

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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The Crisis of Sanctification

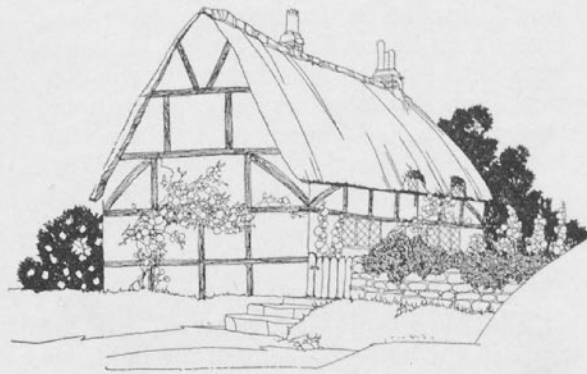
Charles Inwood

"God hath from the beginning chosen you to salvation through sanctification of the Spirit." 2 Thessalonians 2:13.

IT IS the will of God the Father that we should be holy. It is the will of Jesus Christ who died for us on Calvary that we should be holy. It is the will of the Holy Spirit that we should be holy. He is the Sanctifier, and our sanctification depends upon our response to the workings of the Holy Spirit in our hearts. That is true of every step that leads up to the crisis of sanctification. It is equally true of every step we take afterwards in the sanctified life. Sanctification is a crisis and a process. I want to speak to you about it as a crisis, and to remind you at each step that it is through the Holy Spirit alone that we can enter into this rich and hallowed experience.

First, it is the Holy Spirit who creates the desire for holiness. The natural man does not want to be made holy. If he can possibly be saved from hell at the end, he is quite content. Carnal Christians do not want to be holy. They want to get to heaven by and by, but that path of holiness is too steep, too narrow, too unpopular. Therefore the need of the Holy Spirit's working to create a desire for holiness in any heart.

I think the Holy Spirit generally works along some such lines as this. First He turns the searchlight of the inspired Word upon the conscience. He shows us unholiness in its most subtle disguises, and in realms where we never suspected its presence. Sometimes He discloses to us a lack of spiritual power; power to be what we ought to be, and power to do what we ought to do. Sometimes there comes into our lives suddenly some terrible trial, and then we discover that our own spiritual life is not deep enough and



Better be remembered as a holy man or holy woman than as the greatest success the world has ever known.

rich enough to enable us to bear the trial trustfully, sweetly, and victoriously. Sometimes the Holy Spirit brings us into contact with some saintly soul; and as we watch the conduct of that saint, listen to the words of that saint, feel something of the breathing of the spirit of that saint, there comes into the soul this thought: I am not like that. That soul knows something of God that I do not know. Then sometimes there comes a gracious unveiling to us of the larger possibilities of the Christian life. We come to see the richness and the winsomeness of a life that is wholly the Lord's, the life of heart-purity, of heart-rest, and of heart-satisfaction, a life of victory over sin, a life of fellowship with the Lord. Then sometimes, all unsought, there silently steals into our souls a fresh realization of the greatness, the wonder, the amazing wonder of the love that bled and died on the cross for us, and then with that wonder there comes also the thought: Oh, what a meager return I have been making to such amazing love!

All these things lead to one result; they create in our hearts a discontent of things as they are, and a deep longing for things as they ought to be, and very often the desire becomes an agony. I have known some who have actually doubted their own salvation when they made that discovery. Agony, yes, but there was the germ of that real desire which leads right into the blessing.

These are only some of the ways in which the Holy Spirit, in His grace and love, creates in hearts like ours a real, deep yearning and longing for sanctification, for holiness.

When the desire for holiness has been thus created, the next step is choice, and here again the Holy Spirit comes to our help. First the Holy Spirit voices in our hearts the solemn, awful commands of God in relation to holiness. "Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord." "Be ye holy, for I am holy." "Without holiness no man can see the Lord." That verse seems to me like the bush of Horeb; it burns, flashes, glows with fire.

Through the help of the Holy Spirit we then come to see and feel that these texts are not merely well-meant requests, but they are the solemn commands of God, of an infinitely holy God, commands that you cannot trifle with except at peril to your soul—terribly imperative, and they flash and burn like Sinai. Our hearts begin to tremble, exceedingly quake and fear because we have caught some new sense of the infinite holiness of God as suggested by these solemn commands. But grace is always present, especially in the working of the Holy Spirit. There comes a moment when the Holy Spirit utters the promises. Suddenly the thunder ceases, and the love whispers begin.

(Continued on Page Six)

Fellowship

W. E. Long at the Central Assembly, Springfield, Mo.

A GREAT many people talk about fellowship but do not know what it is. Looking into the dictionary we find it means not only that you and I have certain things in common, but also that I have extended to you a pledge. When you reach out your hand to a man and say, "God bless you," it means that you have given him a pledge of good will. And then if the next day you speak evil against the man, you have broken your pledge.

Some folk feel that fellowship is meeting together in the same place on Sunday, singing a few songs and listening to the preacher. The fellowship lasted for an hour, and then ended. Still other folk think that having fellowship is merely getting together, and that when they are separated the fellowship ends. But I have a different view of fellowship. Fellowship reaches out when we are thousands of miles apart. Though we cannot touch each other's hands nor see each other's faces, yet we feel in our hearts an earnest drawing toward one another, just the same as though we were seated together in the same room.

It is so easy to say, "I love my brother," and not actually love him. John was not one of those men who paint things pink, and light blue, and aqua; he did not use any pastel shades. He said, "If a man says he loves God, and hates his brother, he is a liar." John went a little further, and said, "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how *can* he love God whom he hath not seen? And this commandment have we from Him, that he who loveth God loveth his brother also." Enduring a brother is one thing, loving him is another.

I have a little daughter, and she is a long way from being perfect—she has some things that she inherited from her father. I make allowances for the fact that she has some of her father's characteristics. Occasionally it becomes necessary for me to correct her. When I correct her, it doesn't mean that I love her any less. After I correct her I continue loving her. For the moment, it seems that by correcting her I am becoming estranged from her, but she knows, as well as I know, that her dad loves her; and in a short time after the punishment she comes back. All is forgotten. She sits on my knee, puts her arms caressingly around my neck, kisses me on the cheek, and everything is as it was.

Now the Word of God tells us, in John 13:35, "By this shall all men know

that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another." "By this shall all men know." Not by where you go to church, not by the clothes you wear, not by the rituals you perform in the house of the Lord, not by the ordinances you have laid down and enforced upon people before you permit them to become a part of the church; but "by this"—by the love that you extend one to another—"shall all men know that ye are My disciples."

One of the greatest stumbling blocks the church is offering the world today is the envy, strife and malice between people who call themselves Christians. It becomes a stumbling block to the man of the world, for he is looking for something better than he can find in the world. It has been said by men who belong to the Rotary Club and other service organizations, that they would rather go to their club than church, for they have better fellowship and closer friendship there than they can get in their church. What a pity that this should be said about the church of Jesus Christ!

The Word of God tells us, "If we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." 1 John 1:7. It should be a foregone conclusion that when we have fellowship with God we have fellowship also with one another.

If we fail to walk in the light, we fail to have fellowship. If we fail to walk in the light, and so fail to have fellowship, the inference is that the blood of Jesus Christ will discontinue cleansing us every day from all sin. Failure to walk in the light causes us to lose fellowship with our brethren, and when we have walked out from under the ever-cleansing blood of Jesus Christ we are in a very dangerous position. Those who cease to walk in the light begin to leak out. They begin to become disgruntled, to harbor evil things

in their hearts. And then they begin sowing discord in the house of the Lord. Then they begin to wander away from the precepts of God, and sin appears in their lives.

Someone says, "Brother Long, you talk about fellowship, but nobody fellowships me." If you are going to get fellowship, you will have to give some. In a church where I was pastor, a man used to stand at the railing with his hands in his pockets. And then he would say, "Nobody shakes hands with me. Nobody is friendly." I said to him, "Do you want people to come up and take your hand out of your pocket and shake it? Nobody is going to stand there and say, 'When you get your hand out of your pocket I will shake hands with you.'"

Nobody refuses to shake hands with me. I think a few times somebody has got angry and refused to shake hands, but most of the time, if I put out my hand, they will reach out theirs. If I show myself friendly, people are friendly toward me. If I am not so friendly, they are not so friendly either; and in a little while I find myself out on the fringe of what otherwise would have been a most delightful fellowship.

Not long ago a fellow came to me and said, "Everybody is for himself. Nobody is friendly with me any more. Folks don't care whether I come to church or not." "Well," I said, "the fact of the matter is, *you* are not friendly. I happened to notice that you passed by six fellows some time ago and did not offer to shake hands with any of them. Isn't it a fact that if you had walked up to those six men and extended your hand to them, they would have extended theirs to you, and there would have been a much better feeling between you?" He said, "The reason I don't act friendly is that although I love them, I don't love their ways." I said, "You are getting pretty close to a fellow when you are getting down to his ways. It seems to me you will have difficulty taking those things apart—the fellow and his ways. I think you are on very technical ground."

I had just begun preaching when I saw a man go out. Some of us had found it necessary to discipline him, but we followed and sought him out and bestowed upon him the same kind of friendship that we used to bestow. I saw the tears run down his cheeks, and he said, as he took each one of us in his arms, and wept bitterly: "Now I can put the devil outside. He said that you brethren did not love me any more. Now I know it is not true, for here you have come and shown me that, while it was necessary to discipline me, you love me just the same."

I have never forgotten that. There is such a temptation, when people do you wrong, to harbor bitterness in your heart.



Give Thy servant
an understanding
heart

1 Kings 3:9

And if bitterness comes into your soul, it will not be long before you will be bitter against other people. You cannot help it. If you are bitter against one man, soon you will grow bitter against the rest of your fellow men, until you have lost confidence in people, until you wonder if there is anybody you can believe. We must not allow ourselves to get into that condition. The Scripture says, "If a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, *restore such an one* in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted." Gal. 6:1.

The Word of God tells us further: "If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee; leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." Matt. 5:23, 24. Many people come to the altar and remember that their brother has something against them, but they have not the courage to go back and find him. They say, "I never did anything to him. If there is any wrong, he did it to me. Therefore I shall stand my ground." My friend, you may be legally right and still have your soul as

empty as a broken cistern, without a drop of the blessing of God in it.

You can say, "Look here. I have a just cause and I am right, and this fellow is wrong," and still that will not put love back in your heart and it will not put any oil in your soul. You will find you have to go and be reconciled, otherwise your spiritual growth ceases.

If you will turn to 1 Cor. 3:1-4, you will read that carnality prevents spiritual growth. When these things are in our lives, the spiritual man cannot increase in size, and that is why we find so many dwarfs—not babes, but dwarfs. They have never grown up. They have not developed as they ought to develop, because they have allowed envy, strife, malice, bitterness, sin of one kind or another, to come in and warp them spiritually. Yet they will not be reconciled.

A lady in my church was a great thorn in my side, and I sometimes wished she would go to another church. In fact, I even expressed it to my wife, and the only thing that kept me from expressing it to the lady was that it was not convenient to do so. Every time I made the

(Continued on Page Seven)

sets forth the fierce sufferings through which the Lamb of God passed in order to bring salvation to us.

Again, notice verse 4. If the household was too little for the lamb, they must get the neighbors in to help eat the lamb. This is glorious! It never for a moment suggests that the Lamb could be too little for the house, but there is so much Lamb that we need others to help us to eat. I am afraid of those people who shut themselves up and forget the lost and needy. If we have such a great Savior, let us do some soul-winning and get others in to help us enjoy the Savior.

Eating the lamb is typical of communion. The blood of the Lamb saves us from wrath; the flesh of the Lamb sustains us, gives us strength to tread the pilgrim way. So our Savior is our life as well as our salvation.

Notice again in verses 9 and 10—all the lamb was to be eaten. We can feed upon a whole Savior, and we shall need a whole Savior. Nothing of the lamb was to be left—if not eaten it must be burned with fire. Why? It must not corrupt. It is written in Acts 2 that God would not suffer His Holy One to see corruption and so the flesh of the lamb that typified Him must not putrefy.

Again, verse 8 tells us it was to be eaten with unleavened bread. Leaven always is a type of sin. The Israelite must search his house for leaven. It is not enough that the blood be upon the doorposts. If he is to eat the lamb, he must clean all leaven out of the house. 1 Cor. 5:7, 8 says, "Let us keep the Passover, not with the old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness, but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth."

You can't eat the lamb with leavened bread and neither can you commune with Christ if engaged in sinful things. What must we do? Put out the leaven, get rid of everything that is sinful. Do what the Jews do, have a leaven hunting expedition; but not in somebody else's house—in your own house. We need to take a candle and search our hearts for leaven. Let him that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity.

Finally, verse 11 tells us that the passover must be eaten with girded loins and staff in hand. This is to teach us that all who eat the Lamb must account themselves pilgrims and strangers in this evil age awaiting the summons higher. Girded loins speak of readiness and detachment from earth. The staff in the hand is support for the journey. The shoes upon the feet signify God's equipment for the roughness of the way. Those shoes lasted forty years. What a salvation! Let us abide under the blood, leaven cleaned out, and feasting on the Lamb till we see His blessed face.

A Wondrous Type of Our Redemption

T. J. Jones

THE Book of Exodus is the most wonderful Book of types and shadows. The word "Exodus" is Greek. "Ek (ex)" means "out of," and "Odus," a "way." So Exodus is, "God's way out." The Book begins with groans and ends with glory. It opens with the children of Israel in bondage and concludes with them redeemed and having God's tabernacle in the midst. What happened to change them? It was this mighty twelfth chapter which shows that through the shedding of blood there was a way out of bondage. And thank God we have a way out today!

In the Passover there were two main scenes, the outside and the inside.

First, *the outside scene.* The children of Israel were in bondage; the taskmasters were hard and cruel; their lives were bitter, bound by an awful tyrant power, just as men are in bondage today. But God declared that He would get them out and instructed Moses to tell the people to take a lamb without blemish, to be slain at a specified time.

All of this is true of Christ who is our Passover. He was spotless; He was slain on the very hour of the very day of the very month that the paschal lamb died.

The blood was to be disposed of in a

special way; with a bunch of hyssop each door was to be sprinkled. The inmates of the blood-sprinkled house were sheltered safely and securely behind their blood-sprinkled portals. This is God's picture of justification. We are saved from wrath through the death of God's lamb; and by believing, our hearts are sprinkled.

The stroke fell on the lamb and those in the blood-sprinkled house were saved. In one night God broke the bondage of centuries. This was Israel's beginning of months. They dated their history as a nation from the very time they sprinkled the blood, and this also is true with believers today. Our Spiritual birth begins when the blood of Christ is applied. In verse 22 they were instructed to abide under the blood until the morning. Let us remain under the precious blood of Christ until the morning of His coming.

The inside scene. We have preached the Passover and emphasized the outside scene but it seems to me that we have not noticed the inside scene. Here we have the disposal of the flesh of the lamb. A feast is going on within each blood-sprinkled house. Notice the amount of detail that is given with regard to the lamb—first, it must not be sodden nor eaten raw, but roasted. Undoubtedly this

Touched With the Feeling of Our Infirmities

WE have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Heb. 4:15.

Touched with the feeling of our infirmities! We doubt it. We disbelieve it, and by our not believing this statement, our loss is great. And consequently, through our unbelief, He who has been touched, is prevented from touching us.

When Elijah sat down under a juniper tree and requested for himself that he might die, he said, "It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life; for I am not better than my fathers." As he lay and slept, an angel touched him and said unto him, "Arise and eat." He found a cake baked on the coals and a cruse of water at his head. He ate and drank, and the angel of the Lord came again the second time and touched him, saying, "Arise and eat; because the journey is too great for thee." No condemnation! Only consolation. And his physical need was supplied with bread and water.

How can He who has a glorified body feel, be affected, be touched with our infirmities? He can be touched because He was perfect man and perfect God. He is the new Adam, combining the human nature of His mother with the divine nature of His Father. This is a combination, a union which is impossible for man to comprehend. And by trying to comprehend and define it, division, error, schism has come into the world. Don't try to define that which God has not defined. Man should not try to define the indefinable, the union of God and man.

How can He feel the infirmities, the weaknesses? He can feel them because He Himself deigned to be limited by occupying a human frame. He was always touched by and sensitive to human frailty, weakness, and suffering. One in a crowd believed it. She said within herself, "If I may but touch His garment I shall be whole." She craved help, sympathy, succor. She had failed to get it from earthly physicians. She was sure of healing before she touched Him. "If I can touch the hem of His garment I shall be healed." Ah, there is faith. You touch the Lord, and He who uttered the words to the woman, "Thy faith hath made thee whole," will send virtue, comfort, succor, consolation to you.

"Oh!" you say, "He is in heaven. He is glorified. He is far off." He is far off and yet He is not. He is nigh unto all them that call on Him. How can it be? Is the sun at your back door? No. It

is millions of miles away. And yet you delight to sit on the back doorstep to get the sun. You bask in its rays and yet you are millions of miles from it.

Stephen was suffering. His enemies gnashed on him with their teeth. He was bruised by the stones. But he was not unconscious, and he said, "Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God." He was a long way off at the right hand of the Father. And yet He was so near that Stephen could see Him. Explain it? There is no need to. Stephen realized it.

The stones that were hurled at Stephen making him go down, correspondingly caused Christ to rise up. A marvelous correspondence! Heaven was agitated, expectant, and Christ was moved at the sight of one of His children suffering. The seat of glory could not hold Him. He must move and go forward to meet His suffering one. The falling stones may have caused a blinding of Stephen's physical eyes but they brought about an opening of his spiritual eyes that were hitherto holden. And the promise of the Lord was verified, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end." "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Every time you are afflicted, suffering, and oppressed, think of these things. For every time you think once of the opposition of Satan, think twice of the glorious fact that He is with you and is touched with the feeling of your infirmities and is longing for you to recognize that He is wanting to succor.

This truth, when realized, has made the saints do the impossible and enabled them to endure what they never could otherwise

have endured, and they have realized His presence as never before.

The saints have lost much and have suffered needlessly because of failing to believe the Word and failing to commit themselves to Him who wants to be a partner, yea a bearer of their sufferings. He bore the cross, the sin, the shame in His earthly life. He is still capable of bearing all the burdens of all the saints during all their journey throughout all their days.

Encouragement for the Depressed

PAUL wrote, "We are not ignorant of his devices." 2 Cor. 2:11. He was referring to the devices of Satan, the accuser of the brethren, that old serpent, that roaring lion.

The Scripture tells us that God "remembereth that we are dust" (Psalm 103:14)—Satan remembers this as well. He was in the garden of Eden soon after the perfected man had come forth out of the dust. The fangs of the serpent entered into this frame of dust, and the virus has been transmitted in and through man throughout the centuries.

Satan is a roaring lion that goeth about, seeking whom he may devour. He is an expert seeker, a merciless devourer, and he overlooks none. The Lord once asked him, "Hast thou considered My servant Job?" He had not overlooked Job. He looked him over and gave a false report. He said, "Doth Job fear God for nought? . . . Put forth Thine hand now, and touch all that he hath, and he will curse Thee to Thy face." Job was God's servant—Satan's victim by permission.

"Hast thou considered My servant Job?" In these last days Satan is certainly considering God's servants; he is closely observing them. The serpent's eyes are spying out weaknesses, fissures by which he can enter, weak places into which he can aim his fiery darts. With increased activity and with the greatest hatred, he seeks to destroy the character of God's people, their unity, and their oneness. Why? Because his time is short. He seeks to impair the number of overcomers. "A sorry picture," you say. Yes, but it is very necessary that we should see it.

But God has another picture, another view. The Lion of the tribe of Judah has conquered death, conquered hell, and

(Continued on Page Five)

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Mother's Prayer Answered

Nelson E. Hinman

IN Southern California, a mother of one of the boys at Pearl Harbor became unusually concerned about her boy's salvation. The news of the bombing quite excited her. She waited for some weeks for news of his safety, and as soon as she learned that he was still alive, she began to make some most unusual prayer requests. As the prayer requests were being taken, she would voice hers: "I want you all to agree with me in prayer that God will bring my boy home and save him." The pastor of the assembly replied, "Well, Sister, that's a mighty big request. Why don't we just agree that God will save him where he is?" But she insisted, "I want him to come home. I want my boy to come home and get saved." She persisted in her request, week after week, and service after service, almost to the annoyance of everyone. She was determined that God would answer her prayer.

At the time of the bombing of Pearl Harbor, this boy was in a hospital for an ordinary ailment, and after the bombing he was one of the volunteers sent from the hospital to pick up the wounded. Some horrible experience along that line so unnerved him that a peculiar ailment developed and settled in one of his ankles. It was so serious that the doctors could not release him for duty. Finally they said, "Soldier, we'll have to send you back to the States. There's no room for you out here. We need every inch of space we have." He rebelled and fought and opposed, but in spite of his objections he was transferred to a San Francisco hospital.

Of course his mother was elated. She said that one third of her prayer had been answered. In the hospital, about every two weeks, the boy's leg would mend enough so they could put him on light duty, but then it would go back on him. After this had happened three or four times, the colonel in charge of the San Francisco hospital told him that nothing could be done for him. The soldier pleaded for a chance to go back to duty. They built a special brace for his ankle so he could walk. He was given one more opportunity, but in two weeks he was back in the same condition. Then one day the colonel asked him this question: "Have I been nice to you since you have been here?" to which he replied, "Yes, Colonel, you have been nicer to me than anyone I have known in the army." The colonel continued, "Well then, do me a favor, will you?" "Yes, sir, I'll do anything for you." "All right, sign this paper." The soldier

signed it and asked, "What is it, Colonel?" "It is your discharge, son. You will have to go home."

Then the mother said, "My prayer is two thirds answered! Now my boy must get saved." But no one could do anything with him. He was so embittered over what he had seen at Pearl Harbor, so resentful at the apparent carelessness of the civilian population and their attitude toward the war, that he drank himself nearly to death. He stayed drunk day and night. No one could get him to church. But the mother, who had prayed so hard, said that God had answered two thirds of her prayer, and she knew He would answer the other third.

Finally, one Sunday, he did go to church, but as soon as the sermon started he got up and limped out of the service. Though he continued to come to church, he always walked out just at preaching time. The preacher was discouraged and began to wonder whether there was any hope.

One Sunday this exsoldier sat in the service, near the front, but when the sermon started he arose and limped out of the building. The preacher thought, "What's the use?" as he went on with his sermon. A little later that evening, as the altar call was being given, the door opened and in stepped the soldier. Still wearing his hat, he walked slowly down the aisle toward the front.

The preacher watched him in amazement, wondering what he was going to do. He just smiled and kept walking past the platform and into the prayer room. His sailor brother, in the audience, saw him, jumped to his feet, and literally ran across the front of the church to join his brother as he entered the prayer room. Then the mother saw him and began to weep aloud. The meeting, of course, was broken up. He gave his heart to God that night, and the mother's prayer was completely answered.

After the service the preacher asked him why he always left the services, and where he had been during the preaching



That which I see not
teach Thou me

Job 34:32

this night. The soldier's reply was, "Well, I always felt that you fellows just did not know what you were talking about. After all I had seen, and the experiences I had been through, I felt there was nothing worth while in the world. I was bitter, and hated everyone. Somehow I could not resist going to church, but when the preaching started I would go out and get drunk. This particular night, as I stepped out of the church and went down to the beer parlor, a few blocks away, I felt that I was not doing right. I wanted to come back. And so I returned and stood outside the church windows, smoking cigarettes and listening to the sermon. As it was concluded I said to myself, 'I am going to take a chance. I am going to see whether there is anything in this for me.' God got hold of my heart and I have been gloriously saved." Recently this lad testified in a young people's meeting, saying, "Once I was a soldier for Uncle Sam, but now I am a soldier for Jesus Christ."

Encouragement for the Depressed

(Continued From Page Four)

conquered the roaring lion. *The Lamb on the throne is more than a match for the lion of the abyss.*

Christ declared, "All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth." Matt. 28:18. This power is available for His own. To one of His tested servants He said, "My strength is made perfect in weakness." 2 Cor. 12:9.

The cry of the weak babe causes the mother to run to the rescue of her child. So the cry of the weak saint causes the Father to send ministering angels, and to show forth the power of His Son through the Spirit. And so the weakest saints can say, "We are more than conquerors through Him that loved us."

We are not ignorant of his (Satan's) devices—or should not be. Christ knew Satan through and through. Christ knew him before He was attacked by him. Christ said, "The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in Me." John 14:30. The attack of the enemy on the Son of God was futile. His arrows and darts, fiery though they were, could find no lodgment in the Son. As well might an archer shoot his arrows from earth towards the sun, expecting to hit the mark, as for Satan to hurl fiery darts towards the Sun of Righteousness, and hope to succeed.

For this purpose was the Son of God manifested, to undo, to nullify, and to destroy the works, the power, the strength, and the efficiency of the devil. The victorious Christ, the mighty Christ, the invulnerable Christ, the triumphant Christ, the Redeemer Christ is for, with, and in the believer who puts his trust in Him. Amen.

God's Oracle

GOD at sundry times spoke through His prophets. In the last days He has spoken to us through His Son. God was in Christ; He spoke through Him; and the Son of God attributed the words that He spoke to the Father whose message He brought.

Today God is not dumb. The Spirit of God will convey the message of God through holy men today even as of old. Through the word of wisdom, through the word of knowledge, by means of prophecy and of tongues and interpretation, the Spirit's messages will be given forth.

Peter said, "If any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God." 1 Peter 4:11. These people to whom Peter wrote had been converted from paganism, and they knew that in the heathen temples the oracles gave forth messages inspired by demons. Spirit-filled, holy men were to speak as oracles through whom the Holy Spirit would convey the Word of the Lord.

The Crisis of Sanctification

(Continued From Page One)

I wonder if you will recognize the tender love of Calvary breathing through the two promises which relate to sanctification! "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean. From all your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you; a new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh; and I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments and do them, and ye shall be my people, and I will be your God." Is not that a marvelous promise?

Then the familiar one, "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Oh, the power of the promises! Both the commands and the promises lead us up to God Himself.

Then we begin to think of Him not only as the infinitely Holy God, but the infinitely faithful God; and as we look away from the commands, and away from the promises, to Him, the Holy Spirit whispers in our trembling hearts words like this: "He is faithful that promised." "Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it." That is the point at which the desire becomes a purpose of the soul, to seek until you find.

The next step is action, and what

Those through whom God spoke of old were especially prepared vessels. Moses was such. It was necessary for him to have forty years in the loneliness of the desert to prepare him to be God's mouthpiece.

Samuel's preparation began before his birth. The spiritual travail of Hannah began long before her physical travail. And the son she bore early learned to know the voice of the Lord, and could say to Him, "Speak, for Thy servant heareth."

The Son of God spent long periods with the Father alone. In the quiet of the night, or before the breaking of the day, He received the message of life that He gave forth. Long hours of communion and waiting on God, seasons when you refuse to be disturbed by the wind, the earthquake or the fire, in which He does not dwell, are necessary before the still small voice of the Lord is heard.—S. H. F.

action? Action in which the Holy Spirit is present again, and the action is two-fold. The first condition is the act of unconditional, unreserved surrender to the Lord Jesus. Well-nigh insuperable difficulties confront you the moment you honestly face the question of absolute surrender. When our emotions are stirred it is easy to sing: "I surrender all," but it is not an easy thing to do what we say; and I do not think any of us can do it apart from the enabling grace of the Holy Spirit Himself. I am perfectly certain that I should never have taken that step of simple, humble, utter surrender to Him in the quiet of my own study, but for the all-sufficient grace and tenderness of the Holy Spirit at that crisis. He showed me so clearly how to appraise at their true value the toys that were holding me back, and He enabled me to burn all the boats behind me. I was three months doing it. He would show me one, and by His grace I would set that on fire, and then another and another and another, until I came to the last. There were sacred associations around some of the boats, hallowed memories around some of them, but I burned them to ashes, and then it came to the last, and for the sake of you young Christians I will tell you what it was. The last boat I burned that morning was my reputation as a brilliant preacher and lecturer. God gave me grace to set it on fire, and I burned it completely once and forever.

Then when I could look down on the ashes of that last burned boat, oh so sweetly and quickly the Holy Spirit

turned my eyes and my gaze right up into the face of my adorable Savior, and my heart melted. With a humble, penitent obedient heart I said to Him:

"Lord, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to Thee."

And it was done.

Then the next act is faith, a simple, unquestioning faith, faith that wants no consciousness, no guarantee other than the simple, plain, naked Word of God; the faith that can say: "Thy promise is enough for me"; the faith that says first of all: "Lord, I believe Thou *canst* sanctify me, me with all my past, me with all my temperamental weakness, me with all my hindering surroundings; I believe, Lord Jesus, Thou *canst* sanctify me."

Then the next is: "and I believe, Lord Jesus, Thou wilt sanctify me." That is a step further.

Then the next step, and I think the critical step, is this: "Thou *canst* sanctify me; yes, Lord, Thou wilt sanctify me; yes, Lord, Thou *dost* sanctify me. I believe it because Thou hast said Thou wilt do it, and resting on Thy Word alone and stepping out on Thy promises alone, apart from all sign or token or consciousness, I dare to believe, Lord Jesus, that Thou dost fulfil these promises to me here and now." That is where victory comes in.

Then the action is crowned by experience. Yes, it is my firm belief, that the moment we fulfil those conditions, the Holy Spirit does His work. He cleanses us there and then from all sin, and He takes possession of all that He cleanses then and there. The act of surrender is ours, the act of faith is ours, but the act of sanctifying is the Spirit's and the Holy Spirit's alone. Holiness comes to us not through the extinction of the flesh, but through the welcomed supremacy of the Holy Spirit.

Now then what are you going to do about this? It is the Holy Spirit who creates the desire; He forms the purpose; He will give you the strength to fulfil the conditions; and He will crown it all with His wondrous gifts. What are you going to do? Are you prepared here and now to give the Holy Spirit a free hand in this work of sanctification in your own heart and life? Do not hamper Him, do not resist Him, do not grieve Him, do not doubt Him. Let Him have His way. One of the hymns we sing, and it always moves my heart, is this:

"Have Thine own way, Lord;
Have Thine own way;
Hold o'er my being
Absolute sway."

Say that to the Holy Spirit. Do not try

to sanctify yourself and do not try to help the Holy Spirit in doing it. All you have to do is to fulfil the conditions and let Him work in you everything He desires to do. In my Master's name I beseech you, give the Holy Spirit a free hand, give Him right of way, and give it to Him now.

Fellowship

(Continued From Page Three)

slightest sidestep, she was right there to express herself. One day I rather crudely took out my anger on her, and I was wrong. I was perfectly legal, understand; but there was no grace in what I said. I stood on my legal status for quite awhile, but I was getting lean spiritually. Every time I wrestled with God for blessing, nothing happened except that I got tired and gave up. Each time God revealed to me that I should go and make that right.

I said, "Lord, if I go to that woman and make that right, she will have a club over my head the rest of my life. She will say, 'I made him come to time. I brought him down. I really put that preacher where he belongs.'" I didn't want anything like that to happen to me.

I battled and battled, and one day I decided I would be reconciled to her in the presence of my wife. But I had wronged the lady in the presence of about ten people. So I gathered a lot of people together one Sunday morning. I did not come as some do, and say, "If I did it." That would not do. God would not accept that. I said, "I did wrong, and I am sorry." And bless your heart, that woman broke down and cried. After I made restitution, she started to make restitution for a lot of things I did not know about, things I had never heard of. She began to work and she became one of the closest friends we have; she has been a real asset in the work of God. When I left my gift at the altar and said, "I will go and be reconciled," then God gave me showers of blessing.

Fellowship reaches out; it does things for people that nothing else can do. It is so easy to glibly walk up to a man and say, "God bless you! Isn't this a wonderful fellowship?" and then go across the country a few thousand miles, sit down, and join the rest of the folk in talking about him and saying all manner of evil against him, whether it is so or not. I tell you this: don't take one of my brethren apart in my presence, or you will find me rising to his defense on a moment's notice. I give you warning.

I like to have my friends know that, although they are in New England and I am in California, or although they are in China and I am in New York, they

can still say, "That lad is our friend." I like friends like that. I like people to whom I can pour out my heart and know that, when I have crossed the country, they are still as loyal to me as though I were in the room. That is a friend. Oh, he will not be blind to your faults, but he will be your friend in spite of them, and will love you and pray for you and help you because he is your brother.

Now I have a brother, and to me he is just about perfect. There were a few times when I found it necessary to have a private talk with him. But if anybody came from the outside and said a word against him, I would be right there to defend him. He was my brother, and that makes all the difference. The feeling is the same when *we* are brethren. If you see a fault in your brother's life, go and talk to him about it; but don't go and talk to everybody else about it. Talk to *him*. Then he will know that you are his brother.

My dad used to take me to the woodshed and give me a good sound trouncing; but he was my friend. And if you had come along and said a word about me, he would have set you right in a hurry. That is the fellowship we need. When the world looks at us as an assembly you and I should let them know that we are as one man, standing together. If there be any wrong, we will take care of that matter ourselves, but to the outside world we will present a solid front, as one man, so that the devil on the outside will not be able to show to the world a single schism.

Oh, I love fellowship! This Assemblies of God movement means everything to me in fellowship. Sometimes I do not see any of the brethren at headquarters for three to five years, but after I cross the country I have sweet fellowship with all the brethren. I have found fellowship that has melted my heart.

In this movement I have found fellowship that I could not have found anywhere else in the world. It has not only been the dollars that have been sent me in my work, it has been the warm letters that have come across the miles, saying, "God bless you, Brother Long; we are praying for you!"

In Des Moines I had been working on the building and had fallen off the scaffold, landing on my back. I was having trouble getting around, and I was not much good. In the home we were low on rations. I was poor, but never did I tell anybody about it, because the Lord is the one who takes care of me. All that we had in the house to eat was lima beans. Now I learned to like lima beans in a preacher's home when I was a youngster, and it has helped a lot since then. That evening I came home tired and discouraged, and I could hardly get out of the car. I was hurt pretty badly. Brother

Silas Rexroat and Brother King came to see us that night. God bless those boys for coming up! They had come 200 miles to see us.

As I got up and shook hands with these precious brethren, the tears ran down my cheeks. Their presence gave me new courage. We gathered around the table. All we had to offer them was beans, but God blessed our hearts together. I have never had a meal that warmed my heart any more than those lima beans, but it was not the beans, it was the fellowship. We had a grand time together, and they will never know until they stand in the presence of God what their coming did to my heart.

That is what fellowship will do. A handclasp will do more for some people than all the money you can carry. What they need is a little fellowship, a handclasp, someone to say, "God bless you!" But let us remember that when we are saying, "God bless you," we are extending to them a pledge of our good will. "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" Psalm 133:1.

Fellowship will cause the lost to want to get saved. In Kansas City, Kansas, we were having a communion and fellowship meeting. I had them once in a while on Tuesdays. Sometimes on Sunday mornings you are in such a hurry you do not have time to wait on God. This Tuesday night we had a fellowship and praise service, and were going to have communion. It was not a growling service, it was a praise service; it was one of those services where you give praise to God for what He has done. All of a sudden, a tall lean lad stood to his feet. He said, "Folks, I am not a Christian, but I should like to be."

I said, "If you would like to be one right now, come out." He came down one aisle and his wife came down the other aisle. He is now a minister. When he got up I said, "Were you under conviction when you came to church?" He replied, "No, I had no idea of being a Christian when I came in, but when I saw the fellowship the people had in the church, it got into my heart." Conviction will come upon the sinner when he sees the love one Christian has for the other.

You and I have the greatest fellowship in the world. One of the most outstanding things in this Assemblies of God movement is fellowship. We call it a co-operative fellowship, and it is. May God help us to keep the blessing of God on our hearts, that this fellowship may continue, so that men and women who will never respond to any preacher's sermon will come to the altar to be saved, on account of having seen our love one to another. May God bless us and continue this fellowship, is my prayer. Amen!

The Blind Pastor of Korea

James S. Gale

AMONG the most noted Christian leaders of the Far East today is Pastor Keel, of Pyengyang, Korea—a blind man.

Often has he spoken to me of how he first came to a knowledge of the truth. He had been a Taoist, it seems, seeking God for many years. Along with two special friends, it had been his custom to go to the hills to pray, or to a retired monastery for long nights of vigil. One of the Taoist set seasons is *paik il keedo* (a hundred days of prayer), the object being to keep recollection constantly on the go; to keep awake, not to fall asleep once in all that time. If successful, assuredly you will find God. Such was Keel's understanding.

Various ways and means were employed to keep awake; pouring water on the head, for example, or placing a block of wood on it, like a flat hat, so that a nod of sleep would drop it on the floor with a bang to awaken the sleeper. What a labor! Through rain, and snow, and nights of starvation, all for just one thing—to find God. They had heard, these three, that God had been found by men of other nations, and so they too would seek until they found Him. Keel was the leader, tremendously in earnest.

In their search they heard of a foreign teacher, newly arrived in Pyengyang—S. A. Moffett. Having heard of Ma Moksa (Moffett), they bent their steps in his direction.

Being all of them peculiar Oriental fellows who never think three thoughts in succession as we do, they stole up to his place by night. In the darkness they peered through a chink of the sliding window, and there they saw him—tall and spare, fair-haired, dressed in tight-fitting Western garments, and sitting at a table. They sit on the floor. All this was strange to them, not to say uncanny, but they must needs hold on and hear what he had to say on religion, for he was reading a book, and books tell of religion.

Thus it came about that Keel's long search for God ended, bye and bye, in the little room where sat the missionary. Here it was that his nights of prayer and agony, fighting sleep, etc., changed into ecstatic visions of Jesus, all-powerful, all-loving, all-wise.

Keel's was a joyous conversion, and joy has been the keynote of his life. But he was going blind. The shadows began to draw down, and for years he has been led about by the hand. Still, never a complaint, never a murmur! Instead, a

clarion call to God, with evangelistic services everywhere, attended by bursting crowds. So often the Western evangelist lands in Korea and, by means of an interpreter, through a host of unfamiliar thoughts, illustrations, and expressions, thinks to bring a compelling message to the Oriental mind; but it cannot be done. It is universally a failure. Only the man who has lived their life, entered into their thoughts, sat among them for years, and eaten of their food, can in some measure approach it. Keel, however, from the crown of his head to the tip of his pointed shoe, is an Oriental, who knows what it is to be born miraculously into a new life, all on fire. How his voice has vibrated through Korea from end to end!

Some years ago at Wonsan, when he was preaching, a group of young Koreans, taught of Russia, calling themselves Bolsheviks, came into the house, listened for a time, and then shouted, "Fool! The Holy Ghost! Who ever saw the Holy Ghost? Stop it, or we'll make you. You take all the sense and soul out of our people by your ——— sermons." There was a stampede for a moment, a fight, then these Bolsheviks rushed the place in an attempt to hurl Keel from the platform. But it ended in other young men, who had merely come to see, taking Keel's part—and winning out. Peace was restored, and the brave champions of the preacher bowed gently down, and confessed their faith in Christ as Savior.

On his return, Keel called on me, and with a ringing note of cheer told me all about it. "Such a time as we did have," said he, "never anything seen like it; but it ended in blessing. God was with us." Such is Keel today—strong physically and spiritually, a valiant soldier of Jesus Christ.

The year 1907 was a very remarkable one in the history of Korean missions. The spirit of prayer seemed borne down on missionary and Korean alike. More and more intense grew the feeling that prayer alone could win through. There was nothing else in life; no other objective point—just this, and this only. It was God's to give, and the time had come. They would keep on. Let everything be forgotten but just to pray.

January 14 was the marked night. One missionary said to me: "We all felt that something was coming, and thus the Spirit of God seemed to descend. Man after man arose, confessed his sins, broke down, and cried. Until 2 a. m. the meeting went on, with confession, weeping, and prayer."

The next night Keel was to lead. Elder Chung Ikno said to me: "From the first it was not Keel that I saw. Keel is blind, and his face marred, but now, as he spoke, his look was one of great majesty and power; a face on fire with purity and holiness. It was Jesus; it was not Keel. He spoke on John the Baptist, the prophet who had called on men to repent and confess." "The flashings of Sinai were over and about us. There was no escape. God was calling." This was the opening of a great revival, led by Keel, the beneficent effects of which are still felt. Through all this time faithful and true has he been.

Keel is a man of abounding illustration, example, story. They pour forth from his memory-vaults in unstinted measure. Here is one he told me in a sort of Oriental whisper. "I do not tell this story in the pulpits," said he, "never do. Ignorant people would quite misunderstand it, and think me mad. It would do more harm than good, but I don't mind telling you, Moksa—you will understand. It is a mystery to me that I have no explanation for. All I know is that the facts are as I state them. It is this:

"An acquaintance of mine, a man named Kim, fell ill and died. He had been an average, uninfluential church member for a year or two, and now he was gone. Great was the consternation in the home, for Kim was the support of the family, and was still a young man. Friends called to console.

"But a startling thing happened. Five hours after the death Kim suddenly rose up, shook himself back into consciousness, and spoke to the assembled mourners. 'Friends,' said he, 'I've seen wonders. I have been all the way to heaven and back.' With startled faces his hearers looked at him. Was it a dream, or was he really alive? For, of a surety he had been dead. Inquiry was made as to where he had gone and what he had seen. 'When I died,' said Kim, 'I was taken by an angel company up to heaven, and there I met Yee Yodam, the leader of the church in Tamyay, who had just died also.' The listeners knew of Yee Yodam, and the announcement of his death was a startling piece of news. 'We were carried up to heaven,' continued he, 'beautiful beyond anything I had ever dreamed of, both of us lovingly welcomed by angel bands, especially Yee. Reaching a gateway that seemed to lead to the Great City, he was invited in, while I was directed aside to another. Separated from him regretfully, I was led along to a portico, also of exceeding great splendor. Into it I entered, but was stopped by an angel, who said to me, 'Your companion has passed on to his reward, for, when on earth he was a good and faithful servant, who earnestly

told others of the love of God. You, however, must go back again for a new opportunity. Try to do better; be more faithful." My regrets at having to leave this region of delight were beyond words. I begged that I might stay, but it was not to be, and so I am back once more, and am determined to do better.'

"But what about Yee Yodam?" asked the company. 'Yee Yodam is in heaven,' said Kim, 'for I have just been with him, and we have walked the golden streets together.' So emphatic was he that one of the hearers started at once for Tamyay, four miles off, to see how it really had fared with Yee Yodam. Arriving at the village, he inquired as to the leader of the church, where he lived, and how he was. 'He is dead,' said the man addressed. 'Dead?' Sure enough, signs of mourning were evident. On going to the home he found that the faithful leader of the church had passed away that day, according to the message brought by Kim on his return from heaven."

With the exception of the proper names, which are somewhat dim in my memory, this is the story that Keel told me in the quiet of my room. "It is strange," said he, "and should be mentioned only guardedly, seeing we know not the mystery underlying the doings and dealings of Almighty God."

Such is blind Pastor Keel. I can see him now, in imagination, as he moves about the city of Pyengyang, led by the hand, helping this one, blessing that one, cheering another in his round of Christian service.

Intercession

Secret intercessors make it possible for public laborers to do their work and win. They do as much for the Lord's cause who intercede like Moses on the Mount, as they do who fight like Joshua in the thick of the battle. Prayer based on God's Word is the only weapon man can use today to touch the invisible foe. The individual members of the Church of Christ will not know until they reach eternity what they have been saved from by the ministry of secret intercession.—Evan Roberts.

Answer This Question

A Welsh minister, beginning his sermon, leaned over the pulpit and said with a solemn air: "Friends, I have a question to ask. I cannot answer it. You cannot answer it. If an angel from heaven were here, he could not answer it. If a devil from hell were here, he could not answer it." Every eye was fixed on the speaker, who proceeded:

"The question is this, 'How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?'"



NATIONAL CHRISTIAN SERVICE CENTER CONFERENCE IN CHICAGO (Hotel Stevens July 31 through August 2, 1944)

A new national Association of Christian Service Organizations was formed at the recent Conference in Chicago. (1) George S. England, Director of Hospitality House, Minneapolis, Minnesota and (2) Harry A. Jaeger of our Servicemen's Department were the officers chosen to serve as Co-chairmen; (3) Douglas Hine of Detroit Christian Service Centers, Inc., Secretary-Treasurer.

This military evangelism conference was called jointly by (4) Dawson Trotman of California, Director of the Navigators and (5) Paul B. Fischer, Secretary of the Christian Business Men's Committee International of Chicago, Illinois. (Mr. Fischer, right in the picture, and William Yaeger, center, Field Representative of the Servicemen's Department.)

(6) An international aspect of the Conference was the attendance of Andrew Chisholm of Toronto, Canada, Supervisor of the Soldiers and Airmen's Christian Association. (7) Miss Gwendoline Jones of the Servicemen's Department, Secretary to the Conference, talks with Dawson Trotman at the registration desk. (8) Harry M. Myers, of the Springfield, Missouri, Office, left, and Harry Jaeger present a map to the Conference showing Christian service centers in the United States. (9) Raymond T. Richey was present telling of gospel work in the Red, White and Blue Tent. Rev. Erickson of the Chicago Gospel Tabernacle represents the vital interest of the many pastors of the Nation in this present day challenge to our churches.



The MARCH of MISSIONS

Jerusalem Convention

God is once again blessing the ancient city of Jerusalem!

The following letter received from Saul Benjamin contains an encouraging report of the Lord's working there. Especially interesting is his description of the Christians' pooling of their substance in order to make their yearly convention possible. The spiritual blessing attending the convention and the having "all things common" for those few days is reminiscent of an occasion 1900 years ago. God grant that this convention may prove to be but a portent of an even greater Pentecost than the first!

"The Convention here in Jerusalem at the end of May was blessed beyond our fondest expectations," writes Brother Benjamin. "Salib Boulos' ministry was so signally blessed here last year that we thought it well to invite him as speaker of this convention. Brother Boulos had accepted and all arrangements were made but while at Amman, after a limited tour of several of our churches, I received a phone call from Jerusalem informing me that Brother Salib would be unable to come to the convention because of ill health. After the first disappointment I recovered and somehow felt God's peace in my heart and a sense of resignation to His will. Completing my tour at Amman and Es Salt, I returned home on the 23rd of May to prepare for the reception of the workers and a few others who were coming a few days before the convention to spend the time in Bible study and prayer.

"I had asked Brother Kemp and Brother Watts to take part in the convention as well as in the Bible classes. We took for our studies the personality of the Holy Spirit, His offices, gifts, and fruit. We were limited in time by having only five morning periods. We started the morning with prayer, followed by intensive Bible study, closing the three-hour session with another season of prayer. In the evenings we held evening evangelistic services, with our evangelists speaking one evening each. It gives me real joy to report that God blessed our gatherings right from the start. The Holy Spirit was in charge of every service in a most blessed manner so that it was no effort to give out the Word of God. There were mes-

sages from different workers and an especially anointed one from an English brother in the Royal Air Force. The messages were inspired and drunk in by souls thirsty for the Word of God.

It pleased the Lord to baptize five souls in the Holy Spirit. Three were baptized during the convention and two since. One of them is our teacher at Irbid who, though ordinarily timid, spoke for two and a half hours with new tongues. We have been meeting with consistent opposition to our testimony, as have these who have been filled, but it is apparent that God has broken through the powers of darkness to give us these times of refreshing from His presence. May they continue to come! Five souls were buried with their Lord in baptism.

The problem of feeding and accommodating such a crowd is not always an easy one to solve. But God very bountifully supplied the need. The people brought in what they could and others gave money generously. The church in Jerusalem as usual bore the heavy burden, but others did splendidly. We fed about a hundred and fifty people twice daily. Those present represented numerous cities and towns, including Ramallah, Jaffa, Nazareth, Haifa, Beit Jala, Trans-Jordan, Irbid, Ajloun, Es Salt and of course, Jerusalem. A place to sleep for all these people constituted another real problem. We had some thirty people sleeping in our house alone. All the bedrooms, the office, sitting room and the veranda were used and the overflow was put up in rooms on the side of the building. Many of the Christians provided sleeping facilities in their homes for still others. The spirit of co-operation was marvelous!

One outcome of the convention was our determination to visit our various churches and missions for the strengthening of the work. The plan is to have something similar to our monthly fellowship meetings at home. Another result is that all have been united by the one purpose of preaching Pentecost more clearly and consistently as this is undoubtedly the message for this hour.

We are beginning to see God working to the vindication of His Word in this land and we have a hope of better things to come. We wish to thank you for your most kind in-

terest and prayers on behalf of this work and for your firm and constant stand with us. The work is the Lord's. We are all stewards charged with turning the wandering feet of the lost into the ways of salvation through Jesus Christ our Lord. Consequently, all glory redounds to Him alone and we rejoice together to see Him thus glorified."

News Flash!

As this issue of the Pentecostal Evangel goes to press, news has been received of the sinking of the Argentine Steamer "Rio De La Plata," which was destroyed on August 18 by fire and explosion.

Three Assemblies of God missionaries were on board, including Eugenia Brown, Bessie Pate and Mrs. Forrest G. Barker with her daughter Gloria, but all of the passengers were rescued. The missionaries were bound for various mission stations in Latin America. A telegram sent by Eugenia Brown from Acapulco, Mexico reads: "Accident. Everything lost. All passengers saved. We are cared for here by steamship company." An attempt is being made to send the missionaries the rest of the way by airplane. However, all of their outfits are completely lost.

It has also just been learned by the Missions Department that the LeRoy Williams, who are soon to return to their work in Peru, had sent their entire outfit on this same ship as they are intending to make the journey by air. We are therefore appealing to our friends who would like to assist in this emergency by sending funds to make possible new outfits for these courageous missionaries who are continuing to their fields of labor regardless of every obstacle. All money should be marked "Plata Outfit Fund" and sent to the World Missions Department, 336 West Pacific Street, Springfield, Missouri.

New Arrival!

Mr. and Mrs. Claudon Stauffacher of Ruwenzori, Belgian Congo, announce the arrival of their first child, William Henry, who was born on July 8, 1944. Mrs. Stauffacher was formerly Gladys Taylor. Congratulations!

New Horizons

Trudys Lawrence

Approximately 300,000,000 of India's 388,800,000 people live in villages. To the missionary this means an unlimited range of new territory waiting to be taken for Christ.

Perhaps you would like to share with us the thrill that was ours as we took the gospel message to another new village a short time ago. Two Bible women and I opened up a new road along which, up to this year, no gospel work had been carried on. As the road was in very bad condition, no horse cart would take us out on it and we had to ride on an 'ekka' (pony cart) as far as the railroad station from where we would walk to the villages. The people were very friendly and kind to us and we were happy to leave the Word of God in each village that we visited. The new interest was inspirational and spurred us on from one village to another.

We worked for many days along that road, and sold hundreds of Gospel portions and other books. We have to sell them or people who cannot read would take them and probably use them to start their fires, or for making cigarettes, etc. By selling the Gospels for one half cent apiece, those who can read will buy them and they are not likely to destroy them.

The last place we visited before completing our work along that road was a very large village called Kantha Tok. In fact, there were three villages quite close together. We held one meeting in the smallest village, two meetings in the next and four in the third. We visited these villages on three different days.

While at Kantha Tok, we were invited to go to Nir, a village a mile and a half farther across the fields. The weather had taken a change and it was getting very hot. We did not see how we could visit Nir for it would mean that we should have to walk eight miles there and back to the station where we could get an ekka home. Our loads of books and my little accordion made it even more difficult.

After that day at Kantha Tok, different people met us on the road, or while we were crossing the fields, and asked us when we were going to Nir village. A man came up to me one day as we were about to get on the ekka to start for home. He asked me when we were going to visit Nir. We had decided among ourselves that it was too far to walk in such heat so we would leave this village until fall. However, the three of us (the two Bible women and I) could not get Nir out of our minds. I found myself thinking of this village night after night after retiring. Could it be that God was desirous of our going to Nir and had put this village constantly before us by the invita-

tions of the different villages we had met? Would this be our last opportunity to visit Nir or should we still find an opportunity later? Would it not be better to go there at their invitation? Would they still want us at a later date? These, and many other similar questions kept flooding my mind.

Finally one morning as we were going to prayer, I suddenly thought that it would be a good day to go to Nir. The Bible women did not have any food prepared to eat on the way, but they were so happy when I made the suggestion and, after prayer, we started off quite loaded down with books.

It so happened that as we struck off across the fields we met an old man walking in the same direction we were. He asked us where we were going. We told him we were going to Nir. He said that he was going there himself, since he lived there, and kindly carried one of our heavy bags.

All along the way one of the Bible women preached to the old man, telling him about the "Paramathma" (Great Spirit) and the way of salvation.

We discussed our strategy before entering the village, and decided it would be better for us to have two or three good meetings at places of vantage, far enough apart so as to cover the entire village.

At first it seemed as though we had been misled, for the village didn't seem to be nearly as large as we had been led to believe. Save for a group of children sitting on the dirt floor of the village school studying aloud, the village seemed deserted. We had walked so far that our first impression caused a sudden feeling of disappointment to come over us. Nevertheless we proceeded farther into the village.

At each place we were given a rope bed on which to sit as is the custom of village etiquette. It was surprising to see the people come from different directions as I began playing my little accordion. We sang a song in Hindi to gain their attention, then began declaring the gospel message with great freedom. The people sat on the ground



before us and gave us their sincere attention. Several agreed as we pointed out how man, through disobedience, had been severed from fellowship with God. They nodded when we told of Christ's coming, of His life and His propitiation for sin which restores us to divine favor.

When we finished, there was silence. Would they be interested in the Gospels? Disregarding any question in our minds, we boldly placed the Gospels before them. The people did not seem interested. We pointed out the value of these books, since it is the Word of God and tells of eternal life. One by one they took a book and glanced through its pages. One by one they began to buy them. We were very much surprised when we counted the number of books sold.

The other meetings were held at the junction of two or three roads. It was very easy now, for the ice had been broken and the people didn't look upon us with suspicion any longer. We had very large crowds and when we mentioned the Gospels, we were overwhelmed with children and grown folk alike clamoring for them.

It was getting late as we finished the last meeting. The villagers insisted that we stay for their bazaar which was soon to gather. They even promised to send us back as far as the railway station in an ox-cart. I felt it would be wise to go, for we had no food with us and the others at home would be wondering what had become of us. So we bade them good-by and started off on our homeward journey. We arrived home at nearly seven o'clock in the evening, very tired but with the satisfying feeling of having taken the gospel to another village which had never been reached before. Now that the foundation has been laid with the Word of God, it will be easier for us to lead these people to Christ in the future.

Support Reaches Work of Marie Stephany

For a long time it has been practically impossible for us to send funds to the work of Marie Stephany. Now, however, we are pleased to report that through the kind cooperation of her missionary friends, we are able to send money to her work. We would therefore encourage those who have been helping our Sister Stephany to continue their offerings. Any who wish to get information concerning the children whom they are supporting should write directly to Miss Marie Stephany, her address being c/o Gloria Westerfield, Engle Road, Route 1, Berea, Ohio.

We also are happy to advise that friends of Miss L. B. Hough of South China are assisting us in getting funds through to many of our workers in the South China area, so that each month considerable sums of money are being forwarded to China. We feel that it is imperative that we maintain the flow of funds to China at this time of need.

Send all contributions to Noel Perkin, 336 West Pacific Street, Springfield, Missouri

Healed of Acute Appendicitis

ONE morning our daughter, Betty Faith, awakened about three o'clock, with a severe pain in her right side, which steadily kept getting worse as each hour went by. Although we prayed earnestly for her deliverance, she became worse, finally, toward noon, suffering severe, griping pains that caused her to be doubled up in bed. Her temperature began to mount.

Finally, in desperation, we consulted a physician, Dr. Johnson, who, after examination, told us it was acute appendicitis, and that she should be operated on not later than seven o'clock that night!

How we prayed! How we called on God! But no relief came. The poor child suffered such terrible pains. A neighbor suggested that we consult another doctor, Dr. Reed, which we did. His diagnosis was the same as that of the first one: acute appendicitis, saying that she should be operated on at once. This was about six o'clock, and we knew that it was but an hour to what was supposed to be the dead line.

We requested Dr. Reed to call an ambulance, and we arrived at the hospital about seven o'clock. For the glory of God, let me say that after getting her in the ambulance, she did not suffer one of those severe, griping pains, although her side was very sore, she was running quite a temperature, and was indeed a sick child.

There were about five or six hospital physicians assigned to her case, and it was past midnight before we had any definite word from them, as to their findings. Oh, how Mrs. Bostrom and I prayed during those hours! You see, this occurred just three months after my new book on Divine Healing, entitled, "The Causes of Sickness and How to Get Well," was published; and knowing how news travels and people talk, we didn't want to be a stumblingblock in the path of anyone, but rather an incentive to others to trust God. We didn't want people to say, "He tells others both from the pulpit and in his book, how easy it is to claim the promises of God. Why doesn't he do it himself?" After preaching Divine Healing throughout the United States and in Canada, and praying for the sick, for many years, preaching this part of the glorious gospel to others, we didn't want to be found lacking in faith, and fail to practice what we had preached to others. We cried to God to give us a testimony out of this experience, instead of an operation.

At 12:30 that night, three of the hospital physicians came to where we were waiting in the ante-room, and Dr. Garfield told us that Betty Faith's white blood count was 14,000 (a normal count is between five and six thousand), that they had taken a number of X rays, and made other tests, but that they were not sure just yet as to what it was that she had. "But," he said, "we are sure of one thing, and that is that it is not a surgery case!" Oh, how grateful we were to our Great Physician. We told the doctors that while they had been taking their X rays, etc., we had been praying to our heavenly Father, and that we believed that God answers prayer.

The very next morning, when we returned to the hospital, we learned that Betty's white blood count had dropped to 5100! Her temperature had gone down; her pulse was rapidly becoming normal. None of the hospital physicians admitted that a miracle had been performed. Upon questioning some of them if they hadn't had experiences where it was evident to them that God had miraculously stepped in and done something that they couldn't do, one of them replied, "Well, we have had some puzzling cases, but we call it nature." How stingy some people can be! Afraid to give God credit for doing the supernatural. But, upon informing Dr. Johnson, the South Pasadena physician, who had first been called in, he said, "That was God!"

The hospital doctors insisted on us leaving Betty Faith there for four days, while they were taking further X rays, and making other examinations, trying to find out what was wrong, rather than admitting that God had performed a miracle. But at the end of that time, we told them that we were going to take her home. We took her against their will, and on her papers they stamped the words, "Release incomplete," and said that we should bring her back two days later for a Bismuth X ray. But, we have never been back there since.

That night Betty Faith slept soundly in her own bed at home, until nine o'clock in the morning, and her appendix has never bothered her since. That is now nearly four years ago, and we praise God for His great healing mercy and power.

We can still preach Divine Healing, and can still declare both from the pulpit and through the printed page, that Jesus Christ is the same, yesterday, and today, and forever, and that He is the Healer of His people!—Evangelist John H. Bostrom, 450 Avenue 64, Pasadena, California.

A TUMOR HEALED

For over twelve years I had a fibroid tumor. I had several local doctors and two specialists from Detroit but they could not help me. They wanted to operate but when I asked them if they would guarantee the operation they said, "Oh, no!" I said I'd have a talk with the Lord and then let them know. I did talk with Him and He showed me that if I let them operate the sheet would be pulled up over my head. So I refused to be operated on. My husband urged me to go, but I told him my body was my own and that I was not going. If I died I would die in my own bed. I was a backslider and worse than ever. I drank, danced, played cards for money, went to shows, smoked, and I could swear like a man.

The last of February 1937, I saw an announcement of a church meeting where they would pray for the sick. I asked my husband to take me but he refused, saying it was just another fake. I couldn't go alone for I couldn't walk from one room to another without two shots of morphine which I had to take all of the time because of the pain. I had had an X ray of the tumor taken in 1932 and then it was the size of a saucer. I got help and went

to the meeting, and as I walked in I felt a warm glow go over my body, and I broke down and cried all through the meeting. God showed me my lost condition. I had to listen to two services before they would pray for me; then I was prayed for, but I felt no different.

I went home and poured out and threw out all the medicines I had, over my husband's remonstrance. He said I was going crazy. God only knows what I suffered for three months during which I studied His Word and waited. I found where He said I would not be tempted beyond my ability to stand. When my husband would urge me to have the doctor I would refuse, saying the Lord had promised to heal me and He would, and that I would die before I'd take another drop of medicine.

The last of May came and I was expecting company. On the 29th of May, 1937 I looked out of the window and there they were. Then something happened. The pain left me and I walked out to the gate, so surprised that I didn't feel any pain. I was talking to my niece who had come to be healed, telling her about the Lord when suddenly something dropped in my body. I went to the bathroom and that tumor passed through my bowels, and I haven't had a pain, nor have I taken a drop of medicine since.

The very next day we drove to Niagara Falls and back, and I've been going ever since. I tell everyone I get a chance all about my healing and what God has done for me. God has sanctified me now spirit, soul and body. I saw that He couldn't use half a woman so I gave my all to Him, and He surely has kept His word with me. I am fifty-two years old and I feel fine.—Mrs. Frank McKinnon, 26704 Wenfield Avenue, Roseville, Michigan.

SAVED AND HEALED

As a member of one of our leading churches for more than 50 years, and fed on a Spiritless diet, I could not and did not prosper spiritually until I made contact with the power of God to heal and cure the afflictions of His children.

My sister, Mrs. Fred S. Leland, Oklahoma City, Okla., gave me a subscription to the *Pentecostal Evangel*, and my eyes were at once opened to see the plan of salvation as given by the Great Physician Himself. Later I attended a healing service conducted by Charles S. Price, and was healed of curvature of the spine. Hallelujah, glory to the name of the Lord!

Only the power of God could do that. No human agency can cure curvature of the spine. The *Pentecostal Evangel* is my guide to the Bible plan of salvation.—John Wesley Conner, San Augustine, Texas.

A STATESMAN ON RELIGION

Senator Arthur Capper has said, "If we could bring into the relationships of humanity among ourselves and among the nations of the earth the brotherhood that was taught by Christ, we would soon see a restored world, a new hope for humanity throughout the globe. I cannot believe any sane man in this twentieth century can fail to recognize the value of the Christian church to the community, the state and the nation. The church still stands as the great bulwark of our civilization, the most vital thing in our national life."

LETTERS WE APPRECIATE

I was in missionary work in the Free Evangelical Church, making a tour through some of the Central States. I was most interested to note the magazines and papers in the various homes where I stayed, and determined that when I returned to Minnesota I would get myself a good Christian magazine. Accordingly I made a note of several addresses, and sent for sample copies. Among them was the *Pentecostal Evangel*.

Some publishers sent me one copy, some two, but I received seven *Evangels*. On top of that, I received a sweet personal letter thanking me for my interest in the paper and wishing it would be a blessing to me. It touched my heart. After reading a few of the samples of the different publications I felt that the *Evangel* was the paper the Lord wanted me to have. As I read it week by week I became hungry for something I knew I did not have—the Baptism in the Holy Spirit. Praise God, I have now received. Since then I have given the *Evangel* to others, and they too have become hungry.—Mrs. J. A. Johnson, Chicago, Ill.

REJECTED BUT NOT DEJECTED

According to the Central District bulletin, a certain brother carrying exhorter's papers was asked by the Credentials Committee how he was getting on with his Draft Board. "Fine," he said. "You see, I was classified 1-A and called up for examination, and in the process was interviewed by the psychiatrist. He asked me what I was doing. I told him, 'Preaching the gospel.' He wanted to know what church. I said, 'The Assemblies of God.' 'Who are the Assemblies of God?' 'That is a long story.' 'Well, out with it.' So I told him the Assemblies of God believe in salvation and gave him my testimony as to how I was saved. Then I told him the Assemblies of God believe in the Baptism in the Holy Spirit with speaking in other tongues, and told him how I had received the Baptism, and of visions which the Lord gave me at the time. I told him the Assemblies of God believe in divine healing and testified to my own healing from a serious chronic disease. I said that the Lord had also healed my eyes so I no longer needed to wear glasses. I told him that we also believe that the Lord Jesus is soon coming to earth again.

"While I was talking he made some notations on the back of my papers, and after asking a few more questions, sent me across the hall to await an interview with the naval psychiatrist. While waiting, I became curious and looked at the doctor's notes on my papers. They were as follows: 'Extreme religiosity, mild hysteria, prepsychic state, subject to hallucinations.' They classified me IV-F."

Among the Assemblies

DALLAS, TEXAS—We have just closed a 2-week revival at the Peak and Garland Church, with Evangelist Lee Krupnick of Tulsa, Okla. The attendance was excellent. Some received the Baptism, and some were saved. The church was greatly blessed by our brother's ministry, and we hope to have him back in the near future.—Loren B. Staats, Pastor.

ADONA, ARK.—We have just closed a 2-week revival with Evangelist Naomi Blaylock of N. Oil St., Morrilton, Ark. There were 6 saved, 4 baptized in water, and 5 lined up with the church. Both saved and unsaved were stirred. Sister Blaylock was formerly pastor at Oppelo, but is now in evangelistic work.—May Rushing, Pastor, Route 1.

HARRIET, ARK.—In a 3-week revival held here recently more than 32 were wonderfully saved, 10 were filled with the Holy Ghost, and 21 were baptized in water. Large crowds attended every service, and a large number of young people exchanged a life of

sin for salvation. The community was stirred and the church was built up and edified. I had as my helper Mozelle Copeland. The revival will not soon be forgotten.—Otha L. Akins, Evangelist, Route 1, Box 2, Yellville, Ark.

KERRVILLE, TENN.—We have just closed a 13-day revival, with Evangelist Elvis King. Good interest was manifested in the services both among the general public and the saints. About 14 were saved, some reclaimed, and 6 received the Baptism in the Holy Spirit. We are looking forward to a water baptizing soon. We broke the Sunday School record the first Sunday of the revival. The church was greatly blessed by Brother King's soul-inspir-

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120 pieces of linen finish sheets and envelopes, plus colored 4x5 print of Sallman's Head of Christ.

ing messages in sermon and song. This was the first revival in our new church.—Ben M. Belk, Pastor.

TEXAS CITY, TEXAS—We have just closed the best-attended meeting conducted here during our stay of more than six years, and possibly, in the history of the church. Several were saved, some reclaimed, and several received the Baptism in the Holy Spirit. The messages of Brother and Sister Krupnick were well received by the church and the community. The outstanding truths in the messages were salvation, separation from the world, and the Baptism in the Holy Spirit.—M. B. Netzel, Pastor.

BEATTYVILLE, KY.—Bethanna Mission Station was the scene of a gracious 3-week revival, Brother and Sister G. W. Hocker of Cottage Grove, Ore., being the evangelists. Sixteen were saved, and 5 were reclaimed. The church was stirred and a real hunger for the Baptism in the Holy Spirit was manifested when 20 tarried at the altar night after night. Revival fires spread to adjoining communities. Many who had never been in the church before were attracted by the transforming power of God in the lives of the crowds. A local C. A. group was organized.—Hazel Yopp, Missionary.

LOUISIANA DISTRICT COUNCIL

The eighth session of the Louisiana District Council, held at Bastrop, was the best attended since Louisiana has been a district. The messages of General Superintendent E. S. Williams were a real inspiration to all.

After L. O. Waldon, our present District Superintendent, had been elected by almost a unanimous vote on the nominating ballot, he declined to accept the office for another year. Those elected to fill the offices are as follows: District Superintendent, W. S. Ramby; Assistant District Superintendent, E. L. Tanner; Secretary-Treasurer, L. O. Waldon. General Presbyters; E. L. Tanner and L. O. Waldon. Sectional Presbyters: R. C. Ayers, W. C. Elmore, O. L. Tucker, F. C. Chamberlain and T. Horace Clark.—W. S. Ramby, Secretary-Treasurer.

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.

WEST PRESTONBURG, KY.—Sept. 3—; Evangelist and Mrs. Chas. Shaffer. G. R. Fannin, Pastor.

SIoux CITY, IOWA—723 Myrtle St.; Sept 7, for 3 weeks or longer; Evangelist and Mrs. R. S. Peterson from Wisconsin.—David Hastie, Pastor.

PINE BLUFF, ARK.—14th and Main Sts., Sept. 10-Oct. 1; Evangelist and Mrs. Don Mallough, Seattle, Wash.—O. M. Montgomery, Pastor.

CLARKSBURG, W. VA.—357 W. Main St.; Sept. 24, for 3 weeks; Mrs. E. E. Reckley, Cumberland, Md., Evangelist.—Russell W. Harvey, Pastor.

NORTH PLATTE, NEBR.—Tent Campaign, South Pine St.; Aug. 27, for 4 weeks; A. A. Allen, Evangelist.—E. M. Herrman, Pastor.

TOLEDO, OHIO—Dorr St. and Lawrence Ave., Sept. 3—; Anna B. Lock, Evangelist.—W. J. Domm, Pastor.

OSWEGO, KANSAS—Sept. 5-24; E. W. Goodman, Evangelist. All-day Fellowship Meeting and Homecoming, Oct. 3; V. G. Greisen in charge.—C. F. Hayes, Pastor.

HAMMON, OKLA.—Special Panhandle and Northwest Sectional Fellowship Meeting, all day, Sept. 11. Brother and Sister W. M. Rumbough, Pastors.—W. C. Crowder, Sectional Secretary.

KENNETT, MO.—Sept. 3, for several weeks; Floyd Heady of St. Louis, Evangelist; Mr. and Mrs. Clem Pankey of Kennett in charge of choir and special singing.—E. L. Hance, Pastor.

WEST FLORIDA DISTRICT COUNCIL
The West Florida District Council will convene at Marianna, Fla., Oct. 3-5; Ralph M. Riggs, guest speaker for evening services.—R. F. Hudson, District Superintendent, Box 395, Crestview, Fla.

CAMP MEETING
Northeast Arkansas Camp Meeting, Blytheville, Sept. 8-17; T. J. Gotcher, C. A. Lasater, and Agnes Stokes, main speakers. Kitchen available for those wishing to prepare own meals. Rooms furnished. For further information write the host pastor, H. E. Simms, Box 51, Blytheville, Ark.

CAMP MEETING
Camp Meeting, Maurer Lake, 1/2 mile south of Excelsior Springs, Mo., Sept. 5-15, under the auspices of the West Central District, and in co-operation with the Kansas and Southern Missouri Districts. This will be Kansas City's nearest Assembly of God

camp meeting. Clyde Bailey of Illinois, night speaker. Rooms and cabins at reasonable rates; meals on grounds. For further information write Bennie Clevenger, Lawson, Mo.—Z. E. Miles, Pastor, 507 South St., Excelsior Springs, Mo.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES

NEW ADDRESS—Skellytown, Texas. "After four years as pastor at Floydada, we resigned last March and have accepted the pastorate here."—Pastor and Mrs. H. C. Lonis.

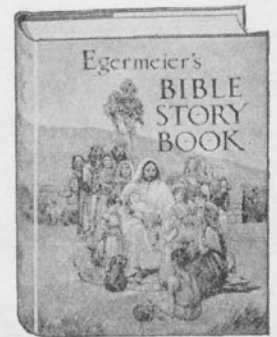
NOTICE—I am a nurse at the Bruno General Hospital here. Those who have boys out here, please write me, so that I may get them in touch with our pastor.—Mrs. Artie Belle Banta, De Vargas Court, 540 Cenillos Rd., Santa Fe, N. Mex.

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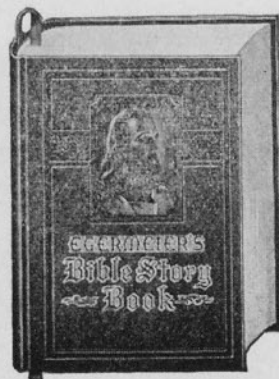
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THE SUGAR CREEK GANG, By Paul Hutchens. It would be hard to find an adventure story more packed with thrills than this story of Bill Collins and his pals. The boys found a mysterious map; they discovered where the treasure was buried; and they caught—but you'll want to read the story yourself to find out. **Price 60c.**

WE KILLED A BEAR! By Paul Hutchens. Here is a story that will keep any boy curled up in his chair; for the members of the Sugar Creek Gang are real boys who find plenty of excitement in the woods, fields and swamps of their own neighborhood.

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THE TRIPLETS OVER J. O. Y., By Bertha B. Moore. Another happy, rollicking tale of the Baer children, full of light-hearted fun and activity. Read how they came to broadcast over Radio Station J. O. Y.; had their pictures published in the daily paper, and took on a new "junior partner" as the family gained another member. **Price 60c.**

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF THE SUGAR CREEK GANG, By Paul Hutchens. Those who have read of the earlier adventures of the Sugar Creek Gang won't want to miss this book; and those who haven't will want to get acquainted with these boys right away, for the Sugar Creek Gang have a way of running into exciting experiences. **Price 60c.**

SUGAR CREEK GANG GOES CAMPING, By Paul Hutchens. What could be more temptingly welcome to a boy than a camping trip to the north woods with the Sugar Creek Gang?

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THE TRIPLETS IN BUSINESS, By Bertha B. Moore. Mix three jolly youngsters, a new house, a candy stand, two new friends, somebody who needs help, and plenty of excitement—and you have a story that boys and girls will enjoy. This story provides wholesome entertainment for boys and girls up to 14 years. **Price 60c.**

A CHILD'S STORY OF THE BIBLE. This is a Bible story book written especially for children. Beginning with Genesis and closing with Revelation, the story is full of interest, and is written so that it will be easily understood by boys and girls. In the development of the Biblical narrative constant reference to the Bible is made. **Price 60c.**

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The PASSING and the PERMANENT

AT THE PEACE TABLE

Says Pastor A. B. Covher of Chicago: "It has become a commonly recognized fact that the unchristian settlements of the last war gave birth to this newer and greater struggle for universal equality of opportunity. At the last peace table the French prime minister said, 'Oh, Wilson talks like Jesus Christ!' The tragedy of the present situation can be largely blamed to a world which took France's attitude instead of Wilson's."

WHAT ABOUT THE FUTURE?

The Protestant Voice says that, according to their chaplains, the servicemen who have seen combat are interested in three things: the future of the world after peace comes, the changes that need to be made in their homeland, and the place religion will play in society from now on. They are worried, yet hopeful, about the future of religion. They have seen what faith can do for a man facing death, and they think more of it would be good for men facing life.

RELIGIOUS IGNORANCE

In London, England, a 16-day evangelistic campaign was held recently, called "Faith for Our Times." The leaders were appalled at the religious ignorance they found among the people. Out of 100 men asked to recite the "Lord's Prayer," only 70 could add anything to the first few words. Not one of 50 girls knew what Easter means, and one factory girl, asked the meaning of Easter, said, "What's it in aid of?" England and America, the foremost nations in the missionary movement, have a missionary job to do right at home.

D-DAY PENANCE PARADE

Parents of American servicemen crawled two blocks on hands and knees to offer D-Day prayers in a certain church in the Latin-American quarter in Corpus Christi, Tex. An 80-year-old woman, mother of three sons overseas, joined in the 15-minute parade over the rough road.

We send missionaries to India to convert the Hindus from similar ideas; the priests of Baal, too, thought they could make their prayers more powerful by afflicting themselves; but this D-Day penance was done here in America in the name of Christianity!

"RELIGIOUS DYNAMITE"

Small "emotional sects" or "store-front religions" came in for special mention at a recent convention of a leading denomination. The learned doctors lamented the fact that these sects are growing faster than the big denominations. The spectacular growth of the Assemblies of God was cited as an example. Shifts of population due to war jobs have caused these sects to spread into many new areas; they have swept like a spiritual hurricane through urban communities, it was pointed out. One speaker called the rise of emotional sects "one of the most phenomenal events of American life." He admitted that "the regular denominations cannot laugh it off. We had better understand it, for it is religious dynamite."

FLYING BOMBS

Although thousands of lives have been taken by flying bombs, we can be thankful that as yet the German scientists have been unable to discover a satisfactory method of guiding these deadly missiles by radio. The time will come, however, if Jesus tarries, when pilotless planes with mechanical eyes will be able to seek out their targets with terrifying accuracy. Such planes were proposed several years ago by Dr. Lee DeForest. He stated: "In flight such a plane would be steered and operated by radio from a control plane that could remain as far as ten miles away. The flying bomb would contain in its fuselage a television transmitter and a radio-command receiver. Using the information relayed to him from the robot plane's television set, the pilot of the control plane would be able to steer the robot directly over the target to dive into the target." One can easily imagine the potential powers of such a weapon, should it be developed.

INTERNATIONAL CARTELS

The day is fast approaching when "no man might buy or sell, save he that had the mark, or the name of the beast." Rev. 13:17. World-wide rationing will prevail when the Antichrist rules the world. Of interest, therefore, is a report to the *New York Times* (June 25, 1944) saying that an inter-departmental committee of government technicians has agreed to the national post-war cartel policy. A final acceptance, rejection or modification of its proposals and recommendations of a committee on international commodity agreements is expected soon. A cartel is a world-wide agreement in any individual industry not to undersell or compete with any fellow members of the cartels. A world cartel in copper has existed for many years and similar cartels may be expected for all kinds of raw materials. All this organization will make it very easy for the Antichrist to get control of all the cartels so that no one may buy or sell without his permission.

DEMON POWER IN TIBET

Dr. H. L. Parry, a medical missionary of the China Inland Mission, visited Mowkung. According to *China's Millions*, he and his party had barely reached the first house at the entrance of the city, when suddenly a woman ran out of the house calling out loudly that "these men have come to tell us about the true God." She followed the doctor and his companions across the city continuing to herald the purpose of their coming. According to the doctor, no one could have known at that time of the purpose of their coming to the city, least of all this woman. Who, then, told her? The paper reminds us of Paul's experience recorded in Acts 16:16, 17. The damsel at Philippi followed Paul, crying out that "these men are the servants of the most high God, which show unto us the way of salvation." Paul, knowing there was an evil spirit in her, commanded in the name of Jesus Christ that it come out of her, and it did. The paper does not say whether Dr. Parry followed Paul's example or not.

FIVE MILLIONS LIQUIDATED

Approximately five million Jews have been liquidated, it was announced recently in Berne, Switzerland, in German newspapers containing an official survey. The Nazi report stated that "by action taken up to the present time, five million Jews have been eliminated in various countries of Europe," and that "there are still about 500,000 Jews to be dealt with in Hungary." It boasts that the Jews have suffered such heavy losses in Poland, for example, that such Jewish centers as Warsaw and Lublin have been "completely neutralized." The liberation of Europe cannot come too soon for the suffering Jews who are still alive.

"A VOICE FROM ON HIGH"

Life magazine told of the articles found in the pockets of a dead American soldier: a guide for New Zealand, sewing kit, snapshots of a girl and a baby, receipts for money orders sent home, some coins, an unfilled identification card and a notebook in which was written, with an awkward hand:

"This is the time for a new revelation. People don't think much about religion nowadays. But we need a voice from on high, brother, and I don't mean maybe. This thing has got out of human ability to run. I'm no religious fanatic, but we are in a situation where something better than human brains has got to give us advice."

The soldier was right—we need a voice from on high, something better than human advice. But we do not need a *new* revelation. God has already spoken unto us by His Son. The revelation is already given. What is needed is for men to walk in the light of it.

THE GOSPEL FOR JAPAN

A university professor, formerly a missionary to Japan, thinks that it is wrong to preach to the Japanese about "the Lamb of God." According to *Time*, he would substitute the cherry blossom as a Christian symbol, as that is the symbol of the supreme beauty of sacrifice to the Japanese. He says that to the Japanese the lamb is "a dirty, stupid and cringing animal." The word lamb is "an epithet of contempt and derision, . . . perhaps the vilest word in the language."

What the professor really wants is to take away the reproach from the message of the cross. To take away the reproach, however, would be to rob the cross of its power. Our Lord Jesus became "an epithet of contempt and derision" when He went to the cross. He became vile with the sins of Americans, Japanese and all mankind. What the Japanese need is to realize that when He, as the Lamb of God, went to the cross as "a dirty, stupid and cringing animal," He went in their place. The proud Japanese, whose religion is based on pride of ancestry and self-esteem, must humble himself and take his place as "a dirty, stupid and cringing animal" in God's sight, which, in truth, he is while in an unregenerate state.

No, the message of the "the Lamb of God" must not be changed. The true message must be preached until the Japanese, overwhelmed by the depths of humiliation to which Christ stooped, will see himself as he really is and will abhor his sin, crying out with the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner." That is the gospel of Christ, and it is his only hope.