

"I will give Him all my good things,
All my candy, books and doll,
For He'd be so disappointed,
To receive no gifts at all."

Then my mamma drew me closer,
And she wiped away the tear,
As she told me there was one gift
I could give my Saviour dear.

I could give myself to Jesus,
For He says, "Give Me thine heart."
But He wants it undivided,
And could not accept a part.

She said that He was waiting
For His birthday gift above,
And that nothing else could please Him
But my heart's best gift of love.

So I clasped my hands together,
And I knelt beside her knee,
And I felt so very happy,
As I said, "Dear Lord, take me;

"For I'll be Your own forever,
And though I know I'm most unfit,
To be Your Christmas present,
You may have me every bit."

May the children dear who read this,
Each their heart to Jesus bring,
As once little children hailed Him,
With hosanna to their King.



THE GROWING CHRISTMAS

Christmas is growing. When Bishop Hurst was in Poona some years ago he went to the great temple of Parvati, and there watched the worshippers. He asked the ancient Brahman priest who for many years had received their offerings there, "Do as many people come here to pray as formerly?"

"No, there are fewer every year." "How long will this worship last?" was the next query. "God knows," he sadly replied. "What will bring it to an end?" "Jesus Christ," the Brahman answered.

A Chinaman who never could be induced to attend a Christian service, at last came one day to the missionary, saying, "I want to hear about your religion. I have heard the laughter in your house and in the houses of my countrymen who have embraced your faith. I would like to know what you have that makes people so joyous."

Christmas is growing. One way for us to make it grow is for us to make manifest that its message is glad, good news.



THE CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

Several years ago an ocean steamer was dashed against the rocks off the coast of Newfoundland and nearly all the passengers lost their lives. A telegram was sent to a home in Detroit announcing the drowning of the young man of the household. All hearts were burdened with grief and sorrow. But a few hours afterwards there came a second message that said, "Saved." It was signed by the young man himself. That despatch brought such gladness to the wife and mother that they had it framed and hung on the wall of the home.

The beautiful message that was sent from heaven on the first Christmas morning announced the birth of the new-born Savior. It was sent out as "good tidings of great joy." Such a glad message as this should be cherished and framed in the hearts of all who hear the good news.

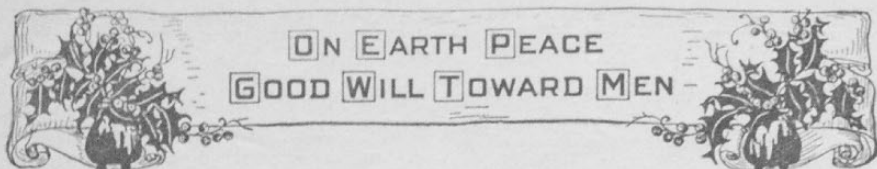


Christmas Everywhere

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!
Christmas in lands of the fir-tree and pine,
Christmas in lands of the palm-tree and vine,
Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white,
Christmas where cornfields stand sunny and bright,
Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,
Christmas where old men are patient and gray,
Christmas where peace, like a dove in his flight,
Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight;
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night.

—Phillips Brooks





"Here's a letter from Uncle Ben," shouted Ralph, running up the walk waving a white envelope over his head.

His mother and twin brother Ned came to the door.

"Oh, do open it quick," cried Ned as his brother came into the room, "I know our Christmas money is in it."

True enough it contained ten dollars—five for each of the boys.

"May we spend it as we please?" asked both boys.

"Yes, you may if you do not spend it foolishly," replied their mother.

"I know what I'll do with mine," said Ned—who liked to read—"I am going to get some new books I have been wanting for a long time."

Ralph had a vision of skates and basket ball. "We will go down to the woods," he said, "to see if there is anything in our traps and then we will go to the store to buy our things."

With light hearts they started to the wood. It was a bright sunshiny morning. The snow lay hard and crisp upon the ground. They found nothing in the first trap down by a little creek which ran off into the wood. Climbing over the fence they followed the stream a little way then crossing the stream on a narrow bridge they started down a slope, when they saw a strange sight before them. A little old man, bent and white haired, with little bead-like eyes which shown dark and brilliant despite his age. He was surrounded by five small children with eager expectation on each little face, although they were thinly clad and pinched with hunger.

The boys slipped behind some bushes and crept cautiously along.

"They must be that new Davis family that live over in the cabin in the hollow," whispered Ned, "there was an old man and his daughter with five children. They are very poor they say. I wonder what they are about. You don't suppose they would take anything out of our traps do you?"

"No, I do not think an old man with a face as bright as his would steal anything. Let's follow and see what they will do. They seem to be looking for something."

Oh—o, grandpa, here is one. Oh, the bootiful Christmas tree," cried the little tot.

All the children exclaimed delightedly and danced around a little green fir tree in an open glade. It really was a beautifully shaped tree, standing apart from all the other trees, and small enough that a man could reach the top.

"We will shut our eyes tight and wish real hard and when we come tomorrow we will find something on it, won't we grandpa?"

"Yes, honey, something," answered the old man softly.

"And" again piped up the little one,

"we can play like there's bright things and stars and everything on it can't we?" eagerly.

The old man nodded as they trudged off in the direction of their humble home.

The boys looked at one another, "Whew," whistled Ralph, "That's pretty bad when the most they will get is make believe. I'd rather trim that tree up than to have all the skates and balls there are."

"Me too," answered Ned, "I'm willing to give up my books. Let's hurry. Won't it be fun buying the things and trimming the tree?"

So saying they started home on the run forgetting all about traps. Their mother was putting dinner on the table as they reached the house.

"What kept you so long," inquired the father. "Wash your faces and sit up to the table or you'll be left."

This they did as best they could while excitedly telling their experience of the morning. During the dinner hour they discussed their plans.

"I would like to help a little too," said their father.

"Oh do, father, come with us and help us buy the things. Won't it be jolly?" cried the boys eagerly.

"While you are out buying," said the mother, "I'll dress a chicken, bake an extra cake and pack a basket of groceries. That will be my share."

"How good of you mother," exclaimed Ralph, giving his mother a hug and kiss.

The afternoon was indeed a full one. About sunset the boys started to the wood with sleds well packed. It was clear and cold.

"No danger of snow or rain to spoil our things," reflected Ned.

When they neared the spot where the tree was they hid the sleds in the bushes and crept cautiously forward.

"We had better wait a while. The old man may come to have a look at that tree himself," whispered Ralph.

It was well they did for even then he was approaching carrying a large paper sack.

"Look," said Ned, "He's going to put his presents on the tree. I wonder what they are."

It was too dark to distinguish them but they were soon disposed of although he arranged them with much care and nicety. The boys waited for a long time after he was gone to make sure there were no other intruders and they pulled the sleds down to the little tree. The moon was now shining and by its light and the aid of the white snow they could see quite well. On the tree were strips of white paper cut out with an attempt to decorate the tree; some little toys carved from wood and others made from paper of different colors.

"That's poverty for you," exclaimed Ralph, "not a sign of any popcorn or

candy. We'll make them open their eyes when they come in the morning."

The boys proceeded to unload the sleds. There were toys, a few small dollies, handkerchiefs, candy, stockings, mittens, some warm clothing and so forth. The larger things were placed on the ground with mother's baskets, at the base of the tree. They covered the tree with tinsel, toys, and other small articles and placed a big star in the top.

"Listen," exclaimed Ned, as they finished, "What was that? we must not be seen."

"Only we," laughingly replied their father, and looking around they saw their parents step out of the bushes. "Mother was uneasy. You were gone so long and we also wanted to see the tree. That is fine, boys."

"Poor souls," sighed their mother as the boys showed them the little trinkets the old man had brought. "Anyway, they have a wealth of love."

"I think I'll come back tomorrow and see the end of this," remarked their father.

"I too," said mother, "it is too good to miss."

"All right," the boys replied, "But you must not betray us."

No alarm was needed to waken them Christmas morning and by sun up they were safely sheltered from view with a good out-look toward the tree. They had not long to wait until they heard their party approaching.

"Hist, be still," whispered Ralph, although no one was making a sound. On they came. Their little piping voices floating out on the frosty air. The old man's eyes beamed as he thought of the pleasure his poor little gifts would bring, for where they had nothing it required little to bring delight.

They were in sight of the tree. As the early sunbeams fell on the glittering tinsel it looked like gold. This with the green tree and white surroundings made a lovely picture. Not only the children but the dear old man stood still in wide-eyed astonishment. Not a word was spoken. The hidden party behind the bushes was almost afraid to breathe. Suddenly he went down on his knees in the snow and poured out a volume of praise from a full heart. One of the little girls touched his arm as he arose. "Is it real", she whispered, "Is it ours?"

"Yes, dear children," he said, "It is yours. The Lord hath sent it. Blessed be the name of the Lord and blessed be the servants who do His bidding!"

The little ones at first could only walk about the tree viewing it from different angles, almost fearing to touch it. Then they began to dance about with glee and their delight knew no bounds as their grandfather began tremblingly to take the things from the tree and distribute them among the children. Everything was examined even the contents of the baskets with "ohs" and "ahs" and every exclamation of surprise and delight. Carrying as much as possible they trudged homeward leaving the remainder for another trip.

"Now is our time to escape," said father, and they emerged from their hiding-place. There was a suspicion of moisture in his

eyes. (Mother's eyes were decidedly red).

"That beats all the fun I ever had," declared Ralph.

"Yes sir," answered his brother, "I wouldn't have missed it for anything."

"Give and it shall be given unto you," quoted their father, "good measure, pressed down and shaken together and running over."—The Herald of Light.



A TRUE CHRISTMAS STORY

The Sunday before Christmas there is always an entertainment given in a downtown hall in Springfield, Mo., for poor children who might not have a very nice Christmas, and a present is given to every child who attends.

A woman who lives near us has several little children who love Jesus very much. When the Sunday for the entertainment came last year, their father, who was not a Christian, told them to get ready for they were going. The children were so happy that they jumped up and down for delight. Soon they were all ready, and stood in the hall waiting for their father to take them out.

But the children's mother did not want them to go. She had read in the paper all about the different things that were to happen that afternoon and she felt it would not please Jesus for them to go. So while the children were getting ready to go, their mamma was in the kitchen praying earnestly to Jesus, asking Jesus to help the children do what would please Him.

While the children were waiting in the hall, their mamma came out and asked them which they would rather do, please Jesus, or go the way of the world. They all said they would rather please Jesus. Then they took off their wraps and stayed at home. Of course it was rather hard to do, for they had wanted to go so badly. And they were very poor, and might not get any presents for Christmas if they did not go to the entertainment where every child was given one.

The night before Christmas came and the mamma and papa were walking home from the grocery store. The papa said, "We haven't a single present for the children." But the mamma said, "I am sure Jesus will see that they get some."

Christmas day their uncle came from another state, and he brought each of them a lovely present, and all the nuts and candies they could eat. Afterwards the children found out that all they would have gotten at the entertainment was a small sack of candy and an orange. So they decided it paid to serve and please Jesus.—Faith Frodsham.



The Message of the Bells

I heard the bells on Christmas day.

Their old familiar carols play:

And wild and sweet

The words repeat

The wrong shall fail,

The right prevail,

With peace on earth, good will to men!



NOTICE: All ministers holding credentials with the General Council, who reside in Chicago and vicinity, are requested to send their names and permanent addresses to me at once, to assist in making an up-to-date directory of all the ministers in the State of Illinois.—C. M. O'Guin, Chairman, Granite City, Ill.

:-: What Does Christmas Mean To You? :-:

This is the topic for our Young People's Meeting for this week. It can be read by all.

The birthday of Garibaldi is celebrated in Italy. The memory of Bismarck is honored in Germany, as is that of Napoleon in France, Gladstone in England, Washington in America. The nations generally do not join in celebrating such birthdays, each one being content to revere its own famous names. But the birthday just before us will be celebrated in England and France, in Belgium and Germany, in Italy and Greece, in America and Africa, and even poor old staggering Russia will remember December 25th, the birthday of Jesus, the Son of God.

The Method of Christmas. Mary, young beautiful and betrothed, as Gabriel talked to her, wondered and adored as he said, "The Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women. Thou shalt...bring forth a son and shalt call his name Jesus. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest: and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of His Father David. And He shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever and of His kingdom there shall be no end (Luke 1: 26-38).

In due time and while Mary and Joseph were in the City of David, the promise of the angel was fulfilled.

"Just a little baby,
Jesus was His Name,
Bringing joy and gladness
When from heaven He came.

"Angels brought the message
Of the baby's birth;
Said He was the Saviour
Sent to all the earth."

The Sacrifice of Christmas. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son" (John 3-16). This is the pearl of all texts because it explains the reason for the greatest sacrifice that was ever made. It was the sacrifice of the Father and of the Son. The Father was willing to let Him go and the Son was willing to go. The sacrifice was made with open eyes and full understanding. As sacrifices are wont to do, this one did—it became a blessing. In it God blessed and honored motherhood. The angels on their wings might have brought an infant Saviour to Bethlehem, without Mary's being there at all. But no; motherhood for all time was to be consecrated. Don't you see how fitting it is that all mothers be fully surrendered to God? Christmas is the festival of motherhood. It consecrates, it sanctifies motherhood.

The Ignominy of Christmas. He "made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant" (Phil. 2:7). There was not much room for Him when He came—only a manger. The inn was

too crowded and exclusive. "He came unto His own and His own received Him not" (John 1:11). In the world He had created He had no place to lay His head. His earthly possessions were a borrowed cradle, a borrowed home at Bethany, borrowed money from the fish's mouth and a borrowed grave. You, my reader dear, will not bar Him from your heart, as He stands knocking there, will you?

" 'Tis not enough that Christ was born
Beneath the star that shone,
And Earth was set that morn
Within a golden zone.

He must be born within the heart

Before He finds His throne,
And brings the day of love and good—
The reign of Christlike brotherhood."

The Message of Christmas. "Unto you is born this day in the City of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord" (Luke 2:11). God miraculously provided the commandments written on tablets of stone, and inspired Moses to write the law and moved upon the prophets to record their God-given messages: He sent His providences, smiting them with blasting and mildew, and hail on their crops; with murrain and barrenness among their flocks, and with wicked human enemies, trying insect pests and varied afflictions to wreck their lives, but still they grew worse and worse until "every imagination of the thoughts of 'their hearts' was only evil continually" (Gen. 6:5). So at last He sent His Son, "saying, they will reverence My Son" (Matt. 21:37). In this Christmas time the message of Christmas comes anew to all, with fresh force—"What will you do with Jesus?"

The Obligations of Christmas. Those of us who have accepted the Christmas gift of the Father and who rejoice in the in-dwelling Christ, in these days in which the world feels moved to give itself to frolic and pleasure, recognize again and with renewed force the obligations of Christmas. We have received the Christ and with Him all manner of precious gifts. He has brought us into the banqueting house (Song of Solomon 2:4). Can we do less than tell to hungering sinners all around, what a dear Saviour we have found? As Jesus Christ is formed within us, can we do less than let His light shine forth from us in joyfulness and good cheer? As He has set us the example of sacrifice for others, and for those who are unlovely, even for those who are filled with hate, can we do less than follow in His footsteps? Actually now that the thing is brought before you for an answer, what will you do with Jesus?

The Tokens of Christmas. When those two witnesses shall have finished their forty-two months of prophesying, and lie
(Continued on Page Fourteen.)

Central Bible Institute Department

Editorial Committee:
Frank M. Boyd, Chairman
Archie Swartztrauber

Mollie Baird

Nina Mayfield

THANKSGIVING DAY AT C. B. I.

Thanksgiving at C. B. I., yea, thanksgiving from over a hundred hearts for the privilege of being in this lovely school home, this home, which we believe to be of God's own building. Thanksgiving for the privilege of drawing apart from the world for a little while to learn of Him and of His Word. Thanksgiving for His Word, which illuminates the pathway, that our feet stray not. Thanksgiving, indeed, for this mighty weapon with which we may go forth and conquer in the name of Christ. But, most of all, Thanksgiving for our Lord Jesus Himself, who is our wisdom, our righteousness, our power, yea, our all in all.

Thanksgiving morning brought with it quite a stir in the halls of C. B. I. Hurrying figures were flitting hither and yon with brooms, dustpans and mops in hand. Shall I tell you the reason for all this scurrying? Announcement was made that the students were to visit, inspect and criticize the rooms in the opposite dormitories and so some last touches were being given. Snatches of songs came from glad hearts and now and then, above all, one could hear voices raised in prayer.

When the bell rang for dinner, the students filed into the dining-rooms and began a merry hunt for place cards. When all were settled, a chorus was started, followed by prayer. Then a most delectable Thanksgiving dinner was served. If you could have listened for a moment, I think you would have found the conversation both pleasant and edifying.

The students were free to spend the afternoon as they chose. In the evening the tours of inspection began, groups of twelve students each being escorted through the opposite dormitories. Vigorous efforts were put forth by some to find a speck of dust and woe came to the student who had been slothful. An impromptu program followed, consisting of many beautiful sacred musical numbers, in which both students and faculty participated. Throughout the entire evening the presence of the Lord was precious real. At the conclusion of the program, we had a short season of prayer.

Friday afternoon, a visit was made to Crystal Cave, one of the beauty spots of the Ozarks, and again our hearts were made to praise God as we looked upon the wonders of His handiwork. After spending an afternoon in the open air, we had our suppers around the campfire. The sunset was most beautiful. We felt that somehow God had especially favored us in setting before us this lovely picture at the close of day. As the shadows gathered, we set out on our seven-mile journey home in hearty anticipation of our Friday evening meeting. A beautiful spirit of thanksgiving pervaded the testimony meeting, after which Brother Welch's talk on "Spiritual Growth through the

Fellowship of Christ's Sufferings," formed a fitting close to the day.

We as a student body owe much to Brother and Sister Boyd and the other members of the faculty for their efforts to make the day an enjoyable one.

NEEDY STUDENTS

In my recent visit to Central Bible Institute, I sensed the mighty presence of God in the place, and caught the spirit of the splendid student body (130 of them), under the very training that will give us those wise leaders, sound teachers and "good ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ" so needed in the movement.

As I addressed them at the Chapel Service, I believe I saw talent for some "Napoleons of Finance," but they have chosen the way of the meek and lowly Jesus. **THEY ARE GIVING THEIR ALL.** Even though working their way through as far as possible, some of them are in need of funds. Their Master is our Master. Do we love Him as they love Him? Then, surely, their need is our burden. The appeal in the Evangel of November 21st, for contributions to the Needy Student's Fund has, thus far met with little response. Friends, let us not delay, but send at once, as much of the Lord's money as He leads, for this worthy cause.

You may send to Central Bible School, R. 5, Box 42, Springfield, Mo.

Hermon L. Harvey

FROM AN OBSERVING STANDPOINT

I was visiting in Missouri,
Near the Ozark region high;
And I happened to stay a-resting
At C. B. I., at C. B. I.

It's outside a city limits,
Quite away from smoke and dust;
Ideal spot for quiet thinking
Yet no place to shirk or rust.

On a plot of pleasant placing,
Midst the oaks of grandeur high;
Stands the brick and mortar building,
Of C. B. I. of C. B. I.

'Twas a Friday in October,
Everything was sp'ck and span;
Every window, every curtain,
Every dish and every pan.

We were in anticipation,
Freighted was the very air;
Busy, joyous, few were lab'ring
'Neath the work they had to bear.

As the sun dropped lower, lower,
Still was seen in western sky,
Life began to enter into
C. B. I., the C. B. I.

Life, I say in living beings,
Men and women, girls and boys;
Some three score in sixty minutes
Filled the halls with joyous noise.

Trunks and cases, bags and bundles,
Faces, laughter, greetings, calls;
M'xed together, quite together,
On the stairways, in the halls.

There were handshakes by the hundreds,
With a "Glad to see you, dear."

Introductions and embraces,
Fellowship was surely here.

Ah! what meaneth such a gathering,
Such an army miniature?
Dedication concentrated,
In a lofty purpose pure.

'Tis to pour out all unstinted,
On God's service altar high,
Living service. This the reason
For C. B. I., for C. B. I.

No three letters put together
Ever spelled so much, I trow,
Let us try and find the meaning
Of these mystery treasures now,

C. B. I. spells "missionary,"
C. B. I. spells "worker" too;
C. B. I. spells "consecration,"
C. B. I. spells "rendezvous."

Yet again it spelleth "preacher"
With a message burning new.
Yet again it spelleth "teacher"
With God's verities in view.

C. B. I. stands now for "pastor,"
C. B. I. spells "helper" too;
C. B. I. hints of "instruction,"
Thorough, faithful, tried and true.

Then again it spells "evangel"
Both at home and far abroad;
Best of all it spells "a servant"
Of the mighty, living God."

Need I multiply it farther,
Adding, "English," "rithmetic,"
"Music," "French" or "Greek" and "History"
Or to measure for a brick.

But for me, it meaneth always—
You can never know the best;
Unto me,—a missionary,
'Tis a little place of rest.

Then to every living person
As they leave and start to roam;
It will spell in golden letters,
Little magic message, "HOME."

I must stop, but students many
At their spelling oft will try
But they'll ne'er exhaust the measure
Of these letters, "C. B. I."

—J. A. Barney

CHRISTMAS IN ITALY

(Continued from Page Three.)

out of the East," she said, "just as then you did when you rapped at the stable door in Bethlehem and found the blessed baby." How she insisted that the chauffeur should come in, too.

When we had prayer with them, they were mystified as to how we did that, and yet were not priests. I left a Testament in each house, and explained about it, as I read of the birth of Jesus. The books were received with many thanks, and one woman hung hers on the wall, saying that she was sorry she had no candle to put before it, but declaring that she had been told that on Christmas day an American Bible-book on the wall would be a mirror, and in it they could see the Christ-child and the reflection of their own face. That was superstitious enough, but it pleased me. That same woman said another strange thing, which was that she could not see how an aviator could be wicked, and fly. This was when I said that perhaps next year the three kings might come in a plane! But the joke was not received. Sufferers from hunger are past being joked.—Paolo in S. S. Times.

UNIVERSAL WEEK OF PRAYER

Do not forget Watch Night Service, December 31st. The next Evangel will give suggestions for a week of prayer, Jan. 3rd to 9th.

-:- To All Preachers And Deacons -:-

I induced the Editor to allow me this conspicuous place in the Christmas Evangel to make this personal appeal, because the thing I am talking to you about is a matter of greatest importance.

You in the many places and we at Headquarters, in the providence of God and in **places of leadership**. So we are charged with the **obligations** of leadership.

Here several times every day we are praying the very best we can, collectively, in our closets and at our family altars for two great and wonderful things. The two things we are praying for I believe are so wonderful in their importance, and still within the reach of ordinary faith, that I ask you and in Jesus' Name, to pray with us in like manner, every day. The two things are:

1. That God may so fill with the Holy Ghost, all of us who write for the Evangel, and so honor its going forth that it may bless the readers even as mighty Spirit-filled sermons do, and as handkerchiefs and aprons from Paul's body did in olden days.

2. That God will increase the number of subscribers speedily to 50,000, so doubling, substantially, our present list.

If I could induce every preacher and deacon who reads this message to really try to get subscribers and **keep on** trying throughout the New Year soon coming in, and if I did nothing else for our beloved Pentecost, I would have done a wonder. Please take very seriously this personal request of the new Associate Editor.

I am sure you will agree with me that it is most important that the paper go to the family of every saint. It is a **printed pastor** that visits around every week, and never says anything to cause discontent, but always brings fresh, sweet, Holy Ghost messages. Will you not set a firm purpose, by this means or that, to get it into the home of every saint? Some churches find it wise and profitable to pay for the paper for saints who cannot pay for it.

I know by personal experience that a great deal can be done in the way of getting the paper into the homes of outsiders who attend the church services. It is a fine piece of work done for the Master when a subscription is obtained from an outsider. Lay deliberate and much prayed over plans and then work those plans to the limit, to get this class of people to subscribe. This is also a splendid work for Jesus. Sinners saved by this means will rise up in eternity and call you blessed.

Then, there is another class. If you will push the thing fearlessly and with much prayer and persistent determination you can get those whom the saints deal with to take the paper. Make up a list, at least a mental list, of the people the saints do business with, their merchants, carpenters, notaries, lawyers, dentists, bank-

ers, filling station and garage men, blacksmiths, jitney drivers, butchers, milk-men, including all those to whom saints pay out money. Plan in the best possible way to ask every one of them earnestly for a dollar or a quarter as you deem wisest in different cases. Put your deal on a money basis. All you want is a quarter or a dollar, as the case may be. Then tell him if he will give it to you you will send him 200 large pages of the best reading matter there is anywhere for every twenty-five cents, in weekly installments, sixteen pages a week. You can get far more subscribers than you at first might think among this class. Oh, how it will help to bring our wonderful church before the important people of the world in a way to disarm prejudice and correct false impressions.

I know what I am writing sounds odd coming from an Associate Editor, but in the Council we are a co-operative fellowship you know, and as a co-operator I want to do just all I can to advance the work. So, if you will allow me one more word in closing—May I not ask you to take this matter up in public more than once and do your best to get the spirit of this message into the hearts of all the saints, making helpers of them? If we will all work together and pray without ceasing we can have the 50,000 subscribers soon, and have a paper positively quivering in the hands of those who read it because of the Holy Ghost power prayed into it.

—Chas. E. Robinson

EVANGEL MAILING LIST LARGEST IN OUR HISTORY

November has witnessed a very wholesome increase in the size of the Evangel family, and we want all our readers to help us secure a still greater increase in December. Why not make the Evangel a present to a number of your friends this Christmas?

We want a number of your friends to get acquainted with the Evangel during the next three months and will send it to anyone for this period for the small sum of 25c (please add 13c for Canadian and foreign subscribers). Please do your best for us. You can use the form on page 13.

Below we are printing a list of the number of subscribers we have in each state.

State	Dec.	Nov.	Inc.
California	3381	2991	390
Texas	1927	1725	202
Missouri	1589	1379	201
Oklahoma	1537	1310	227
Pennsylvania	1476	1128	348
Illinois	1431	1345	86
Arkansas	1311	1108	203
Ohio	1282	1106	176
New York	1253	1032	221
Kansas	792	679	113
Washington	788	676	112

State	Dec.	Nov.	Inc.
Michigan	641	519	122
Iowa	606	515	91
Indiana	574	447	127
New Jersey	522	458	64
Alabama	497	447	50
Oregon	469	410	59
Colorado	434	375	59
Florida	410	331	79
Nebraska	406	338	68
Minnesota	342	298	44
W. Virginia	293	209	84
N. Dakota	287	189	98
Louisiana	278	234	44
Wisconsin	259	180	79
Virginia	246	176	70
Mississippi	233	178	55
Maryland	223	182	41
Massachusetts	170	158	12
Montana	170	153	17
Kentucky	166	121	45
Tennessee	159	148	11
Idaho	148	124	24
So. Dakota	144	115	29
Georgia	111	92	19
Connecticut	106	93	13
New Mexico	94	89	5
Arizona	91	78	13
Delaware	69	57	12
Maine	63	68	-5
District of Columbia	61	55	6
New Hampshire	50	42	8
North Carolina	48	38	10
Wyoming	33	21	12
South Carolina	28	19	9
Rhode Island	21	17	4
Vermont	21	19	2
Nevada	20	32	-12
Utah	14	14	
Canada	920	821	99
Foreign	824	629	195
U. S. Possessions	51	49	2
	27,060	23,017	4,043

We desire to give honorable mention to the following friends who have specially helped during November, sending in the number of subscriptions listed below:

H. L. Collier, Washington, D. C.	114
R. A. Brown, New York, N. Y. (all \$1.00 subs.)	85
Chas. A. Harris, Paris, Ark.	45
Mabel Stake, Surrey, N. Dak.	44
The Nankivells, Chicago, Ill.	44
James Leonard, Cleveland, Ohio	31
H. H. Wilson, Senath, Mo.	29
S. R. Fostekew, Medina, Ohio	24
Mrs. J. C. Godwin, Meridian, Miss.	19
N. E. Tingley, Home Gardens, Calif.	19
Mrs. Geo. Blacet, Monette, Ark.	17
Geo. E. Pritchard, Taft, Calif.	16
Daisy Renick, La Belle, Mo.	16
J. S. Castlebery, Jakin, Ga.	16

SEVEN MISSIONARIES SAIL

Seven of our missionaries left for foreign lands on the S. S. City of Lahore which sailed Thursday, November 27. Those returning to their posts of duty are Brother and Sister Post, enroute for Egypt and Brother and Sister Nicodem and family, enroute for India. Helen Richter, George Waggoner, and Thomas Brook are sailing for the first time to India. Let us hold these dear ones before the throne of grace that they may be graciously used in the Master's service.

MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT

All offerings for Foreign Missions and for expense of conducting the Missionary Department, should be sent by Check, Draft, Express or Postal Money Order, made payable to Wm. Faux, Missionary Secretary, 336 West Pacific St., Springfield, Mo., U. S. A.

AMONG TIBETAN ROBBERS

Brother V. G. Plymire writes: "I returned home yesterday afternoon. Nearly half of our Evangelistic Caravan was stolen by Tibetan robbers. I spent several days trying to find them but only got a clue and have sent word to their chief. We may get the yak back sometime. While the robbers rode down on the camp at night and opened fire, none of my men were hit although bullets passed nearby. There were eight armed Tibetans. We can at least thank God that none of our men were hurt, and of course there was no shooting from our side. This will hinder us somewhat for the present in our traveling as we do not have sufficient yak now. While I was out searching the mountains for our yak I met a merchant who had two horses and a mule stolen just west of our camp. There have been so many robbers that no merchants ventured among the Tibetans for the past three months. We truly do need your earnest prayers. Just as soon as we can get our yak back or else buy more we will go again among these tribes with more earnestness than ever before to tell the story of the Cross. It is only this that will change these robbers into honest men."

SHOWERS IN FREETOWN, LIBERIA

Brother and Sister Shakely write: "We are glad to tell you that the Spirit is being poured out in the little mission in a very marked way in the past two weeks. For a few months there seemed to be so little doing until one morning in the service at six o'clock the Spirit was poured out and the fire continued to fall until about one-thirty. One woman has been coming a long time and is very deaf. The Spirit struck her and she seemed to see a vision of Jesus holding some white clothes for her to put on. She said that He was such a big man and she was so little that it frightened her, but now she is losing her fear. Several got victory a few days after that in a service in another part of the city. One backslider who had gone very deep in sin was struck down by the power of God and cried mightily. They were slain right and left, and it was almost noon when the service finished. It started at six. Then in the afternoon of that same day the power fell again in the service lasting from four until about eight-thirty. The Lord gave a spirit of prayer in the young people's meeting and the most of them were all praying together.

"A short while ago one of our workers went out and took a few followers with him. But while the Spirit was falling those people all came back and confessed their sin and are now seeking the Lord again. Well praise God for showers.

They make us hungry to see the floods. God is faithful, He usually sends the showers before the floods. So many strangers are coming in. They tell us how God spoke to them. One woman told us how she had taken all her gods out and had thrown them away. She said that they cost her plenty of money, but she was blind then."

THE WORK IN CEYLON

Brother Walter Clifford writes from Colombo, Ceylon: "We have been in Ceylon some five weeks now and the Lord is blessing in a wonderful way. The meetings are increasing in attendance, in power and in blessing. Some eleven souls have been born into the Kingdom, one baptized in the Spirit, and numbers healed. All praise to our lovely Jesus! Nine were saved during our last week-end meetings.

"We would ask an interest in the prayers of the saints in the U. S. A. for Ceylon, that the blessed full gospel may spread far and wide, and that needs may be met. The rent for our church and house is eighty dollars a month. The Lord has sent us a sister from England today to join in the work. We still need half a dozen men and women filled with the Spirit to join us. Men and women who are prepared to trust the Lord for spirit, soul and body."

HOME FROM LIBERIA

Sister Emily DeGroat writes: "I can't begin to tell how good the Lord has been in bringing me home safely. The sea voyage has already done me much good. Pray for the missionaries on the field, I left one of the new missionaries very sick, and Miss Nygard and Miss Erickson still alone. I enjoyed the three weeks at the Cape in the Rest Home with Mrs. Neeley while I was waiting for the steamer. Her faith is being tried financially, but we know God is able and is concerned for His own. Praise the Lord. What would we do without Jesus?"

MISSIONARIES RETURNING TO STATIONS

Sister Katherine Clause writes from Lo Pau, China as follows:

"I certainly praise the Lord for His protecting care all along the way. In the first place, they said the river was mined from Hong Kong to Canton, because two generals were fighting. Then the train to Sainam was robbed by bandits and all the passengers that were of the upper class were taken for a ransom, just a week before we came upon it. The boat to Lo Pau was fired upon by bandits three times shortly before I came so you see the Lord protected us from a great deal.

"We did have a very exciting experience. It is indeed a great miracle to

me that our lives were spared. Really, you have no idea how near death I was. Mr. Perdue, a man of our missions and I took a little sampan boat at Sainam and went as far as Sam Shui and there we could not take the regular boat because they were afraid to go to the regular landing, for fear the soldiers might confiscate the boat. So we had to take an awful funny old boat. We sat on the floor. When we got out a distance we came up to the regular boat and they pulled our boat along side of them. Then finally they let our boat drag along behind. We were going to get into the decent looking boat which was not much, but much better than the one we were in, when the man in charge had we had so much baggage that we had better stay where we were. He wanted us to watch it so it would not be stolen.

"At the time, I for some reason or other, felt that we were doing wrong by not going into the good boat, but inasmuch as the man had asked us to stay where we were, and it was good to watch our baggage, we stayed. To our great sorrow, as we were almost to Lo Pau, the boat in which we were sitting crashed into a boat that was standing on the shore and oh, what a smashup. I saw it coming and told Mr. Perdue. He did not understand me, however, but in a second the wood nearly all fell down from the top and fell right on us. My head was hurt pretty badly for the time being, and also pained for a few days afterwards, but thanks be unto God, He always protects His own. I did not think that there was any hope at all for we were buried. At the time I earnestly prayed for God's protection and He did answer prayer. If ever there was a miracle that was one. That is the second accident I had on the Lo Pau boats but this one was by far the worst of the two, I believe. It was so kind of Mr. Perdue to come with me. He came with me because he did not want to see me come alone.

"I am very happy to be in Lo Pau. Although it is very far out in the country and much different from Canton, and only Miss Militscher and I here, still I have not been a bit lonely as yet, for I have felt the presence of God in a wonderful way, and His presence makes our paradise and where Jesus is 'tis heaven. Praise God.

"I shall teach two Sunday School classes, and one night a week teach the women to read. So many of them cannot read at all. The postmaster's wife comes to that class also. Nearly every day we shall go to the villages, or do visitation work in the homes, have open air meetings, cottage prayer meetings, meetings in the church, etc., so you see that I will be very busy for my Lord. I shall be so happy in it. I do not mean to say that all will be easy, but when God is with us, all is well and we are very happy. The house is very humble. I only have one window in my room and it is very small, but Oh, it is so blessed to be in His will. I trust you will all pray much for me."

Christmas Service Text Calendar, 30 cents each, 5 for \$1.25, Gospel Publishing House, Springfield, Mo.

The Latin American Conference

The picture on this page presents to the readers of the Pentecostal Evangel the brethren of the Mexican border and Mexico that attended the ninth annual Session of the Latin American Convention of the Assemblies of God. In the first Annual Session held in January, 1918, (for 1917), some nine ministers were present. Almost all there were in the Pentecostal ministry among the Mexicans. At that time there were some eight mission stations. In this ninth annual Session twenty-nine ministers were present, and sixteen delegates and many visitors. The Convention now represents over seventy Assemblies and almost as many ministers, scattered from East Texas to San Francisco, Calif., with one even in far-away Hawaii; from Puebla in South Mexico to Dallas, Texas and Mexican District and one in Detroit, Mich.

The Convention was greatly blessed this year in having Elder William Faux, Missionary Secretary, and Elder Hugh Cadwalder District Chairman. Their messages spoken through interpreters, were of great spiritual uplift and encouragement. Our Latin American workers felt this year more than ever before that they are in fact a vital part of the Assemblies of God, and that the English-speaking saints in the Assemblies of God are interested in them. This was accomplished more than any thing else through the presence of Brethren Faux and Cadwalder

Many things were accomplished for the progress of the Lord's kingdom among the Latin Americans and special emphasis was given to the need of keeping as a goal and working for "self supporting churches." We will publish more on this important feature in our next issue of the "Latin American Prayer Circle." Any one wishing to receive a copy of this little publication can do so, by simply writing to H. C. Ball, 1911 Durango St., San Antonio, Texas. There is no subscription price, it is free.

Three were licensed to preach. One Bible woman was also authorized, in Spanish she is called a "diaconisa"—a deaconess. Eight were ordained to the full ministry, all having proven their ministry for several years. Brother H. C. Ball

was reelected Superintendent of the Convention for another year. The next Annual Session of the Convention will meet in the City of Mexico in November of 1926—but better still, in the air if Jesus comes before! Come Lord Jesus, is our prayer!

The Evangel readers are urgently requested to pray for the Latin American or Mexican ministers and missionaries. Many of them are going through hard places for the Lord and need your prayers and sympathy. God bless you.

Yours in Jesus, our coming King,
H. C. Ball



THE LATIN AMERICAN CONFERENCE

A REVIVAL IN CEYLON

Mrs. Lilian Maltby writes: "We are praising God for the way He is working here in Kandy. The gates seemed to be of brass when we commenced the work here in June, but the Lord has called us to labor here, so He called us to frequent prayer for many to be saved and filled with the Spirit.

"A neighbor was very ill. He had been a Christian but had wandered away from God and had become a habitual drinker. From this he became very ill and was in this state when we first called on the family. We went to minister to him almost every day, and he heard the Word and was reclaimed for the Lord. Early one morning we were called to his bedside. We quoted Scripture, sang and prayed for him. That morning he passed away to be with the Lord while we were there. Numbers of his family were touched, and an awakening came into their hearts. One daughter came to our meetings since then and sought the Lord in full consecration and received the Bap-

tism of the Spirit. Pray that the whole family may be given up fully to the Lord.

"Some people have come from estates a number of miles away from Kandy to be baptized in water. Five of these and two others were immersed and praised God for real salvation. Previously they had been formal church members and had not fully given themselves to the Lord (Rom. 12:1-2). A series of meetings followed, and real revival repentance and restitution were marked factors throughout the whole time, and the same Spirit remains here in the work.

"The Lord has brought in workers from good homes. They have left all for Jesus and have offered themselves for the work of the Lord without salaries, and are laboring with us. There has been a real going down and laying aside of any little thing that might not be absolutely necessary, and the Lord has richly blessed us and the work spiritually.

"We have been granted to pray for the sick with blessing. One old woman who was blind came to the mission home. We prayed and anointed her for the healing of her eyes. She was a simple-hearted Christian and believed God. She commenced to see soon after starting away.

"A dumb girl is learning to talk. She was brought here and we had special prayer for her several times. Praise God! He does work.

"One of our workers has meetings very frequently with the coolies on the nearby estates. She speaks English and Tamil and is giving us lessons in reading Tamil. Her special mission is to the poor Tamile coolies. One of our number went on an errand yesterday to a nearby estate. He talked to a few Tamile men. One of these men, a rubber tapper, burst out weeping aloud for his sins. Another was greatly wrought upon.

"We have to walk miles in our going on the estates or to town and were it not that the Lord has spoken to us saying that He would walk with us, we could not possibly labor thus. But heavy toil and long walks are but trifles if we but see many healed and brought to know Jesus our Saviour and Lord. Pray that the revival now on may steadily increase and that many may be added to the church here."

ARRIVED IN CHINA

Word has reached us that Brother George Kelley arrived safely in Hong Kong, China, November 25. Pray that the Lord will bless his ministry to the lost souls in dark China as he again takes up the work.

THE WORK AND WORKERS

HILLSBORO, ORE.—Pastor Juby S. Farrar writes: "We came to Hillsboro about two weeks ago, and after being in service with the saints here over Sunday we were called to serve as pastor. The Lord is present in mighty power. The saints are getting in unity, and the interest is increasing. Pray for the many hungry hearts in this place."

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Brother John G. Malone writes: "We have just closed a wonderful campaign here. Many precious souls—some saved, some reclaimed, some healed, some baptized with the Spirit—and all greatly revived, edified and strengthened. Brethren McConnell and McDowell did most of the preaching. They were greatly under the anointing of the Spirit."

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Pastor August Feick writes: "God is greatly blessing in the Woodworth-Etter Tabernacle. Meetings are going on with unabated interest and power. Yesterday four were baptized in water, a number were saved and others were lying under the power. Last night the tabernacle was filled to its capacity. December 19 to January 3, inclusive, we will have our Christmas holiday revival. We are looking forward to a special outpouring of God's Spirit during this time and desire to extend a hearty invitation to all to come and partake of God's blessings with us."

DOVER, ARK.—Brother Stephen Vander Merwe writes: "Just closed a meeting at Dover, Ark., commonly known as the Gospel-hardened center. Seventeen were saved and 1 received the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. Praise God! I held the meeting in an old blacksmith shop, the only available place in town, and although not as fine a place to worship in as all the other churches in town, it became the most beautiful place to the one that made peace with God. Truly the Saviour is no respecter of persons or places. He can even be found in a blacksmith shop."

COVINA & GLENDORA, CALIF.—Mrs Edna Essene writes from Baldwin Park, Calif.: "I wish to report something of the work at Covina and Glendora, where missions have been established during the past months. The Lord has wonderfully provided suitable places of worship—the building at Glendora being donated for the purpose. Sister Edna Goodwin of Pasadena has charge of these places, and she and her husband are putting forth untiring efforts to spread the full gospel in this valley. We have great faith that a substantial work will be established and many souls brought into the Kingdom. Will you not pray for us?"

KEENE, N. H.—Brother O. H. Thayer writes: "I am writing just to say that the Lord is working mightily in our midst. Some are very hungry for Pentecost and demons are being cast out in the mighty Name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth. Will you ask the saints to pray for us that a mighty Pentecost may break forth here?"

TAFT, CALIF.—Brother and Sister John C. Nelson write: "We want to report victory for the Assembly at Taft. The Lord has added steadily to our number in a gracious way. We have morning prayer meetings 7 days in the week and God has given us a strong band of praying saints. We attribute much of our blessing through the prayers of this band who gather so faithfully and pray continually. Many have been healed of dangerous ailments and some are receiving the Baptism. We called a special tarrying meeting Thanksgiving Day and 8 received the Baptism as in Acts 2:4 and the next morning 3 more received the Baptism. Our church is now clear of debt and we expect to launch out in a larger way for God for this oil field."

NEW CASTLE, PA.—Brother F. D. Drake reports: "We have just closed a series of special evangelistic services here, Sunday, Nov. 29. Evangelist Meyer and Alice Tan Ditter were with us for a week and the Lord blessed their ministry very much among us. District Evangelist L. A. Hill joined forces with us Nov. 15 and stayed until the end of the meetings. It was a time of precious reviving among the saints. Several souls were saved and reclaimed for God, others were healed and 2 baptized with the Holy Spirit. One precious young woman saved and baptized in the meetings, has been testifying every opportunity of the wonderful joy that has come into her life. Toward the close of the services, the evangelist was stricken down with sickness and one lung seemed to be badly congested. On the afternoon of the closing Sunday, while the congregation was singing over and over, "There is power, power, wonder working power in the Blood," the power of God went through our Brother's body down through the congested lung and he was healed. Hallelujah! The closing service was the occasion of a precious break by the Lord; and souls, both adults and little children, were weeping their way through to salvation and others were stricken down by the Power of God. We heard of one little boy today, of nine or ten years, who went home Sunday night and in happy tones proclaimed to his elder brother and sister that "Jesus saved me tonight and I feel so good down here," touching the region of his heart. We are pressing forward here with new courage and the joyful knowledge that with God nothing is impossible."

NOTES FROM SOUTHERN MISSOURI DISTRICT COUNCIL

We are glad to announce that the Missionary Conventions being held by Sister Geo. M. Kelley are causing our District to become a Missionary one. Our dear Brother Kelley, when called to go to China to save our work over there, did not go home to say good-bye to his children, but left his wife at Summit, Mo., and made his way to the West coast to embark for China. They had held three Missionary Conventions in our District together. After Brother Kelley left, Sister Kelley, though away from three of her children and her husband, is pressing this mighty battle in behalf of the millions that know not the Lord. The consecration of these precious missionaries is preaching louder to me than anything else. They have forsaken all to follow Him. We are letting these missionary Conventions take the lead of everything in our District.

As I was in my office today, reading and answering letters from our beloved ministers in the different parts of our District, their letters showed me that the power of the Lord is coming down in a mighty way among the Assemblies. The power of God came upon me so greatly I had to arise three times from my work and give Him the glory. Amen!

The Third Bible Convention for Southern Missouri District Council will be held with the Assembly of God at Senath, Mo., Jan. 12 to 17, 1926. Senath, Mo., is on the Frisco railroad leading from Hayti, Mo., to Leachville, Ark., and from Campbell, Mo., to Leachville, Ark. The Assembly will provide food and bedding free. Let all who expect to be licensed or ordained at this Convention, write to the Chairman for an application blank. Let our ministers announce this. At this Bible Convention, the District Presbytery will decide where we will have our next District Council. Let all the pastors and Assemblies who desire to have the next District Council of Southern Missouri, meet with them, mail the chairman their invitation so we will get it by Jan. 10, 1926. We are expecting a mighty visitation from the Lord at this Bible Convention. Let's pray to this end.

Let every one of our ministers of Southern Missouri and Tenn., become a live agent for the Pentecostal Evangel; if you can, put it in every home in your town. Let's put the Evangel over the top in our District. Pastor A. A. Wilson of Puxico, Mo., our Assistant Chairman, in our other drive for the Evangel, got 50 one-year subscribers in his town, and he wrote to me the other day that he got 35 more subscribers in his meeting just recently closed at Senath, Mo. Let every minister in Southern Missouri District Council see what he can do for the Evangel in the month of December. I am going to give to the minister that gets the largest number of subscribers to the Evangel in the month of December, a nice Englishman's Greek New Testament. The Editor will keep the count. This offer is to the ministers in Southern Missouri and Tennessee. The three-month subscriptions will be counted—J. E. Spence, Chairman, Willow Springs, Missouri.

HOMELY THINGS FROM A PASTOR'S DIARY

By Chas. E. Robinson

Sunday May 11. Usually I do not write in my diary on Sunday night, but I am making an exception this time. I called at several places last week where I found the saints were being caught by a very sleek and innocent looking trap of the devil. A merchant had advertised that every one making a dollar purchase at his store would receive a numbered ticket. When the tickets are all out a drawing will be made and the holder of the "lucky number" as it is called, will receive a beautiful new Ford touring car. He has the car standing in the window, and the people are falling into the trap, right and left.

I spoke to them privately about it as I went about my pastoral work, but they were dull of hearing. It is hard for people to understand the wrong in a thing that promises to bring them a big profit without any expense on their part. One said, "It can't be gambling, for I don't risk anything. I get the groceries as cheaply as I could anywhere else." Another said, "Someone will get that car and why had I not as well have it as anyone else?" Another said, "Why Mr. Tyer, the Grocer, is an excellent man. He wouldn't enter into a thing that is gambling." So I decided I must preach on it, and explain to them that it is so plainly a gambling device that it is a violation of the criminal laws of some states. Even unsaved legislators can see that.

We cry out against card games for fun in the home because it leads to gambling, and we think it is simply awful when the ladies of the town play games to win trophies. And now here we are actually gambling ourselves. Our mouths are closed so we cannot say a word about the card game in the home that may lead to gambling, or the ladies playing for the silver cup that goes sometimes to one and sometimes another of the groups who play, and when we tell the boys it is wrong to win marbles from other boys, they will laugh in their sleeves knowing Father and Mother like a game of chance just as well as anyone.

I remember when I was but a boy, Morrison Mumford, the then editor of the Kansas City Times, advertised that anyone who would send a twenty-five cent subscription for his paper would receive free a ticket which would give him a chance to win one of several prizes. He, being prosecuted for gambling, made a defence that the price of the paper was the same whether a man took a ticket or not and, so, that the tickets did not cost anyone anything. This, he thought, saved him from being guilty of the crime of gambling. But the Supreme Court decided that this made no difference, and it was gambling even though the ticket holder was not out a thing for the chance. That case is in the 73 Mo. Sup. Ct. Reports, and that is the law in Missouri to this day.

When I had finished telling the people how the thing appears to a supreme court made up of worldly minded judges, they could see that for a much greater reason saints of the most High God who should avoid even the appearance of evil,

must keep themselves away from such things and unspotted from the world.

While I was at it I took a shot at the soft drink stands too. It seems so contrary to holiness for people to stand up with the world before a cold drink stand and guzzle coca cola and pop and all the multifarious concoctions prepared to tempt the unwary. I haven't noticed any of the saints around these places, but I thought a word in due season would be good.

I think some of the saints felt a little uneasy, and I should not be surprised to find some criticism going the rounds, for our people are sometimes tempted to "despise dominion, and speak evil of dignitaries" (Jude 7).

MUNCIE, IND.—The assembly at 904 E. 5th St., reports that Evangelist Robt. Benjamin of Chicago has just held a revival meeting with them and 30 souls have

been saved. There is great unity in the assembly and they have asked Brother Benjamin to take the pastoral work. He has accepted this on the understanding that he will be able to go out from time to time and hold revivals in needy fields. Mrs. Lena Forrey is assistant pastor of this assembly.

KELSO, WASH.—Pastor Edward Swanson writes: "We had a successful seven week's campaign in our tent last summer. Many were saved, several received the Baptism according to Acts 2:4. We have had short campaigns in small towns round, and have had some wonderful healings. Our Sunday School started with one class of 10, and we now have an average of 75. A Spanish boy came to us who had been raised a Catholic in Spain. He has real salvation and is writing to his folks at home telling them of the wonderful 'treasure' he has found."

MOVING THE SUBSCRIPTION LIST UP TO 50,000

Help all your friends to become acquainted with the Pentecostal Evangel. Send us a dollar and the names of four friends and we will see that they receive the paper for three months each. (Please add 13 cents extra for each Canadian and foreign subscription to pay for extra postage.)

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THE GOSPEL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Springfield, Missouri

WHAT DOES CHRISTMAS MEAN TO YOU?

(Continued from Page Seven)

slain in the streets of Jerusalem, the people who have been tormented by them, will show their great joy at their now being dead and speechless by sending "gifts one to another" (Rev. 11:10). Shall not we who love God show our joy in this graceful way as well? I am sure we will. But this temptation will be likely to come up, to send gifts for other reasons than to express love, for instance, because of feeling it necessary, or to gain favor, or in the hope that some worth while gain will come from our making gifts. We are a separated people, a peculiar people. Let us not forget it when we make up our Christmas gifts. Let us give because of the love in our hearts, the divine love kindled by the Christ when we let Him come in. Thus our gifts will go to those He loves. As the dead are to bury their own dead, so too let the world give its own their presents. Would it not be beautiful and give joy to the hosts in heaven, and gladden our own hearts, if we invite to the feasts we make those whom God loves but who, so far as the earth goes, are forlorn and well nigh friendless? If we do as God did, and go outside of the list of our friends to select our guests and the recipients of our favor, those we ask will not make so graceful a company, nor one that will enable our wit to scintillate and be admired so well, but surely it would be more like children of Christ if we invite the widows who are forlorn, the boys and girls who are homeless, the lame, the halt and blind, the more especially so when they love our Christ? What would Jesus do if He were living in your place now?

The Wistfulness of Christmas. There are some heartening words by W. L. Stiger with which I will close this series of thumb nail sketches about Christmas, (Never, Oh never write it "Xmas.") He has been on the X once. We will not put Him there again in the way we write the word containing His Name).

"The wistful look that I find on the faces of some folks about Christmas time subdues me to a proper perspective of life. I am inclined to forget at Christmas time that there is anything in all this big old world but happiness. I see a light in the eyes of my own child, and a cheer on my own hearth, and a pressure of love in the hands of folks who clasp mine in friendship, and it all overwhelms me and makes me forget that there are others in the world less fortunate than I. This feeling is not good for me. I find myself getting selfish and forgetting what Christmas is for. Then, in order to balance my life and my pleasures I go out on the street and hunt up folks at Christmas time who have that wistful look in their eyes; that look which haunts one for months after, which grips one's heart and squeezes tears out of it; that look which tells a hundred stories without a spoken word. And the looks of these wistful people at Christmas etch themselves on my heart so that the impression abides forever."

—C. E. R.

Forthcoming Meetings

DATE OF MEETING CHANGED

The Meeting of the North Central District Council, which was scheduled to meet Nov. 25th to the 29th, has been postponed till December 15th to 20th. The meeting will convene at Minot, N. Dak., and entertainment will be provided for ministers and delegates by the Minot Assembly of God. Those who propose to attend may communicate with Pastor Fred Frank, 815 Second Ave. N. W. Those desiring ordination and license should attend in person.—F. J. Lindquist, Chairman.

TENNESSEE BIBLE CONVENTION, Dec. 15 to 20, 1925.

As Tennessee is now a part of our District, we are very glad to welcome them into our blessed fellowship of Southern Missouri District Council. Our First Bible Convention with the State of Tennessee will be held with the Assembly at Sharrion, Tenn., December 15 to 20, 1925. We will be very glad to have all the ministers of Tennessee to be at this Bible Convention that is those that are in fellowship with the Council work. The Presbytery will be there to examine applicants for Ordination and License. Those desiring to come in with us at this Convention write to the Chairman for an Application Blank. Let the ministers of Southern Missouri and Tennessee District announce this in their meetings. Food and bedding will be provided free at this convention.—J. E. Spence, Chairman, Willow Springs, Mo.

OPEN FOR CALLS as pastor or evangelist. Am in fellowship with the Oklahoma District Council.—Ruel Ware, R. 2. Prague, Okla.

NOTICE

We wish to thank those who gave to the fund for Brooklyn Tabernacle. The Alliance, having the advantage over us with a few more thousand, came in and bought the church. So now we have secured a place on Clinton Ave. for a Christian work. Most of the people have decided to let this church fund go into this home. However, there are a few of the people that I have not been in touch with; therefore please notify them for me through your paper. Those wishing their money please send in receipt at once and money will be refunded to them.—Stella L. Greer.

FOREIGN MISSIONS CONTRIBUTIONS

November 28th to 30th inclusive.

This does not include offerings sent in for the expense of the Foreign Missions Department.

- \$.50 Mrs T A B Millinocket Me
 - 1.00 Mrs S H San Pedro Calif; W R Hillsdale Mich; E P M Knoxville, Tenn; M McM Elvins Mo; Mrs P P Keeton Okla; Mrs R C R Goshen Ala; Mrs M B Philadelphia Pa; 1.40 Mrs M B Ocean Grove N. J; 1.50 Mrs N S Odin, Calif; Mrs. W G F Rocky Ford Colo
 - 2.00 J M S Grand River Ia; G S Anna Ohio; T H Lodi Calif; Mrs L F W Colt Ark; Mrs. A A Portage Wis; J D B Turtle Creek Pa; W B G Aquilla Texas
 - 3.00 Mrs J D B Niangua Mo; A Friend Williamsburg Ky; Mrs E B S Elton La; F C A Crichton Ala; A L B & wife Joshua Texas; 3.05 V D Springfield Mo; 3.32 S S Wynne Ark; 3.90 Miss L P R Exeter Calif; 4.00 Mrs G B Tulsa Okla; 4.50 Mrs S E S Seattle Wash
 - 5.00 Miss G H Spokane Wash; Mr K E R Renzi, Miss; F L B Russellville Ark; Mr & Mrs L S B Coffeyville Kans; S E E Rogers Ark; C E K Mt Vernon Wash; 7.60 H K Clarkdale, Ariz; 7.71 Womens' Missy Band of Glad Tidings Mission Gilroy Calif; 8.00 Mrs S A Altus Ark
 - 10.00 Pent'l S S Milford Nebr; Mr & Mrs C E T Yakima Wash; Mrs J W W Springfield Mo; M J Alton Mo; P P Port Lavaca Texas; M H E Statten Island N Y; Assembly of God Sebastopol Calif; Mrs L A W Louisville Ky; 10.70 Assembly Lisbon S Dak
 - 11.00 P L U & wife Cleveland Ark; T McH & H J S Spokane Wash; 11.50 W B E Ripon Calif; 12.50 Mr & Mrs W M Marland Okla
 - 15.00 Assembly Ashland Ore; Young People's Bible Class Dallas Texas; F W B Tulsa Okla;
 - 22.00 M C Kingsville Texas; 25.00 Apostolic Faith Assembly Portland Ore; Pent'l Assembly Jamestown N Y; Mr & Mrs H C H Earle Ark; 26.00 A R White Plains N Y; 26.55 Assembly of God Eagle Bend Minn
 - 32.57 Union Service of Assemblies Wyckoff N J; 35.50 Assembly Ninnekah Okla; 40.00 A F Parlier Miami Fla; 383.27 Assembly of God—German Branch Milwaukee Wis
 - Portland Ore
 - 100.00 L M L Detroit Mich; 150.00 Assembly of God—German Brnch Milwaukee Wis
- Total amount minus \$53.27 amount given direct \$1,324.50
 Amount Previously Reported 13,851.04
 Total amount for November 15,175.54

HOME MISSIONS CONTRIBUTIONS

1.00 R F R Reinzi Miss	
Total amount	\$ 1.00
Amount previously reported	19.76
Total amount for November	20.76

FOREIGN MISSIONS CONTRIBUTIONS
December 1st to 4th inclusive

- This does not include offerings sent in for the expenses of the Foreign Missions Department.
- \$.10 Mrs W B S Warrensburg Mo; .40 Mrs L M Glenys Wyo; .50 J R H Wichita Falls Texas; A I Rosenhayn N J; Mrs C M Stevensville Mont; .65 Miss L B Philadelphia Pa; .75 J E H Rochester N Y; .75 Mrs W A W Joshua Texas; .95 Mrs J H K Warren Ohio;
 - 1.00 Miss K D B Brooklyn N Y; E E S Gerald Mo; Mrs H S Trotwood Ohio; G W H Foster Okla; W J P Halifax Canada; G C Larson, N. Dak; Mrs S S Ft Smith Ark; G B & C L S Bass Mo; A M C Bridgeton N J; A G Scranton Pa; Miss B M B Leon Ia; Mrs S C B Chesaw Wash; Mrs A R Glidden Wis; Mrs T M Boonville Ind; 1.50 Mrs M L Exeter Calif; 1.89 E C D Cozahome Ark
 - 2.00 B F W Okmulgee Okla; Mrs D S Cut Bank Mont; Mrs A N Ft Griffin Texas; Mrs C H F Riverside Calif; Mrs D H McK Transcora Canada; V M B Summerfield La; 2.35 Mrs O C Mt Vernon Mo; 2.50 Mrs J P Girard Texas; Mrs A C A Humboldt Ia; 2.75 J M H Cash Texas; Mrs P J P Edwardsville Kans; 2.79 F J Detroit Mich
 - 3.00 D G M Warren Ill; F E S Brightmoor Detroit Mich; S & C H Angleton Texas; W H O Kennett Mo; B H C Coffeyville Kans; J B S Los Angeles Calif; M W New York N Y; S S Guthrie Okla; New Crichton Assembly Mobile Ala; Young People's Class Russellville Ark
 - 4.00 W A R & wife Goose Creek Texas; G A H McLoud Okla; Mrs M L B McComb City Miss; R L S Gracemo-t Okla; Mrs L S Santa Barbara Calif; J S D Hughes Okla; Mrs MacK Cleveland Ohio; 4.50 M R Madera Calif; 4.90 Miss G G Saratoga Texas
 - 5.00 Mrs G B Columbus Kans; Mrs I S Cortland N Y; Mrs A Minneapolis Minn; B D A Goose Creek Texas; Miss A W Slocumb Ala; Mrs G L El Cerrito Calif; J H Slick Okla; Prayer Band Sioux City Ia; P P Trinidad Calif; Mrs J C M's son Almena Kans; Mrs C M I Watertown N Dak; Mrs S J W Asbury Park N J; A Friend Union City Ind; Mrs L C Springfield Mo; A F Parlier Calif; Mrs A M Pontiac Mich; F H Paonia Colo; J H J Chetopa Kans; O P Colfax Wash; Mrs M C Bay City Mich; 5.15 E McF Bradford Tenn; 5.35 E F Collinsville Okla; 5.86 D & G S Rushville Ill.
 - 6.00 Mrs H C H Minneota Minn; 6.15 Pent'l Assembly Atlanta Mo; 7.00 Mrs J L B Chickasha Okla; J W B Graceville Fla; W S Y Minden Nevada; 7.10 Assembly of God Church Chetopa Kans; 7.31 H H Wakarusa Ind
 - 8.00 J S Granite Ill; 8.40 G R B Huntsville Texas; 9.00 Mrs F K Homer Nebr; 9.34 S S Picher Okla
 - 10.00 R B Muncie Ind; C R K Los Angeles Calif; Miss M H North Easton Mass; L C S Greencastle Ind; C C Bryan Texas; Assembly of God Fowler Colo; J R B & wife Eagle Bend Minn; Miss L A B Larchmont N Y; S W Ft Worth Texas; Mrs L A Pittsburgh Pa; F E C & wife Gracemont Okla; J C F Leon Ia; C K T & wife Bucyrus Ohio; Mrs B F S Eau Claire Wis; Assembly of God Herculaneum Mo; H A McG Bakersfield Calif; Mrs L A D El Dorado Kans; Mrs C E A Miami Fla
 - 11.00 From a Friend Kansas City Kans; 12.00 A G Brooklyn N Y; 12.05 C E T Jacksonville Fla; 12.50 North Side Assembly of God S S Wichita Falls Texas; 13.00 Pent'l Young Peoples Band Wesson Ark
 - 15.00 J C M Cozahome Ark; Mrs H & daughter Butte Mont; R C G Clarissa Min; Bridgeport Assembly Fairfield Conn; 16.00 "Reader" Culpeper Va
 - 20.00 H L B Smithville Texas; Mrs A S Minot N Dak; 23.00 V E Gracemont Okla; 24.00 Y P. Of New Castle Pa; 25.00 Pent'l Assembly Witherbee N Y; Pent'l Tab Excel Ala; L W H Owego N Y; 27.00 Mrs W O F Butler Pa; 27.75 Assembly & S S Scobey Mont; 28.00 Mrs H A Rosemont Canada
 - 30.00 Mrs C L Miami Fla; 32.00 Mr J E B Joplin Mo; 33.00 Pent'l Free Mission Egeland N Dak; 33.65 Arkansas Fellowship Council—Northeastern; 35.00 L M C Bon Ami La; 38.09 H M B Clever Ohio; 40.00 Mrs P K O Harrah Wash; J S McC Philadelphia Pa; 46.60 Y P P B Tulsa Okla
 - 50.00 W I S Keenesburg Colo; Mother who is now in glory; 64.00 Mr & Mrs C A Pasadena Texas; 65.00 Pent'l Assembly Concord N H; Fifth Fellowship Council Havana Ark
 - 100.00 A Friend Millville N J; 125.00 Mr & Mrs A L Palacios Texas; 473.00 Pent'l Church Cleveland Ohio
- Total amount minus \$62.50 amount given direct \$2,135.33
- HOME MISSIONS CONTRIBUTIONS**
December 1st to 4th inclusive
- | | |
|--------------------------------|--------|
| 4.00 Mrs E E K Beckville Texas | |
| Total amount | \$4.00 |
| Total amount to date | |

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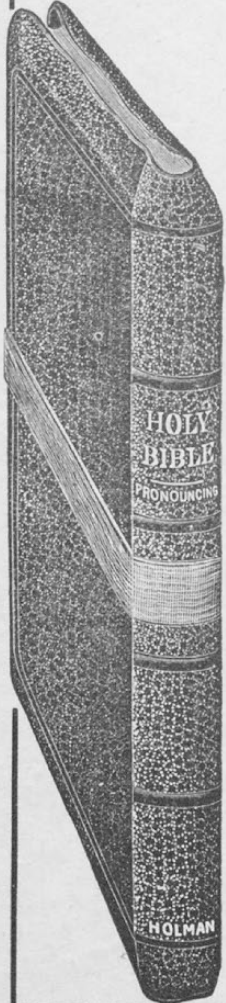
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