

NOT BY MIGHT, NOR BY POWER, BUT BY MY SPIRIT, SAITH THE LORD

The PENTECOSTAL EVANGEL

 THY TESTIMONIES ALSO ARE MY DELIGHT AND MY COUNSELLORS



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A Baptist Chaplain Gives His Testimony

Captain Robert C. Dalton

IN the winter of 1934, in Seattle, God laid His hand upon me, and I consecrated my life to Him. From that time forward God has graciously led me step by step into the knowledge of the experience known as the Baptism in the Holy Spirit.

I was brought up in the Midwest, in a strict Baptist family, in which there were numerous Baptist preachers. My father was a leading layman in his church. At my mother's knee I was told of the Blood that saves from sin and of the coming again of Jesus. This teaching of the return of the Lord Jesus Christ has done more than any other doctrine in the Bible to keep me walking in close fellowship with Him.

When God definitely laid His hand upon me in 1934, I was a student, and I came to certain conclusions, based upon my study of the history of revivals.

1. That real religious revivals are seldom recognized as such by the established denominations at the time they occur.

2. That in religious revivals of the past many peculiar manifestations occurred, such as quaking, shaking, and falling prostrate on the ground.

3. That even though well-meaning people affected by these revivals often went to extremes and excesses, yet by far the greatest majority became sane, moral citizens, whose lives influenced their communities in some cases for two or more generations.

4. That we ought not to limit God as to how He must work in the event that His Spirit again begins to move in genuine revival.

5. That we ought to expect some of the same manifestations in the present.

After my experience in Seattle I returned to Wheaton College and there heard of the Pentecostal phenomenon for the first time. The professor was speaking on I Corinthians 14, and quoted certain verses as proof that this particular phenomenon could not occur, and if it did occur it was of Satan. As he read and taught I followed him with my own Testament, and the same scriptures which told him that it could not occur told me that it could.

After graduating in 1936, I went to the Eastern Baptist Theological Seminary in Philadelphia, where I put my whole soul into my studies and into the practical work of presenting the gospel in that great metropolitan area, in Sunday school



classes, in street meetings, and in whatever churches I had opportunity to preach.

From the beginning of my call to the ministry I believed that God would send a mighty Holy Ghost revival on a world basis; so in every message I preached and in my discussions with individuals I attempted to uphold the cause of Christ as I saw it. In the practical work of witnessing for Christ to individuals and in my regular ministry as pastor, I realized an exceeding great lack of power in my life to be an effective witness for the Lord Jesus Christ.

In the spring of my middle year in the seminary I read Day's book, "The Shadow of the Broad Brim," which is the life of Charles Haddon Spurgeon.* As I read how that young preacher stood in his London pulpit and proclaimed the precious truth of the gospel, until people came by the thousands and until thousands were converted, I broke before the Lord, realizing the lack of such ministry in my life. I made a vow that somehow, some way, I would find what was lacking.

A month or so later, after school had closed, I mentioned to a fellow student something in connection with my heart's cry for more power to proclaim God's message. He said to me, "Why don't you come with my wife and me to West Philadelphia." I went. Before the young lady began her message, I realized that I was close to finding someone who could give me the secret of my own lack. At college and seminary I had heard some of the greatest preachers from both America and the British Isles, but I

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* Can be obtained from the Gospel Publishing House, \$1.50.

A Visit to a World-Famous
Prayer Center.

The Garden of Prayer

Charles Elmo Robinson

ARISING with many others from an hour and a half of prayer I saw that the auditorium was filled. Below as well as in the balcony many were standing. I was in the "Garden of Prayer" in Philadelphia, at a regular Monday night Divine Healing service.

The great organ—only one larger in the city—sounded the key and, without anyone to beat time or direct, the congregation sang, not Negro spirituals nor yet the gospel songs we are accustomed to hearing, but the grand old traditional hymns of the church.

"There must be balance," Mother Dabney explained to me. "We have the usual form of Negro singing and clapping during the testimony services from night to night; but some people do not enjoy such singing. Therefore we have our large vested adult choir and our young people's chorus, also in uniforms, accompanied by the organ and piano, sing the songs sung by people in the churches where the music is of the finest."

One after another three young women, two colored and one white, stepped forward and delivered a little sermon. "People must be trained for future positions of importance in the church," Mother Dabney explained to me. The sermons were excellent, and one of the girls got too happy to stand still, but pirouetted behind the pulpit to express her feelings. It was not an *exercise* for these girls. They were preaching.

Pursuing her usual technique Mother Dabney directed the bringing to the fore among the multitude of sick ones there for prayer, a woman on a crutch. Two weeks before she had selected a deafmute to head the list. When she demanded of him that he sing with her, he did. "When God heals someone whose healing can be readily *seen*, it inspires faith in others," she told me.

Standing behind the pulpit, and speaking in clear, incisive words she said:

"What is the matter with you?"

"Broken leg."

"Throw down your crutch."

A worker received it from her.

"Walk."

She walked. With uplifted hands and glowing face she praised God. I looked for a great demonstration; but I found that such things are commonplace, and moreover Mother Dabney has the audience under the most perfect control. She

paid no further attention to the woman of the crutch, but proceeded at once to pray for the others.

Then,

"How many sinners or backsliders want to come to God?"

Many hands were lifted.

"All right. Make your way to the altar."

Instantly, perhaps thirty or forty came. A short time was given them to make their peace with God in which period two received the Holy Ghost Baptism, speaking in other tongues.

Then came testimonies. Among others the woman of the crutch testified to having been healed, but, she said, "My knee is stiff."

"Bend it."

Instantly she leaped from her seat and kicked, leaping and kicking as I have seen pictures of ballet dancers doing, first with one leg and then the other. Evidently the healing was complete. Moreover the next day the woman telephoned that she had been to her doctor and that he had said the bone was perfectly knitted.

On the way home Mother Dabney told me that she would not get to go to bed that night. Sunday night after the broadcast and Monday night after the healing service, and in a large measure the same on all other nights she sits on a folded comfort with her back against the side of her bed, answering two telephones, constantly ringing, and in the interims reading and answering letters. She estimated that she has received 3,000,000 letters in the last two and a half years during which she has held meetings every night; 75,000 of them from the city of Philadelphia, and about 2,000 of them being from unwed girls, expectant mothers by soldiers, crying, "What shall I do?" She still has all of the letters in the original envelopes, and I was privileged to see them in the file room. They are very precious to her and carefully guarded—"my congregation," she smiles. They have all been answered.

*Is any among
you afflicted?
Let him pray.*

James 5:13

(Since my return to Springfield I have a letter from Mother Dabney in which she says concerning the Divine Healing service on the Monday night after I left—"A cripple lady who had been bound for five years was led forward in the usual manner. I asked if she loved the Lord down deep in her heart, and would she follow Him wherever He might lead. She answered 'Yes,' to each question. I said to her, 'Give me your cane and go on with the Lord. Your faith has made you whole.' She leaped like a girl sixteen years old.")

So much for a service in the Garden of Prayer. Now I turn to another visible thing.

In 1929 Benjamin Hays Dabney was told that he could no longer be assistant pastor; that it was time for him to have a church of his own. Telling his frail, sickly wife, Elizabeth Juanita, of the fell stroke, he started hunting a place to begin. He rented a room in a very thickly populated and desperately wicked section of Philadelphia. Sister Dabney scrubbed it and at the first service she was the entire congregation.

After a few months this room which could seat 40 persons, could no longer accommodate the crowds. A room was secured across the street, seating 150, and into this they moved in 1930. This place proved too small, and in 1936 they moved to a near-by room seating 400.

In 1942 they moved into their present church home, a splendid church building of brown granite, extending from Susquehanna to French Street on 29th. It has a full basement and many Sunday School rooms. The pews alone, beautifully upholstered in mohair, cost \$10,000. The first three places were rented. This one is owned by them and free of debt.

Before I try to tell you how these wonders came to be, I shall make some random remarks about this and that, hoping to give the reader some understanding of this church called the "Garden of Prayer."

The church is located in a very thickly populated white section of the city. At noon six days in every week there is a prayer meeting, and at seven a prayer meeting. These meetings last about an hour and a half to two hours, and the seven o'clock one merges into the night evangelistic and healing service.

Mother Dabney, a very attractive and amiable woman, constantly remembers that Elder Dabney is pastor. On the other hand he continually makes it plain that she is the God-appointed director of the services. They are an ideal couple, each one feeling that other is better than self. He is a very capable preacher, a product of Moody Bible School and she of Union College, Virginia, and a Chicago school of expression.

Recently white friends on Elder Dabney's birthday presented him with as fine a Cadillac car as could be found.

Fifty-three teen-age girls, quiet, sober, free from make-up and eager listeners to Bible teaching, constitute her Sunday School class and the uniformed girls' chorus. Their quiet demeanor and their willingness to guide their lives, even their romances by Mother Dabney's rulings, attracted me to them strongly.

A noticeable thing about the prayer meetings is that people do not tire and trickle back into their seats, but all rise together at the signal. No one leads in prayer, but many pray aloud, seemingly unconscious of anyone else but God. A peculiar thing about the praying is the short sentences—"Cast out fear. Praise the Lord! Let faith come. Bless everywhere. Drive out the demons of fear. Rebuke Satan. Break bonds everywhere. Praise the Lord!" On and on and on they talk to God. Nothing prearranged, no talking by anyone except to God. The presence of the Spirit is very real.

Although strongly pressed by certain elements to make the church one for Negroes only, Mother Dabney positively refuses. She says, "Outside it is different, but in the church there must be no respect of persons. I will minister with equal care to persons of every race."

In her vast correspondence are many requests for anointed cloths to be sent. Sometimes many are requested in the same letter. Fifty were asked for by a missionary in Africa, and with them, sent by airmail, an epidemic was stopped. She always sends the number asked for. Once money was gone and she ripped the hems out of two new sheets and cut them into small bits to send out. In my ramblings, unaccompanied, through the great church I came to a room where a large number of letters were on a table, addressed and sealed, but without stamps. I asked about them and was told that the money for postage was exhausted, so that their mailing was delayed. I estimated the number of the letters to be 1600.

When the time for the offering comes Mother Dabney announces that they have no time for begging and they will not do it. One offering while I was there was to pay for a new baptistry being constructed in the lecture room platform. In two or three quick sentences she told the congregation the baptistry would cost \$511, and that she had drawn a check on heaven for the amount. Then the offering was taken. All done in five minutes. It netted more than the amount named.

Mother Dabney is in complete control of the congregations. No whispering is tolerated—I saw only one person speak to another in the week I was there—and no one is permitted to chew gum. Soft

*The prayer of
faith shall save
the sick.* James 5:15

drinks too are under the ban, with cigarettes and beer.

At the close of the communion service, conducted Sunday morning, Elder Dabney said: "Some did not take the communion. There must be a reason. Meet me here in the church tomorrow evening at six. It is very important." Very quietly said, but the words were words of conscious power.

The women's dresses are so constructed that when they sit, the edge of their skirt is about five inches below their knees. People are not permitted to visit in the church. I saw there for the first time in my life a large group of little children gathered at the close of Sunday School with not even one of them wiggling or doing anything but pay attention to the speaker. It was thrilling.

Like everything else the broadcast over WDAS at 10:15 Sunday nights is unique. Accompanied by the great organ the choirs sing a couple of hymns, a young Negro reads some letters received by Mother Dabney, and then she prays. There is no effort to make a program, no direct speaking to the unseen auditors, just dignified worship and prayer to God. No word about radio expense although that is \$53.00 a week.

A white child with one leg shorter than the other and one arm that it could not lift became normal in answer to Sister Dabney's prayer. In gratefulness the child's aunt contracted for radio time, assuming the financial burden, all without even Mother Dabney's knowledge.

In a similar way a man, thankful for a miracle of healing, installed an intercommunicating telephone system, connecting different parts of the church.

After the broadcast Sunday nights Mother Dabney gets no sleep. The telephone began ringing almost as soon as the broadcast ended, and she said, "It will ring all night, telling of people who have given their hearts to Jesus, of others who want help in prayer, of others who are sick, and those who want to commend the broadcast, or, perchance, ridicule it." In fact a full night's sleep is an unknown luxury to her. People all over the nation call her to pray for them, and they choose the night hours when tolls are less. With only one meal a day and almost no sleep, every morning she looked refreshed and capable. This has been going on for years.

When she was a young woman, elegantly clad, covered with finger rings, bracelets, earrings, pince-nez glasses with a gold chain, arrogantly proud and actively despising the Pentecostal people she, notebook in hand, went to a tent meeting on 48th Street where Sulzberger Junior High School now stands. Like Saul of Tarsus she was breathing out threatenings and slaughter, determined to put a stop to the meetings.

There the Lord came on the scene. She fell, but with grim determination got up, only to fall again, time after time. She was stripped of all her jewelry, her dress was ruined by her struggles. Twice the police were called, but not knowing what to do left her alone. It was three in the morning before her stubborn soul was sufficiently subdued to receive the Baptism in the Holy Ghost. God was taking drastic steps as He did with Saul, to win a worker whom He could work through.

When in 1929, as the wife of Elder Dabney she was the only member of the congregation she inquired of the Lord, would He break through in this place. It was an extraordinarily wicked section of the city. He said He would, but it would take much prayer.

"If I make a covenant with You will You break through and give my husband a church here?"

"I will."

"Where shall I make the covenant?"

"Go to West Riverside Drive. I will meet you there tomorrow morning at 7:30."

Her husband took her to the Drive and as they moved along it and came to a tree bending toward the river, she said, "Here is the place."

Leaving her husband in the car she went down to the water, and standing on a rock—I went to see it with her—with her toes in the water she made her covenant with the Lord.

"For three years I will fast and pray in the church without food or water seventy-two consecutive hours every week if You will break through."

"I will break through."

The next morning at nine she began, and to the letter kept her covenant. Suffering from hunger, thirst, cold in winter and heat in summer, with no bed but the floor, and terrible threats posted on the door threatening her life if she did not stop praying, she kept on unflinchingly. That, she says, is *travailing*.

One day as she entered the church to begin one of her weekly prayer vigils the Lord said,

"Go home."

"But Lord, I have come here to pray. I do not want to go home."

She walked to the altar and there the Lord said in tones of thunder.

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The Marriage Supper

PETER wrote of the Spirit of Christ being in the prophets, testifying beforehand both of "the sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow." 1 Peter 1:11. We have become familiar with the sufferings of Christ, for they have been depicted by the pen of the Holy Spirit through the Gospels. The sufferings of Christ have been the inspiration of poetry, prose, and painting all down the ages.

Just as surely as the sufferings of Christ have been made manifest, so will His glory. What is His glory? It is that of which the Son spoke when He told His disciples that He was coming "in the glory of His Father with the holy angels." Mark 8:38. It is that which the Son shall receive when He shall come "to be glorified in His saints." 2 Thess. 1:10.

Christ was glorified on His return to heaven, and as the Son of man received the promise of the Father. When He declared, "He that believeth on Me as the Scripture hath said, out of his innermost being shall flow rivers of living water," He spoke this of the Spirit which they that believed on Him should receive. At that time the Holy Ghost was not yet given "because that Jesus was not yet glorified." But when He ascended to heaven he received glory.

We have the picture vividly given in the 24th Psalm, when those in the glory sang together, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in." And on the Day of Pentecost we see the overflow of the glory bestowed by the Father on His beloved Son, as it overflowed on the hundred and twenty in the upper room. It was an upper room indeed. They magnified God and glorified His Son under the operation of the Spirit of God. That was an earnest of the glory yet to be revealed.

Christ is yet to receive many more manifestations or unfoldings of glory. He has been promised, "He shall see of the travail of His soul and shall be satisfied." It will be glory to Him when He will present His perfected church, without spot or wrinkle, to His Father. He says, "I am glorified in them." His saints are to form part of that glory which will help to fill up the glory of the Son of man. In view of this, what manner of persons ought we to be?

"He that overcometh shall inherit all things." Rev. 21:7. Pay the price and be an overcomer, and thereby glorify the Son of God. It is worth while. Yet,

after all, the sacrifice we may make does not pay the price. Every sacrifice you make to God and His Son is simply the grace of God working in your heart to enable you to do His will and good pleasure.

The most outstanding glory that will be brought to the Son will be on the occasion of the marriage of the Lamb. We see them singing, "Let us be glad and rejoice and give honor to Him; for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and His wife hath made herself ready." Rev. 19:7.

Scripture is somewhat reticent about the details of this glorious event. The invitations to the grandest weddings of earth are often conveyed in a terse note: "Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So invite you to the wedding of their daughter Mary," etc. Little may be gathered from that note as to whether it will be a grand wedding or not. In a measure, you are guided by the social standing and wealth of the parents or of the bridegroom, as to what its character will be, whether or not it will be a grand affair.

This wedding of the Son of God, the Lamb, will be so wonderful that the Holy Spirit says, "Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb." Rev. 19:9. If the invited guests are called blessed, how much more so the bride?

To get a slight idea of the magnificence of this wedding we must first look at those who send the invitation. Look at the resources of those who send forth this invitation. It comes from Him who made the earth with all its varied flowers, seas,

rivers, mountains, and all the beauties of sound and sight, the One who created the sun, moon, and stars, whose angels excel in strength, whose ministers are a flame of fire. The whole of creation, visible and invisible, will then be on display for this event, for this gala day of the eternities, this day of the marriage of the matchless Son of God.

Who are the ones privileged to be the bride? The overcomers, those who by grace have surrendered, who have shared in the sufferings of the despised and rejected Jesus of Nazareth.

It is then, "in the day of his espousals and in the day of the gladness of his heart," that God's beloved Son will enter into the fulness of His joy. S. S. 3:11.

God Himself spoke from heaven as the Son came out of the waters of baptism at Jordan, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." He was well pleased when His Son was about to start on His ministry—that ministry of suffering which terminated in death at Calvary. How much more will He be pleased to do all that a mighty God and loving Father desires to do to glorify His Son at the marriage festival, the joys, of which will last through eternity! Blessed are they who are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb.

Are you called? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb of God? Are your sins put away? Are you born of the Spirit of God? If so, then you are a candidate for all God has for you in Christ. "Many are called but few are chosen." The chosen ones are the ones who choose Christ now, and day by day, follow the Christ of suffering. The chosen ones are those who make a covenant with Him by sacrifice. The chosen ones are they who are obedient to His Word, "Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart." The chosen ones are those who take up their cross daily and follow Him.

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A Praying Heart

"I am convinced that nothing in the whole Christian religion is so difficult, and so rarely attained, as a praying heart. Without it you are as weak as weakness itself. With it you are irresistible. This by some would be thought a strange remark, and to savor strongly of fanaticism. But I will tell you the Church will have to turn over a new leaf on this subject. Frequent seasons of secret prayer are, in my mind, wholly indispensable to keeping up an intercourse with God. Let me say again and again, if you lose your spirit of prayer, you will do nothing, or next to nothing, though you have the intellectual endowment of an angel."—Charles G. Finney.

Christ can take the "shrink" out of us.

God Sifts His Church

SOMEWHERE in England the throb of thousands of motors wakes the morning air. Thousands of skilled men await the signal for action. Then a hand is laid on a pilot's shoulder: "Sorry, Captain. You can't fly today." "But, Doctor, this mission is important and—" "I know that you want to go, but my examination indicates that it is better for you and your crew, and perhaps for the battle itself, for you to stay here."

The army needs men. Yet there is a constant sifting of those who are inducted into its ranks, and the higher the rank the more careful the process of selection. First there is the initial sifting at classification. Then there is the sifting by physical examination. Beyond that are mental and aptitude tests, and even that isn't the end. Skilled men must pass examinations before every important mission.

God, too, sifts the combatants of His army. The church is engaged in a crucial struggle. Tremendous issues are at stake. God needs men. He calls "whosoever will," but, for the sake of victory, many of those who respond must be eliminated. The very nature of the battle demands it.

Satan fights, not only with direct assault; but, more insidiously, by infiltration, corrupting the very elect of God if possible. To an alarming degree error and worldliness have crept in, making their victims unfit for combat in God's battle. There are some who would like to be in the fight, but to whom our Captain must say, "Sorry, you cannot go forth today." The battle will be won. Victory is sure, but it becomes increasingly evident that it will be by the few—a token army, a Gideon's three hundred in comparison to the multitude.

Thirty-two thousand Israelites massed against 135,000 Midianites didn't seem too many. Your whole church against your city, all of Christendom against heathenism, seems but a handful. But God says they are too many, "lest Israel vaunt themselves against Me, saying, mine own hand hath saved me." Judges 7:2. Even against such odds, pride and conceit would cause the church to claim the victory for itself. But the victory must be God's. So the number is reduced until no one will doubt that God Himself has done it.

The second reason for sifting is found in the same story. God seeks men that He can trust with responsibility, men who can stand the spiritual strain and not crack. Many Christians, lacking self-

discipline, are not fit for special strain and must be withdrawn from the battle.

Note the process by which God makes His selection. While it is God who supervises the process, it is the combatants themselves who decide whether they shall be in the battle.

"Gideon's trumpet blew a war blast up and down the tribes, proclaiming a Holy War, and calling soldiers to Jehovah's banner." That is the work of an evangelist, the summons of a Paul who urges men to make a choice for God and "fight the good fight of faith." Out of all Israel thirty-two thousand men rallied to Jehovah. Every one of them was actually enrolled as a soldier. The evangelistic call today brings its thousands. All are enrolled for battle—but alas, only a few realize the significance of the conflict. Far too many come into the church to be petted, coddled and caressed into heaven; whereas God no sooner saves a soul than His trumpet blast summons him to "endure hardness as a good soldier."

"Whosoever is fearful and afraid let him return." Judges 7:3. Thus begins the second step in the process of sifting. The enemy was only an hour's march away. The peril loomed large. Twenty-two thousand silently slipped to their homes, leaving "fewer persons but not fewer men." It is always when the peril draws near that God's forces melt away. Workers grow fearful and indifferent. They make their choice, saying, "We will go with the many, not with the few."

"The martyrs," writes D. M. Panton, "found it lonely work—so shall we. The martyrs found it hard to pray, hard to suffer, hard to renounce—so shall we. And it remains for ever true that a small fraction of the church of God must do all the hard fighting."

"The people are yet too many: bring them down unto the water, and I will try them for thee there." Judges 7:4. Ten thousand courageous men remained, but courage wasn't enough. God demands people of a peculiar spirit. So the final sifting is begun. Ten thousand people were brought down to the water little dreaming of the tremendous issue involved. Ninety-seven hundred of them threw themselves casually on the ground for a leisurely drink. Three hundred, too eager for delay, too disciplined to break their ranks, caught up the water in the hollow of their hands while they watched for the enemy. And lo, Gideon had his army. Character is revealed in the smallest act. God must have men of character; alert, with a keenness which is

never relaxed and a devotion that knows no end. In these steps is the exact process of God's sifting today. God shuts no one out of His army of victory. We shut ourselves out. Gideon was not once told to classify his people. All he had to do was to stand by and watch the people as they classified themselves. Christ, our Gideon, walks among the churches watching His people. We classify ourselves.

It is certain that there will be but a few. But YOU can be among that few. "Make up your mind that, by God's grace, and at all costs, you will. AND YOU WILL."

Mr. Panton says that an evangelist opened his heart to him recently, and gave the very secret of his life. When he was about twenty-one he heard an aged minister relate this legend:

An angel was talking with an old Christian worker; and the angel went into an inner vault, and came back with a crown of incomparable beauty in his hand. "This," the angel said, "was the crown that I designed for you when you were a youth: but you refused then to surrender your person and life completely to God; and it is gone." The angel went back into the vault for another crown, still beautiful, but plainer. "And this," said the angel, "was the crown I designed for your middle age: but you gave that portion of your life to indolent and luxurious discipleship." A last time he went into the vault and returned with a simple, plain gold circlet. "Here," he said, "is the crown for your old age; this is yours for eternity."

The young man was deeply impressed. He went home and, turning to the Bible, sought God to speak to him through it. Before him was a verse that he had never consciously read before: "Behold, I come quickly; hold fast that thou hast, that no man take thy crown." Rev. 3:11. He made a total surrender of his life. Years passed, and a business income worth thousands of dollars opened before him. At the same time came God's heart tug to a scanty ministry. He remembered the angel and yielded to the call. After a pastorate of ten or twelve years came the call to worldwide evangelism. "For three Sundays," he said, "I could only stand before my people and sob!" But again he saw the angel. One of the three hundred! "Blessed is that servant, whom his lord when he cometh shall find so doing." Luke 12:43.

Only melted gold is minted; only moistened clay is moulded; only softened wax receives the seal; only broken hearts receive the mark of the potter's genius as he turns the clay.

Striking Story of a Young Minister
Martyred in the Presence of His Wife

A Modern Martyr

Lester F. Sumrall

" . . . The time cometh, that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service." John 16:2.

IN an improvised cabin erected behind Templo Betel dwells Raquel Crisotomo de Cruz, the bereaved widow of a modern martyr. Her humble home in the rear of a churchyard, is some 12 by 14 feet in size, and is constructed of wooden oddments of all types and sizes, one section of the siding being an old door nailed on crosswise. In spite of crude surroundings, facing a daily challenge to supply food for herself and fatherless son, the widow is one of the bravest and most cheerful persons I have met. Now 27 year of age, her large bright eyes, rosy cheeks and quick smile express an inner life which made her victorious over the greatest tragedy possible to a woman. Caressing Eleazar, her two-year-old fatherless son in her arms, the martyr's wife vividly relived and related those dreadful hours of torture in which her beloved mate followed his prototype, Stephen, the first Christian martyr, to an honored place beneath the golden altar of God. Brothers Lindquist, Coffey, and I were the attentive audience.

BARNABE THE BAKER

Barnabe Cruz was a baker by trade; he grew up with the business from a boy, as most tradesmen in Latin America. His business was prosperous; thus in 1940 he felt sufficiently financially established to take the responsibility of a wife. In Templo Betel was a beautiful Christian girl by the name of Raquel (Rachel) Crisotomo. Barnabe sought for and obtained her hand in marriage. At the time of their happy marriage the two young people did not realize they would only live together for approximately two years before a great catastrophe would separate them until the next life. Possibly the happiest and most exciting moment of their united lives was when a healthy little son, Eleazar, was born. At that glorious moment Barnabe did not dream that he would only enjoy his little son for a few months, before his own light of life would be extinguished by merciless, murderous—yet religious—hands.

Barnabe's pastor informed me that he was a faithful Christian youth; before his marriage to Raquel he was a natural leader among the young people. He acted as assistant pastor, often preaching in a

midweek service or when the pastor was away. The pastor said that the ardent soul of Barnabe constantly longed to be a full-time minister of the gospel; that baking bread and cakes was only a means to an end.

After their marriage the young people possessed a dominating passion to preach to their own people. This inward impulse resulted in their decision to go to a new district where there was no Protestant church, and preach Christ, while still carrying on their business in the capital city. After surveying a district they decided on the town of Zacacautla, a community with about 3,000 population. Here they found some gospel sympathizers and conducted special teaching and preaching meetings in their homes. There was an immediate response to the zealous preaching of Barnabe; various families accepted Christ and were immersed in the ritual of baptism. The new church began a healthy growth and became established, as some of Paul's churches, in the homes of believers. As Barnabe expected, when the evangelical influence began to exert itself in the town, and converted persons began to publicly testify of redemption, the local priest denounced them and persecutions commenced. They were threatened to be run out of town as a group, and the house where the meetings were conducted was often stoned by the fanatical Romanists. When Barnabe's pastor from Mexico City came down to see how the work was prospering, the house was heavily stoned and fired on with a gun. However, the persecution did not stop the people from coming to the meetings nor did it disturb the strong hearts of the young evangelists; they were determined to labor for God in that needy harvest field.

THE FATAL WEEK

Anyone acquainted with religious conditions in Latin America knows that *Semana Mayor*, or *Semana Santa* (Easter) is the greatest *fiesta* time of the year, and the time of greatest persecution of Protestants.

Easter week of 1942, just a few weeks after my visit to Mexico where I met Raquel and Barnabe, their church at Zacacuatla urged them to come and conduct special meetings, as most of the members would not be working that week.

The young couple took the train and journeyed to their beloved converts to engage in a week of religious services. The wife now says that upon their arrival at Zacacuatla there was a tenseness felt; a woman, who is cousin of the man who later killed Barnabe, told it around town that the Evangelical minister was going to be dragged before the local priest to be rebuked. Such rumors persist in places where the priest is the ruling power of the town, therefore the rumor was ignored.

The dark day of martyrdom was April 6th; it came about through a funeral: a child of a local Protestant family died and the parents requested an evangelical funeral. It was probably the first Protestant funeral in the town and was very different from anything the Romanists had seen.

In Latin America the papists engage in funeral orgies similar to the pagan ceremonies we witnessed in China. In honor of their dead they prepare elaborate feasts and gorge the living with rich food and strong liquor; wake for the dead is celebrated; friends and neighbors come over and chant prayers and count the rosary. They drink intoxicating drink to stay awake; thus by morning their prayers for the deceased is a sickening mumble of drunken nonsense. For the funeral the burial procession walks through the streets, preceded by a band of music. There are priests with their attendants with much form and ceremony—the rites being according to local custom and the wealth of the family.

Naturally our evangelical Christians had no such banqueting and elaborate ceremony. They had no feast, no wake, and walked silently through the streets to the cemetery. At the grave they read from the Bible, sang a Spanish hymn with the word, "Little children are the jewels of the Saviour," prayed, and prepared to depart from the cemetery.

Before their service was completed, the Roman church bells began to ring violently. The Christians had a strange feeling as the bells tolled time and again, knowing there was no service in the middle of the afternoon.

As the small group walked out the gates of the cemetery they noticed the townsfolk gathering from all parts of the village; across the street is a *cantina* (saloon) and a group of men were standing in front armed with *machetes* (sword-like knives). As Pastor Cruz walked out of the cemetery and started toward home, a man from the cantina called to him and demanded that he come over and drink liquor with them. He did not answer, therefore all the men cried for him to come over; thus, feeling compelled to speak with them, his wife and the group of Christians accompanied him.

A man, who is the brother of the local mayor and he himself a member of the local government, became the spokesman and invited the pastor to drink *pulque* (Mexican intoxicant) with him. This he did to seek a quarrel, therefore the pastor courteously replied that he did not drink intoxicating liquors. The man screamed at him, that he was a good Christian and drank all the *pulque* he wished! the other hooligans loudly agreed. All this while, the bells were still ringing, the crowd was growing and a mob spirit brewing. The Evangelicals could now see that the whole scene was premeditated and that their lives were in danger. The brother of the mayor motioned to a man standing behind the pastor to strike him with his *machete*, but like a flash Raquel and her sister, who had come with them this trip, stood on either side of Barnabe making this impossible.

The mob next started an argument, demanding to know why they did not have a feast for the funeral and wake for the dead as the cultured people of the community. The pastor responded that when they were Catholics they did, but since Christ came into their hearts, they felt it unnecessary. This infuriated the mob! They screamed that he was a devilish heretic heading for destruction.

At this moment the brother of the mayor grabbed the pastor by the lapel of his coat, and with a jug of *pulque* in his other hand, declared he was going to pour it down his throat. Brave Raquel grabbed the hand of the man who held her husband and then his hand that held the jug, and clinched them with all her might until the ruffian let her husband free. Then she was left holding the jug of *pulque*, and the men mockingly asked her to go ahead and drink it as she had taken it by force.

DEATH IN THE ATMOSPHERE

The widow says she felt death in the very atmosphere; she had a premonition that the men were determined to kill. Therefore she turned to the leader and spokesman of the crowd, the brother of the mayor, and asked if he knew the Ten Commandments, and he responded in the affirmative. "Then you must know that the Bible teaches not to kill," the young woman pleaded. With this the brutal man laughed, then turned to abusing the local Christians and cursing them for belonging to the Protestant church. When he started to strike them with his fist the pastor stepped between and stopped him. This angered the man more and he reached for his pistol and declared he would kill the pastor. Barnabe saw no need of talking any longer with him, therefore turned to go away. Raquel asked her husband to please run home, for the mob was sure to kill him. He turned to leave and the brother of the

mayor brandished his gun and started a chase; Raquel started after the man and he brutally threw her to the ground. Hearing the scuffle behind, Barnabe turned to see what had happened and at that moment the man fired his gun at a distance of 15 steps and shot the pastor in the forehead. He fell mortally wounded. In an instant Raquel was by his side (she had given her baby to a local Christian to hold). The hole in Barnabe's head was only the size of a bullet, but was spouting blood. Raquel raised his bleeding head and placed it in her lap; he opened his mouth, but it was only his last gasp; her husband lay dead in her own arms, and both were being drenched with his blood. The killer was so infuriated at the brave little woman that he screamed: "And you shall die too!" He shot at Raquel as she held her dead husband, but the bullet passed by her feet.

The frenzied, blood-thirsty mob rushed to the scene to see the dead man. The men still held their machetes menacingly in their hands, and it seemed that all the Evangelicals would die the same hour. Facing death, the dauntless little woman rose over her dead husband and told the mob that true religion did not kill, that it loved; that they had killed an innocent man who had done no person any harm. The killer walked away repeating her words in a loud, mocking voice; she last saw him walking among a grove of trees laughing hysterically.

NO BAIL—NO JAIL

Strange as jurisprudence can be in lands dominated by Romanists this man was not arrested! He was never questioned! There was no punishment of any kind ever meted out to him! However, I feel sure that before he dies, the judgment of God will overtake him, and in the world to come he must face an angry God for having slain an innocent, defenseless minister of the gospel.

Four days later in the capital city a burial service was held for Barnabe Cruz. The Christians mourned his untimely death, then wrote in their official magazine (which I possess): "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the gospel." They know this seed, with other, will spring up and grow into a fruitful harvest of immortal souls in Mexico.

WINDOWS INTO THE FUTURE,

by Myer Pearlman can not be obtained in the cloth binding because of the shortage of materials due to war conditions.

However we are happy to state that a new edition of this book in the paper binding has been completed. The price has been reduced to 50c each. Gospel Publishing House, Springfield, Missouri.

AN INTREPID WIDOW

Raquel had made the scene very real, wiping her eyes many times as she spoke and caressing her small son. The pastor of Templo Betel had arrived and stood by the door soberly shaking his head in approval. He had been obliged to go and bring Barnabe's body to the capital for burial.

I asked the widow if she knew who had inspired the awful deed, and she quickly responded: "I am sure the local Roman priest inspired it, and he would be the one to absolve the sin of the murderer."

I further asked Senora de Cruz how she now made a livelihood for herself and her fatherless, two-year-old son. She smiled and said: "The Christians permit me to live in the churchyard; they loan me money with which to buy clothes and shoes; these I resell in the market at a profit. In this way I manage to live."

Explaining that my questions were in interest of American Christians, I asked her why she did not dress in a black dress and shawl as the Roman Catholic widows—she wore a white dress. She smilingly replied: "Why, because my husband IS NOT DEAD, he is alive with the Lord!"

Remove That Hindrance

A little village had been getting its water from a lake in the mountains. There had always been plenty for man and animals and also to furnish power for the various manufactories. All that was needed was to turn on the tap and there was an abundance of water for every need. But one day when the inhabitants went to draw water as usual there was only a diminishing trickle instead of the usual flow. And in a few days there was no water at all.

Before the cause could be discovered there was great suffering. Factories were all closed and people began to move away. But after examining carefully the lake and all the different water mains the real cause of the water stoppage was finally discovered. A tramp, in order to take revenge upon the village for refusing him assistance, had stuffed an old, tattered coat into the mouth of the main receiving pipe at the lake. As soon as this was removed the water flowed freely again, and there was great rejoicing in the little village.

Steadfastness

I believe that we shall see those successful who can in patience abide God's time. If the storm come, let us bow to it, but hold on to our anchor. If we cannot make much headway, let us try to hold on, and in time wind and tide will change. God may try us; He will not fail us.—Hudson Taylor.

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By James Smith

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We have just received a shipment of "Handfuls on Purpose," and owing to the acute paper shortage at this time we do not

know when we may be able to get additional shipments. We suggest that if you are planning to secure one of these sets that you do so at once.

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A Baptist Chaplain Gives His Testimony

(Continued From Page One)

had never heard anyone teach the Bible with such great authority and power.

At the close of this meeting two or three of us made an appointment with the young lady for the next day at the seminary, where she opened up to us the blessed truth of the Promise of the Father. I was so eager and hungry that I could not help reading two or three verses ahead of her all the time, and I believed with all my heart in the Pentecostal experience even before she arrived at the particular scriptures relating to it.

Although for my stand I bore various types of persecution, I never for one moment doubted—

1. That there is for us a religious experience subsequent to regeneration.
2. That down through history, a religious experience subsequent to regeneration has been experienced by various individuals.
3. That a genuine experience of this nature appears today among many devout Christians.
4. That the experience is for each of us today, including me.
5. That the world needs a revitalized Christianity, based upon the individual Christian's experiencing the promise of the Father, as spoken of in Acts.

6. That I myself must have this experience at any cost.

A short time after the above events, several students of the Seminary who were hungry for God and for power to proclaim the gospel, met by appointment at the highway Gospel Tabernacle in Philadelphia, where Pastor Wesley R. Steelberg, out of the Scriptures and out of his deep well of experience, opened up to us more fully this greatly neglected teaching. Although I had no doubt as to the genuineness of the experience, I felt that I owed it to myself to leave no stone unturned in attempting to show that there was error in the doctrine. I had to destroy every argument that anyone could bring up to disprove the teaching.

Following this discussion there came a prayer meeting which certain students who were attending the Baptist Seminary at that time will never forget. A student whom I least expected to receive a genuine spiritual blessing received the Baptism in the Holy Spirit that night. Not only did I believe this teaching of the Holy Spirit in my mind and in my heart, but I saw one of my fellow students display the Pentecostal phenomenon, not only speaking in tongues but singing in a high soprano the most beautiful melody I had ever heard.

That fall when school opened, a young lady who was not in attendance at the meeting at the Highway Gospel Taber-

nacle, but who was a friend of one of the young men who had been with us, received the Baptism in the Holy Spirit at the altar in Highway Gospel Tabernacle.

It is not to be supposed that the prayer meetings we had continued to hold all summer, and our attendance at both Pentecostal churches and camp meetings, and the actual experience of those who had been baptized in the Holy Spirit, should go unheeded by the Seminary authorities. Shortly after school started, several of us received notice to appear before a select committee of the faculty to answer questions concerning our experiences of the summer. The professors were very kind. They asked each one to write a statement about the meeting in which the member of our group had received his Baptism. A short time after this we each received a note from the registrar's office placing each of us on probation pending our withdrawing from any further contact with the Pentecostal movement. Several months later, without having made any sort of retraction as to our personal belief in the experience of the Baptism in the Holy Spirit, we were removed from probation.

About the time I was to receive my Bachelor of Divinity degree, as I was writing my thesis on the Pentecostal phenomenon of speaking in tongues and its connection with the Baptism in the Holy Spirit, I was asked to present myself at the president's office. For the space of about one hour the president of the seminary with a great deal of persuasion attempted to lead me away from my "heretical views" on the Holy Spirit. On my leaving, he received the promise from me, that I would continue to search the Scriptures and ask the guidance of God in this matter.

I was called by five Baptist churches in Adams County, Ohio, to be their pastor. In this region began one of the most glorious and interesting experiments in the teaching of the Word of God to a hungry, spiritually half-starved people. I held revival meetings, and in one or two of the churches in particular there were numerous converts. Six months later the young woman who first opened the Scriptures to me concerning the Baptism in the Holy Spirit held meetings in all the churches. In the space of a year and a half I baptized in water some sixty-five people, the greatest number of whom were over twenty-one years of age and of the male sex. All this time, to those who were spiritually ready for it, I opened up the truth of the Baptism in the Spirit, and after I left, in November 1941, to go on active duty in the U. S. Army as a chaplain, several members of these Baptist churches received their Baptism in the Holy Spirit with the Pentecostal phenomenon.

All of this time I had been desperately

praying for my own Baptism in the Holy Spirit. It was an exceedingly dry period in my life. At times it seemed as though I could hardly go on in my ministry, for even though God blessed in His exceeding love and mercy to the salvation of many souls, I felt myself an utter failure before God. Many times Satan tried to destroy me. He put every obstacle and temptation conceivable in my way, but I clung to the blessed Rock, Christ Jesus, and the precious truth of the Promise of the Father.

Throughout my experience in the U. S. Army up until the time I received the Baptism in the Holy Spirit in Seattle, March 28, 1944, I clung to the knowledge that God would fill my hungry heart with the glorious Holy Spirit. From Fort Riley, Kansas, where I went on active duty, to the Isthmus of Panama, back and forth across America, I sought the face of God. Whenever I could find time from my duties as chaplain, I attended Pentecostal churches, staying for the after-meeting and praying at their altars. At the Mount Rainier Ordnance Depot, Tacoma, Washington, where I was a depot chaplain, after morning and evening services in my own chapel, I would take my wife and baby and go into Tacoma, to the Gospel Tabernacle on 12th and G Streets, and tarry for the Baptism. I had also set aside Tuesday nights for the seeking of God in the same place.

Finally, after I had received orders to leave Tacoma and go on Army Transport duty, while I was in Seattle waiting for my ship, in the Christian Servicemen's Club run by the "Church by the Side of the Road, Inc.," of Seattle, I was having a cup of coffee in the kitchenette, and discussing the Lord Jesus Christ and His death on the cross for our sins. There God graciously and wonderfully filled me with His Spirit to the point of overflowing, and I myself received the promise of the Father according to Acts 2, with like signs.

From this time forward there has been a new presence of God in my life. Whereas before I had walked entirely by faith, I now had within me a glorious supernatural proof of the fact of His walking with me.

As I went about my duties at sea on an Army transport, I had wonderful peace, continually enjoying the welling up within me of this precious supernatural presence of the Lord. My cabin was a little heaven. I had no fears of any kind. God's constant presence was sufficient hour by hour. To this day I have only one desire—to be filled constantly with His Spirit. I know then that I can win many precious souls to Christ.

Sin is moral insanity, and until man comes to himself he will not come to God.

Our Sons in Service

THE EVANGEL IN FRANCE

I would like to tell you how God is proving Himself to the servicemen that are putting their faith in Him, but there will be many things that will have to be left unsaid until the war is over.

I have given out many Bible tracts and New Testaments to wounded men; many take them and you ought to see the look of contentment on their faces. I am glad of the privilege of glorifying God's name.

I have what is perhaps a record. I believe I am the first man to bring the Evangel into France. That was about two weeks ago. If there is someone that can beat that record I would like to hear from him.

I am standing on the promises of God and also have the great help of a Christian wife praying for me, whose aim is to put the Evangel into every servicemen's center in the coast cities in the states.

I haven't found a paper that compares with the Evangel for the winning of souls for God. I have hardly missed a copy for nine years, and during that time I have passed out copies over a good part of this world.

We sure appreciate our great United States when we are away from it. No matter where we go there is no place like it.

I. M. Rasmussen, C.C.S.

AND SOME PEOPLE WONDER WHY

A serviceman, in need of the Lord, recently visited an Assembly of God church. During his first visit only one person bothered to shake hands with him. No one asked if he were a Christian or invited him to come again. Being told this likely was accidental, he was urged to go again. He did so, with even more discouraging results. To quote from his letter:

"Last Sunday I attended Sunday School and church. The pastor, teaching the Sunday School class, never even looked my way, although I sat on the front row. After Sunday School, no one shook hands or asked me to stay to church. After church, not even the pastor shook hands. . . . I don't want, nor expect, people to rush up and make a fuss over me, but surely a fellow has a right to expect the Christian courtesy of a handshake and an invitation to come again! . . . I'll never go to that ice cave again; there are other places to worship than with such self-satisfied and exclusive saints (?) who will no doubt go to heaven in their own private squadron. The devil needn't worry about their getting too many converts! . . . One expects more showing of love and fellowship, especially from those who profess to have more 'light.'"

What a pity, that with hundreds of soldiers in that town, the congregation should be so blind to the opportunity to win men for Christ! How thankful we are that this is not the rule in every case! But, let it be a warning to every church and to every pastor. Let us be careful that all servicemen are

given a hearty welcome, a real handshake, and an invitation to come again.

Possibly that serviceman wanted to know the Lord. Pastors, Sunday School teachers, Christians, be sure to give the servicemen a chance to find Christ as their Saviour. Many of them come to church, having already purposed in their hearts to get saved. All they are waiting for is for some one to ask them to give their hearts to Jesus.

Let us make every Assemblies of God church a real home church to servicemen. If we will, many will be won to Christ and those that are discouraged and depressed will be encouraged in the Lord to go on in faithfulness to Him.

Do unto other mothers' boys as you would have others do unto your boy.

"SEND ME ALL YOU CAN"

c/o F.P.O., San Francisco
July 10, 1944

Servicemen's Department
Gospel Publishing House
Springfield, Missouri

Dear Friends in Christ:

Received your ever-welcome letter of May 12, and certainly rejoice in your Christian thoughtfulness.

Yes, it truly is wonderful to know we have someone backing us up in prayer and I do thank you for your prayers for me.

Certainly God has answered the prayers of many for me since I have been overseas, as He has wonderfully protected me through many dangers. His wonderful goodness to me has caused me to go all out for Christ.

Through God's grace, I've tried to do my best in testifying of His love, and passing out tracts among my shipmates. I tried to keep religion to myself for two years, but through experience I see it doesn't pay. It not only caused me unhappiness, but many defeats. But the happiest moments of my life now are when I tell others of His precious love. Praise His wonderful name!

I'm now back in a safe place for rest, and while here my desire is to work among the wounded fellows in the hospital. One thing that will go in a big way with these fellows is REVEILLE. How I'd appreciate it if you would send me all you can. Thanks ever so much.

I only wish I were fixed up financially now to send something to help out in your great work, but not being able to at present, I'll do so when I am able. Thanks again, ever so much.

Sincerely, L. L. H., CM 3/C

Did you notice that last paragraph? This sailor can put to work all the REVEILLE and literature we can send. He'd like to pay for it, but of course he can't. That's up to us. He's already doing his part for you. Will you do your part for him?

Offerings for carrying on this work may be sent to:

SERVICEMEN'S DEPARTMENT
Gospel Publishing House
Springfield, Missouri

FORWARD...

to the uttermost parts

Africa Still Calls

John F. Hall

We affectionately dubbed it "The Bug" and the Mossis called it the "Rabbit" but that did not deter Brother and Sister Wilson from deciding to take their little five-horsepower Fiat car on one of the trips we took during our last term in French West Africa. Every true-hearted missionary yearns to reach out yet farther with the Gospel, which must be preached in all the world before the end comes. This very yearning is what impelled us to take that long journey through unfamiliar territory.

We spent one night in the Gourma country where I had labored before going to the Mossi people. Striking southward we came to the Bariba country. The people of that vast territory have never heard the Gospel, and equally tragic is the fact that we were unable to leave a witness, since we did not know their language.

We pressed on to Tanguieat where we learned from the French official that there were some waterfalls ten miles eastward and an adobe camp near by. In the course of the conversation, he mentioned the Gourma people. This aroused a great hope in our hearts. Upon our arrival at the camp we found it to be true; in fact there were several villages there. Investigation revealed that they were children of a group who had emigrated sixty-five years before and were now totally cut off from the Gourma country. One could scarcely imagine the look of surprise on those black faces. They had never before seen a white man who spoke their own language. We had the privilege on several occasions of gathering them together and telling the simple story of salvation.

The farther we journeyed the greater our hearts were stirred. We saw Tankomba people WITHOUT THE GOSPEL; we saw Youaba people WITHOUT THE GOSPEL; stretching down into northern Dahomey from the Niger River is a branch of the Dendi people WITHOUT THE GOSPEL; a large portion of the Hausa people in the

vicinity of Djougou is WITHOUT THE GOSPEL; their neighbors, the Bariba people, are WITHOUT THE GOSPEL.

We took a side trip over towards Boukombe and could see in the distance the hills of northern Togo where the Westons and the Weidmans had successfully carried on a work among the Moba people where two native workers are now in charge. In the fertile valley were many scattered compounds of Somba people as far as one could see. We drove up the tortuous dirt road to the tableland where stood the thatch-roofed adobe hut for European travelers. We climbed out and stood on the brim of a precipitous spot looking out on the valley. In my boyhood I had read of the strange feeling Robert Moffat had when he looked northward and saw the smoke of a thousand villages that had never heard of Christ. As we stood watching the smoke of countless Somba campfires lazily curling skyward in the still, evening sunset, there came that strange, puckering feeling around my heart—a sort of anguish to realize that before me lay a great tribe of people who did not even know the name of Jesus who had died for them. Oh, how I wished that same unforgettable feeling could compress the heart of every American Christian and make each one forever missionary-minded!

As we stood there, countenances saddened with regret. We could see far down on the mountain-side the climbing form of a stalwart Somba man. There seemed to be something white in one hand. He was climbing hastily. Through the bushes, thorns, briars, over obstructing rocks he climbed and climbed as we watched intently. Finally he stood before us, a great specimen of Somba manhood, the perspiration running in tiny rivulets down his entire form. He held extended in his hands Brother Wilson's sun helmet. We had stopped in the valley to shoot a partridge for supper and Brother Wilson had laid his sun helmet on top of the car as he approached the partridge for

a shot. When we started up, the helmet rolled off. That pagan Somba man had seen; he knew that a white man must have his sun helmet in the tropics. He had seen us high up on the tableland and started up. He knew the need and was giving his best to meet that need. Every time we now close our eyes and remember that scene, we are challenged by the fact that Christian America is not as concerned over the spiritual needs of the Somba people as that Somba man was concerned over a missionary's helmet.

Are you looking for a pastorate? We hold out a harder task, but a more satisfying one. When the nail-pierced hands extend to you and your spiritual eyes behold Christ saying, "I gave my life for you; what have you done for me?" can you turn aside? If you do, you will join the ranks of those who cry in our presence, "I had a call in years gone by but never went." Excuses are made; reasons given but the fact remains—they did not go! That is why there remain today tribes who have never heard; that is why Jesus delays His coming. Will you, young men, delay it longer—or will you answer the challenge? Will you, servicemen of Army, Navy, Marine and Air Corps, when you doff Uncle Sam's uniform, offer gladly to go forth into difficult places for our Lord Jesus Christ's sake? You have learned obedience in the service. Will you obey the Great Commander who commissions you to "Go...into all the world"? Will you answer, "Here am I, Lord send me"?



Gourma weavers

Delivered From Opium

W. W. Simpson

In a remote village of Kuang-hsi Province resided a family, none of whom had ever heard the gospel. The father, once well-to-do, had become an opium addict and had spent most of his wealth in an effort to gratify his craving for the drug.

Realizing that he was slowly killing himself and impoverishing his family, the father tried many times to break away from the enslaving habit, but he found himself powerless against it. His son, grown and married, was heartbroken over the condition of his father and the entire family, which was being ruined by opium. He had oftentimes pleaded with his father to quit smoking the poison drug, but it was of not use—the old man was a helpless slave of the vicious habit. The entire family finally lost all hope of deliverance.

One day, while the son was out trying to earn something with which to support the family, a marvelous thing took place! The father was reclining on a couch with his opium pipe and accessories, ready for the now almost incessant smoke. Suddenly he saw what appeared to be a young man dressed in white raiment come into the room! Approaching the wasted figure on the couch he said, "Go to the city (some twenty miles away) to the Gospel Hall. Listen to the teaching there and read the Book that they possess, and you will be freed from your bondage to opium!"

The old man could hardly believe his own eyes or ears. "I am so weak," he cried. "I cannot walk so far. Besides, I have to smoke nearly all the time to satisfy my craving. It is impossible for me to go to the city!"

"If you will obey my words, you will receive strength to go and will be delivered from your craving," replied the messenger in white. "Then I will go," said the old man, and instantly he began to feel strength coming into his shriveled body. Thanking the visitor, he sat up, and the stranger departed.

When the son returned and heard of the strange visit and saw his father so much stronger and free from the terrible craving appetite, he was overjoyed. They decided that the visitor must have been one of the Immortals of Chinese mythology and began making immediate plans to go to the Gospel Hall the following day.

The next morning, however, the father was feeling so much better and was so completely free from his craving desire for opium, that he decided he didn't need to go to the city as directed. Despite the remonstrances of his son, he refused to go. Instantly the desire for opium returned, making it necessary for him to return to his couch and his pipe.

The entire family upbraided him for his disobedience, and he was filled with remorse. Thinking over the matter, he decided that he would go to the Gospel Hall the next day, even if he should die in the attempt. He ordered his son to engage chairbearers to start at daybreak. Accordingly everything was made ready and they started early the next morning.

The little party was overjoyed to find that as they journeyed, the old man gained strength and they reached the city without his having to stop once to smoke opium.

Finding the Gospel Hall, they told the Chinese evangelist their strange story and he arranged for them to stay several days, hearing the gospel message and reading the Book. It was during these wonderful days in the presence of the Lord that both the father and the son found Christ as their Redeemer. They believed that He had sent an angel who had directed them, just as truly as He had sent one to Cornelius in apostolic times.

The son returned home, rejoicing in the marvelous grace of the Lord. They called all their friends and neighbors into their home to hear this glorious gospel. Soon many of the people of the village received the Lord into their hearts and an assembly of believers was formed.

Thank God for the moving of the Spirit throughout the world in these last days. What a privilege is ours in being called of the Lord to go to the far corners of the earth to direct men and women to the Christ who is able to deliver from every chain and fetter of bondage and affliction!

FOREIGN MISSIONS DISBURSEMENTS FOR JUNE 1944

Congo	\$ 270.00
Egypt	3,912.00
Gold Coast	2,906.43
Ivory Coast	1,474.53
Liberia and Sierra Leone	5,328.76
Nigeria	6,469.88
Tanganyika	940.50
Transvaal	2,055.70
China	4,236.74
India and Ceylon	15,363.47
West Indies	5,009.80
Mexican Work	2,650.91
Central America	5,221.99
Argentina	1,077.75
Brazil	2,456.37
Chili	634.25
Colombia	652.05
Paraguay	945.00
Peru	2,533.17
Venezuela	1,874.04
Fiji	216.36
British West Indies	1,559.85
Hawaii	130.00
European Workers	400.00
Non-Council Missionaries	3,135.00
Miscellaneous Fields	1,001.88
Superannuated Missionaries	962.33
Total Disbursements	73,418.76
For Extension Work	13,172.76
Credited to Designated Accounts	8,745.46
Total Receipts for June	95,336.98

Missionaries Arrive in Nigeria

Rex Jackson and Elmer Frink have been laboring alone in Nigeria for some time. Again and again they have made appeals for additional workers, and the Lord has raised up a number of new recruits in answer to their prayers.

The Missions Department has just received an enthusiastic letter from Brother Frink saying: "I am rather late in getting the report and the letter off to you this month, but your knowing that the Godbeys have arrived will be sufficient excuse for me to offer. It all happened so quickly that it almost took our breath away. I received a letter from an independent Pentecostal worker in Lagos saying that the Godbeys would arrive the following week. We then received a telegram from the Godbeys the following day saying that they would be in Port Harcourt two days later! I just flew around and got myself down to Port Harcourt to meet them. They came by plane from Lagos. We have been talking ever since!"

Tomorrow is the last visit in the Iboland district, so tomorrow evening will find us over in the Anang and Ibibioland district. We will be there a week. It seems that the Godbeys will be setting here in Iboland. They just fell in love with the people and think this is the place for them to be. We gave them a few days to get settled and rested before getting out into the churches. They were fidgety all the time, wanting to get going."

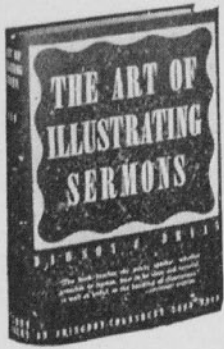
"How Is It Possible..."

... for me to be sure of receiving a copy of the Missionary Challenge each month?" This question is being asked by a great many people who have been disappointed in being unable to purchase a copy for the last two quarters. The reason is twofold. First, there is an ever increasing demand for this intensely interesting missionary magazine. Second, because of the present paper emergency, we are unable to increase our present output.

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This is a fine book for ministers. It is full to overflowing with just the things they need to know concerning the art of illustrating sermons. It is concrete, practical, well organized, and easy to read.

It will contribute to any minister's cul-

ture to range through the various fields which the author opens. He will glean rich harvests, and if he utilizes, in accord with the principles which the book lays down, what he thus gathers, he will have grateful and attentive congregations. **Price \$1.39.**

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The Garden of Prayer (Continued From Page Three)

"Go home."

She obeyed and arriving home the presence of the Lord was there and she said,

"Lord, what shall I do?"

"Go to the basement. I will meet you there."

She thought God was going to take her life; but she went. The place was illuminated by a miraculous light, and as she stood in the middle of the floor she heard a spicket open above her and oil poured down upon her head. There appeared around her walls shutting her in as in a cell. The oil flowed and filled the cell. When it was up to her chin the devil said, "You'll suffocate."

She tried to raise an arm to protect her nose, but could not move it. Then she said,

"Have your way, Lord!"

When the oil had covered her head she began to dance, dancing the heels off of a pair of new pumps. Then the Lord said:

"You made a covenant with Me that you would walk with me for three years. You have kept your vow. This day I have blessed you with the gift of soul saving. Wherever you shall go and pray, men and women, girls and boys shall be delivered while you pray. I will send

An Answer to Juvenile Delinquency

IT is a widely known fact that juvenile delinquency is increasing in America at an appalling rate. Those interested in halting this avalanche of crime are suggesting various remedies. Some would encourage the parents to exercise greater discipline. Others suggest a campaign to educate our youth against this immorality and sin by showing them the evil consequences. Still others feel that provision of adequate recreational facilities will help to solve the problem.

It is true that these suggestions, as well as others, are valuable, but none of these will wholly solve the problem, since they do not go to the root of the matter. This is a matter of the heart, and cannot be remedied by external methods. The one thing which can and will result in the prevention of juvenile degeneracy is the gospel of Jesus Christ. It alone is able to meet the heart-needs of the young as well as the old.

There are two classes of our young people who need help. In one are those who have already succumbed to the wiles of the tempter. In the other are those who have not yielded, but are faced by the unprecedented temptations of the present day. It is to this second class that our Pentecostal young people belong.

For the first class mentioned, only the grace of God will be able to reach down a helping hand, and provide the means by which these young people may climb out of the morass of despair. Likewise it is the Word of God and the grace of God, alone, which can strengthen our Christian young people in their stand against evil.

finance to help the suffering pastors and the church. Take no thought for yourself. You shall not add to this program. The day you add socials, style and finance for yourself, I will lift the anointing. I will take care of you. Behold, thou shalt see it, and it shall come to pass while you pray. All nations shall come unto you and pray with you."

With her husband's consent she traveled for five years holding great revivals in many places. The last one was in Los Angeles, at which among a maze of miracles a large number of persons were saved.

Then she returned to Philadelphia and God gave her the church and the fine congregation on 29th Street. And so here ends the saga of the Garden of Prayer up to this time.

A Recipe for Happiness

Forget the good you have done to others and the evil others have done to you.

It's a poor kind of repentance that doesn't insure against a repetition of the offense.

It is to meet the peculiar problems of young people of the teen age that the project of the HI-C.A. Brigade was launched. The twofold purpose of the Brigade is to develop our Christian young people into sturdy, efficient workers for Christ, and to win the unsaved young people of high school age. This is the age which we must reach. This is the age which we are reaching through the Brigade.

If you could only see the eagerness with which these fine young people respond to efforts upon their behalf! There are now organized Brigades in thirty-six different states.

Is the plan working? It is! Already some have been saved, and others filled with the Spirit since Brigades have been started.

In some places they are meeting with opposition from their classmates and teachers. A number of incidents have been reported to us of young people being held up to humiliation and ridicule by their teachers before the class—just because, in an inoffensive way, they are endeavoring to represent Christ in high school. But they are standing true. It is hard to stand alone, but they have started and they mean to go through. The testings and the trials are making them staunch and true followers of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Pastors and youth leaders, are you concerned about the young people of this age? Do you want to do something definite for them? The HI-C.A. Brigade will help you to help them. Write to the Christ's Ambassadors Department, 336 West Pacific, Springfield, Missouri, for particulars.

Consecration

When Frank Higgins, the lumberjack "Sky-pilot," was taken sick and plans were made to take him to the city hospital the big fellows he had led to Christ held a consultation and decided to send one of their number along with him to be of any service possible, for they loved the man who had taught them to love the Lord. The man chosen was a big, oversized fellow, decidedly out of place in the hospital, as he stood around in the corridors waiting to be of some use to Frank.

When the time for the operation arrived he asked the privilege of speaking with the man he loved before the operation was performed, and this is what he said: "Frank, you know we love you and want to help you; now while the doctors are operating I will be at your door; and Frank, if the doctors find that they need a quart of blood or a piece of bone or skin, they can call on me. Frank, you can have every drop of blood or every bone in this body; now don't forget, I will be at the door."

Have we said as much as that to Him who saved us from hell by His death on the cross?

The Lord's Healing

GOD HEALS BROKEN BONES

Leaving the ministry to get big money, I was working as brakeman for the Union Pacific, when on December 23, 1943, I fell through a bridge and landed on rocks twenty feet below. The X rays showed that six ribs were broken; my pelvic bone, the surgeon said, "looked as if it had been through a sausage grinder," and my thigh bone was driven clear up through the hip socket. Dr. Ralph M. Dodson, who attended me said I must be in bed three months before I could start to walk.

January 13, 1944, Pastor Dewey E. Barstad, Pastor of the Assembly of God in Milwaukee, Oregon, held a prayer meeting in my home, and in answer to the prayers of the saints I was healed, and in sixteen days I was strong enough to be on crutches, and shortly after that was walking without them. I am pastoring a new church in Canby, Oregon, back in the ministry which I entered thirty-two years ago.—Frank W. Burleigh, Box 71, Canby, Oregon.

HEALED WHEN DYING

Last January, after my baby had been sick three days she got so bad that we called the doctor. He said, "You have a very sick baby." He said both lungs were full. He left two kinds of medicine. Then we called for prayer. Two deacons came and prayed. She brightened up, looked around and began to sweat, the first time she had done so all day.

Instead of trusting fully in God we kept on giving her medicine. When we were getting ready for bed that night we saw that she was very much worse. Her eyes were set in her head and it was plain that she was

STOKE OF BRIER HILL

By Zenobia Bird

The story takes the reader down into the Kentucky Mountains. Stokely MacDevitt, a heroic and likable young mountaineer, is the chief character. Stokely plans to make a lovely young mountain lass, Marjorie Worth, his bride. But there had been a feud between the Worths and the MacDevitts for a hundred years, and no MacDevitt could ever marry a Worth. But all is changed when a young missionary and his wife moved into the hills with the story of the Cross. You will enjoy Stoke of Brier Hill. **Price \$1.25.**

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passing away. My husband called the church and they went to prayer at once. We knew she had passed beyond any human help. As soon as they began to pray in the church she showed signs of improvement. Then nearly everyone who had been at church came to the house and prayed again and anointed her with oil. She livened up and called for me, reaching out her hands.

I thought she was lots better; but it wasn't long until she had another sinking spell. I called them to come and pray again, and Sister Gertrude Childers anointed her with oil again. We all kneeled and prayed and I promised the Lord I would not give her any more medicine. I just wish you could have been there and seen what took place. She began to sweat; her clothes were all wet, and she dropped off into a natural sleep. The very next day she sat up and wanted me to let her on the floor to run around. She has cut two teeth since then and eats like a pig. The church people said it was a miracle.—Juanita (Mrs. John B.) Johnson, Sabula, Missouri.

HEALED OF HEART TROUBLE

December 13, 1942, as I was ascending the stairs to attend the officers' school at Alameda, California, I suddenly collapsed with a heart attack. I was taken to the hospital in an ambulance, driven very slowly, and warned that I must relax and lie perfectly still, as even to lift my hand to scratch my nose might cause death.

Getting better I went home to Pecos, Texas, for Christmas and there had another attack that kept me in bed for six weeks. Spells would come on me throughout the day and night. My face would get red, then turn purple and then a ghastly pale, death-like chalky color. There would be no sign of heart beat, and my whole body would be covered with cold sweat.

I would plead with God to deliver me, make promises that I would live for Him, and beg my wife to lay her hand on my head and pray. I had been saved but had not lived a consecrated life. God would come and the spell would pass. Finally a revival was in progress at the Sixth Street Mission, and I went. In the testimony meeting I definitely felt the Lord heal my heart completely.

I had been discharged by the school because of heart trouble. I went to Los Angeles and had examinations by four different doctors, none of whom found anything wrong with my heart. I obtained an engineer's license and got a job as third assistant engineer with the U. S. Merchant Marine, on a tanker at San Pedro, California, and have been in steady employment since June 1943. Recently I donated a pint of blood for a transfusion and the doctor was astonished at the strength of my heart, saying it was like the heart of a twenty-year-old man. I am forty-five years old and weigh 190 pounds. I am enjoying perfect health.—J. D. Noble, home address, Box 832, Pecos, Texas.

A BLACKSMITH'S TESTIMONY

I am 69 years of age, of which 60 years were spent in sin. I got hurt while working in my blacksmith shop, drilling a lot of holes with a breast drill. I had bruised the inside of my stomach. I began to have pains

MORNING FLIGHT

By Paul Hutchens



This book has the lure of romantic Cuba, its sunshine, beauty and flowers. But far more than that it is the story of a young woman who was called to the mission field of Cuba. Arloa Chadwick obeyed that call. She would not "go down into Tarshish," nor

marry the man she loved who was not a Christian. Complicated situations arose. People tried to hold her back, but God opened the way.

Here you have mystery, adventure, and romance. Through it all shines the golden thread of obedience to the revealed will of God. You, too, will want to take the Morning Flight to the Pearl of the Antilles, and have some part in what God is doing there. **Price \$1.25.**

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after meals and it kept getting worse every day. A doctor gave me medicine, but to no avail. I became a walking skeleton and I lived as long as three weeks at a time on only sweet milk. I never thought of surrendering my life to God, so He had to deal with me again.

One day I was shoeing a little broncho. He made a quick jump and pulled his foot away from me. As a result I was ruptured in two places. I tried to wear a truss, but it could only cover one place, and my Lord only knows what I suffered for twenty long years. Today I am thankful for those twenty years, it brought me to my knees.

Nine years ago an Evangelist came to our town. I went one evening, more to please my wife than myself. I believe the Lord was right there speaking to me through His messenger that night. When the evangelist had finished the sermon and had given the altar call I was good and ready to accept salvation. I came to the altar and my wife and daughter followed me. We all three knelt side by side. I could hardly get my voice up to pray. I was under such conviction I could only keep on groaning. But praise God, He set me free! It wasn't long until I could raise both hands to heaven and call upon God with a loud voice. I was gloriously saved, and prayed for for healing. I was healed from my stomach trouble the same night. Later on I was completely healed of rupture so I could discard my truss, and now am free of all my trouble.

The Lord has added nine years to my life since this happened and I am still working in my shop.—Carl Edseth, Goodridge, Minnesota.

Among the Assemblies

CLIFF, N. MEX.—Our assembly just closed a very successful 2-week revival with Evangelist Ernest A. Reb of Dallas, Texas. We had good crowds, and the presence of the Holy Spirit was manifested in our services. Four were saved, one received the Baptism in the Holy Spirit, and two followed the Lord in water baptism.—R. C. Hinkle, Pastor.

CARROLLTON, MO.—Our assembly recently closed a very successful revival with Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Jenkins of Maryville. One received the Baptism in the Holy Spirit, 8 followed the Lord in water baptism, and 12 recently came into the church. Everyone enjoyed the special singing and the Word of God that was given out. The revival spirit is still in our midst and the church is moving forward for God.—C. A. Davenport, Pastor.

SPARKMAN, ARK.—We just closed a 4-week open-air meeting with Brother and Sister Raymond Jones of El Dorado as evangelists. Sister Jones expounded the Word of God each night and the people were surely stirred. Fifteen were saved, 6 received the Baptism in the Holy Ghost, and our Sunday School record was broken; we had over 100 in attendance the last two Sundays. God's grace is still sufficient for revivals.—A. V. Hendrick, Pastor.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.—The Lord has moved greatly in this city. In recent months Faith Pentecostal Church has secured a beautiful new edifice seating 200 persons, equipped with lovely pews and a splendid pipe organ. The property, valued at over \$18,000.00, is located in one of the finest sections of the city. Since our moving into the new church, the attendance has increased, and some have been added to the membership.—Marvin E. Yost, Pastor.

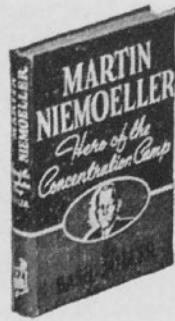
SHERIDAN, CALIF.—It is wonderful what God is doing here. Folk are being saved and filled with the Holy Spirit in church and at cottage prayer meetings, backsliders are being reclaimed, and Christians are being endued with power for service.

We are having a splendid attendance at our Vacation Bible school. At our Young People's meeting in June, the power fell, and changed the service. We are having our night services outside, because of the crowds, and people are being attracted to the open-air meetings.—Louella E. Nathan and Elsie L. Metz, Pastors.

TENNESSE DISTRICT COUNCIL

The 19th annual Council of the Tennessee District convened at Nashville, Tenn., July 25-27. David Burris, Superintendent of the Arkansas District, was the speaker. H. E. Waddle was re-elected Superintendent; A. H. Mitchell, Jackson, Tenn., was re-elected Assistant Superintendent. It was decided to establish a District office in Nashville, where the Superintendent resides, and to elect one man to fill the position of Secretary-Treasurer and State School Superintendent, and David M.

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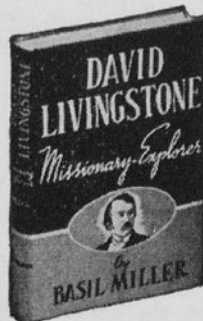
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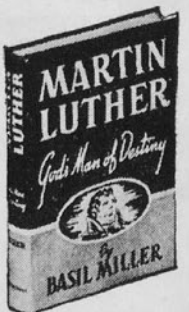
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Hogan was elected to this office. General Presbyters: W. E. Lindsey and David M. Hogan. District Presbyters: R. L. Wilkerson, W. G. White, G. G. Preslar, and W. E. Lindsey. A Ladies' Missionary Council was formed, and Mrs. G. L. McKinney, Mrs. A. H. Mitchell, and Nell Gain Cheek were elected executive officers.

It was a great council, and was held at the First Assembly of God where J. B. McIntosh is pastor.—David M. Hogan, District Secretary-Treasurer.

SOUTHERN IDAHO DISTRICT CONVENTIONS

The Southern Idaho District has just concluded a series of four Sectional Gospel Conventions with Evangelist George Hayes of Houston, Texas, as special speaker. The services were remarkably well attended in each section, and the results of this effort were most gratifying.

The ministry of our Brother Hayes was deeply appreciated and will long be remembered throughout the District. His morning mes-

sages proved a great inspiration to pastor and people alike, while his forceful, dynamic evangelistic messages each evening resulted in numbers finding the Lord as their personal Saviour, in backsliders being reclaimed, and in many believers receiving the Baptism in the Holy Ghost.

We are grateful to God for the blessing and spiritual uplift which have been felt throughout the District through these conventions.—Homer M. Doyle, District Secretary.

Coming Meetings

Due to the fact that the Evangel is made up 16 days before the date which appears upon it all notices should reach us 18 days before that date.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.—Faith Pentecostal Church; August 27, for 2 weeks or longer; Elsie Reese, Evangelist.—Marvin E. Yost, Pastor.

LAKE CHARLES, LA—Glad Tidings Assembly; revival in progress; Evangelist and Mrs. Billy Keen.—Lee Duhon, Pastor.

CORAOPOLIS, PA.—Pentecostal Tabernacle; Sept. 3, for 2 weeks; Beatrice Wells and Ruth Stewart, Singing Evangelists.—M. Mastro, Pastor.

CROOKSTON, MINN.—Gospel Tabernacle; meeting in progress; Jack Pope, Dallas, Texas, Evangelist.—George Rasmussen, Pastor.

KANNAPOLIS, N. C.—Sept. 3-17; Etta McCaskill, Evangelist.—W. Guy Brafford, Pastor, P. O. Box 781.

JOPLIN, MO.—Deeper Life Convention, Perkins and Schifferdecker Aves, Aug. 13-18; Robert Cummings of Central Bible Institute, Teacher.—Tolbert S. Farris, Pastor.

NAMPA, IDAHO—Aug. 13—; Omar S. Johnson, Evangelist.—Geo. C. Klassen, Pastor.

CUT BANK, MONT.—Meeting in progress; Evangelist and Mrs. William Kirschke, Ft. Worth, Texas.—Eugene A. Born, Pastor.

LOUISVILLE, KY.—Tent Meeting, Calvary Assembly of God, Aug. 8-27; Paul V. Chamless, Evangelist.—J. J. Humphries, Pastor.

KANSAS YOUTH CAMP
Kansas Youth Camp, August 21-25; Camp Jerry Jones, 3 miles northeast of Hutchinson. Class periods, evangelistic services, recreation. Tents, cots and meals furnished. Capable teachers and supervisors. Russell Rexroat, night evangelist. For information write C. A. Brown, Camp Director, 800 E. 8th St., Newton, Kansas.

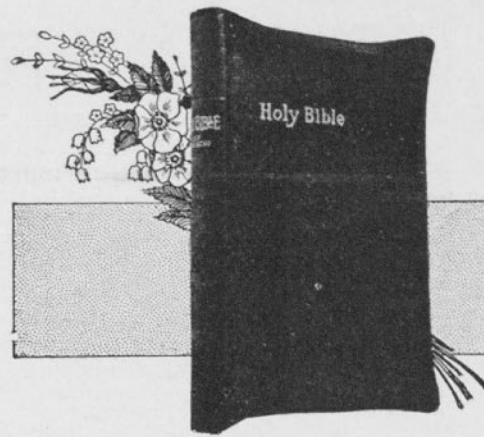
NEBRASKA CAMP MEETING
Nebraska District Camp Meeting, District Camp Grounds, one mile west of Lexington on Highway 30, Aug. 11-20. Wm. E. Long, Bakersfield, Calif., camp speaker. Prayer 7:00 a. m., other services: 10:00 a. m., 2:30 and 8:00 p. m. Children's church, Young People's meeting 7:00 p. m.—A. M. Alber, District Superintendent, 831 N. Kansas Ave., Hastings, Nebr.

LEWISTOWN, PA.—Eastern District Youth Conference. Sept. 4-5. Speakers: District Superintendent A. N. Chase, Byron Jones, Wallace Bragg, Chas. R. Shuss and James Van Meter. Services all day, starting 10:00 a. m. Bible classes with timely subjects for young people. For overnight entertainment write Pastor E. S. Opdenhoff, 431 Logan St., Lewistown, Pa.—A. D. Skymmer, District C. A. President.

WESTERN NEW YORK CAMP MEETING
Western New York Pentecostal Camp Meeting, Silver Lake Institute (Methodist grounds), Silver Lake, N. Y., 65 miles east of Buffalo, Aug. 26-Sept. 4. Speakers: A. G. Ward, Wesley Steelberg, Kenneth Haystead. Missionary service, Aug. 27, 2:30 p. m. Junior Bible School for boys and girls between ages 12 to 17. For further information write Gordon R. Bender, 234 Genesee St., Lockport, N. Y.

ARIZONA CAMP MEETING
Arizona District Camp Meeting Prescott (the mile-high city in the pines), Arizona, Aug. 18-27. T. J. Jones, morning and evening speaker. All tents, dormitories and cabins furnished with beds and mattresses; bring your own bedding and toilet articles. For full information as to accommodations and reservations write N. D. Davidson, 1225 E. Fillmore St., Phoenix, Arizona.—Charles L. Elmes, District Secretary.

NEW MEXICO DISTRICT CAMP MEETING
The New Mexico District Annual Camp Meeting will be held at Camp Ground Mountainair, N. Mex., on U. S. Highway 60, Aug. 18-27. Clyde C. Goree, camp speaker. Three services daily, besides early morning prayer services. Cabins and rooms available in town adjacent to camp ground at reasonable rates. Plenty of wood and water for camping for those who bring their own equipment. Altitude of Camp ground over 6,000 feet.
For information write H. M. Fulfer, District



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SPECIMEN OF TYPE
PSALMS, 41-44. *Care of the*

519 PSALM 41.

1 *Care of the poor.* 4 *David's complaint.* 10 *He flees to God for help.*
To the chief Musician, A Psalm of David.

BLESSED is he that considereth the poor: the LORD will deliver him in time of trouble.

2 The LORD will preserve him, and keep him alive; and he shall be blessed upon the earth: and thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies.

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Superintendent, Box 353 Mountainair; or Earl G. Vanzant, Pastor, Box 145, Mountainair, N. Mex.—B. H. Caudle, District Secretary.

FORT WAYNE, IND.—Bible Conference, 2329 Winter St., Sept. 10-17; Allan A. Swift, Bible Teacher.—W. F. Duncan, Pastor.

PLAINFIELD, N. J.—Tri-sectional Young People's Rally, Masonic Auditorium, Park Ave. and 7th St., Sept. 4. North-South Jersey and Hudson Valley Sections. Services 10:30, 2:00 and 7:00. Speakers: morning, Kenneth Haystead; afternoon and evening, Earl Winburn. Musical director: Elizabeth Benckert. Choir practice, 1:00 p. m. All urged to bring musical instruments. C. A. leaders' meeting, 6:00 p. m. For further information write Kenneth Haystead, 115 Harvard Ave., Collingswood, N. J., or Pastor Andrew Rahner, 400 W. 8th St., Plainfield, N. J.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES

NEW ADDRESS—Lumber City, Ga. "I have just moved from Bronwood, Ga."—Clio Strickland.

NEW ADDRESS—General Delivery, Plant City, Fla. "I have left the evangelistic field and have accepted the pastorate here."—Maxwell Cloud.

WANT TO BUY—Public Address System, for use in gospel work. Must be in good condition.—R. H. Graham, Route 4, Winnsboro, Texas.

NOTICE—Servicemen will find a welcome at Mother Layne's Hospitality Home, 1268 22nd St., San Diego 2, Calif. Will be glad to contact servicemen stationed near here.—Mrs. I. L. Rattan.

NOTICE—If you have loved ones in the Naval Hospital in San Diego whom you would like us to contact personally, write to Pastor and Mrs. William Panos, 1143 Thomas Ave., San Diego 9, Calif.—A. M. Nelson.

FOR SALE—Public Address System, operates on battery or electric.—J. L. Whittaker, Baxter Springs, Kansas. Phone 252-F.

NOTICE—Those having relatives or friends at Camp Roberts, Calif., whom they wish contacted may write Pastor Fred Reichert, Box 33, San Miguel, Calif.

FOR SALE—Xylophone, in good condition, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ octaves. Cost new about \$200.00; will sell for \$60.00 cash. Can be taken apart and shipped in a box cheaply.—Nancy Galbreath, 232 Veterans Blvd., Tucson, Ariz.

NEW ADDRESS—813 S. Milner St., Ottumwa, Iowa—"After pastoring the church at Hamburg, Iowa, for nearly three years, we have been called to the assembly here. Council ministers invited to stop with us. Would like to contact young men and women of Assembly families stationed at Ottumwa base."—Ernest Illum.

OPEN FOR CALLS

Evangelistic

George W. Clement, West Milford, N. J.—"I have resigned the pastorate in Bridgeton, and am entering the evangelistic field; travel alone; 20 years' experience."

The PASSING and the PERMANENT

AMERICA'S DRINK BILL

The U. S. Department of Commerce has issued an official estimate of the national expenditures for alcoholic beverages during 1943. It is \$6,083,000,000 which means that 4% of the national income went for liquor.

A CHAPLAIN IN GERMANY

Brother A. Jackson, a minister in the Elim Pentecostal movement in Great Britain, is in a prison camp in Germany but has a wonderful opportunity for gospel ministry. He is the only Nonconformist chaplain in a camp accommodating 5,000 to 6,000 prisoners of war. Pray for him.

THE ARMY'S EXAMPLE

The U. S. Army tries to maintain a ratio of one chaplain to 1,200 men. In doing this it is far ahead of the Protestant churches in their missionary program. The best they have been able to do yet is to provide one missionary for every 50,000 to 100,000 or more souls in heathen darkness. In some mission fields the ratio is smaller than this, but in many parts of the world it is very much greater.

STUDENTS IN GERMANY

Reliable reports from inside Germany, as quoted by the World's Student Christian Federation, say that there are only two groups of students now studying in German universities: medical students, and soldiers who have been discharged because of wounds. Theological students are growing scarce under the ruling requiring all new students at the universities to join the Nazi party, and the Nazi ruling that students belonging to the party may not study theology.

A JEWISH REFUGEE'S DISCOVERY

Because of the anti-Semitism of the Nazis, the United States has been presented with a valuable new metal process to help win the war. The discoverer is Dr. Paul Schwarzkopf. Born in Prague, he fled from Europe in 1936, set up a laboratory in Yonkers, N. Y., and developed a new metal plastic to take the place of cold rolled steel, essential for field telephones, used by the armed services. According to *Jewish Missionary Magazine*, a War Department representative said that this Czech Jew's process may revolutionize the whole industry and called the new discovery a truly national asset.

GOG AND MAGOG

Seldom do Jewish newspapers make reference to Bible prophecy, but recent events have turned the thoughts of the editor of *The Jewish Voice* (Los Angeles) to Ezekiel's prophecy. He writes: "Who will doubt Bible prophecy after this? Let those who try to tear the Bible apart by saying the letter of Ezekiel is wrong and this could not have been so, say what they will. We know—we of this generation little prone to faith—that the battle going on today is the very battle of Gog and Magog. D-Day means simply that all forces are now combined for the total victory against Gog and Magog."

A TICKET TO HEAVEN FOR \$40!

The *Gospel Witness* of Toronto, Canada, states that a bargain has been offered to all Roman Catholic parents of soldiers overseas. The Archbishop of Winnipeg, Canada, writes to tell them that if they simply will pay \$40 their son, "if killed in action will detour purgatory and go straight to his Maker, to be with Him for all eternity."

The Bible has a better offer yet. It offers salvation free of charge, without money and without price, to every soldier and civilian too who will repent of his sins and accept the Lord Jesus as his Saviour. The price of the ticket has been paid already, and there is no purgatory to worry about. Christ Himself will purge you from your sins by His precious Blood, the moment you accept Him. Heb. 1:3; 9:14.

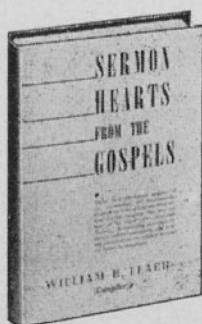
DO JEWS CONTROL THE RADIO?

Anti-Semites would have us believe that Jews control the radio and other agencies in America that mold public opinion, but *Fortune Magazine* has given figures to prove that this is not so.

There are four national radio chains. Only one could be considered as under Jewish control.

As to directors: The National Broadcasting Company, which operates two chains, has 13 directors. Only one is Jewish. The Columbia Broadcasting System has 13 directors, of whom 8 are Jewish. The Mutual Broadcasting System has 9 directors, of whom only one is Jewish.

As to executives: The NBC chains have a ratio of 20 Gentile executives to one Jew. The CBS has a ratio of 16 Gentiles to 6 Jews. The MBS has a ratio of 8 Gentiles to one Jew.



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HITLER'S DREAM PALACE

"Five years ago," Tania Lang reminds us, "Adolph Hitler's dream child, the immense new Reich Chancellery in the heart of Berlin, was dedicated by the Fuehrer with the remark that it 'will outlast many centuries.' But early in January, 1944, when heavy RAF bombs struck Berlin, the grandiose edifice which stood as a symbol of Nazi Germany was almost totally destroyed. . . . It had 'outlasted' exactly four years and fifty-one weeks."

And Hermann Goering had boasted that bombs never would fall on Berlin! In fact, he declared that if the Luftwaffe failed to keep enemy bombers away from Berlin, he would change his name to Meyer!

How true is the inspired word: "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it: except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." Psalm 127:1.

DOMINATION OF EUROPE

Writes William Ward Ayer, pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, New York City: "Sometimes the devil tells the truth inadvertently. Mr. Hitler followed that tactic in his rather sad speech to the German people on the eleventh anniversary of his rise to power. He said that if Germany did not dominate Europe, Russian Bolshevism would. He, of course, felt that Nazi domination was the ideal thing, whereas Russian domination would be disastrous. We feel, of course, that domination by either party would be disastrous. But Mr. Hitler is right when he says that with the defeat of Germany, Russia is to dominate the European scene and that Britain as an isolated power will be out on a limb unless she can get some allies in northeastern and southern Europe."

Thus the prophetic picture of the international situation, as portrayed in Ezekiel 38, is shaping up. Gog, the prince of Rosh, is to dominate Gomer and the other nations around him. Verse 7 is significant. The Lord says to Gog, "Be thou a guard unto them." In the Hebrew, it reads, "Be thou a *commander* unto them."

A MARVELOUS INVENTION

According to *Revelation*, the General Electric Company has a new listening device on the principle of a dictaphone by which outside persons can pick up conversations as far away as three miles. The device is extremely sensitive and does not require a dictaphone planted inside a room where the conversation is taking place. Drew Pearson of the Washington-Merry-Go-Round reports that in an Army and Navy trial of the apparatus it was beamed toward the home of Forrestal, then under-secretary of the Navy. Sitting at Forrestal's table were four high government officials; their conversation was recorded by this apparatus at a distance of almost one mile and without their knowledge the transcript was furnished to President Roosevelt who ordered it locked up in a safe, as the men had talked too freely among themselves.

The Bible teaches us that all the thoughts of the heart and every idle word will be recorded and accounted for. Heretofore men have thought this to be impossible but if General Electric can do it three miles away, cannot God do it at any distance?