

THE PENTECOSTAL evangel

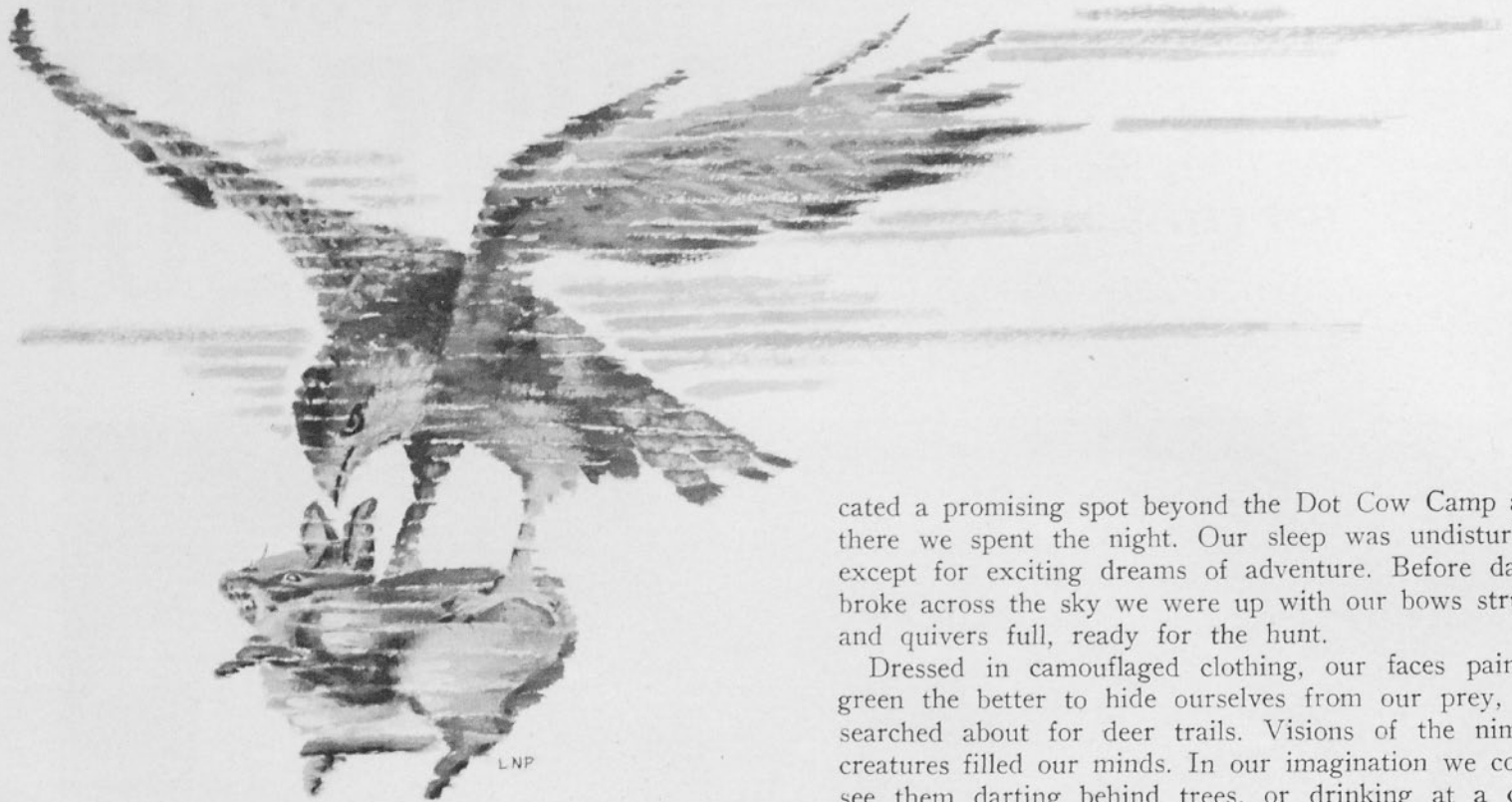
NOT BY MIGHT, NOR BY POWER, BUT BY MY SPIRIT, SAITH THE LORD



MAY 12, 1963
TEN CENTS



Johnnie Barnes used posters at the MF seminar to portray some of the activities of the Royal Rangers. (See pages 12-13 for news and photos of the new boys program.)



A Table in the Wilderness

Lost in the wilds of western Colorado, without food or water, the hunters could have echoed the doubters' doleful cry—"Can God furnish a table in the wilderness?" But instead they prayed and a miracle happened.

By **HARRY COLE**

GOD USES STRANGE METHODS TO ANSWER PRAYER SOMETIMES. He sent manna down like snow to feed the Israelites in the wilderness. He sent ravens to carry food to the prophet Elijah by the brook Cherith. He sent a hawk to carry food to two men who were lost and famished in the wilds of western Colorado.

It happened last August. Five of us (all connected with the Gospel Publishing House in Springfield, Missouri) had gone to the Uncompahgre Plateau in western Colorado to hunt deer with bows and arrows. We lo-

cated a promising spot beyond the Dot Cow Camp and there we spent the night. Our sleep was undisturbed except for exciting dreams of adventure. Before dawn broke across the sky we were up with our bows strung and quivers full, ready for the hunt.

Dressed in camouflaged clothing, our faces painted green the better to hide ourselves from our prey, we searched about for deer trails. Visions of the nimble creatures filled our minds. In our imagination we could see them darting behind trees, or drinking at a cool spring, or walking cautiously along a ravine.

We hunted two days, seeing many deer. We all got some shots but the deer in this area were wary and kept a safe distance from us.

Moving on to Barrell Springs, we camped beside a small lagoon formed by a spring in the mountainside. It was rugged country. The only trails were those made by animals. Our party was alone in a vast wilderness many miles from any other human being.

That night, before crawling into our sleeping bags, we challenged one another to renew the hunt in the morning. Our dreams had not faded, even though the deer had eluded us. Excitement ran high as we anticipated the morrow. Had we known what the morrow held we would not have been so impatient for it to arrive.

Our party split up, Robert Ready and I striking out in a westerly direction from the camp. We ascended into the elevated country of Big Bushy Mountain. We discovered that this high country had suffered a drought and no deer were to be found. It appeared that most game, if not all, had moved off to some less dry area.

We decided to turn back toward camp. "This valley will lead us back," said Robert.

"All right," I said. "Robert, you follow the valley and I'll go along the rim. Then if I spook any deer off the height you'll be in position to shoot them."

But after pursuing this course for a time I concluded we were wasting our time. Evidently there were no deer along the rim and none in the valley either. I descended into the valley in search of Robert. I could not find him!

I yelled. I whistled. There was no response. After a while I found his tracks. They went along a cattle trail that headed deeper into the valley, presumably in the direction of our camp.

Yelling and whistling as I went, I traced his steps but could not overtake him. Suddenly I realized we were in the wrong valley. Robert was not heading back toward

camp: he was going farther and farther afield!

Indecision hit me. Should I hurry back to camp alone, hoping Robert would somehow find his own way, or should I stay on his trail? Robert was sixteen years old. How could I face his father, who would be waiting for us back at Barrell Springs, if Robert did not return!

I followed his tracks, walking at a rapid pace. Suddenly I could find his tracks no more. I wondered if he had decided to cross the mountain. I made the arduous ascent and descent of the intervening mountain ridge, and to my great relief I spied his tracks again. They led me through the valley, but again the tracks ended, so I assumed he had decided to cross another mountain ridge. The assumption proved correct. I picked up his trail again.

By this time I was growing very weary. We had been separated for at least three hours, possibly four. To make matters worse, I had given our canteen to Robert, so I had no water. A person can suffer extreme dehydration in that high altitude.

Then, suddenly, I heard a shout. It was Robert. He had lost the canteen and was retracing his steps in search of it when he caught sight of me. The fact that we found each other after roaming for hours over that rugged mountain wilderness was, to me, a miracle as great as any I have known.

Fervently we thanked God for bringing us together, but still we were in a dilemma. Which way should we go? Should we climb back toward the height or should we continue to go downhill? The ascent would be a long, hard climb and we were feeling weak. We chose to descend, hoping to find a spring of water somewhere on the mountainside.

Before long we found a small basin-like formation of stone with water in it. We blew the wiggle-tails back and drank to satisfy our thirst.

Refreshed, but still without a canteen, we struck out again in what we thought was the direction of camp. Darkness fell. Robert was having severe pains in his legs and chest. However, he never complained. I have never seen such a plucky spirit in a teen-age boy. We built a fire and settled there on the rim of Dominguez for the night.

I can assure you that Robert and I did not retire without praying! After he had fallen asleep I left him there while I went off to pray alone. Using a log for an altar, I lifted my heart and voice in earnest prayer. Desperately I cried to God for help. And as I looked up and saw the stars shining like diamonds just above us, heaven seemed to be very near.

The next day we walked on, trusting God to guide us. It was plain to us both that we were lost. Furthermore we were hungry and thirsty. Our throats were parched and paining as we forged ahead through the wilderness. I was tempted to wonder whether I would ever see my wife and children again.

We found a crude trail evidently made by a jeep. This we followed until it forked, and we chose the trail that ran along the rim of the Dominguez. Our bodies craved water. It was now twenty-one hours since our last drink.

Looking down into the Little Dominguez Canyon, we saw a stream. With grateful hearts we carefully made

our way down into the canyon and slaked our thirst.

After drinking to my heart's content I waded into the stream and soaked in it. I found a deep hole by a boulder where I could submerge myself completely—with only my head sticking out of the water. I felt like a dry sponge absorbing the precious liquid.

Meanwhile, back at camp, our companions had become very worried by our absence. Don Ready, J. D. Woody, and Bob Ready (Robert's father) had gone for help. The searchers were not optimistic about finding us. After a while the rangers said, "Either we get them out today or recover their bodies later."

As we stumbled on, weak for lack of food, we saw occasional signs of civilization. But I was greatly concerned with Robert's condition. Now and then he would double over with stomach pains. I too was suffering in the early stages of starvation.

We were approaching a clump of trees in the middle of the canyon floor when suddenly a huge hawk flew up in front of us. Tightly clutched in its talons was a rabbit. Robert and I looked at the big bird. The hunger pains gnawed at us all the more as we saw it, for we had made many efforts to catch food without success. The hawk disappeared over the trees and we walked on.

Our very lives depended on a miracle. Could it be possible that the hawk would settle down somewhere and give us the opportunity to scare it away from the rabbit? How good it would taste! We would roast it! But why torture ourselves with such an impossible idea.

Then, suddenly, the hawk reappeared. It wheeled directly over our heads—and the rabbit was still held in its claws!

I had a sweat shirt in my hand, so I waved it frantically at the bird. The miracle happened. The giant bird let the rabbit fall at our very feet.

The doubters in Israel asked, "Can God furnish a table in the wilderness?" (Psalm 78:19). My answer is, "Yes, God can—and He did." We dressed the rabbit and ate it, but not without giving heartfelt thanks.

Strengthened by this heaven-sent meal, Robert and I traveled on until we came to the point where the Dominguez canyon meets the Gunnison River. Here we came upon a ranch occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Bill Rumpt. These two good people gave us a fine meal and two pitchers of iced tea. Never had food tasted so delicious as that meal devoured by two of the earth's hungriest men.

By means of telephone the rangers were notified that the pair of hunters had not perished in the wilderness, thanks to the mercy of God. Soon we were reunited with the rest of our party.

I lost considerable weight through this ordeal—after seven days I was still eight pounds under weight—but I gained new faith. I am glad the God we serve does answer prayer and does supply our needs, even if we get lost in a wilderness.

Editor's Note: This story is submitted by Johnnie Barnes, National Commander of the Royal Rangers. "Harry and Robert," he says, "had the benefit of two things that probably spelled the difference between life and death. These are: a knowledge of outdoor life, and a strong faith in God. These are two of the chief emphases of our Royal Rangers program." ◀◀◀

Official Voice of the Assemblies of God
1445 Boonville Avenue, Springfield, Missouri

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Addresses in the U.S. and U.S. possessions: Single subscription \$2.50 a year; \$4.75 two years; \$7.00 three years. Special introductory offer \$1.00 for 20 weeks. Bundle rate (minimum of four subscriptions, all mailed to the same address) 65c for 13 weeks, \$2.25 for a year, on each subscription. Canadian addresses: Single subscription \$3.00 a year; \$5.75 two years; \$8.50 three years. Bundle rate (minimum of four subscriptions, all mailed to the same address) 78c for 13 weeks, \$2.75 for a year, on each subscription. Foreign lands (except Canada and PUAS countries*): Single subscription \$4.25 a year; \$8.25 two years; \$12.25 three years. Bundle rate (minimum of four subscriptions, all mailed to the same address) 91c for 31 weeks; \$3.50 for a year, on each subscription.

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Printed in the U.S.A. Second-class postage paid at Springfield, Missouri.

STATEMENT OF FAITH

WE BELIEVE the Bible to be the inspired and only infallible and authoritative Word of God. WE BELIEVE that there is one God, eternally existent in three persons: God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. WE BELIEVE in the deity of our Lord Jesus Christ, in His virgin birth, in His sinless life, in His miracles, in His vicarious and atoning death, in His bodily resurrection, in His ascension to the right hand of the Father, and in His personal future return to this earth in power and glory to rule a thousand years. WE BELIEVE in the Blessed Hope, which is the Rapture of the Church at Christ's coming. WE BELIEVE that the only means of being cleansed from sin is through repentance and faith in the precious blood of Christ. WE BELIEVE that regeneration by the Holy Spirit is absolutely essential for personal salvation. WE BELIEVE that the redemptive work of Christ on the cross provides healing of the human body in answer to believing prayer. WE BELIEVE that the baptism of the Holy Spirit, according to Acts 2:4, is given to believers who ask for it. WE BELIEVE in the sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit by whose indwelling the Christian is enabled to live a holy life. WE BELIEVE in the resurrection of both the saved and the lost, the one to everlasting life and the other to everlasting damnation.

{ Average paid circulation in March }
179,622 copies weekly

A Mother's Influence

On the second Sunday of each May we try to make amends for taking our mothers for granted all the year long, by designating a single day in their honor. This paltry tribute to such noble lives evokes an amazing amount of gratitude. Mothers shame us by their self-effacing spirit; they seem oblivious to their own sacrifices and genuinely surprised when some of the favors they are constantly showering on others happen to come their way for a change!

Thank God for Christian mothers! They are the Lord's best gift to the world, outside of our Saviour. They are God's best helpers and the nation's greatest treasure. They wield more influence for good than anyone will know this side of heaven.

Nearly every man whose life has been a blessing to humanity has had a godly mother. Think of Moses, who grew up in a heathen court. His mother's influence upon his early life was so great that when he was grown he turned his back on all the royal pleasures of sin and became a mighty leader of God's people.

And think of Samuel. He was a very small child when his mother brought him to the temple and left him there to live with Eli and his wayward sons: yet the influence of her early training and her daily prayers kept him pure and upright all the days of his life.

The story of John Newton, the hymn writer, is mentioned elsewhere in this *Evangel*. Newton attributed his salvation to his mother's prayers. He was a blasphemer, a drinker, a very wicked and debased young fellow engaged in the slave traffic; but his mother prayed earnestly and continually for her wayward son before she left this life and Newton said he never forgot her prayers. One day, when far out at sea, he was missed by the crew. They found him down on his knees praying and saying, "O Thou God of my dead mother, have mercy on my soul!" God heard his prayer and Newton gave us some of the most beautiful hymns we have.

The mother of Charles Spurgeon said: "Now, Lord, if my children go into sin it will not be from ignorance that they perish, and my soul must bear swift witness against them at the day of judgment if they lay not hold of Jesus Christ." God heard that mother's prayer and saved young Spurgeon who became one of the greatest gospel preachers of all time.

We could go on and on mentioning the saintly mothers, themselves little known, who have given to the world its most illustrious sons. There was Suzanna Wesley, wife of an obscure minister in England. The world has heard a great deal of her sons, John and Charles, who founded the Methodist Church, but how many have heard of their mother? It was she who trained the boys and fitted them for their great work, and in time to come her children surely will rise up and call her blessed.

D. L. Moody paid an affectionate tribute to his mother at her funeral. He stood by the form of his departed loved one holding in his hands the old family Bible and the worn book of devotions, and he said: "It is not the custom, perhaps, for a son to take part on such an occasion, but if I can control myself I should like to say a few words. It is a great honor to be the son of such a mother. I could not praise her enough. In one sense she was wiser than Solomon for she knew how to bring up her children. . . ."

May the Lord in His great mercy give us more Christian mothers like these to salt the earth and guide mankind in the paths of righteousness.

—R.C.C.

TO MY MOTHER

God took a flower as fresh and lovely as a new day. He took the sweetness of a child's caress. He took a song of love, unheard on earth; and then, with a breath of life, awakened a heart so great, so rich in giving, that it could only belong to you, dear Mother.

God gave you rare and beautiful hands which I have grown to know as gentle, yet strong—hands that have toiled long and willingly for many years in devotion to duty.

Tears have sprung to your dear eyes at unintentional hurts I brought you. They seem to have gone unnoticed all these years—but they are planted in my heart today as a symbol of a mother's love for her children.

Thank you for the memories of childhood that are made precious because of your gentle guidance. You deserve the deepest devotion, and this you have—a million times over. God bless and keep you, dear Mother!

—JOAN TILLEY



Mother's Day and Night

Around the house and in and out
And up and down the walk,
Shrieks and shouts and laughter
Are mixed with play and talk.
I shudder at each boom and blast
And long for peaceful places,
At night I tip with brimming heart
To see their angel faces.

—Annie Kendall Wilson

"A SCOTCH MITHER"

Like every good Scotch mother, she too had been praying that at least one child of hers should be a minister. And being only a poor widow woman she had saved diligently for years to make the prayer come true.

The great day came when he was to graduate with honors, valedictorian of his class. He had written her: "Mither, come ye awa doon to Edinburgh and hear me make my speech." To which she had replied: "Ye ken I hae nae frock to come in!" Whereupon he wrote back: "Wash your auld gingham and come ye awa doon."

So she washed it, and came. She sat in the front seat, a mere wisp of a creature, her face radiant during the speech. Later, when the chancellor was about to pin on the medal, the son suddenly cried. "Nay, nay, mon"

Then, taking the medal, he turned to the little old lady: "Mither! Stand ye up a wee, Mither!"

She stood up. "This belongs to ye, Mither. Yer auld hands digged in the soil to get the siller to gie me my chance, Mither. So this belongs to ye!"

And he pinned the medal on her old gingham frock while the audience cheered.

—*Christian Monitor*

AN EXPECTANT MOTHER'S PRAYER

Heavenly Father, I am about to go seeking a little soul—a thing that shall be mine as no other thing in the whole world has been mine. Prepare me for motherhood. Preserve my mind from all doubts and worry, so that the little mind that is forming may become a brave, clean battler in this world of dangers.

And God—when the child lies in my arms and when those eyes look up to mine to learn what this new world is like—I pledge Thee, the child shall find reverence in me, and no fear; truth and no shame; love, strong as life and death; no hates.

O God, make my baby love me. I ask no endowments of excellencies for my child, but only that the place of motherhood, once given me, may never be taken from me.

Give it a clean mind and a warm free soul. And I promise Thee that I shall study the little one to find what gifts and graces Thou hast implanted, that I may develop them. I shall respect its personality.

And now, Father, I fold my hands and place them between Thy hands and pray, in Jesus' name, that it may be Thy will to give me a proper baby, and make me a proper mother. Amen.

—DR. FRANK CRANE

A TRAGIC OMISSION

A young girl lay on her bed with what proved to be a fatal illness. She was the only child, the idol of her parents. Her every whim had been granted.

The doctor was called and, after examining his young patient, whispered into the mother's ear. The message was heard by the sick girl. Calling her mother, she said: "Mother, you have taught me to dance, to dress well, to comport myself in the world; but one thing you failed to teach me and that is how to die!"

What a tragic omission! A mother fails in fulfilling her responsibility toward her children when she does not tell them the wonderful story of God's love.

—*Selected*

A GREAT VOCATION

As a young girl watched her mother washing dishes, and thinking of the many, many times she did them along with all the other housework, she said, "Mother, don't you ever get tired of washing dishes?"

The mother replied, "I'm not doing dishes; I'm building a home."

—*Selected*



PHOTO BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

Memories OF MOTHER

By EVELYN WITTER

THOUGH I DON'T REMEMBER MY MOTHER EVER GIVING me a long lecture on religion, she was by far the best teacher I ever had.

I can remember back to a very early age, even before I could understand all the words I heard. I knew that "God is love." Not in so many words, of course, but by the look in my mother's eyes, the sound of her voice, her smile. She transmitted this Bible verse to me by living it. I learned it so thoroughly that it became a part of me.

It was the same with other principles of Christianity. Take unselfishness, for example. In grade school, when I was given my first speaking piece, I dashed home in a flurry of excitement. "Oh, Mother!" I exclaimed. "I'm going to say a poem before the whole PTA. You must come and hear me!"

"Of course I'll come. I'm glad you want me to," Mother said.

And she attended the meeting. I remember her encouragement and help when the day came and I got stage fright. I remember too how I sought her face in the audience when I got up to recite, and how comforting it was to see her there.

Of course, I took her presence pretty much for granted. It wasn't until weeks later that Aunt Rose told me how Mother had saved up a little money here and there for several months to buy a ticket for a lecture by one of her favorite authors, which took place on the afternoon of the PTA meeting! She had been looking forward to this lecture for a long time, and then had given the ticket to Aunt Rose and had come to hear me speak instead. Mother would never have disclosed these facts to me.

No amount of talking could have driven home the true meaning of unselfishness as did that little incident of my school days.

Not that there weren't many other examples of true unselfishness. There were. Mother's shabby coat versus a radio for the family. The trip she didn't take and the new encyclopedias for the children. The house on the hill the folk never bought and my college education.

Mother was also a teacher of truth because she was unfailingly truthful. One time when the folk were very anxious to sell their house because the family had grown too big for it, a real-estate man was showing it to some people who seemed to be in the notion of buying it. His vocabulary was all in the superlative. He never once mentioned the fact that the furnace had a large crack in it and most of the heating system would have to be replaced.

Mother was quiet until the people seemed almost ready to close the deal. "I think you should know," she said, "that the furnace is worn out."

I remember thinking how foolish she was. Why bring up the furnace when she was so anxious to sell and such a statement might easily prevent the sale? The real-estate agent scowled and tried to signal her not to speak. But she disregarded him.

Then the prospective buyer asked: "Is that all that's wrong with the house?"

The agent tried to cut in, but the man indicated that he was only interested in Mother's answer.

"That's all," she answered him. "To the best of my knowledge everything else is as it was represented to be."

"That does it!" said the man. "I'll take the house."

I was stunned, as was the agent, who looked embarrassed and defeated.

"You see," the buyer added, looking admiringly at my mother, "I'm in the heating business. I knew about the furnace. That's why I hesitated about buying. I thought that if you wouldn't tell me about the furnace, maybe you misrepresented something else too."

I often picture my mother standing up to tell the truth, and how every word she ever spoke was honored and respected.

But Mother was always considerate of others. She felt real friendship for her friends. One time, when a friend's husband died, Mother prepared food for the bereaved family and asked me to help her take it over to the saddened home.

When we arrived, she offered her sympathy and tried to be consoling. Her face and her manner were quiet and sincere. Many other people came and said the same words and looked the same as Mother did, and then left. I could hear their cheerful voices when they got out of

earshot of the house, because I was sitting on the porch. But when Mother and I left and walked back home, tears fell from her eyes in genuine, heartfelt sympathy for her friend's loss.

Comparing my mother's attitude with the attitude of some of the other friends made a deep impression on my young impressionable mind.

And though we attended church regularly and had daily family prayers, the remembrances of these things are not as vivid as are the memorable times when I walked into a room unexpectedly and heard my mother praying quietly as she sat in meditation. How devout she was! How her devotion inspired my own feelings of the need to talk to God!

Mother also taught me kindness of speech because her words and tones were never harsh. She taught me constancy because she always kept a promise. She taught me about God because to me she was the incarnation of the best and highest values of life, of all that is most beautiful and good.

I thank God for a mother who taught me that Christ is real and that Christianity is a living faith. ◀◀◀

A GOOD WHILE AGO IN SMOKY, FOGGY, LOVELY LONDON there was a fully surrendered, consecrated woman—grey-haired, bent-backed (she spent many hours a day over the washtub and the ironing board). She had a boy. He ran away to sea in his teens and for years she did not know where he was. And she prayed, of course. These praying mothers! And prayer never fails! Many a time the dew of her eyes mingled with the suds as she prayed for John on the high seas, she knew not where. And the prayer was answered, of course. No real, simple prayer ever failed yet. It cannot. John came to Jesus. And then he began telling others about Jesus, and he became known as "the sailor preacher" of London. And John Newton, London's sailor preacher, was the means of turning men—I will use a big word thoughtfully—by the *thousands* to Jesus.

Among the many that John Newton touched there was one man, Thomas Scott—cultured, scholarly, moral, "didn't need a Saviour." Scott came to Jesus; and then Scott, as many of you know, by tongue and by pen

—again I will use that big word—swayed *thousands* for Jesus.

Among the many that Scott touched there was one man the very reverse of Scott—young, dyspeptic, melancholy, "too bad" for God to save. But Scott touched Cowper, and Cowper found out about a Fountain filled with Blood. And he was cleansed in that Blood. He wrote down his hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood." Some folk do not like that hymn today. Some of the new hymnbook makers are leaving it out. But the old hymn was sung, and saved people by the *thousands*.

And Cowper touched a man among the many: Wilberforce—clever, a Christian statesman, who was a lay preacher of the old school. And Wilberforce touched *thousands* of the middle class of England and inspired the empire to free its slaves.

And Wilberforce, among the many, touched one man, a vicar of the Church of England, in the Channel Isles, named Richmond. He was changed. And Richmond knew the story of the daughter of a milkman in an adjoining parish. She had an unusual touch of the power of God. He wrote down her story. He called the little book *The Dairyman's Daughter*. And *The Dairyman's Daughter* went into forty-odd foreign translations (a remarkable thing in that day). The little book went into peasants' huts and kings' palaces and all between, everywhere burning like a soft, intense flame. And untold *thousands* of lives were touched and changed.

The center of the whole thing, an old woman—grey hair, bent back, stubby fingers—bending over the washing and ironing as she prayed for her boy, John, and praying until John came. I am very clear about this: the Man on the throne yonder, who came from the throne to the Cross and back, would say: This woman, she was My friend. Through her prayer I could loose the power that touched untold thousands."

—The Challenger

Praying Mothers

By S. D. GORDON



Men Are What Their Mothers Make Them

By JAMES E. ADAMS

"MEN ARE WHAT THEIR MOTHERS make them." So said Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Until I was fourteen I never knew my mother to attend church. She and Dad sent us to Sunday school.

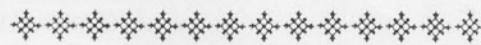
Then one day my younger sister went to a revival service at Bethel Pentecostal Church and there she was converted. I was too busy—studies, Boy Scout activities, working part time in a grocery store—to notice the difference in my sister's life. But Mother saw the change and noticed that it lasted! Several months later she, too, began to attend Bethel, and was soon converted.

Mother had entered Shippensburg State Teachers College years before, but just prior to graduation she had become quite hard of hearing. This had kept her from entering her chosen vocation. Perhaps it was because of this disappointment that Mother read very little. She could read all that interested her in the newspaper in ten or fifteen minutes.

Her conversion experience, however, created a compelling desire for God's Word. The family Bible, reposing for so long practically unmolested behind the curved glass door in the bookcase, now found a place of prominence

on the library table. There I saw Mother reading the leatherbound Book every day.

I did a lot of reading in those days. Sometimes on Sunday afternoons I would read the book-length novel in

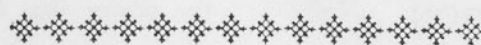


A Mother's Joy

They talk of a mother's toil and care,
Of the tasks that her hands must do,
Of the furrows that creep o'er the brow
once fair,
Of the burdens and heartaches too.
But they know not the joy stitched in each
little dress,
The pattering footsteps that brighten and
bless,
The thrill of a baby's caress—
Ah, nobody knows but mother.

There was never a task by the Father given
That brought not its blessing too,
And the life that lies the nearest heaven
Was given, O mother, to you.
The task is great, but the joy is sweet,
The hours of prayer bring a faith complete:
And the highest wisdom our life can meet
Lies hid in the heart of a mother.

—Selected



the Sunday newspaper. If I became particularly interested in a library book I would read it through in one evening. So the change in Mother's reading habits intrigued me even more than her conversion.

I continued going to Sunday school and Scout meetings in the church I regularly attended, but now and then I visited with Mother and my sister at Bethel. Finally, I realized that although I knew the catechism, I was unsaved. Reasoning it out, I knew that if I were to go to the altar at Bethel I would want to attend Sunday school there. Their C. A. service was on the same night as our Scout meeting. This would sever me from my friends in the other church.

About a year after Mother's conversion, I yielded to the convicting power of the Holy Spirit and surrendered my life to Christ. I became a C.A. and a member of Bethel Pentecostal Church. In some strange way, this changed my reading habits. With my next paycheck I bought a Bible which I have continued to read through time after time ever since.

I can still picture our family Bible on the library table. You know, Emerson was right: "Men are what their mothers make them." ◀◀

The Glory in the Grey

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of deep darkness" (Psalm 23:4, R.V., margin)

It takes the night to bring out the glory of the stars. It requires the stormcloud to make it possible to paint the rainbow. Tribulation and affliction are only the wrapping-paper around God's priceless miracles and joys.

God's dealings with us often seem, to the outward eye, dark and terrible. Faith looks deeper, and says, "This is God's secret; you look only on the outside; I look deeper and see the hidden meaning."

Let us not become impatient with God; but understand that there are two ends to every tunnel, and that the Hand that leads us in is the same loving Hand that will lead us out—yea, and will hold our hand as we journey through.—Mrs. Chas. E. Cowman

What God Said

Young Readers' Quiz

by Dick Champion

In the puzzle below is something that God said all children should do. You can find out by unscrambling the puzzle. Start at the upper left-hand corner. Move just one letter at a time, either up or down or right or left. The gray squares indicate the end of a word. To help you get started, the first word is "honour." To check your answer, look up the first part of Exodus 20:12.

START		
H	R	T
O	U	H
N	O	Y
E	H	F
R	T	A
A	T	H
N	D	Y
T	O	M
H	E	R
		END



Answered by Ernest S. Williams

YOUR QUESTIONS

Was the "city of David" Bethlehem or Jerusalem?

Throughout the Old Testament Zion, a part of Jerusalem, was called the "city of David" (2 Samuel 5:7, 9, etc.) but in the New Testament the name was given to Bethlehem (Luke 2:4, 11). The one was the seat of his government; the other his ancestral home.

In Acts 28:2, 4 there is mention of barbarous people on the island of Melita. Were they savages?

Not necessarily. Among the Greeks and Romans, any people who did not speak their languages were considered barbarians. The inhabitants of Melita (the modern Malta) spoke a foreign language.

The dictionary says: "A barbarian was a foreigner, a term used depreciatively by ancient Greeks or Romans concerning one outside their civilization."

The Bible records the birth of twelve sons to Jacob, but names only one daughter (Genesis 30:21). Do you think Jacob had any other daughters?

Usually in Bible days the record of female children was not given unless there was something outstanding to be recorded concerning them. Even Mary's female ancestors were not recorded—the record traces only her male ancestors (Luke 2:23-38). Genesis 46:7 indicates that Jacob had other daughters: "His sons, and his sons' sons with him, his daughters, and his sons' daughters."

Does Exodus 15:26 ("I will put none of these diseases upon thee, which I have brought upon the Egyptians: for I am the Lord that healeth thee") mean that we may live in health if we obey the Lord, or does it refer to the judgments that the Lord sent through Moses on the land?

This verse might give rise to controversy, but my opinion is that it refers principally to judgments which the Lord would inflict upon Israel because of disobedience. (See Deuteronomy 28, especially verses 27, 28.) The Scriptures indicate that disease might be a divine chastisement, but we must not conclude that all sickness is a judgment of God! We do not believe that God arbitrarily imposes diseases on His children. Remember our bodies are mortal, subject to sicknesses, and will continue to be until Christ comes. At that time we will receive "the redemption of our bodies" (Romans 8:22, 23). If by faith any can enjoy continued health, we thank the Lord, but let none assume a condemning spirit toward those less fortunate.

Should ministers perform mixed marriages—that is, between Protestants and Catholics, or in a case where one or both may be unsaved?

The only restriction laid upon any minister by the Assemblies of God is that he must not perform marriages for persons who are divorced if a former companion is still living. Beyond that each minister is a law unto himself, although I do believe there are very few who would violate the warning against believers uniting with unbelievers (2 Corinthians 6:14 to 7:1).

For Protestants to marry Catholics is certainly to be *unequally yoked*, and trouble is likely to follow unless the Catholic is converted or unless the Protestant is willing to permit the children to be baptized and brought up in the Catholic faith.

Performing marriages is serious business! Many ministers will not perform any marriage until they have counseled the couple and have satisfied themselves that the marriage is fitting, and that it has good hope of success, and that both parties understand the responsibilities connected with marriage.

If you have a spiritual problem or any question about the Bible, you are invited to write to "Your Questions," The Pentecostal Evangel, 1445 Boonville Ave., Springfield, Mo. Brother Williams will answer if you send a stamped self-addressed envelope.



Five Years Progress in Barcelona, Spain

By KENNETH and MARTHA McINTYRE
Missionaries to Spain



The Alcalde family, national pastors.

SPAIN WAS FOR SO MANY CENTURIES CUT OFF BY TOPOGRAPHY and temperament from the rest of Europe that it has developed a culture and atmosphere much different from other European nations. It is like another world hidden behind the Pyrenees. Until a few years ago, this world was largely a mystery to the rest of civilization. Tourists seldom crossed Spain's border. However, times have changed. Today the Spanish tourist trade is booming. There is new opportunity for outsiders to see the land of the bullfight and the fiesta. Every year thousands of tourists come to relive the past glories of this nation, once one of the mightiest on earth.

The position of the Roman Catholic church as state church of Spain is historical. After many years of holding a traditional monopoly over the spiritual life of Spain, the state and the Vatican signed a concordat in 1841 which legally established Roman Catholicism as the state religion. However, Spanish Protestantism is far from dead. Non-Catholic groups who hold permits for

specific local places of worship and who observe certain restrictions have the right to assemble. Non-Catholic churches must not resemble churches from the outside, and no signs visible from the street can be used to mark them. But in these unmarked churches and halls vigorous gospel singing can be heard. Protestant clergymen, Spanish and foreign, are free to preach as they please as long as there are no public manifestations.

Five years ago we rented a small hall in Barcelona which had been occupied by another congregation. This hollow-tile brick building, with a baptistry built under the platform, comfortably seats eighty people. We re-decorated, enlarged the platform, and rented a piano. Curtains divide the church into Sunday school rooms when appropriate.

"Like a cloud of dew in the heat of harvest" (Isa. 18:4) describes the Lord's blessings upon the church during these five years. Although we could not conduct great revivals such as are held in countries where religious



The congregation fills the Barcelona Assembly to capacity. A Sunday school teacher uses visual aid to teach a Bible story.





Church library provides Christian literature for eager readers.



The Barcelona WMC's unselfishly minister to those in need.

liberty is enjoyed, we do have much for which to praise God. We are grateful for every individual who has received peace in his soul, for the many who have been filled with the Holy Spirit, and for the general spiritual growth of the believers. Although often sorely tried by Roman Catholic opposition our Christians reveal the wonders of God's over-ruling grace by glowing testimonies.

It saddens us to see some who have attended the meetings a few times drop out, finding the price too great. It is not easy for a Spaniard to take a stand for Christ in the face of opposition from family, friends, the state church, and the government. But they have heard the gospel and the seed has been sown. It may lie dormant, but His Word shall not return void.

During these five years the Barcelona Assembly has been busy reaching others. Two outstations have resulted from the concern of the church members to tell others the same message of peace and joy that liberated them from tradition and image worship. Young people from the Assembly help conduct Sunday school and church services at the outstations. Often attendance at these preaching points has been in the fifties. The Christians have distributed hundreds of tracts, gospels, and New Testaments.

In small Spanish towns obstacles to the gospel are much greater than in the cities. The majority of small towns are ruled by those who prevent Protestant witnesses from visiting the people. In spite of this, many people show a deep interest in the gospel. Fourteen have been baptized in water and twenty-three have been filled with the Holy Spirit in our outstations.

During the summer of 1961 the Assembly in Barcelona was organized and a board of deacons was elected. A few weeks later the Women's Missionary Council, began meeting monthly. In addition to studying the Word and taking requests to the Lord in earnest prayer, their ministry includes visiting the sick, distributing tracts, and providing food and clothing to those in need.

A married couple from the Barcelona Assembly are now in full-time ministry. Miguel and Lola Pujol and their daughter, Lolita, were saved, baptized in water, and filled with the Holy Spirit in the Barcelona As-

sembly in 1959. Their eagerness to serve God made them outstanding workers in the church and outstations. They spent a year studying, teaching, and preaching in different places. In April, 1962, they began pastoring the Assembly in La Coruña, a city of about 85,000.

Every summer the Assembly in Barcelona conducts vacation Bible schools in the main church, in the outstations, and in other Evangelical churches. In this way many children who are forbidden by their parents to attend our Sunday schools are reached with the gospel. They are attracted by visual aid and handwork and have opportunity to hear the Word of God preached in truth.

Almost everyone in the Barcelona Assembly likes to read, including those who have had very little education. This inspired us, two years ago, to start a church library. Minds hungry for spiritual inspiration and information are now being satisfied with evangelical reading material.

The work of a missionary is to pioneer and establish churches and then turn them over to national leaders. For this reason we prayed that God would provide a national pastor for the Barcelona Assembly and outstations. God has answered that prayer. The Alcalde family, José, Juanita, and their two children (María, seven, and Joel, three) moved to Barcelona the first of March. They have taken up their responsibilities with fervor and a keen burden for souls.

The goals, objectives, and growth of the Barcelona Assembly are hampered because the church is located on the outskirts of the city on a side street far from transportation. The daily prayer of the congregation is for a more central location. If we are to advance for the cause of Christ, we must secure an adequate building in a better place. We have located a Baptist church for sale with a seating capacity of more than 200 and a six-room apartment above it. The building is in excellent condition and is ideally situated one block from subway, streetcar, and bus lines. Fifteen thousand dollars are needed to buy this property.

Should you like to help us advance the work in Barcelona, send your offerings to the Foreign Missions Department, 1445 Boonville Ave., Springfield, Mo. Designation: *Spain (Barcelona Church Building)*.

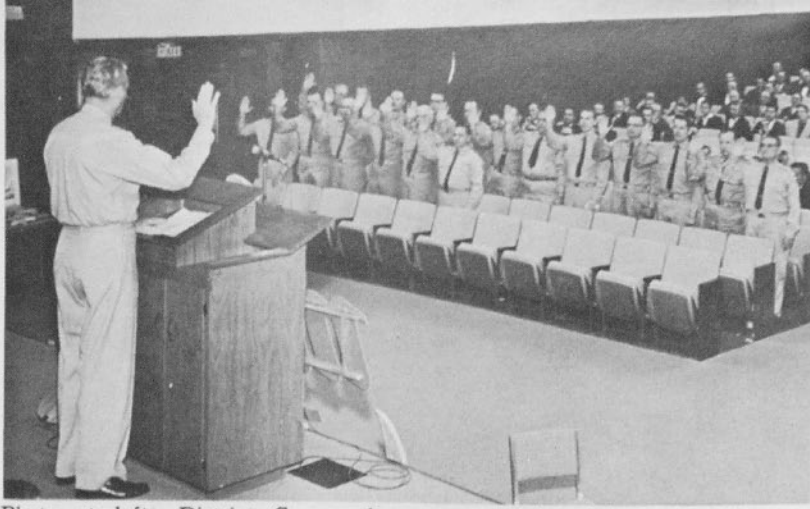


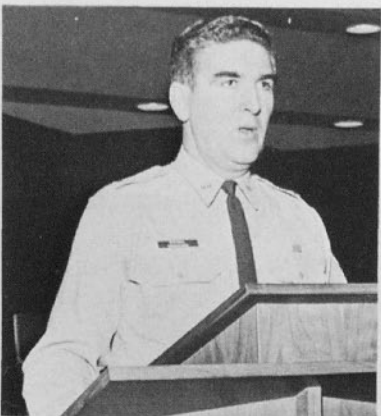
Photo at left: District Commanders repeat their pledge of office in the commissioning ceremony. Right: Warren McPherson, national councilman, leads the singing. The General Council Men's Chorus (in background) sang the new Royal Rangers song and other selections. Uniformed men on the platform are members of the national advisory council.



T. F. Zimmerman speaks at the commissioning service.



Howard S. Bush, executive director of Men's Fellowship, is ranking officer in the Royal Rangers.



Burton Pierce, national MF secretary, is a national councilman in the Royal Rangers.

DISTRICT COMMANDERS Commissioned in Impressive Royal Rangers Ceremony

THE AUDITORIUM OF THE ASSEMBLIES OF GOD headquarters in Springfield, Mo., was the scene of a historic event March 15 when twenty District Commanders were commissioned for service in the Royal Rangers. Though the new boys' organization was introduced last September, the commissioning of the District Commanders was the first public ceremony of an official nature.

Howard S. Bush gave the charge. After the district leaders gave their response in unison, Brother Bush, who, by virtue of his position as executive director of the Men's Fellowship Department of the Assemblies of God, is ranking officer in the Royal Rangers, commissioned the group and prayed God's blessing upon them.

The District Commanders will spearhead the forming of local Royal Rangers outposts in their districts from coast to coast. Already more than 100 outposts have been fully chartered. Many other groups of boys are meeting regularly but have not yet met all the requirements for chartering.

District Commanders have the rank of lieutenant colonel and Outpost Commanders wear the insignia of captains. Military titles are one of the features that distinguish Royal Rangers from other scouting organizations. The motto is "Ready." There are three divisions: the boys nine to eleven years of age are known as Pioneers; those twelve to fourteen are called Trailblazers; while the fifteen- to seventeen-year-olds are either Air Rangers or Sea Rangers.

Featured speaker at the commissioning service was T. F. Zimmerman, General Superintendent of the Assemblies of God. "This is

a historic moment," he said, addressing the new District Commanders. "You will be pioneering the Royal Rangers program in your districts. Sometimes pioneering requires hardship and sacrifice, but there is great satisfaction in being one who breaks trail as a pioneer."

Brother Zimmerman expressed great appreciation for the Men's Fellowship Department which sponsors the Royal Rangers. He commended the executive director, the national secretary, the national advisory council, and others, particularly Johnnie Barnes who carried the major responsibility for formulating the new program, selecting the uniform, designing the insignia, producing the manuals, etc.

Members of the national advisory council of the Royal Rangers include Burton W. Pierce, Everett James, Warren McPherson, Ralph Harris, and David Johnston. Johnnie Barnes is chairman of the council and Howard Bush is an ex officio member.

Music during the service was provided by the General Council Men's Chorus, who introduced the official Royal Rangers song, and a quartet of CBI students called "Men of Song."

Serving as honor guard as the District Commanders marched into the auditorium were Outpost Commander Bob Reid of the Webster Park Assembly in Springfield and Outpost Commander George Nettell of the East Side Assembly in Springfield.

(Pastors and churches desiring information about this boys' program should write to: Royal Rangers, 1445 Boonville Avenue, Springfield, Missouri.)

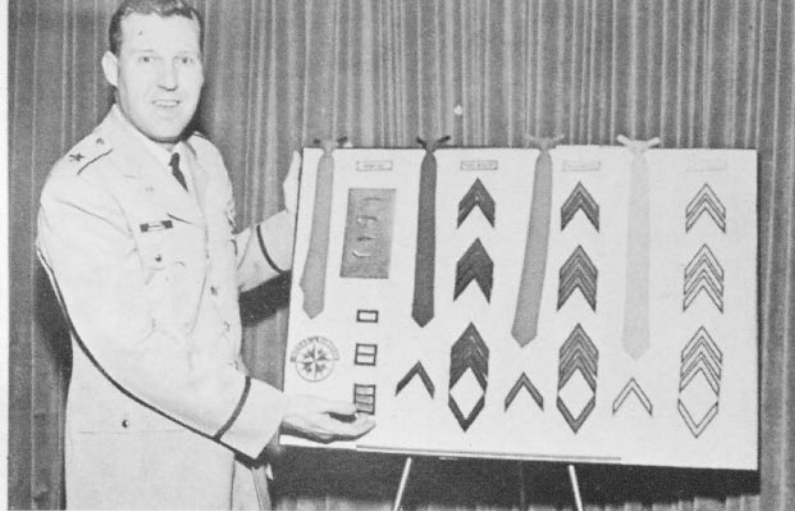


Photo at left: Pledge of allegiance is given first to the Stars and Stripes, then to the Christian flag. Shown serving as color guards are Mitch Wright and J. R. Williams. Right: National Commander Johnnie Barnes displays awards and insignia of the Royal Rangers including the three divisions: Pioneers, Trailblazers, and Sea Rangers (or Air Rangers).

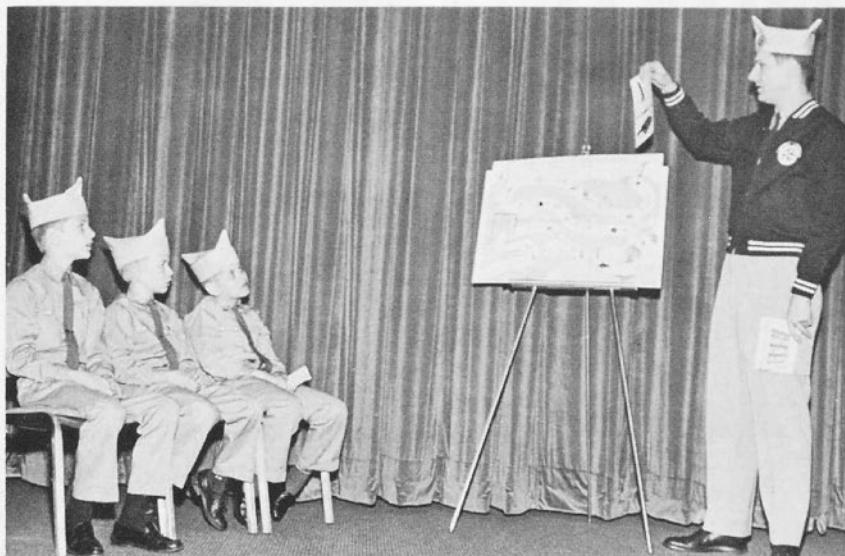


Photo at left: Ted Reid, Mike Williams, and David Barnes are all eyes and ears as Outpost Commander Bob Reid presents a Bible lesson. Right: Outpost devotions are a part of each Royal Rangers meeting. Outpost Commander Reid, who is shown kneeling with these boys, actually has led twenty Royal Rangers to Christ since the outpost was formed.



Officers of the Royal Rangers who attended the commissioning service are shown in this group photo. Members of the national advisory council are seen on the FRONT ROW: Warren McPherson, Everett James, Burton Pierce, Howard Bush, Johnnie Barnes, David Johnston, Ralph Harris. SECOND ROW: S. A. Hammer, Wyoming; James Monson, Indiana; Paul Ackerman, Ohio; Eugene Meador, Oklahoma; E. B. Adamson, Minnesota; James Griggs, Southern Missouri. THIRD ROW: Russell Cox, Arizona; Martin Bartley, Northern New England; Warren Cornelius, Oregon; Leon Miles, New York; V. W. Marcontell, West Texas; Stanton Johnson, West Central. FOURTH ROW: Bob Reid, Aide de Camp to National Commander; George Netell, Outpost Commander; George Walters, Alabama; E. E. Noland, Mississippi; Frank Finkenbinder, Latin American Branch; Jesse Williams, Kentucky; Raymond Huffman, Outpost Commander; Doyle Burgess, Tennessee.

Outpost Commander Bob Williams shows the boys how to pitch their tent for overnight camping.



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Use the coupon below and rush your order for copies of *The Last News*. (These are sold strictly on the basis of actual cost plus postage and handling.) A free packet of program helps will be sent on request if you write to the National C. A. Department, 1445 Boonville, Springfield, Missouri.

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NAME OF CHURCH

IN CARE OF

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE

STATE

Useless Kinds of Religion

By J. C. RYLE

THERE ARE TWO WAYS BY WHICH A man may lose his own soul.

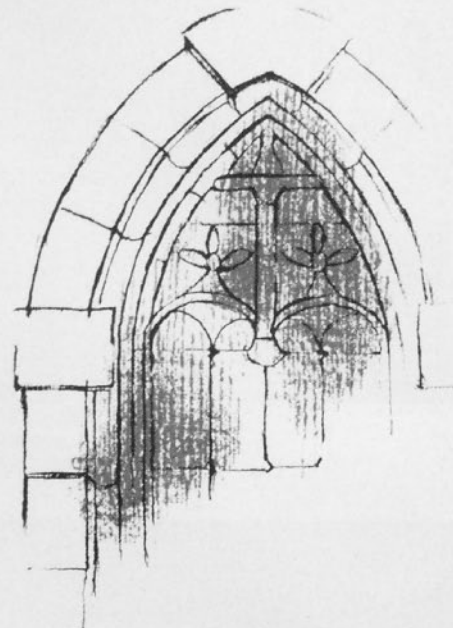
1. He may lose his soul by living and dying without any religion at all. He may live and die like a beast, prayerless, godless, graceless, faithless. This is a sure way to hell.

2. He may lose his soul by taking up some useless kind of religion. He may live and die contenting himself with a false Christianity, and resting on an empty hope. This probably is the most common way to hell that there is today.

Let me tell you what I mean by useless kinds of religion.

A religion is entirely useless in which Jesus Christ is not the principal object, and does not fill the principal place. There are too many calling themselves Christians who practically know nothing about Christ. Their religion consists in a few vague notions and empty expressions. They trust they are no worse than many others. They keep to their church. They try to do their duty. They do nobody any harm. They hope God will be merciful to them. They trust the Almighty will pardon their sins, and take them to heaven when they die. This is about the whole of their religion.

But what do these people know practically about Christ? Nothing—nothing at all! What experimental acquaintance have they with His office and work, His blood, His righteousness, His mediation, His priesthood, His intercession? None! Ask about a saving faith, ask them about being born again of the Spirit, ask them about being sanctified in Christ Je-



sus. What answer will you get? You are a barbarian to them. You have asked them simple Bible questions, but they know no more about these things experimentally than a Buddhist or a Moslem. And yet this is the religion of hundreds and thousands of people who are called Christians all over the world.

If you are a man or woman of this kind, I warn you plainly that such Christianity will never take you to heaven. It may do very well in the eyes of man. It may pass muster very decently at the church meeting, in the place of business, or in the streets. But it will never comfort you. It will never satisfy your conscience. It will never save your soul. Neither will it meet the approval of Almighty God.

I warn you plainly, that all notions and theories about God being merciful apart from Christ, and except through Christ, are baseless delusions and empty fancies. Such theories are purely an idol of man's invention. They are all of the earth. They never came down from heaven. The God of heaven has sealed and appointed Christ as the only Saviour and way of life, and all who would be saved must be content to be saved by Him, or they will never be saved at all.

"Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4:12).

Take notice and warning: A religion without Christ and His substitutionary sacrifice on the cross of Calvary will never save your soul.

—American Tract Society

'Prayer Saved Our Farm From Fire'

IT WAS WARM AND SUNNY—A GOOD day to rake and burn leaves. There was hardly any breeze so my husband decided to burn a few piles, but a wind came up and he soon had a grass fire.

The wind began to blow harder and the fire spread rapidly. As it reached the wood lot and pasture, the trees caught fire. The flames raced toward the outbuildings and grainbins.

As I held the water hose, trying to protect the garage and house, I listened to the roar of wind and fire, and I began to pray. I asked God to spare our 150-acre farm with its barns, tool sheds, equipment, storage bins, and all.

Then, with the roar of the fire still in my ears, suddenly I felt a great

peace in my soul. All fear was gone. I looked up at the trees and noticed the wind had abated. Soon all was still, and I remembered the calm that fell on the Sea of Galilee when Jesus stilled the storm. When the fire was under control we found there was no loss except a few trees and, of course, dead leaves and grass.

I was reminded of Malachi 3:11: "I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes." The tithe had been paid on the grain in the bins and on the produce of the farm. Our cattle and crops were God's. Perhaps He remembered our daily reading of this verse and how we stood on it repeatedly in faith for rain, or for a sick calf, or a mother cow!

Does He not know when a sparrow falls? Surely we are worth more than many sparrows. He who controls all frost and fire, wind and rain, will care for those who are His. He will protect His property!—Evelyn Gunter, Martin, Tennessee.

(Written by the wife of Herbert Gunter, pastor, until recently, of the Assembly of God on Star Route, Troy, Tenn.)



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SHERIDAN, WYOMING (KWYO)
1410 kc.—1,000 watts
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CANADA
ST. JOHN, N. BRUNSWICK (CFBC)
9:30 kc.—10,000 watts
Sunday, 1:30 p.m.

TIME CHANGES
SAN BERNARDINO, CALIF. (KCKC)
1350 kc.—500 watts
Sunday, 10:30 p.m.

SIOUX FALLS, S. DAKOTA (KSOO)
1140 kc.—5,000 watts
Sunday, 9:30 p.m.

Stations Added to Revivaltime Chain

BENTON, ARKANSAS (KBBA)
690 kc.—250 watts
Sunday, 1:00 p.m.

FORT SMITH, ARKANSAS (KFSA)
950 kc.—500 watts
Sunday, 10:30 p.m.

TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA (WTAL)
1450 kc.—250 watts
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VIDALIA, GEORGIA (WVOP)
970 kc.—5,000 watts
Sunday, 6:30 p.m.

SOUTH PARIS, MAINE (WKTQ)
1450 kc.—250 watts
Sunday, 1:30 p.m.

FLINT, MICHIGAN (WKMF)
1470 kc.—1,000 watts
Sunday, 10:30 p.m.

OMAHA, NEBRASKA (KFAB)
1110 kc.—50,000 watts
Sunday, 8:00 a.m.

FRANKLIN, N. CAROLINA (WFSC)
1050 kc.—1,000 watts
Sunday, 6:10 p.m.

ROXBORO, N. CAROLINA (WXRO)
1430 kc.—1,000 watts
Sunday, 9:00 p.m.

WASHINGTON, N. CAR. (WITN)
930 kc.—1,000 watts
Sunday, 10:30 p.m.

ASHTABULA, OHIO (WREO)
970 kc.—5,000 watts
Sunday, 8:15 a.m.

PAINESVILLE, OHIO (WPVL)
1460 kc.—500 watts
Sunday, 8:30 a.m.

ENID, OKLAHOMA (KCRC)
1390 kc.—1,000 watts
Sunday, 10:30 p.m.

CORVALLIS, OREGON (KFLY)
1240 kc.—1,000 watts
Sunday, 9:00 a.m.

BOYERTOWN, PA. (WBYO—FM)
107.5 meg.—20,000 ERP
Sunday, 12:30 p.m.

MADISON, SOUTH DAKOTA (KJAM)
1390 kc.—500 watts
Sunday, 10:30 p.m.

UNION CITY, TENNESSEE (WENK)
1240 kc.—1,000 watts
Sunday, 7:15 a.m.

AUSTIN, TEXAS (KOKE)
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BLANDING, UTAH (KUTA)
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CONROE, TEXAS (KMCO)
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Many Needs Met by Revivaltime's Ministry

REVIVALTIME TESTIMONIES ARE AS diversified as the international audience to whom it ministers. Through the broadcast and its "extra arms" of counseling, literature, and prayer, the program reaches more than 12,000,000 listeners weekly. *Revivaltime* receives a wide variety of responses, some of which we would like to share with you.

SONGS BRING BACK OLD MEMORIES

Albert J. Mitchell of Plainfield, New Jersey, expected to listen to rock 'n' roll music as he sped down the highway on Mother's Day of 1962.



A. J. Mitchell

Instead, he was greeted with the strains of "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name" and *Revivaltime* narrator D. V. Hurst's words, "Across the nation and around the world, it's *Revivaltime*."

This sudden introduction to the *Revivaltime* broadcast made Mitchell remember a church he had almost forgotten. He says, "The choir was singing songs I heard in the church I used to attend. That night Brother Ward preached one of the best sermons I've ever heard. I can't tell you what went on inside me but he sounded like he had something that I didn't have—peace and assurance."

Shortly after his initiation to *Revivaltime*, Mitchell began sending part of his tithes to the broadcast's ministry. Then, he began attending his old church, the Evangel Assembly of God in Elizabeth, New Jersey.

"I listened again to *Revivaltime*," he writes, "and conviction fell on my heart and complete unrest filled me. Finally, one night I came forward at the church altar and the people prayed

me through to Jesus. The same night I was saved, my fiancée (now my wife) was also saved."

However, after Mitchell had taken this "first step toward heaven," he did not end his acquaintance with the *Revivaltime* broadcast. One evening when he was feeling particularly discouraged and not feeling saved at all, "Brother Ward preached a sermon on the fact that our salvation doesn't stand on how we feel. You see I was saved but I knew very little about the Word of God."

In November, 1962, God supplied an extra blessing to Mitchell's Christian life. "We had revival meetings at our church and it was during these meetings that I received the baptism in the Holy Spirit, just as it's mentioned in the Book of Acts."

A faithful supporter of the radio ministry, Mitchell says that he feels a part of the work. His prayer is that "others may hear the good news of salvation through Jesus Christ, for truly He is a wonderful Saviour."

BULLET LODGED IN BABY'S FACE COMES OUT IN ANSWER TO PRAYER

While they attended a prayer convention in Hare Bay, Newfoundland, tragedy struck the home of Pastor and Mrs. Parsons of Englee, Newfoundland. An exploding 22-caliber bullet entered the side of their baby daughter's face.



Wavey Parsons

Pastor Parsons relates the incident this way. "Our church friend, who was caring for Wavey, had laid the baby on her shoulder and was teaching her a prayer before she went to bed. A 22-caliber bullet exploded on the stove

and a piece of the shell entered her face. No part of the shell could be seen but her face was cut badly.

"The next morning my wife and I took Wavey to the hospital and the doctor said he didn't think there was any shell in her face. But if there was a piece of shell in her face, he said she would have to undergo an operation when she was older and that it would leave a scar."

In August, 1962, the Parsons decided to write to *Revivaltime*, requesting the prayer fellowship to remember Wavey in prayer. "We didn't feel that an operation was right so we took the matter to the Lord."

The Parsons received a *Revivaltime* prayergram indicating that the prayer fellowship was remembering the need. "As soon as we received your letter, the piece of shell began to work out. It continued to work out until Saturday, November 3. The mark on the baby's face came apart making a hole and from the opening the piece of shell came out.

"We thank God and give him the glory and thanks. Today, Wavey is 19 months old and her face is healed over without a sign of anything. She is completely delivered."

GOD HELPS LISTENER TO SELL HIS REAL ESTATE

"We move around quite a bit and it is most difficult to establish a regular church home," writes C. R. Blackmon, Jr. "But we have found our church home, so to speak, each Sunday night at the *Revivaltime* radio altar."



C. R. Blackmon

Writing recently this Virginian tells of God's latest work in his life. "My wife and I had a particular financial burden that we had been praying about. We had property in another city, where I had previously worked, which we had been trying to sell for two years. I promised God that if he would open a way for me to sell it, I would give Him 10 per cent commission.

"The same real estate agent that had said he would be unable to sell at the price I had asked called me long distance and advised me he had a buyer. The price he said they were

willing to pay was approximately \$500 more than I had originally asked. Only God could arrange a transaction such as this."

The entire Blackmon family are regular *Revivaltime* listeners over station WLS, Chicago, Illinois. "Our family attends a local Baptist church, but we all look forward to the spiritual guidance and help we receive every Sunday night from *Revivaltime*.

**ULCERS HEALED AND SINFUL HEART
CLEANSED IN RESPONSE TO PRAYER**

Ulcers and a heart stained with sin just don't disappear; that is, unless they are miraculously removed by the healing and saving grace of Jesus Christ. This is the testimony of Mrs. Melvin Brice of Kansas City, Missouri.

Mrs. Brice's husband Melvin was taken to the hospital on November 3, 1962, and his condition was diagnosed as a serious case of stomach ulcers. Her husband was not a Christian, so Mrs. Brice and her family began to request prayer for his healing. She sent in a request to the *Revivaltime* prayer fellowship.

Then, he was released on November 26 and told to return after the holidays. Although he had been on a strict diet and had taken much medication, the ulcers were still there. But Mrs. Brice believed the healing would come.

"The Sunday before Christmas," Mrs. Brice writes, "a worker came to our home and knelt and prayed with my husband. He prayed and asked Jesus to come into his heart and forgive his sins."

Following the holidays, on January 3, 1963, Melvin Brice re-entered the hospital. "After about 20 X rays, they found him to be completely healed. There was no sign of the stomach ulcers and they thought he would have to have surgery. He went back to work the following week, giving God all the praise, and feeling very well since then."

Revivaltime through many new releases is enjoying increased opportunities to reach the unsaved, the sick, and the needy with the full-gospel message. To meet all the costs of this enlarged ministry requires additional support. Your help at this time is urgently needed. Send your letters and offerings to *Revivaltime*, Box 70, Springfield, Missouri.

ON THE AIR



**WITH D.V. HURST
SECRETARY
OF RADIO**

I RECEIVED A LETTER FROM A FRIEND of this column who asked, "Where have you been?" Well, here I am.

* * *

I have had a chance to study the comments on the offering envelopes of friends who attended the *Revivaltime* Crusade in Delphos, Ohio. (A full report of this meeting appeared in last week's *Evangel*.)

The fresh statements of the newly saved, the newly committed, or those who have had new experiences with God are inspiring. Free of cliché and "learned" expressions, they give keen insight into the experience! Just exactly what did happen?

Some comments were:

"A soul-washing pause that has washed away the sin-dust of the world" (Presbyterian).

"The first service opened my eyes to the great narrow path" (Presbyterian).

"Souls were saved I had wanted to see saved for a long time, but I thank the Lord for everybody" (Assemblies of God).

"I found you don't have to be old to know the living Christ" (Evangelical United Brethren).

"I was a counselor. It was wonderful to be with the ones who made decisions" (Methodist).

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"We feel spiritually refreshed and cleansed" (Evangelical United Brethren).

"I know God does answer prayer for some of my family were saved" (Christian Union).

"A glorious week; a soul-stirring experience" (Methodist).

"We prayed for a closer walk with Jesus. This we received. God always gives a plus. The joy of seeing so many give their hearts to God is the plus" (Presbyterian).

* * *

After the Delphos Crusade I toured the North Carolina District as speaker with Superintendent Fenton Jones and Secretary L. T. Whidden, Jr., in their sectional councils. The evening services were *Revivaltime* rallies.



Fenton Jones

This is a great home missions field. God is blessing these brethren and the district is moving forward.

Here is what Brother Jones has to say about *Revivaltime* and this home mission field:

"It's *Revivaltime* across the nation and around the world.' These familiar words are now being heard over seventeen radio stations in the North Carolina District. Without doubt, it can be said that *Revivaltime* is a home missions 'Breakthrough' thrust in North Carolina, a state with a population of over four million people and covering a radius of seven hundred miles from east to west. At present, the Assemblies of God have eighty-five churches across the state. The fact is very obvious that North Carolina is a home missions field.

"The soul-stirring ministry of *Revivaltime* is resulting in great potential for the establishing of new Assemblies of God churches in many areas of our district. Reaching into the thickly populated sections and cities having a population of over 20,000 without an Assemblies of God church, the long missionary arm of *Revivaltime* is sowing the precious gospel seed which is resulting in a harvest of souls in North Carolina.

"How can a district superintendent adequately say 'thank you' to a ministry that has enriched and so blessed a home missions district?"

* * *

I'll be with you again—D. V.



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Arvid Ohnell

PRISONS WERE HIS PARISH

By CARL CONNER

A NEWSPAPER HEADLINE WRITTEN IN August, 1957, declared, "Prison Chaplain Devotes His Life to Lending a Hand to 'Underdog.'" Now the last story on the chaplain has been written—true to the predictive headline.

Brother Ohnell, 71-year-old Swedish-born prison chaplain of the Assemblies of God, died in his sleep at 3 A.M. Monday, April 1, at Angola, La., where he had spent the past three months counseling prisoners, many facing execution.

Though a professionally trained journalist, Brother Ohnell avoided headlines when possible preferring rather to spend his time working on the project which consumed his life, the penal institutions of the U. S.

Born in Vadstena, Sweden, in 1891, Brother Ohnell was educated in Europe with a major emphasis in theology, psychology, penology, journalism, and languages. He was ordained to the gospel ministry in 1919 in Sweden where he was active until 1925 in establishing churches and pastoring.

Besides his pastoral duties, Brother Ohnell pursued his interest in journalism as a sideline. He served newspapers in Norway, Denmark, Germany, and Austria. Because of his work in penology he completed five books, two of which are currently used in European universities.

As a youngster Mr. Ohnell paid special attention to the development of his physical strength, "because," as he once said, he was "often assaulted by the town bullies." However, years later he turned the strength

toward athletic activities and won numerous honors and medals in field events and swimming.

Always modest, much of his background was not known to his friends, but early in life young Ohnell determined he would devote his strength to the downtrodden. While he was employed in Germany a friend advised him that his work could be many times more beneficial if it could be carried on under the protection and free wing of a democratic government. Taking the suggestion, Brother Ohnell came to the U.S. in 1925, settling in Chicago where he pioneered the Philadelphia Church. In 1933 he moved to Seattle, Wash., to assume the pastorate of the Philadelphia Church there. Then, in 1935, the chance for which he had longed came. He was appointed prison chaplain for the State of Washington, a position he held until October, 1950.

A constant champion of the "under-



Often Arvid Ohnell personally graded the courses completed by prisoners.

dog" and especially of any prisoner whom he believed wronged, Brother Ohrnell had a keen insight into the life of the men behind bars. Several times during his work as state prison chaplain he was instrumental in obtaining paroles for men he considered innocent.

In 1951, after sixteen years of successful work in the State of Washington, Brother Ohrnell was called to the Assemblies of God headquarters to assume duties in the National Home Missions Department as the national prison chaplain. In his new capacity his contact and influence became nation-wide. He traveled continually, often living on a self-imposed "penny-budget" lest he "waste" monies which might be used to further the ministry closest to his heart.

Realizing there was a need for literature for prisons, he undertook numerous campaigns to obtain books and personally started libraries for several penal institutions which had none. He counseled men, walked with them to their execution, assisted many in obtaining paroles, found jobs for others, and to literally thousands was their only personal friend.

In 1953 he began a Bible study pro-

gram and personally wrote courses which he might give to prisoners. During the early years 5,000 courses were made available but the number increases each year. Through March, 1963, he had mailed out 81,422 courses of which 23,250 had been completed and returned for grading. He took time to grade many personally, often writing notes to the men who to him were more than numbers.

Brother Ohrnell died the way he lived. He had spent the previous night in conference with Chaplain V. K. Fletcher of the Louisiana institution. He left about 9 P.M. and his body was found at noon the next day.

Just a few days prior to his death he wrote his home office, "Tomorrow in the death row . . . this takes all day. I cannot call them out, but deal with one after another in the cell. There are twenty-one." A few days later he wrote, "Every day I visit the death house, reading the Bible and having prayer with individual inmates."

Brother Ohrnell is survived by his wife, Astrid; a daughter, Mrs. Frederick Giles of Columbia, S. C., three grandchildren, and two sisters who reside in Sweden. <<

A PRISONER'S APPRAISAL

The following letter, written by a prisoner to G. F. Lewis, Executive Director of the Home Missions Department, before Brother Ohrnell's homegoing, brings clearly into focus the extent of Brother Ohrnell's influence.

Dear Brother Lewis:

I am an inmate of the Louisiana State Penitentiary, and more specifically, the Chaplain's secretary. I realize that you do not know me (I located your name on some literature) but I am a Christian, and I pray that you will read this in its entirety before drawing any conclusions.

Arvid Ohrnell, a member of your organization and a man of God, has been in Angola for the past three months. During that time I have had the great honor of handling some of his correspondence and being associated with him very closely. My association with Chaplain Ohrnell has been such that I felt I had to write and express my appreciation to you for allowing him to come to Angola to assist the chaplain and to help us.

Chaplain Ohrnell's presence in this institution has been a great inspiration to every man here, Christian and non-Christian alike. He has been the cause of many

men beginning a study of God's Word that would never have been begun had he not come here.

In all my fourteen years in prison I have never yet seen any prison worker who is as consecrated and dedicated to the work of the Lord as is Chaplain Ohrnell, and believe me, I've seen many! Many, I fear (and I hate to be condemning) are just out to feather their own private nests. I have read of many and heard many on the radio tell of their great work in prisons throughout the country, yet not once have I ever seen evidence of anything they ever did in prison. Chaplain Ohrnell is interested in one thing and one thing alone: winning men to the Lord and helping them in any way he can. He is achieving the purpose for which he has dedicated himself, too.

Please know that I speak not only for myself, but for every man I've talked to about him. We all love him. I guess that is only natural since we know beyond any doubt that he loves us and seeks only to help us. We want you to know that we are sincerely grateful for his coming to Angola, and that we want him to be able to return again as soon as it is possible for him to do so, even if only for a few days. . . .

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WHEN IN WASHINGTON, D.C., attend the Arlington Assembly of God, 4501 North Pershing Drive, Arlington, Virginia. Write: Claude Qualls, Pastor.

ROOM, BOARD, SPIRITUAL COUNSELLING to nervous breakdown patients. For rates and information write Mrs. N. Pilarinos, 601 E. University Street, Waxahachie, Texas.



A Fatal Ambition

Sunday School Lesson for May 19, 1963

1 KINGS 12:25-30; 13:1, 4, 5; ROMANS 1:21-23

BY J. BASHFORD BISHOP

Jeroboam, king over the northern tribes of Israel, was in difficulty! The people still considered Jerusalem their center of worship and continued to make sacrifices there. Fearing they would be drawn back under Rehoboam's leadership because of this strong spiritual tie, Jeroboam committed a terrible sin by establishing a new religious organization independent of that in Jerusalem.

THE CAUSE OF THE SIN

Selfish ambition was the root of Jeroboam's folly. He really cared nothing for the people; he simply did not want to lose his following and his power! Had he been a spiritual man like David he would have honored and trusted God in the situation.

THE NATURE OF THE SIN

Jeroboam built two golden calves, erected new "high places" of worship, exalted to the priesthood men who were unqualified, and instituted new feasts, imitating

those in Jerusalem. What was the essential nature and seriousness of his actions?

1. *It represented spiritual compromise to attain a selfish end through the substitution of false worship for the real thing!* Does not this temptation face us today? In our desire to attain prestige and popularity, to attract crowds, shall we stoop to compromise? Shall we substitute entertaining programs, sensationalism, psychological methods, for the real presence and power of Christ as manifested by the Holy Spirit?

2. *It was a move that caused division among the people of God.* But Jeroboam's split did not prosper. Though the calves may have looked splendid and the houses of the high places magnificent, and though the people went through all the religious motions, God was not with them. From that time on the true prophets of God denounced the division, and finally the ten tribes went into captivity.

THE EFFECT OF THE SIN

"Jeroboam, who did sin, and made Israel to sin" (1 Kings 14:16). What an indictment! Jeroboam sinned by compromise and idolatry and he led an entire nation into spiritual and moral decay!

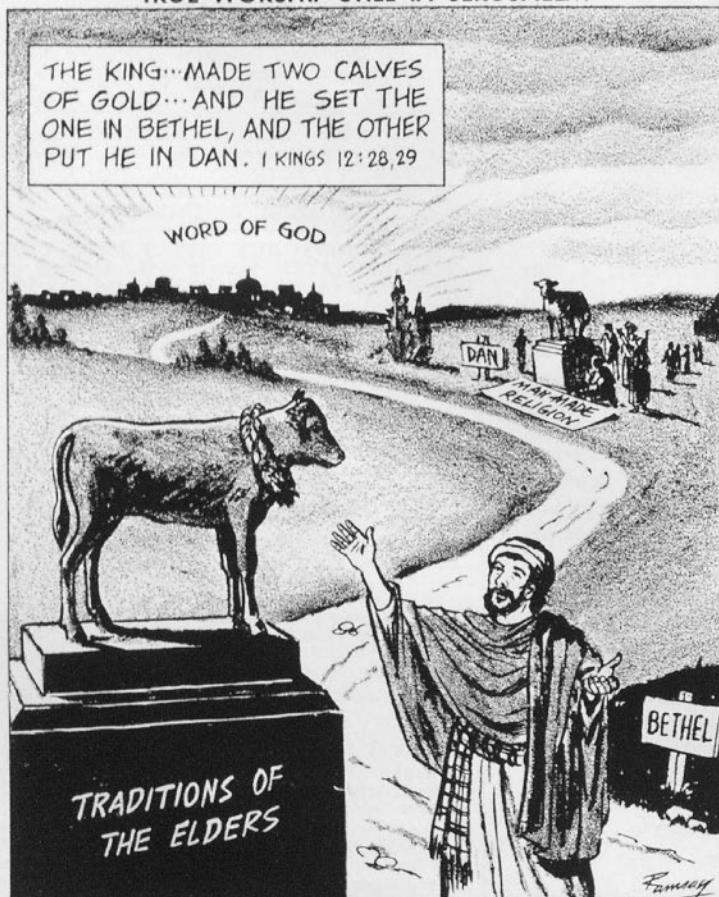
How deserving is the sentence pronounced by Jesus Himself upon those who cause others to sin: "It is impossible but that offences will come: but woe unto him through whom they come! It were better for him that a millstone were hanged around his neck, and he cast into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones" (Luke 17:1, 2).

THE PUNISHMENT OF THE SIN

Jeroboam had repeated warnings which should have led him to repentance. His hand was smitten by God with leprosy and then healed in answer to prayer. His child was smitten with an incurable illness, but even this failed to soften his heart (1 Kings 14:1-17). Then came final judgment. Abijah, king of Judah, fought against Jeroboam, prevailed against him, and took cities from him (2 Chronicles 13:1-19). The last words of the record of this evil man were: "And the Lord struck him, and he died" (2 Chronicles 13:20)!

And so, like Rehoboam, Jeroboam in his folly speaks today to all who would harbor wrong ambitions and be moved to action by wrong motives—to all who would lower the standard of true religion in order to attain selfish gains—to all who would by their evil and carnal conduct cause others to sin! "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches."

TRUE WORSHIP STILL IN JERUSALEM



NO STRIFE IN HEAVEN

"Ye look sad, Ian," said the Scottish elder's wife one morning.

"Aye," he replied, "ye would look sad, too, if ye had such a dream as I have had. I dreamed that I had been at an elders' meeting, and had said some hard things, and had grieved the minister. And when he went home, I thought, he died and went to heaven; and I thought that afterwards I died, too, and went to heaven.

"When I got to the gates of heaven, out came the minister, and put out his hands to take me, saying, 'Come along, Ian; there's no strife up here. I am happy to see ye.'"
—Choice Gleanings Calendar

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This is the story of a triangle, consisting of the missionary doctor, a nurse who was born on the mission field, and the doctor's wife. In the struggle for faith, in the stark realism, in the entangling problems, each finally realizes the contentment found in the Great Healer, the One for whom they labor as they work with the natives of the village. Cloth bound, 153 pages.

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To the people of Lone Lake, Bill Henderson was an enigma. He was more like one of their own cowpokes than a preacher. If it hadn't been for Lois Warner, Bill would have given up his efforts there, but her faith in God and in him made all the difference between failure and success. **The Snare** is an exciting story, suspense-filled and believable. Cloth bound, 183 pages.

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An action-packed novel, based on an actual historical occurrence, spins an exciting tale of five young men who travel down the Mississippi to raise money to pay for the land on which their church is built. A novel that involves a perilous and heroic enterprise and portrays the behavior and capabilities of man.

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Emily was happy to come to Canada with her family when they emigrated from Germany—and courageously faced the hardships and difficulties of frontier life. Emily's realistic faith in God and the rugged problem she faced come to grips in this stirring story. How God moves in where men cannot tread makes this a story of unforgettable impact. Cloth bound, 120 pages.

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J. Wesley Martin, M.D., was dedicated to his profession—but he had no concept of the meaning of Christian service. The missionaries among whom he worked were an enigma to him, until he began to see that they had something he lacked, a belief that made them great. Wesley Martin's story is one that you will enjoy and one that will keep you in suspense. Cloth bound, 127 pages.

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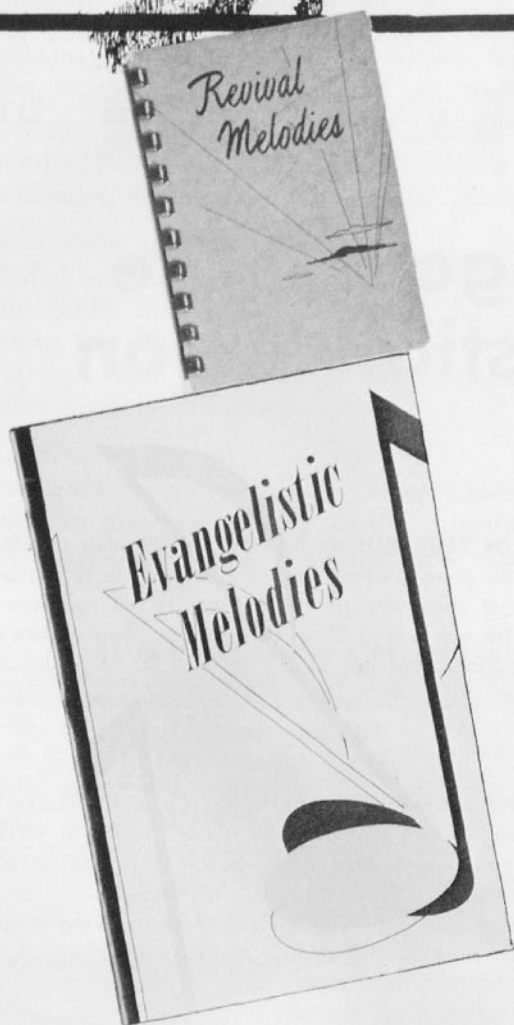
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EVANGELISTIC EVENTS

STATE CITY	ASSEMBLY	DATE	EVANGELIST	PASTOR
Ala. Jackson	A/G	May 14—	Woodrow Oxner	Eugene Hartley
Ark. Paragould	First	May 7-19	Jackie & Peggy Nichols	Hugh Still
Calif Argus	Trona	May 12—	L. H. Sheets	Lloyd Reece
Bakersfield	Calvary Full Gos.	May 7-19	David Bunch	Douglas Hyatt
Bell Gardens	First	May 14-26	Lowell Lundstrom Party	F. E. Robertson
Coalinga	A/G	May 14-19	Ernest Rogers	Thomas Grams
Compton	A/G	May 15—	Wesley W. Fleming	E. H. Wilson
Hawthorne	Del Aire	May 19 (a.m.)	Doug Payne	Donald E. Bibler
Lodi	First	May 12-19	Marvin Schmidt	Gene C. Forrest
Oroville	First	May 12-26	Bender Team	Charles Shuss
Porterville	Calvary	May 5-19	E. L. & Mrs. Surratt	J. E. Surratt
Stockton	East Eighth St.	May 19—	Dorothy Foster	C. A. Pilcher
Stockton	Lincoln	May 12-24	Charles Senechal	Delmer Dabney
Ventura	*A/G	May 12-17	Christian Hild	Harold M. Skoog
Victorville	First	May 15-26	Doug Payne	Vernon Nybakken
Watsonville	House of Prayer	May 14-21	Paul & Mrs. Clark	Ray Dotson
Westminster	First	May 19 (p.m.)	Doug Payne	F. E. Westbrook
Conn. Naugatuck	Full Gospel Tab.	May 5-19	Carrie Hunsberger	Edwin Antin
Fla. Quincy	**A/G	May 13-18	Michael & Peggy Lord	Fred Rogers, Chm.
Ga. Donalsonville	First	May 19—	Russell Peavy	Edwin C. Smith
Ill. Pawnee	A/G	May 15-19	Neil Eskelin	M. C. Johnson
Peoria	First	May 15-27	Ernie Eskelin	Bobby Ray
Ind. Evansville	First	May 12-26	Jerry Dee Hill	Donald M. Cox
LaPorte	Pentecostal	May 13-17	DeDelow-Friederici Tm.	W. R. Wainscott
Iowa Davenport	West Side	May 12-26	Winferd Mack	Elton E. Bell
DesMoines	Berean Chapel	May 12-26	Larry Allbaugh	David Houghton
Orange City	A/G	May 14-26	Norman & Evelyn Hays	A. E. Klippinger
Storm Lake	A/G	May 12-26	Joseph DeGrado	V. L. Huffey
Waterloo	First	May 14-25	Lowell Lundstrom	Russell Thompson
Kans. Oberlin	A/G	May 14-26	The Singing Sandalls	Lyle McCormick
Pittsburg	First	May 5-19	R. R. Morrison	Oscar Bolen
La. Hammond	A/G	May 13-19	Don Logan	James Sewell
Marrero	A/G	May 19—June 2	N. B. & Mrs. Rayburn	H. T. Greer
Md. Beltsville	Good Tidings	May 12-26	C. F. Radzimirski	Granville Slye
Mass. Taunton	First Pent.	May 12-26	Spencer Weddle Family	Richard Bergstrom
Mich. Bay City	Glad Tidings	May 14-26	Arnold & Anita Segesman	C. A. Davenport
Benton Harbor	First	May 7-19	Daniel D. Roehl	Alvin Sprecher
Kalamazoo	First	May 8-19	Musical Lebacks	Roy Davidson
Minn. Albert Lea	A/G	May 14-26	The Tanner Team	E. H. Whitcomb
Miss. Jackson	First	May 12—	Jack Pruitt	L. R. Logan
Mo. DeSoto	A/G	May 15-26	G. A. & Mrs. Snavelly	R. S. McGarity
Gallatin	***A/G	May 12-19	Knouse-Stovall Tm.	James Booth
Lexington	First	May 6-19	Floyd L. Dennis	J. Carl Bolin
Morehouse	A/G	May 19—	Samuel Calk	Terzah G. Perry
Raytown	A/G	May 8-19	Ward & Mrs. Popejoy	John H. Waugh
Union	First	May 5-19	Fisher-Creek Team	Joel Clark
Warrenton	A/G	May 5-19	K. E. Matschulat	Richard Thompson
Nebr. Norfolk	A/G	May 14-26	Jerry & Joy Spain	Nolan Blakkolb
Omaha	Clad Tidings	May 8-19	Wallace S. Bragg	L. E. King
N. J. Mt. Holly	A/G	May 14-26	Oren & Inez Paris	Charles Scrimale
N. Y. E. Northport	Gospel Ch.	May 14-26	Dan & Anita Bogdan	James Steffens
North Hornell	Glad Tidings	May 5-19	J. E. & Mrs. Douglass	James E. Murray
N. Tonawanda	Evang. Center	May 7-26	L. K. Dodge	Homer C. Cooper
White Plains	A/G	May 19—	Jerry & Mrs. Roberts	J. D. Piper
Ohio Columbus	Fairmoor	May 7-19	W. W. & Mrs. Martin	Felix O. Coyle
East Liverpool	First	May 7-19	Alfred Allen	J. W. Miller
New Lebanon	First	May 14-26	W. F. Morton	Terry Diehl
Pa. DuBois	Calvary	May 14—	Daniel Summa	T. L. Stewart
Lathrobe	Calvary Tem.	May 5-19	B. R. Minton	Robert Bradley
Mercersburg	First Pent.	May 7-19	Frank G. Sharp	Harold M. Ladd
Milesburg	A/G	May 16-26	Andrew & Mrs. Basell	David Selleck
Waynesboro	Calvary	May 15-26	Olshevski Musical Tm.	George Hatchner
Tenn. Memphis	Hollywood	May 9-19	Joel Palmer	T. E. Scruggs
Tex. Amarillo	San Jacinto	May 12—	Bob Huie	J. E. Burkhalter
Panhandle	Glad Tidings	May 8-19	Allen & Faye Poldson	John K. Pratt
Vt. Burlington	A/G	May 7-12	Carl O. Lindberg	O. W. Johnson
Va. Newport News	First	May 14-26	Arthur & Anna Berg	Marvin E. Boyce
Orange	A/G	May 7-19	Irving & Mary Howard	C. B. Glover
Wash. Kingston	A/G	May 14—	Dale Helle	Leland V. Gross
W. Va. Weston	A/G	May 11-17	Bob McCutchen	Joseph Moscufo
Wis. Sheboygan	First	May 14-19	Bob & Pat Ludwig	B. E. Galyen
Canada Campbellton	Pentecostal	May 14-26	Abraham Kudra	Kenneth Beesley
St. John, N. B.	Full Gospel	May 5-26	William H. Kautz	Carro Davis
Smith Falls, Ont.	A/G	May 12-26	J. W. & Mrs. Beam	A. F. Kenney

*Youth Revival

**Union Revival

***Children's Revival

Due to printing schedule, announcements must reach the Department of Evangelism 30 days in advance.

MAY 12, 1963

ANNOUNCEMENT

C. A. CONVENTION—May 17-18 at Laconia, N. Hampshire. Evangelist Ron Prinzing. (Lloyd Westover is the D-CAP.)

WITH CHRIST

CHRIS AHLBERG, 59, pastor of Hartford Assembly in Lake Stevens, Wash., went to his eternal reward February 28. He died of a heart attack while working in the church. Brother Ahlberg, an ordained minister affiliated with the Northwest District, spent the entire twenty-five years of his ministry pastoring the Assembly at Lake Stevens. Survivors include his wife Lillian and four daughters.

HOWARD O. BARRICK, 53, of Versailles, Ky., went to be with his Lord and Saviour March 19 after suffering a kidney disease. An ordained minister in the Assemblies of God, he pastored churches at Shelbyville and other places in Kentucky. Although he was elected to the pastorate at Crofton, Ky., his health never permitted him to move there. Survivors include his wife Rhae and nine children.

JOHN L. McNEELY, pastor of First Assembly of God in Bremen, Ind., went to be with Jesus March 20. He was 71 years old. After ordination with the Indiana District in 1928, Brother McNeely pastored in Elkhart and Plymouth before going to Bremen. His wife Ethel passed away February 14. They are survived by their three children.



CHRISTIAN EDUCATORS CONFERENCE

ASSEMBLIES OF GOD



JUNE 7-9

ATTENTION: PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHERS

The Department of Education of the Assemblies of God is convening a special conference of Christian educators. One of the prime purposes is to explore the role of the Christian teacher in the public school. Dr. Richard Strahan of Houston, Texas, will be featured. Mail the coupon for complete information.

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

1445 BOONVILLE, SPRINGFIELD, MO.

I am interested in the Christian Educators Conference. Please send more information. I am engaged in: (please check one)

Elementary Education Secondary Education Higher Education

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

A Mother's Pledge



I WILL do my part to make our home a happy place of work, play, love, and worship. I will give Christ His place in my life and help each family member to be loyal to Him and to the church.

I WILL be a loving companion to my husband, mentally, physically, and spiritually. When misunderstandings come, I will be quick to forgive and to ask forgiveness. I will encourage a happy relationship between my husband and our children.

I WILL take time to enjoy our children and to appreciate each one individually. I will discipline out of love and not to relieve my inner feelings. I will help our children to befriend people of all races and to live above petty grievances. I will answer all their questions about life and teach them about eternal life in Christ.

I WILL maintain an interest in people and affairs outside our home. I will PRAY, GIVE, and GO as God leads me to help those in physical or spiritual need.

I WILL look upon this life as only a part of God's great plan for me. I will keep busy and happy, with an enthusiasm for life, but with my face set toward my Father's house of many mansions.

GOD HELPING ME, this is the kind of person I will be that my life might be a blessing to my husband, to our children and the generations to come, to the church and to the world. —*Ruth B. Stoltzfus.*