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Tidings of Great Joy

Ernest S. Williams

"And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."

IT WAS a memorable event when the angel was sent to announce the birth of the Saviour and through Him tidings of great joy. We do not worship angels, we have been forbidden to do so. "Let no man beguile you of your reward in a voluntary humility and worshipping of angels, intruding into those things which he hath not seen, vainly puffed up by his fleshly mind." There must have been some in apostolic times who went astray, thinking they should add to their worship of the Lord angels also, for otherwise the instruction against such worship would likely not have been written. Angels are created beings and created beings, even when worthy of honor, are not to be adored as if they were gods. "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God and Him only shalt thou serve." Unless our worship rises above all created things it falls short of the glory of God.

But let there be honor where honor is due. Although we do not worship angels, they fill a very important place in the purpose of God and in ministry to individual lives. When God would announce the coming of the Saviour, it was one of the angels who made the announcement; when Jesus was tempted in

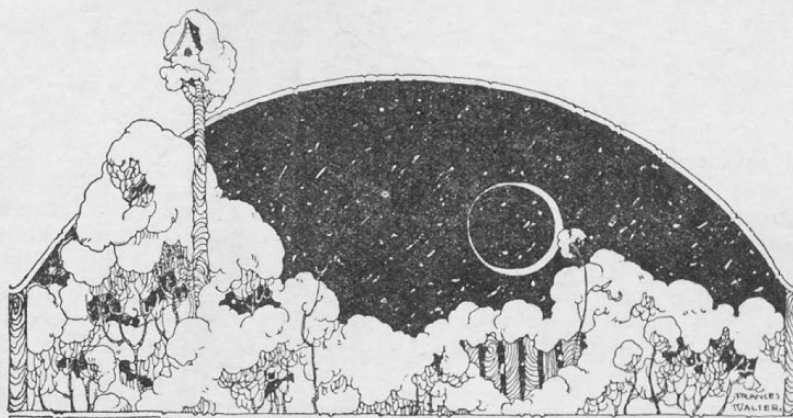
the wilderness, angels ministered unto Him; as He sweat as it were great drops of blood in Gethsemane, an angel came and strengthened Him; on the day of His resurrection, announcement of His triumph over death and the grave was made by an angel; and when He comes again in majesty and power all the holy angels will be with Him. The angels are "ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them that shall be heirs of salvation." He who sees only material forces about us, giving no consideration to those powers which are unseen and spiritual, fails to consider great and mighty influences in the universe in which we live.

Now we come to the important message of the angel at the time of the birth of Christ, which was to be a universal proclamation, "Behold, I bring unto you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." What were the tidings?

"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Our Saviour is Jesus, the Christ, anointed of Jehovah, the Lord. When we think of Him who was born at Bethlehem, we think of Him before whom every knee shall bow and every tongue confess, the Lord in the realm of nature, of mankind, of spirits, and in the heavens at the right hand of the Majesty there. Wonderful Saviour! Precious Lord!

Through the gospel of Jesus Christ man may now be reconciled to God and returned to fellowship through the moral transformation of his life. Before the angel announced the good tidings of the Saviour's birth another angel had declared the value of His birth, "And thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins." The religion of Christ deals with sin and the sinful nature of man. What a mistake for any to think that Christianity winks at that which is evil. It was sin which broke communion and drove man from fellowship with God and the good tidings of the gospel, that "the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." Is it not good news?

These joyous tidings are for "all people." The gospel invites all kinds, all classes, and those in all conditions. There is not a man or woman whom the gospel (Continued on Page 7)





Christmas and Valentine's Day in a Lonely Cabin

Charles S. Price



The story opens in Iowa with an old farmer by the name of Conlee. He was a father of twelve children, six boys and six girls. He was a Methodist of the old school and brought up his family in the church and Sunday School.

When the babe about whom we are to speak arrived the father and mother dedicated him to the Lord. In his boyhood days the mother said, "I hope my little Joe will be a preacher of the Gospel like two of his brothers are."

Joe was a good boy. One day when High School days were over the father came to him and said, "Joe, have you decided what you will be?" "Yes, father," said Joe, "I think I will be a civil engineer."

A cloud came over his father's face as he said, "Oh, I am sorry. We hoped you would enter the ministry. Have you heard the Lord's voice?" He said he would pray about it. After two weeks he came to his father and said, "Father, my mind is made up. I will enter the ministry." His father sent him to the University of Iowa. When he had received his B. A. degree he went for three years to the Methodist School at Fort Dodge. One day a professor said to him, "You know there is a lot of superstition mixed up with what we originally believed. You are a brilliant fellow. I heard the President say he considered you one of the most brilliant we have. Weigh everything carefully. Apply yourself to the study of books. I want you to read Darwin, Renan and Huxley, everyone of them philosophers."

He accepted the pastorate in a little Methodist Church in Iowa and while there he married a splendid Christian girl, the daughter of a Methodist preacher. After three years, he was transferred to the First Methodist Church of Santa Ana. He spent two years there but they were years in which he was fighting a tremendous battle within his soul.

They gave him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. Yet all the time he was drifting into Modernism. He had been told that in order to be well-balanced he should see both sides of the question, and should not be swayed by emotionalism in Methodism. He became pastor of the First Methodist Church of San Diego, one of the largest on the Pacific Coast.

After two years of successful ministry there he moved to Pomona, California, and it was during that time that he built the beautiful Methodist Church of

that place. It was there the seeds that had been sown in his heart in the past began to bear fruit, so Joe confided to his wife one day that he was beginning to feel a little hypocritical, that he didn't believe the things his congregation demanded that he preach, and one day he said, "I am going to quit. I cannot stand it." He denied the Virgin Birth of Christ and the miracles, and one day Joe went into his pulpit and said, "My friends, I am about to make a confession. I cannot believe the Bible. This is the last time I will preach."

He was a gifted writer and soon got a job. He became the editor of "The Santa Ana Herald." But he commenced to smoke and drink, and gamble a little and went from bad to worse. He went to Los Angeles and for some time was editor of the "East Los Angeles Exponent." He moved to Covina and there founded his own newspaper, the "Covina Argus Independent." He sold it for a small fortune and became an editorial writer on the Los Angeles Times and then on The Examiner, both positions of which he lost through drink. His pen never lost its brilliancy. It seemed to be dipped in the very ink of inspiration. There were many days he could not report for work. He worked on The Express, but lost that job as he was intoxicated nearly all the time. He became a dissolute, drunken inebriate shuffling around in his rags. You could find him any night in the back end of the Mineral Saloon.

Blaming his old life for his down-fall he started, in his antipathy toward God, a series of open air attacks on Methodism

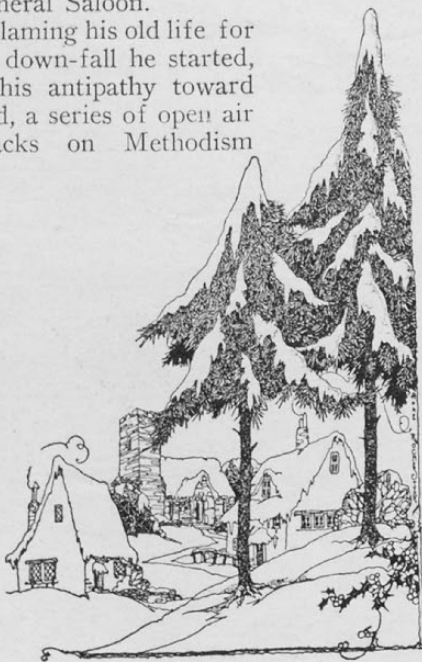
and Christianity. He became the President of the Free Thinkers Association of California. For twelve years he did not miss one night being in back of the Mineral Saloon, giving lectures on atheism. He raised his hand and defied God to strike him dead, and when nothing happened he said, "You see, friends, there is no God."

He would be carried off night after night to a praying wife, until delirium tremens seized him again and again. He became emaciated, a hollow-eyed, blaspheming, cursing, swearing and carousing man. He had gone down into the very mud and scum of things, but every night his wife, used to pray for him. I wonder what the professor who gave him those books would have thought if he could have seen him at Los Angeles, dirty, ragged, holes in the knees of his trousers, beard grown and matted, a poor old drunken soak!

One day, going down the street, he accidentally bumped into a man. Conlee was drunk as usual, and said, "Can you give a fellow a dime?" The man looked at him and recognized his old pastor. He said in amazement, "You are not Conlee, man? Tell me!" "That is my name, Conlee," said the drunkard. "My old pastor! What are you doing like this? I cannot believe my eyes." The kindly, Christian doctor, for he was an M. D., took him to his house, gave him a bath, a new suit of clothes and took him to a hotel not far away. Conlee pawned that suit of clothes and spent it on drink. The doctor interested his friends and they tried their best to salvage the old drunk, but could do nothing with him. Every penny he got went for drink.

At last everybody gave him up but the doctor, and he said, "If we could get him away from the Mineral Saloon it might help him to pull himself together."

It was at the time of the great gold strike in Alaska. His friends thought if they could get him in a change of environment that his life might be changed. The old drunk said he would be willing to go. So they packed his little trunk, bought him another suit of clothes and put him on the boat bound for Skagway. His wife and little daughter came to see him off. His little girl, Florence, put her arms around his neck and said, "Daddy, dear Daddy, mamma put in a little medicine chest that she thought you might need if you should get hurt there. We will pray for you, and daddy, inside the medicine chest I have put my little



Book. I wouldn't give it to anybody else in the world but you, daddy. You read it." That little Bible meant everything to Florence. On the flyleaf she had written the words, "To my darling daddy. With love from Florence. Don't forget we love you."

In a few weeks he was in that seething, cursing, surging mass of humanity, prospectors en route to the Yukon. The very first place he entered was a saloon. He got a job in that vile hell hole, sweeping up the floors and cleaning out the cuspidors, and his pay was "all he could drink" and food enough just to keep him alive.

One day the owner of a big place came to him and said, "Doc, I want you to go over to the 40 Mile. We have struck gold over there and I am the first man to hear of it, with the exception of the man who made the find. I have bought the old log cabin and I want you to go out and hold the place." "Not me," said Joe. "I will not leave here. You know my little weakness." He wasn't going where he couldn't get whiskey. But the man said, "Joe, you can have all you want to drink. We will send supplies out for two weeks on the dog team. You have nothing to do but to sit in the cabin and have a wonderful time."

So Joe Conlee found himself out in the lonely cabin on the 40 Mile, with nothing to do but to drink. The whiskey barrel was a quarter empty when one day in October there was a knock at the door of the cabin. There stood Jimmie Miller, a Roman Catholic, who said he was cold and hungry. The latch-string is always out in Alaska. You dare not turn a man away, so Conlee said, "Come in, Pard. There's grub and a whiskey barrel." So the two of them sat down to drink. They were there two weeks, drinking themselves to sleep every night, when there came another knock at the door, and Wally Flett, a spiritualist medium from San Francisco, came. When he saw the liquor his mouth commenced to water, and he said, "Wouldn't you like me to stay with you?" They said, "Yes," and there were three of them now in the cabin. Their ribald laughter, their filthy jesting, their obscene story-telling, their drinking and carousing were unspeakable.

November came and went. They made three trips to Dawson with the dogs for whiskey and grub. Then the constant drinking got on their nerves. The three of them drank, drank, drank, until they cried and cringed in torment, with delirium tremens, night after night. Then for fun they had a spiritualistic seance, and Wally Flett, the old medium, showed them how the slate writing was done, and the tapping. Night after night that

was the program for the three in the lonely cabin.

One night Jimmie Miller had delirium tremens and a fever, and in great agony he cried, "Get me a doctor! You cannot let me lie here and die." But they were 40 miles from Dawson City; it was forty below zero and the snows were deep. The delirious man kept screaming, "Get me a doctor." Then Conlee remembered that down in the old trunk there was a medicine chest, so he brought it out and opened it, and out fell a little black Book on the floor. He opened it and read, "From Florence to Daddy." Wally Flett said, "What you got, Conlee?" "It's a Bible, curse it!" Conlee strode over to



HAVE YOU ROOM FOR HIM?

*Great Grace comes down each Christmastide,
As once in days of yore;
He knocks, and will not be denied—
Waits, knocking, at thy door.*

*Oh, open to Him, burdened heart,
And bid Him enter in;
His touch will take away the smart
Of long-remembered sin.*

*And if He stay with thee, my friend,
And if thou see His face,
Thy Christmastide shall never end—
Sharing His given grace.*

the stove, but as he lifted up the lid to throw it in, Wally Flett shouted, "Don't throw it in, man. Don't you know we haven't a thing to read in this God-forsaken country—your only magazine I have read twenty times." Conlee said, "If you want to read that you may, but I will not."

The medicine commenced to work. Jimmie Miller began to recover and as he was convalescing he wanted something to read. Jimmie had a habit of reading out loud. Joe used to tell him to shut up, but Wally Flett was interested. He would say, "What was that you read, Jimmy?" Then Jimmy would read it again. Wally said, "I had no idea there were things like that in the Bible."

They took turns in reading, and all unknown to them a change was coming in to the lonely cabin—and the whiskey barrel went down more slowly. Some days they would read five, six and seven chapters, and they came to the New Testament. The cursings became fewer, the whiskey barrel began to be let alone, and Wally Flett said, "Haven't you noticed a kind of change coming over us? I have not heard swearing now for three or four days. I wonder if it is that Bible that is doing it?"

Christmas came. They read the story of the birth of Christ. Wally Flett said, "Wait a minute. Do you know what day it is? It is Christmas day. I wonder what the little kids are doing in the States. What is the matter, Joe?" "Oh, just thinking about little Florrie. She used to hang up a stocking every Christmas before I made such a fool of myself with the drink."

January came and they were reading the Gospel of John and then there came that eventful day—February 14th. It was Wally's turn to read, and Joe got back of the stove: "Let not your heart be troubled—ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." Joe's hand brushed across his eyes. "What is the matter, Joe?" "Nothing!" "Were you crying, Joe?" "Yes, go ahead. I am thinking about my little girl. I am not crying because of that Bible." Then Wally said, "I'd like to know if this Bible is true. For the last five days I've been wanting to pray and I was scared you fellows would laugh at me, but I will not be sacred any more. I shall ask God, if there is a God, to speak to me." Joe said, "Well, since you have committed yourself I will tell you that my heart has been broken for the last week. I can hear my mother back in Iowa praying—though she is now in glory. What about you, Jimmy?" "If you fellows want to pray I will pray with you."

Three old drunken soaks in the lonely cabin got down on their knees to pray. Their prayers rose higher and higher. Suddenly Wally Flett jumped to his feet, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Jesus heard me!" While he was shouting, up jumped Jimmie Miller, and then Joe Conlee, arose shouting glory. It was two o'clock in the morning when they rose from prayer. Into that lonely cabin had come the Man with the seamless robe.

Then Joe got hold of the whiskey barrel and rolled it to the door. Wally went for the hatchet and the cursed liquor ran out into the snow amid shouts of glory.

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How Far Is Bethlehem?

John Wright Follette



These are days of *big* things. Size in almost every department of life has so swept the minds of people that ere they know it, "quantity" is often recognized instead of "quality." In the ministry of Christ we find Him moving quietly and surely past the surface of things and in His discerning, yet loving way, directing attention ever to the spirit or motive of the heart. How He delighted to tear away the husk of mere appearance and discover to us the shining reality of spiritual forces.

He kept ever before Him the truth of man's essential nature—that he is spirit. Since this is so, the outward manifestations in life are but the issues of the hidden man of the heart. Motives issue in conduct. In like manner conduct issues in character and destiny is the last analysis, the fruitage of the first.

A consciousness of this truth (so apparent in the life and ministry of Christ) reduces living to simplicity. The trend of modern life is ever to complexity and elaboration. The most beautiful things in nature or in the realm of art, music, architecture, etc., are the simple and direct creations. The more embellishment and detail there is, the more we have to weary the mind and heart. But when the sincere truth is uttered (in any form of creation—seen, felt, or heard) we have a joy which thrills us and is unfailing because of its sheer simplicity. Many times in his effort to improve (as he thinks) the face of nature in many of her picturesque manifestations, man succeeds in destroying the original loveliness by his artificial and meaningless additions.

The tragedy of it is that he is not contented to make a display of his complicated scheme in nature, but he has allowed his religious life to be sadly affected by the same spirit. The Jews in Jesus' time had so added to, and complicated the whole religious life that to live it had become almost impossible. One task the Lord had was to divert their attention from the multitudinous forms

and ceremonies to the direct spiritual significance of the whole system of types and ceremonies. Listen to Him in Matt. 22:37-40: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the

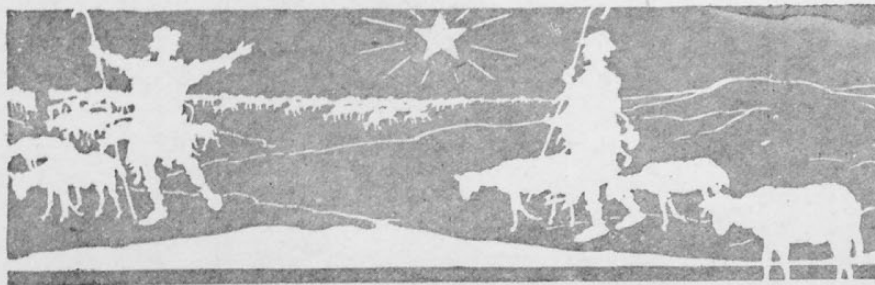
first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

Here He brings them face to face with the spiritual meaning of the law and reduces it to a most simple form. Again we read in James 1:27: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." One can see at

a glance that this is, after all, a most spiritual matter if done as He wishes it done.

Paul in his teaching also reduces the Christian life to a matter of love—not a complicated creed or system of doctrinal statements. Do not mistake me. There is a place in the Christian faith for doctrine, but it is the skeleton or framework and *not* the life. Life is more than the skeleton always. In the religious world today much prominence is given to great works and service inasmuch that many timid souls feel they are in total eclipse when it comes to doing anything for the Lord. But one should remember Jesus' word in Matt. 10:42: "And whoso shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

Here the service is small and not known perhaps to any one but the one ministered to, but the motive was correct and heart right, therefore God could bless and reward him. Again in Matt. 25:34 to 40: "For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison and ye came unto me. . . . When saw we thee a stranger?" "Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Again the motive of the heart is stressed



How Far Is Bethlehem?

Once again the Christmas season,
Finds our hearts in eager quest.
Tired of all the world may offer,
We would find a deeper rest.
Bethlehem, the prophets tell us,
Is the birthplace of God's Son,
If we find Him and receive Him,
Then eternal rest is found.

We would seek His lovely manger
There our choicest gifts to bring.
We would worship in the stable
Now the throne room of a King.
Must we climb the hills of Judah?
Must we cross the desert sand,
Ere we find the holy Christ Child,
Or beside His manger stand?

Bethlehem is very near us,
And the manger is not far.
Do not wait angelic singing
Nor the guidance of a star.
Open wide your heart in giving
To the soul whose light is dim,
Spend your life and heart for others,
Gladly giving as to Him.

Distant journeys are not needed,
Bethlehem is everywhere.
Do the poor and needy call you?
Lo! the Christ is waiting there.
Hidden 'neath dull pain and sorrow,
Lives are bound by sin and fear—
Where the nearest one is calling,
Bethlehem is just so near.

John Wright Follette

Brother Follette has recently published a book of poems entitled, "Smoking Flax." The book contains 15 Christmas poems, besides others, and would make a good Christmas gift. The price is \$1.12 postpaid. Order direct from John Follette, New Paltz, N. Y.

and a reward is given (not for a *great* work but a *loving* work).

To bring the matter home to our hearts today, God is just the same and is so dealing with us in like manner. It may not be in our power to perform a spectacular or wonderful work as the world counts greatness but it *is* in our power to do an humble, hidden kindness in some obscure place. We may be kind though not known; polite though not praised; thoughtful though not thanked; loving though not lauded; and peaceful though not paraded. Many let the little opportunities of doing a Christlike deed slip by while waiting or trying to do some *big* thing (and even worse trying to do something he was never called upon to do). Why not give the cup of cold water today instead of waiting for a time when you may hope to turn a river of water into wine to supply a great crowd? Do not hope to feed a multitude if you have not already learned to *share* your bread with the *nearest* hungry one.

Do you seek a fresh manifestation of Christ? He may surprise you and instead of finding Him in some conventional way, His sweet presence may flood your heart as you do some lowly task for a needy one. Many are seeking a touch from Jesus and long to see Him and find Him *real* in life. Tradition tells us He is in Bethlehem. But *where* is Bethlehem?

Do not reduce the mystical experience of seeing Him and sensing His love and warm heart touch to a physical place or city. Dear ones, Bethlehem is everywhere. This is the geography of the heart life. We all have our Galilee, our Gethsemane, our wilderness, our Calvary. Why not a Bethlehem? Was He not there too? This is a wonderful season! The whole theme of His visitation thrills our hearts. Have you gifts for Him? Are you still seeking some special experience and place for His showing? Listen, Bethlehem is very near.

Eager heart, with choicest gifts
Brought through every danger,
Break their seals and gladly share
With your foe and stranger.
When you share your gifts with these
You are by His manger.

Shall we not rejoice that God has reduced the matter of service of love to such simplicity? He is not asking us some strained, hard and difficult task. He loves the heart where the motive or purpose is *wholly* for Himself. It is possible to please and satisfy Him in a lowly service if only the thing is *for Him*. May there be a fresh discovery of Him this season and a more blessed touch with the lovely Christ Child. He is not for us alone—He came as a gift to the whole world. Then let us *share* Him

and in so doing we shall find new roadways to Bethlehem, and to the rude stable where we may bathe our hearts in the light of His presence.

God with Us

Behold, a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call His name, Immanuel.



Babe of Bethlehem

*Coming down from Glory's splendor,
Little Babe of royal birth,
Coming from the Father's presence,
To a wicked cruel earth;
Little Babe who nestled closely,
To his wondering mother's breast,
When the wise-men came to worship,
Could that mother then have guessed?
Holding wee small hands so tender,
Did she see them nailed and torn?
Could she trace upon his forehead,
Where the thorn-crown would be worn?
When the angels sang the chorus,
"Peace on earth, good will to men,"
Did she see the world's redeemer,
In that Babe of Bethlehem?*

*Born to be a man of sorrows,
Born to carry all earth's grief,
Born to be despised rejected,
By a world of unbelief;
Ne'er to dwell in earthly mansions,
But for man to be a curse,
Little Babe without a dwelling,
Yet he made the universe;
Spoke the mountains into being,
Rolled the stars into their place,
Sin of others heaped upon him,
Caused the sun to hide its face.*

*Little Babe how oft we wonder,
How you could have loved us so,
Leaving heaven's golden portals,
For a world so filled with woe;
But we're glad you came, dear Jesus,
Though our sin you had to bear,
And we're glad you were obedient,
For our names are written there;
On the book of pure white pages,
Making us an heir with thee,
That we too may share your heaven,
Throughout all eternity;
When again from Glory's splendor,
Comes the Babe of Bethlehem,
Wearing not a piercing thorn-crown,
But a jeweled diadem.*

Eldora E. Taylor
Fullerton, Calif.

Christmas and Valentine's Day in a Lonely Cabin

(Continued from Page Three)

The angels were looking over the battlements of glory as they saw what happened. Jimmie Miller, Joe Conlee and Wally Flett were born again by the Spirit of God.

I was holding meetings in Eugene, Oregon, and Brother Hornshuh introduced me to Joseph Conlee. He was the Dean of the Bible Standard School, and that was the beginning of a friendship. Just before the end of my campaign Conlee asked me to spend three hours with him in his room, to bring paper and pencil with me. He said, "I am not long for this world, I am going home to be with Jesus, but I have been praying and I believe God wants my story written down." In the next room was Florence, and his wife was there living in the School quarters. He said, "You will have to forgive me if I cry a little, but I want to begin at the very beginning." Three times during that interview we prayed together. At four o'clock I embraced him and we wept together. I went to Yukima for a campaign, and the first week one of the students told me that "Uncle Joe" had gone to glory. When he knew he was going he sent for her and told her to tell me that Jesus who found him in the lonely cabin was with him, and he laid his head back on his pillow and was gone. Wally Flett is filled with the Holy Ghost and is preaching down in Texas. The last I heard of Jimmie Miller, he was preaching for the Holiness people, but dear old Uncle Joe is with Jesus.

Be careful what you read. There is no book like the Bible. If ever a battle starts within the confines of your heart and life, say, "Lord, while I cannot understand I will believe Thee, and where I cannot reason I will walk in faith; and where I cannot see I will trust."—*The Latter Rain Evangel*.

The Sunday School Lesson Review; The Spread of Christianity in Southern Europe

Lesson for December 27. Lesson Text:
Hebrews 2:1-4; 11:32-12:2.

The Evangel is somewhat crowded this week, and we have felt it wise to refrain from making comments on the Review Lesson.

With the new Seven Years' Full Bible Course that we begin in the New Year, we shall not have Review Sundays at the end of each quarter. We have yet to meet the first teacher that cared for them.

Once more we invite all our Sunday Schools to start the New Year with us. We begin at the first chapter of Genesis and go right through the whole Bible, spending two quarters each year in the Old Testament and two in the New.

Much prayer has been made in the selection of the lessons and we feel sure they will prove a blessing to all of our Sunday School friends.

Christmas Greetings

All at headquarters, Council Office, Missionary Department, Editorial Department, Business and Printing Departments, Central Bible Institute send a hearty "God bless you" to all our readers.



A Simple Gift and What Came of It

A True Story



She was just a hired girl and received very small pay for a great amount of work. But she loved Jesus and desired to do something for Him. She had read that a little maid in Syria had witnessed to the power of the prophet in Samaria, and the result was that her master Naaman was healed of his leprosy and became acquainted with the God of Israel. Was there not some leper to whom she could testify? Yes, there was George, the cripple, who sat at the corner of the street and tried to sell some cheap things and get folks to give him money. He was the worst sinner she knew. It was strong drink that had been his downfall. An accident that occurred when he was drunk made him a cripple for life. And now crippled George was getting so gray and old-looking, and perhaps soon would be going into the great beyond—without God and without hope.

She was a timid maid and she wondered how she could sum up enough courage to speak to this man about Jesus. She knew so little about Jesus herself, but she did know that His precious blood cleansed her many sins away and she was very thankful. Then a big idea came into her mind. She could copy out a number of texts and put them into a little book, and she could ask God to speak to old George through these texts and to use them as a means to his salvation.

With great pains she sewed a number of sheets of paper together and then bound them in a simple cover that she herself made. Then with very great care she copied out a number of texts from her beloved Bible. "Thou shalt call his name JESUS: for he shall save his people from their sins." "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." And many more.

After the book was finished, with a very fluttery heart she went down to the corner where George the cripple always sat, gave him twenty-five cents, and asked him to please accept the gift of this book that she herself had made.

At Christmas time there are many expensive gifts given but there are very few that have as much love and prayer back of them as did that none-too-elegant

book of Scripture texts prepared by this humble servant maid who desired to do something for the One who had sent as a gift to the world His only begotten Son, through whom alone is salvation.

George put the quarter in one pocket and the book in another. And as night drew on he went to his cold and cheerless room. He was interested in that book and that night he read it through from beginning to end. And those texts brought him under conviction. Was there no hope for such a sinner as he? Yes, here was a text: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." And here was a wonderful prayer, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." As George pondered over those texts one after the other, he repented of his many sins and looked up to the One who came to save sinners, to cleanse his heart and make him all over anew. And he did not come in vain to that One who as of old "receiveth sinners," and who still declares, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

The next Sunday George made up his mind to go to church. For forty years he had neither looked in the Bible nor gone inside a church. Now the problem was, which church should he attend? He started out and then halted. He sent up a simple prayer, "Which way shall I go, Lord?" A word was spoken right

into his heart, "Go to the left." George obeyed. In about ten minutes he came to a church; and the preacher, who was just going in himself, helped him up the steps and guided him into a seat. That preacher (F. W. Pitt) is a very godly man and at the close of the service George opened up his heart to him and told him his story. He found in this preacher a sympathetic listener and one who became his friend and helper and faithful pastor for the next ten years, during which time he was a regular attendant of this church. George secured a Bible and in the ten years that followed he read it through fourteen times. When he came to some place where he could not understand it, he would write out a question and give it to Mr. Pitt, and that faithful pastor would always write out the answer for him.

George the cripple still went to his corner, but now he had a small display of Christian literature for sale. He would hang gospel texts round about him so that all passers-by could see some of the glorious truths that God declares in His holy Word.

When George reached the age of seventy, a daughter of his took him to her home in the country, and for six years George was able to give a bright testimony for Christ among those in the locality. One day in January last, crippled George became unconscious. And while he was quite unconscious he began to sing one of his favorite hymns, "Onward, Christian Soldiers." As the last notes faded out the old cripple slipped away into the Glory world after sixteen years of joyous Christian experience.

It all came about through a simple gift—the gift of a humble hired girl.

Commit your Christmas giving to the Lord. In Phil. 4:6 you are shown to be prayerful about "every thing," so no phase of life is exempted. Say to Him, "Lord, show me how best I can please Thee in my giving." Remember His word, "He that hath pity upon the poor (from whom nothing can be expected in return) lendeth unto the Lord," and "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these . . . ye have done it unto me." —S. H. F.



Tidings of Great Joy

(Continued from Page One)

cannot save. Its message is for "whosoever will," and its blessings reach out to both soul and body. Some years ago a good man confided to the writer that he was greatly troubled about his soul. He was a father of a nice family, successful in business, and an officer in a church, but he had read, "A bastard shall not enter into the congregation of the Lord; even to his tenth generation shall he not enter into the congregation of the Lord." He had been born in illegitimacy, and feared that this meant that he could not be saved. It was a pleasure to tell him that this prohibition had reference only to the temple service of Israel, a people whom God raised up to set a moral standard for the world. It barred no one from heaven and the promise in the gospel was for "whosoever will," for, "God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved."

Have the power and blessing of the gospel passed away? Some seem to think so. But the good tidings are meant to remain. After His resurrection, the Saviour said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." He also promised, "And these signs shall follow them that believe." The good tidings which began at Bethlehem will continue to the close of the age. Its blessings overflow the soul and make provision for the body as well, for "These signs shall follow them that believe," including among these signs the promise that "they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover." Multitudes have felt the healing touch of Christ in their bodies as they have in their souls. He is the great Physician who gently encourages us to come to Him in His tender promise, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

That the tidings of the gospel might go forth as they ought, and that men might know the wealth of communion with God, the promise of the gospel includes the Baptism with the Holy Ghost without which no Christian experience is complete. It was the Saviour who said, "And behold I send the promise of the Father upon you; but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high." The disciples, to whom these words were spoken, were obedient to the commandment and promise and, suddenly, as they were seated in worship before His presence, they were all filled with the Holy Ghost and began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance.

It is as much a part of the good tidings that we be filled with the Spirit as it is that we receive through Christ salvation from sin. Every believer needs this en-

duement of power and every believer may receive. The writer's wife had heard of the Baptism with the Holy Ghost and began to ask the Lord to give this bestowment to her as her Christmas gift. She was at that time attending a place of worship where the Pentecostal power was unknown. Christmas came and with it a fellowship meeting at the house of worship. As she sat, the power of God fell on her and she rose to her feet. The power lifted and she resumed her seat. The power came again, and again she rose to her feet and as she did so this time she became gloriously filled and began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave her utterance. It was a new blessing to those who were assembled,



Unspeakable

"Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift."

*Unspeakable the gift of Life
Bestowed on fallen man,
Unspeakable the wondrous grace
Of our salvation's plan.
We view the humble manger
Where Thou, O Christ, was born;
We raise afresh our song of praise
This blessed Christmas morn.*

*Unspeakable the mercy great
And deep compassion true
As from Thy Father's mansion
Thou didst stoop His will to do.
Thy condescending favor
Man ne'er can understand;
But freely he receives it
From Thine own nail-pierced hand.*

*Unspeakable Thy goodness
Along our pilgrim's way,
Thy guidance—Oh, how tender
As we trust from day to day!
Thanks be to God our Father—
Can we ever truly sing,
So unspeakable our gladness
For our precious Saviour King?*

*Unspeakable the glory full
And joy that comes from Thee,
Our brimming cups o'erflowing
In most holy ecstasy;
A foretaste of the rapture
Soon our waiting hearts shall know,
When clouds shall part asunder
As Thy saints shall upward go.*

Alice Reynolds Flower.

but it did not take them long to seek like precious faith and in a short while more than a hundred had entered with her into this blessing from God. May the blessed Saviour fill all our hearts with the Holy Spirit for the promise is to "as many as the Lord our God shall call."

We enjoy thinking of the beginning of the good tidings of the gospel and of some of the blessings that it bestows upon us, but we must not cease our meditation without looking for a moment to the consummation of the glorious news. We have not yet reached the climax. We as yet see only in part. That which we now enjoy is but the earnest of our inheritance. Our Saviour is coming again, the same Jesus who was born at Bethlehem, who was crucified at Calvary, and who returned to heaven from the Mount of Olives. Friends, we are going home. For this home-going we are now being prepared. The good tidings of the gospel are being applied to our hearts. We are being washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. God is after every spot and wrinkle. It will not be long until our Saviour will say "Arise my fair one and come away." Should He come suddenly, with the voice of the archangel and with the trumpet of God, would we all be ready to go? Will it not be wonderful to be "changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," mortality swallowed up in life and death swallowed up in victory?

The angels announced His birth and they will be present when his redeeming work is done. "When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory." Somehow I think the angels went back with Him to heaven, went with Him into the presence of the Father, watched Him there as He made atonement upon the Mercy Seat, and I am sure they will be present when He comes again. Oh the blessedness of the redeemed! What an inheritance is ours! When He comes to consummate the blessings of the gospel, rewards will be given, crowns will be received. The faithful ones who have believed the message, who have taken Jesus as their Saviour, Christ and Lord, who have shed their tears as they have passed through life's dark valleys of sorrow, shall be gathered out of every nation, kindred, tongue, and people. We now little realize what a multitude there will be, but we shall realize then. May our hearts be true to the gospel and our faith be firm until the trumpet shall sound and the dark shadows of earth flee away in the dawning of the everlasting morning.

"His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace."

A Pilgrimage to Bethlehem

By Evangelist William H. Nagel

O little town of Bethlehem, how still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep the silent stars
go by.
Yet in thy dark streets shineth the everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee
tonight.

How silently, how silently, the wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts the blessing of His
heaven.
No ear may hear His coming, but in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still, the dear Christ
enters in.

Every time I went to Bethlehem the words of this lovely old Christmas carol kept ringing in my ears, but never so forcibly as on the afternoon of December 24th 1935, when with a party of friends, I journeyed to the birthplace of our Saviour. At 4:15 P. M. we left Jerusalem for the Shepherd's Fields about six miles away. It was an historic road we traveled, over ground and past sites that still spoke eloquently to us out of the past. On leaving Jerusalem we went through several of its newer suburbs which have sprung up in the Vale of Rephaim where "the troop of the Philistines was encamped." For months I had lived in that ancient valley and often thought of David and his mighty men when they "slew the Philistines; and Jehovah wrought a great victory" for them. 2 Sam. 23:12.

Memories

With Jerusalem behind us we drove south, passed a stone bench which was built, in memory of Holman Hunt, by his wife. Here the artist of the famous painting, "Light of the World," often sat in meditation where he could have his favorite view of Bethlehem. One may still have a wonderful view of Bethlehem from this spot, seeing the town with its little white houses climbing up the side of a high narrow ridge of a gray limestone mountain about 2600 feet above sea level. The surrounding fertile fields and rolling hills were the grazing places of the Eastern shepherds, and the cornfields of Boaz where Ruth, the Moabitess, gleaned. There David, the grandson of Ruth, often watched his father's flocks. Further off, those hills and fields blend with the Desert of Judea where the scapegoat, described in Lev. 16:8-10, was sent "into the wilderness." In the mountain fastnesses of that desert is the cave of Adullam where David, driven forth as a scapegoat, hid from the wrath and evil intrigues of Saul. This expanse of arid waste rolls eastward and drops suddenly into the Dead Sea. Beyond it is the Range of Moab, of which a splendid panorama may be had from Bethlehem. At sunset the delicate pink, bluish-gray, and changing shades of purple passing upon it move one to tears. Looking at it one thinks of Naomi as she went with her husband from Bethlehem because of a famine "to sojourn in the country of Moab." Ruth 1:1. One's thoughts also, turn to Moses who stood there on Mount Pisgah, "And Jehovah showed him all the land of Gilead, unto Dan." Somewhere in the secret places of those mountains the hands of God "buried him in the valley in the land of Moab over against Bethpeor: but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day." Deut. 34:1, 6.

Rachel's Tomb

A little further on we passed Rachel's Tomb, a picturesque little domelike building. It has been

the site of Jewish veneration for over thirty centuries. For many years a small pyramid of 12 stones was to be seen here.

Each stone represented one of the 12 tribes of Israel and had been placed there in affectionate memory of Jacob whose beloved wife Rachel died giving birth to Benjamin, "and was buried in the way of Ephrath. And Jacob set up a pillar upon her grave: the same is the Pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day." Gen. 35:19, 20.

Well of David

Just before entering Bethlehem beside a narrow path is the so-called "Well of David." When Bethlehem was garrisoned by the Philistines and David was hiding in the Cave of Adullam with his 400 men, he said, "O that one would give me water to drink of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate." Three of his bravest bodyguard heard it and, breaking "through the host of the Philistines," got the water and returned to the Cave of Adullam. The King would not drink the water "but poured it out unto Jehovah," and said, "shall I drink the blood of the men that went in jeopardy of their lives?" 2 Sam. 23:15-17.

"House of Bread"

We now entered Bethlehem, first known to us in the Scriptures as Ephrata, which means "fruitful." This was a fruitful town, for here the precious Son of man was born, who, through His fruitful life and ministry, has made it possible, if one abides in Him, that we "bear much fruit." John 15:5. Bethlehem means "House of Bread" in the Syriac but in Arabic "House of Meat." The story of Ruth took place here and in the surrounding fields. It was the home of David's family and here Samuel came and "took the horn of oil, and anointed him in the midst of his brethren" to be king over Israel. 1 Sam. 16:13. A little group of about 120 Bethlehemites returned to their city after the Captivity. Ezra 2:21. But its greatest event was foreshadowed by the prophet Micah who, 750 years before the birth of Jesus, wrote these marvelous words, "But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, which art little to be among the thousands of Judah, out of thee shall one come forth unto me that is to be the ruler in Israel." Micah 5:2.

A Shepherd Supper

It was Christmas Eve and we had come to Bethlehem to remember the glorious fulfillment of these words. We first went to the nearby fields to visualize that night when the heavenly host appeared to the shepherds. There



in the vicinity where Ruth gleaned we partook of a native supper of baked lamb and bread. It was the kind of a meal, prepared and eaten in the way, with which the Palestinians of 2000 years ago were familiar. The lamb was killed, cleaned, and seasoned, then put back into its skin, covered first with live coals and then with earth, after which it was left through a period of perhaps three hours to bake. We ate with our hands, breaking the bread with our fingers and tearing the meat from the bones with our teeth. It was a primitive native supper, but a well flavored meal, and one that the shepherds of these hills had been eating since the days of Jacob.

The Glory of the Lord

After we had finished our meal we gathered about a huge fire prepared in the field. As the sun was sinking over Jerusalem's mountains, reflecting its shadows on the Eastern hills and Bethlehem near by, we began to sing the immortal Christmas carols. How can I tell of the holy feeling that thrilled my being as we burst forth singing on these fields over which voices of angels were once heard? It was a sacred privilege. It seemed as if "an angel of the Lord stood by" us, and "the glory of the Lord shone round about" us. It would not have surprised me at all if "suddenly . . . a multitude of the heavenly host" would have appeared, "praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased." Luke 2:9, 13, 14. I knew the angels were there although these natural eyes could not see them. God was there in our midst speaking with intense reality of the meaning of this wonderful event.

Evening stole quietly on. Night threw its mantle of darkness about us. The stillness which permeated the pastoral scene gave God an opportunity to speak. One by one the stars came out. The lights began flickering in Bethlehem. A holy hush fell on me, as gazing on the town, I listened to the reading of those unforgettable lines:

For Christ is born of Mary, and gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep their watch of
wondering love.
O morning stars, together proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King, and peace to men
on earth.

We all took up the words and sang that lovely Christmas Carol. It had a new meaning as its message rang out and it brought a new blessing



to our hearts. Scriptures were read. Some words were spoken. And to climax the dramatic scene 300 voices pierced the quiet of the evening with this stirring hymn of worship:

All hail the power of Jesus Name! Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem, and crown Him Lord of all!
Let every kindred, every tribe, on this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe, and crown Him Lord of all!

To the Church

I had felt the power of His Name that night. With the inspiration of the Holy Spirit in my heart I breathed the words of the Shepherds who "said one to another, let us now go even unto Bethlehem." Luke 2:15. Back we went across the fields, through the narrow, winding streets of Beit Sahur, and then to the open square before the church of the Nativity where, in a grotto beneath, it is said, Jesus was born.

A Gift from David

In 2 Sam. 17:27-29 we read of one, Barzillai who, among others, served David and his followers when they were in need in the rebellion of Absalom. When David returned victoriously Barzillai "went over the Jordan with the king, to conduct him over the (river)." David offered to reward Barzillai by taking him to the court at Jerusalem, but the latter refused because of his age, and instead requested that his son Chimham should "go over with . . . the king." 2 Sam. 19:37. When David resigned the throne to Solomon, he asked his son to "show kindness unto the sons of Barzillai," which included Chimham. 1 Kings 2:7. To receive kindness in those days often meant to receive a grant of land in addition to honor from the king at court. It appears that either David or Solomon gave Chimham a possession at Bethlehem upon which in later times an inn or "khan" was erected. Jeremiah says that Johanan and the people of Judea, after Ishmael had slain Gedaliah (the governor), fled, for fear of the Chaldeans, to "the lodging-place of Chimham, which is by Bethlehem." Jer. 41:17. The word "lodging-place" means "khan." It was not an ordinary house, but it must have been a khan to accommodate the crowd of fleeing Judeans. Four hundred years after David, Jeremiah speaks of this khan, still bearing the name of its original owner. It was a place where strangers could

lodge at Bethlehem, and it probably continued as the hostel of the neighborhood until the days of our Saviour. Because Bethlehem was a small town there was need for only one khan, and it is very probable that when Joseph came with Mary he applied for admission at the repaired and altered khan which had been erected on the grant of land given by King David to Chimham a thousand years before.

God's Circumstances

How wonderful were the circumstances of that first Christmas Eve! The prophecy of Micah seemed unlikely to be fulfilled, for Joseph and Mary lived in the Northern province of Galilee. But God moved the heart of the Roman Emperor, Augustus, to take a census of the people which brought the Nazarenes to their ancestral home at the exact time when the Christ child was to be born. We saw a sight that evening which reminded us of the arrival of Mary and Joseph. It was an Arab and his wife coming into Bethlehem, the man walking beside the donkey that bore his wife. So Joseph and Mary came. Not in an automobile or on a train, but astride one of the lowliest of animals, the donkey of the East.

The Inn and the Manger

We read these words in the Gospel of Luke, "And she brought forth her firstborn son; and she wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn." Luke 2:7. These words have a different meaning in the East than they have in the West. There are no barns or stables in the Orient and whether it be in house or inn man and beast occupy the same building. We shall see that whereas it would be very humiliating to put a newborn babe in a manger in the West it was quite natural in Palestine.

What was the inn like? The largest part of an Oriental inn is devoted to the accommodation of the animals and the reception of goods. In the center is a roomy, raised platform where the guests lie down to sleep without benefit of beds. Around the four walls are compartments with simple mangers of rough slabs of stone. Here the sheep, donkeys, camels, and miscellaneous goods are kept. Even today a shepherd or traveler will often lie down beside his animals instead of on the platform. He will sometimes do this to keep his eye on the little lambs lest they should be

crushed or trodden under the feet of the sheep and goats. In cold weather he prefers to sleep near his animals for he believes their breath keeps him warm.

When Joseph and Mary came the sleeping platform of the khan was already occupied by the unusually large number of people who had come to register in Bethlehem. Consequently there was nothing for them to do but to sleep by the manger where their donkey was tethered. Thus "it came to pass, while they were there, the days were fulfilled that she should be delivered," and after the child was born she "laid him

in a manger." Luke 2:6, 7. We may also assume that if it were a cool evening the manger was a welcome place for the new-born child.

A Genuine Site

I learned at the School of Oriental Research in Palestine that this church, which is the oldest existing Christian church building in the world, is one of the most authentic sites of antiquity in the Holy Land. It is the only Christian Church in Palestine which has never been converted into a Mosque but has had unbroken continuity of worship since its erection. The manger is mentioned as early as the second century by Justin Martyr. Origen says, "There is shown in Bethlehem the cave where He was born, and the manger in the cave." And Jerome tells us that old people living in Bethlehem in his day still remembered the ruined khan on which site the Church of Constantine was built in 330 A. D. So there is little question that as we were standing in the courtyard of the Church of the Nativity, we were near the original manger in Bethlehem.

When the Crusaders came they found the Church uninjured. In the year 1099 A. D. when Godfrey de Bouillon was in Emmaus, a picked body of Crusader Knights took the town of Bethlehem out of the hands of the Moslems. Two years later Baldwin I was crowned King of the Latin Kingdom in this church on Christmas day. According to tradition he refused like his predecessor, Godfrey, to wear a golden crown in Jerusalem where the Saviour wore a crown of thorns, so he chose Bethlehem as the place of his coronation. Through many vicissitudes and periods of siege and restoration the Church that Constantine built in 330 A. D. has come down to us today and has been shown for 18 centuries as the site of the birth of our blessed Lord.

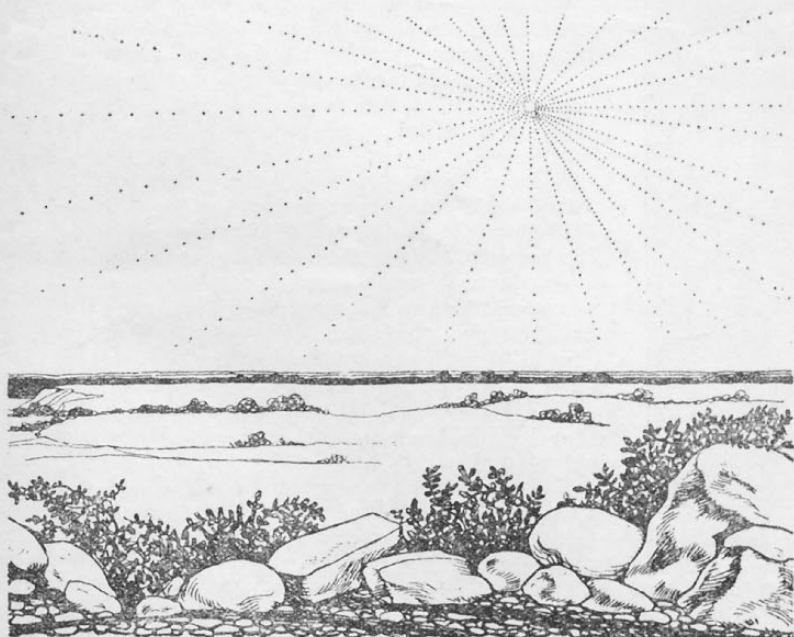
The Natal Star

From the courtyard we entered through a low door into this historic church. The door is abnormally small so as to keep out the donkeys and other animals and at the same time serve as a means of defense in case of sudden attack. We saw some of the original walls of Constantine's Church which the archaeologists were uncovering. On some of the shafts of stone one could also see crests, sketched by the Crusaders. Today the site belongs to the Latin, Orthodox and Armenian churches. We went through the Orthodox Chapel between two double rows of pinkish, limestone pillars which are said to have been brought from the ruins of the Temple of Jerusalem. Above us we saw the English oak roof, a gift of King Edward IV of England in the 15th century.

Walking down slippery stone steps we came to the Grotto of the Nativity, twenty feet below the choir floor of the Orthodox Chapel. Here is a vault thirty-three feet by eleven feet, the walls of which are lined with Italian marble. Numerous lamps, fine embroidery and a variety of sacred ornaments decorate the vault. On the east side of the floor, under an altar, a silver star marks the spot where, according to tradition, Jesus was born. We saw the Latin inscription around it, "Hic De Virgine Maria Jesus Christus Natus Est," which interpreted means, "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." Fifteen lamps are kept perpetually burning above this spot.

I sat down on a step near the star and with wondering eyes gazed through the mystical light reflected by the burning lamps into that far-distant past when God first revealed to man that "He shall bruise (the serpent's) head." Gen. 3:15. God had spoken. He had promised a Redeem-

(Continued on Page Thirteen)





The Gospel in Foreign Lands

Send All Offerings to Noel Perkin—336 W. Pacific St.—Springfield, Mo.



MY BEST GIFT FOR HIM

Mrs. E. Cronk

Christmas was coming. There could be no doubt of it. The shop windows were dazzling with a red, gold and green glamour, which shone round a hundred gifts, useful and useless. The December magazines, wreathed in holly, radiated good cheer, gift suggestions, and turkey menus. People with happy surprises tucked under their arms, and with the joy of joy-giving shining out of their eyes, jostled each other good-naturedly along the streets. Small boys manifested their annual sudden symptoms of unusual goodness. By many unmistakable signs Christmas was forecast. I felt the thrill of it in the air. For three weeks I had been smuggling in sundry mysterious packages, while my heart glowed at the thought of the joy of those who would open them.

I had just torn off my calendar at December 11th when the postman brought the mail. Among the letters was one in a square envelope with a bunch of holly in the corner. I opened it first. Another envelope fell out. As soon as I saw that little envelope I knew it was from the missionary society and I felt a quick resentment at its coming just at this time.

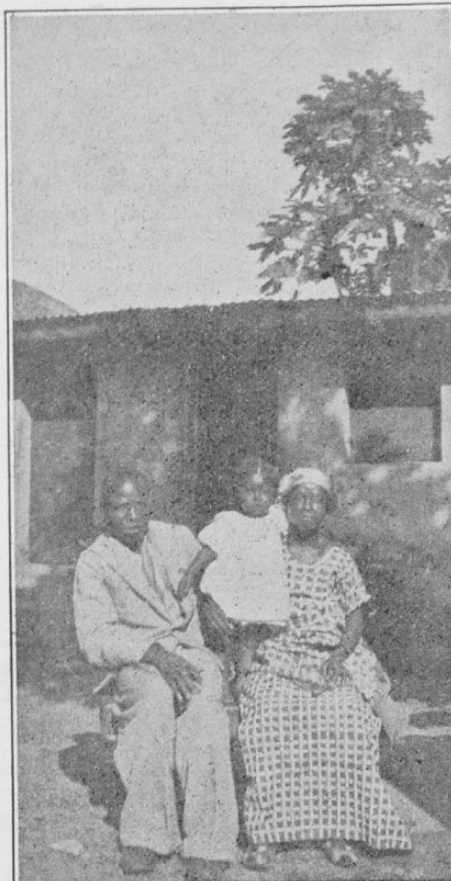
"They do choose the most inappropriate times for sending out envelopes for special offerings at our church," I said. "Nobody ever has any money left at Christmas. I can't see why they don't wait until sometime in the new year."

I glanced down at the envelope. Surrounded by a holly border were the words: "GOD GAVE HIS BEST GIFT TO YOU AT CHRISTMAS. WILL YOU GIVE YOUR BEST GIFT TO HIM?"

Some things come to us with sudden illumination. The words on that envelope were no new words to me, but I suddenly remembered my words, "Nobody has any money left over at Christmas." How could I talk with beautiful sentiment at the missionary meeting about giving God the best gift, when in my heart I was grudgingly considering giving "left-overs"?

I had it out with myself that day. I looked over all the presents I had made and bought and thought of those yet unmade and unbought for which I was planning and saving, and then I realized that for Him, whom I professed to love above all others, I had planned nothing! I wondered if I were really willing to make His gift my best gift this Christmas, but with a prayer I promised that my best gift should be for Him, who gave Himself for me.

It was not easy to cut down on the gifts to the friends I loved best, but I did it. Then, there was a long list of friends to whom I had felt for years I must give things I wanted in formal and unprofitable exchange for things I didn't want. I wrote the name of every one of them down on my list of Christmas good wishes and put the money in my little holly-wreathed envelope instead.



Sierra Leone workers who volunteered to carry the gospel message to Sinoe, Liberia. Upper: Daniel and Nancy with their little girl, Memmy. Lower: James and his wife, whom the church here is supporting.

By the day for the December meeting of our missionary society, my heart was overflowing with the joy of giving, and my envelope, usually so flat, had in it my best gift this year. I wondered how people could ever think of postponing the December meeting. No one could have kept me away from it! It seemed beyond belief that any of us should allow ourselves to get so busy preparing for His birthday celebration that we could find no time to celebrate His birth. Joy-bells rang in my heart as I made ready to go, for this was the first Christmas in my life that I had really made my best gift to my Saviour, to carry the glad tidings of His birth to all people.

That was a wonderful Christmas to me—the first of a series which have followed each year. I still give surprises to my friends, but the joy of it all is greater because my best gift goes to Him.—Evangelical Christian.

We appreciate the generous response of our Evangel readers to our appeal for the Christmas Fund, which enabled us to add a little to the remittance of each of our missionaries at the end of November. We believe, however, that it would have been much larger had our friends considered giving their best gifts to Him. Why not plan for this special gift all through the year so that it might be your best gift, rather than what is left over? Let us prepare now to remember the mission fields at Christmas time next year.

NATIVE MISSIONARIES FROM SIERRA LEONE TO LIBERIA

An interesting letter has come from Mr. and Mrs. Shakley in Sierra Leone, West Africa, telling of the going forth from their mission of two couples to evangelize in the Sinoe district of Liberia. They write as follows: "We are enclosing a snapshot of the two men and their wives whom we have recently sent to Sinoe to open a gospel work. People in that region have been calling for workers from this church for a long time. We were waiting till we could send a missionary to precede them, but since none was available at this time, God seemed to make it plain that these workers should go out now.

"One of these couples is being supported from the United States and the other will be supported by the native Christians here in Freetown. We shall be sending them only \$5.00 per month and the people to whom they are ministering will bring them food, rice, palm oil and fresh fish. Our people here opened their hearts and gave them clothes before they left. They have been in our church here for a long time and we believe they will do a good work for God. Please pray for them.

"Miss Carlson spent some time in this field a few months ago and hopes to return to help these new workers for a few weeks soon."

"Give, not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver."



Mr. and Mrs. Ted Vassar and little Bobby Jo, two years of age, now with Jesus

LITTLE LIFE CALLED HOME

We deeply regret to state that a cable was received this week from the secretary of our South India District, bearing the sad news: "Little Vassar at rest."

Our heart-felt sympathy goes out to our Brother and Sister Vassar in this time of bereavement and great loss. May God bless and comfort them in their great sorrow! Our brother and sister have been in South Indian only a few months.

MANY RESPOND TO THE GOSPEL IN GOLD COAST

With thankful hearts we praise God for His blessings upon this part of the harvest field, in the last three months. About three months ago, it became necessary for us to come down here and take over the Mission station in Tamale. We did not like to leave our work at Walewale in the Mamprusi tribe at first, as we felt that God had helped us to get an entrance into the hearts of many of them. But since so many of our workers have to go home for rest, it was necessary to close one of our stations for the time being. Since coming here we have seen the Spirit of the Lord do a gracious work among the people near us.

Last Sunday morning we found every seat in the church filled with people. It was soon necessary to find some more seats, and we soon stirred up several dozen more chairs and boxes and soon all those were filled. For last Sunday morning we dedicated the new baptistry in the church and twenty-two precious souls were buried with the Lord in baptism. From the very first service since we came here we have seen a steady increase in the number of people attending, but best of all, we are happy over those that have been saved. We had expected to baptize twenty-five, but in the last moment three were hindered by unforeseen circumstances. All those that were baptized had been partakers of instruction in the Word of God twice weekly for three months.

It was pleasing to our hearts to see the

way in which most of them memorized the Word of God. Each one had to pass a certain test, and we found only one who was not qualified, whom we must let wait until next time. Among those baptized there were no less than eight tribes represented, and most of them speaking a language foreign to one another. So it has been quite a problem to instruct these people in the Scriptures. Our classes have increased steadily from sixteen in the first class which met, until we had sixty-five last week. A month ago we administered communion to twenty-four and last Sunday we had twenty-two more around the Lord's table.

Tonight we start another class for those who have been saved more recently. Last Sunday night several others gave their hearts to God, and last night five more came to the altar repenting of their sins.

We thank God for His blessings in the church on the hilltop near the station. This church serves as a gathering place for the people living around the town of Tamale. In the first service we held there three months ago, we had eleven people present. Last week we had one hundred twenty-three people out, and last night we saw five young men repent of their sins after the service. The Christians have caught a real vision, and

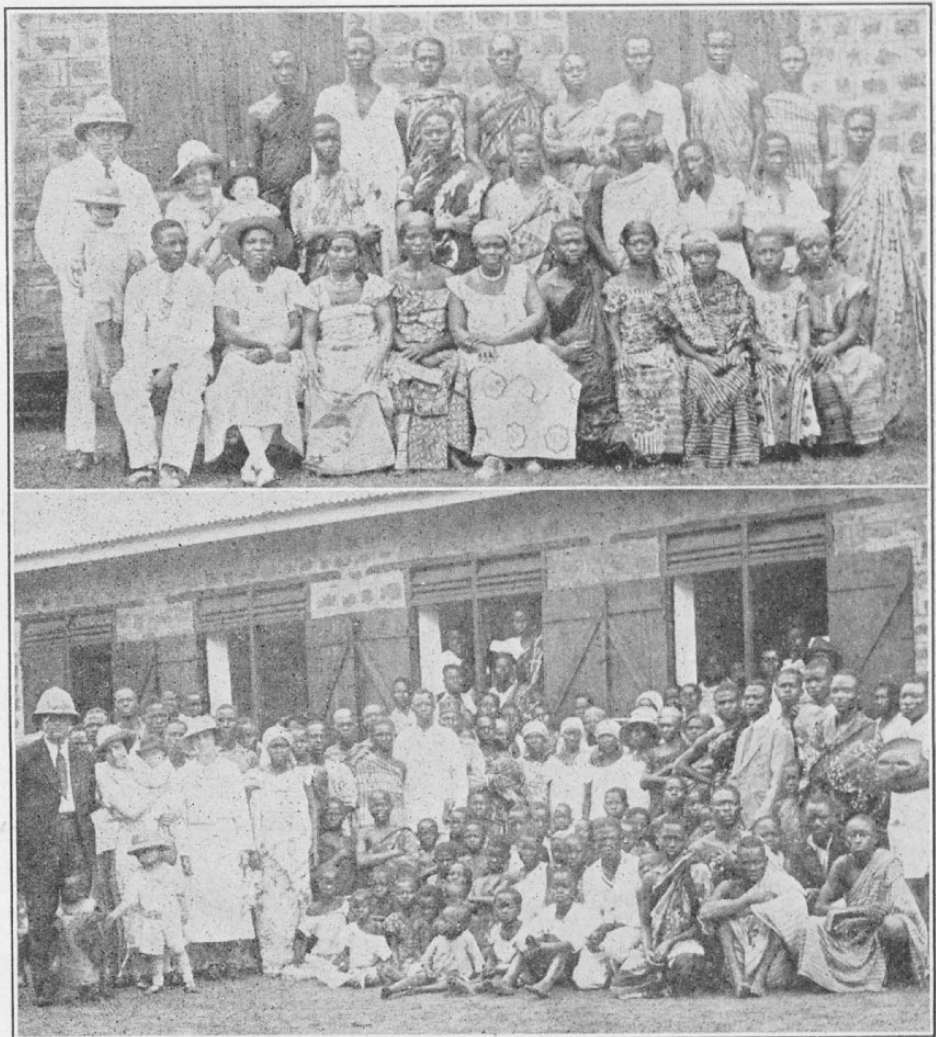
they are hot for the Lord, always ready to witness.

Last month I had to take a hurried trip up through the Mamprusi Territory. As I stopped at our station in Walewale to look things over, the boy whom we had left there to take care of the place while no missionaries are there, came and told me that the previous Sunday thirteen people had repented of their sins, and on my way back from the river these people all came out to greet me, and they had the peace of God written on their faces. These were from the Bozansi tribe, living in Walewale.

We feel that there is a definite awakening going on among the people. The results are larger than our efforts, and how we thank God, that He has been pleased to let the Holy Spirit move over these dark waters of pagan darkness.

We have now several that are eager to go out and preach. But how can they preach if they cannot read? So last week we asked them how many would like to learn to read. To our great surprise we had over thirty for the enrollment. We hope to start a Bible class for those who plan to go out with the Word, as soon as they are able to read.

(Continued on Page Thirteen)



Above: Group of believers baptized in the Tamale church September 6, Gold Coast, West Africa

Below: Members of the Assembly of God Church in Tamale.

In the Whiten'd Harvest Field

TELEGRAM FROM DAD RICHEY

George Hays having glorious revival, Evangelistic Temple, Houston. Expecting wonderful time during our annual Back Home Week during Christmas and New Years with our Evangelist Raymond T. Richey and workers.—E. N. Richey, Houston, Texas.

MOBILE, ALA.—The Lord has been with us in a very successful meeting, Evangelist Troy B. Helms, C. A. President of Alabama, in charge. Several were saved, healed, and filled with the Holy Ghost. The blessing of the Lord was upon the church as a whole, and great good is still being manifested.—S. Clyde Bailey.

COLORADO, SPRINGS, COLO.—We are happy to report a successful 2 weeks' meeting, Evangelist and Mrs. Vernon Murray, of Texas, in charge. God blessed in all our services. Some were saved, some prodigals came home to the Father, 4 received the gift of the Holy Ghost, and some really wonderful healings took place during the meetings.—F. T. Curry, Pastor.

NASSAU, BAHAMAS—We are glad to report victory in the assembly here. God has been blessing in a wonderful way, and we are expecting a great time of refreshing during the coming revival, commencing December 1, Evangelist Ruth Hargis, Coffeyville, Kansas, in charge. Any Council minister who feels led to come to Nassau will find an open door to a needy field.—Earle W. Weech, P. O. Box 826.

COLUMBIA, TENN.—We are here in an old-fashioned Holy Ghost revival, which began on November 11th at the Full Gospel Tabernacle, where A. H. Mitchell is pastor. Twenty-seven have been saved or reclaimed to date, 3 have been filled with the Spirit, and the end is not yet. Brother Mitchell and his good wife are among the best with whom we have labored. They have a splendid group of Spirit-filled young people who are doing good work. The church is going forward under their care. May the Lord continue to bless them.—Bert L. Todd, Evangelist.

WHARTON, TEXAS—We resigned the pastorate at Pelly, Texas, on September 6. God gave us many souls during the 3½ years we were there. We came to Wharton as pastor, and God has begun to move here in a precious way. We have just closed a revival, Clara Classen, Enid, Oklahoma, Evangelist. God worked in a wonderful way. Thirteen were saved, 7 were filled with the Holy Ghost, according to Acts 2:4, and there were many wonderful healings. Cancer, spider bite, and asthma had to go, deaf ears were opened, blind eyes made to see, and many wonderful works were wrought by the mighty power of God. We are believing God for many souls at this place. This is a cut-over field.—W. M. Cupps, Pastor.

TAFT, CALIF.—Just closed two very fine revival meetings. The ministry of Evangelist N. W. Jennings, formerly of the Brethren church, bore substantial fruit and was a benefit to the church. Closely following his ministry was that of Evangelists Meyer and Alice Tan Ditter. Their gospel singing and unique preaching attracted many outsiders and especially touched some of the seemingly "untouchables." The influence of both evangelistic parties contributed greatly to the increase in our Sunday School interest. The last Sunday of the Tan Ditter campaign saw the attendance stand at over 100 per cent gain for the day.—Louis E. Weston, Pastor.

ROHNERVILLE, CALIF.—We have just closed a 4 weeks' campaign, Evangelist and Mrs. Earl Larson and daughter, Mary Ann, of Nebraska, in charge. The glory of the Lord came down the first night, and continued to fall during the remainder of the campaign. About 20 were saved, some were reclaimed, and 14 received the Baptism in the Holy Ghost, according to Acts 2:4. We prayed for many that were bound by drink and the tobacco habit, and they testified they were delivered. One was instantly healed of many cancers, and people with many other long standing ailments were instantly healed. All the saints were revived, and the surrounding community was stirred.—Pastor and Mrs. V. L. Klemm.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA C. A. CONVENTION

The first semi-annual C. A. Convention for the District of Northern California and Nevada was entertained by the congregation of the Full Gospel Church and their pastor, R. J. Renfro, in the high school auditorium in Ukiah, November 14-15. In spite of the inclement weather conditions, the first day, the convention was well attended. The C. A. President, Vincent Alexander, brought the opening message on the theme, "Character Without Ideals." The main speaker of the convention was Pastor L. R. Keys, of Fresno, who spoke Saturday evening, Sunday morning, and Sunday afternoon, on the following subjects respectively: "The Man with a Burden," "The Man with a Vision," and "The Man with a Message." Evangelist Harold Lehman brought the concluding address of the convention and at the same time opened his revival campaign in Ukiah.—Albert J. Lebeck, Field Reporter.

STILL TIME

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GENERAL COUNCIL FELLOWSHIP

The following names were added to our General Council ministerial list during the month of November, 1936.

Adamson, Earl B., Vermilion, S. Dak.
Allen, Birdie L., Wright City, Okla.
Allen Oather L., Huttig, Ark.
Beem, Clarence T., Bonesteel, S. Dak.
Bonds, J. C., Russellville, Ark.
Brown, Walter L., London, Ark.
Bryant, Alma B., Macon, Ga.
Chandler, G. W., Little Rock, Ark.
Chandler, Samuel E., Blakely, Ga.
Cook, Joe, Quinlan, Texas
Dement, David W., Haughon, La.
Dollar, Fred E., London, Ark.
Dollar, Hettie, London, Ark.
Dowling, William D., Hot Springs, Ark.
Fisher, Earl E., Kensington, Kans.
Flanagan, B. W., Sarepta, La.
Friend William B., Lake Charles, La.
Galyen, Byron E., Lake Preston, S. Dak.
Goodin, George H., Hartman, Ark.
Gosnell, Ephraim, Arcadia, S. C.
Grady, Carroll F., Monette, Ark.
Haddock, C. E., Glenwood, Ark.
Hawkins, William A., Clearfield, S. Dak.
Heitman, Erma L., Carthage S. Dak.
Kilgore, Silby S., Low Gap, Ark.
Lamont, Nathaniel M., Pequot, Minn.
Lasater, Bartley E., Broken Arrow, Okla.
McAlister, Elmer, Levy, Ark.
McAlister, Harvey, Springfield, Mo.
McAlister, Ethel L., Springfield, Mo.
McMahan, Jimmie S., Lake City, Ark.
Meeks, J. Newton, Warren, Ark.
Messer, P. L., Cedar Springs, Ga.
Moore, W. B., Little Rock, Ark.
Murrell, Roy, Springdale, Ark.
Penton, Clyde H., Baker, Fla.
Pitts, Dallis E., Bonifay, Fla.
Ramirez, Frank C., Los Angeles, Calif.
Roberts, Mrs. Maudie, Chipley, Fla.
Sawrey, Neil, Bentonville, Ark.
Slager, Adam H., Madison, S. Dak.
Svedin, Mrs. Lillie M., Worcester, Mass.
Teeter, Earl, Swifton, Ark.
Timm, Jon R., Comfrey, Minn.
Vise, Fannie S., Mena, Ark.
Waller, Sidney E., Marianna, Fla.
Witt, Ruth N., Russellville, Ark.

The following names were removed from our General Council ministerial list during the month of November, 1936.

Brandon, Henry F., College Station, Tex. (withdrew)
Cook, Maurice A., Los Angeles, Calif. (withdrew)
Dieffenwierth, L. A., Los Angeles, Calif. (deceased)
Duborg, Sr., Peter, Alexandria, Va. (deceased)
Jones, Ernest M., Portales, N. Mex. (deceased)
Miller, Robert N., Batavia, N. Y. (deceased)
Phillips, J. Ralph, Granite Falls, Wash. (deceased)
Robertson, Earl R., Paynesville, Minn. (withdrew)

Sample Packet of Tracts.—25 cents.

Recommended Books

THREE NEW BOOKS

Three new books have just come off the press at the Gospel Publishing House.

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Brother Gee has been studying the book of Proverbs, and he has discovered in this unique book many truths which he believes need to be specially emphasized in our Pentecostal work. All our brother writes is essentially practical. We feel sure the truths presented will find a warm response in every heart that longs for the whole will of God. Preachers and laymen will alike enjoy this splendid book. The price is a popular one—just 25 cents, plus 3 cents postage.

BALM OF GILEAD

By Lilian B. Yeomans, M.D.

Dr. Yeomans needs no introduction to Evangelical readers. She has prepared another book, one that emphasizes the truth she is so especially qualified to teach—that of the Lord's healing. Dr. Yeomans has had long experience in the ministry of healing and this new book gives us some of the latest truths the Lord has taught her on this subject. The book costs only 25 cents, plus 3 cents postage.

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By Stanley Howard Frodsham

In this new book the blessedness of a Spirit-filled life is strongly emphasized. The problem is continually before Pentecostal saints, How can I be continually filled, continually led and continually taught by the Spirit? This book tells how simple the victorious Spirit-filled life is, and easy to maintain. This new book is being offered as a special free premium to those who renew their Evangel subscriptions at this time. Additional copies can be had for 25 cents, or 5 copies for \$1.00 postpaid.

A PILGRIMAGE TO BETHLEHEM

(Continued from Page Nine)

er. And one day He came. Hallelujah! "The Word became flesh and dwelt among us." John 1:1. He, the Prince of glory, "who, existing in the form of God, counted not the being on an equality with God a thing to be grasped, but emptied himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men!" Phil. 2:6-7. Somewhere near this spot He was born. Our wonderful Saviour, Healer, Baptizer and King! He became the Son of man that we might become the sons of God. O glorious fact! Unspeakable truth! Transcendent thought! Our joy! Our hope! He came not only to Bethlehem's manger, but, praise His precious Name, He came to our hearts to dwell within through His atoning work on the Cross and his resurrection from the dead. For this same Jesus "being found in fashion as a man, humbled himself, becoming obedient even unto death, yea, the death of the cross. Wherefore also God highly exalted him, and gave unto him the name which is above every name; that in the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, . . . and every

tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." Phil. 2:8-11.

The Manger

Opposite the recess of the Nativity we descended three steps to the Chapel of the Manger. Across from it is the traditional spot where the Magi "fell down and worshiped him; and opening their treasures they offered unto him gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh." Luke 2:11. There is a lovely story told regarding the effect of the Wise Men's visit on later events. Among the earliest mosaics over the main entrance within the church was a panel representing the Magi making their offerings to the infant Jesus. When in later years the ruthless Persian Chosroes came to Palestine, destroying everything before him, he was impressed by this Mosaic panel as he entered the church. He recognized by the costumes of the Magi that they were Persians, and for that reason he would not permit the church to be destroyed. It was the only church he spared in Palestine.

For an hour I sat there worshipping Him, not with my gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh, but with the gift of myself. The least and the most that we can bring to Him, is ourselves. What a privilege to present our all "a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is (our) spiritual service." Consecration! Consecration! Consecration! This was the message of the Magi's gifts. This is our greatest gift to Him today. Only through consecration to His will and service shall we be "transformed by the renewing of (our) mind" to "prove what is the good and acceptable and perfect will of God." Rom. 12:1-2. Jesus proved the perfect will of God in His life. May we prove it in ours.

Herod

One cannot think of Bethlehem without thinking of Herod. In one corner of the church we had seen the Chapel of the Innocents. According to a 15th Century tradition a number of children were hidden here when Herod "slew all the male children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the borders thereof, from two years old and under, according to the time which he had exactly learned of the wise men." Matt. 3:16. The wicked King, however, discovered the children in their hiding place and proceeded to kill them.

His memory still lingers near the town, for not far from it one sees on the horizon a crater shaped mountain known as Frank Mountain, taking its name from the Crusaders who here offered their last prolonged resistance to the Moslems. Here Herod had built for himself a magnificent palace on its summit and embellished it in royal Roman style. One may still see the ruins of castle walls with the remains of towers, and traces of a Roman aqueduct. When we read that Jesus was born in the days of Herod, and we realize how close this palace was to Bethlehem, we understand in a new way the reality of the "slaughter of the innocents" by this Idumean king, whose suspicions often drove him into fits of jealousy and insanity. Someone has well said, "He stole to his throne like a fox, ruled like a tiger, and died like a dog." In his last hours he gave the command that the principal Jews should be put to death so that "at least his death might be attended with universal mourning." In great pomp his body was borne from Jericho

to Jerusalem to be interred on Frank Mount near the magnificent palace he had built. No trace of his tomb has ever been found and all that is left of Herod is bitter to memories. He had tried to kill the Christ-child, but the King he had tried to destroy lives on forever, while the dust of Herod lies scattered on a hill near Bethlehem, unknown to anyone today. How wonderful are the ways of God which bring to nought the pride of man "that no flesh should glory in His presence." 1 Cor. 1:29.

Midnight

It was midnight in Bethlehem as we stood in the courtyard of the Church of the Nativity and listened to the bells tolling the Christmas greeting over the radio to distant lands. Our hearts were filled with joy for the birth of Jesus had become a glorious reality to us in this little Oriental town. We stepped into a car and were soon riding back over the historic road to Jerusalem. The stars were resplendent with heavenly beauty in the stillness of the dark night. The balmy air gave one a feeling of peace; and as we left the last shadows of Bethlehem behind, once more the song broke loose in my heart:

O holy Child of Bethlehem! descend to us we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in; be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels the great glad tidings tell;
Oh, come to us, abide with us, our Lord Emmanuel.

MANY RESPOND TO THE GOSPEL IN GOLD COAST

(Continued from Page Eleven)

Our greatest need at the present time is for more workers to come out here. The doors are wide open in every direction, and nearly one million people waiting. We have three stations complete, and only two occupied. A mission site at Bawku, the great town in the Kusasi, has been granted us by the Government. An additional plot of ground was surveyed here in Tamale, last week, on which we can erect another dwelling. Pray for us, and those that believe on His name, in this place.—Brother and Sister E. M. Johnson.

Doran's Ministers Manual for 1937

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Forthcoming Meetings

Due to the fact that the Evangel is made up 14 days before the date which appears upon it, all notices should reach us 16 days before that date.

COLUMBUS, GA.—North Highland Assembly; Dec. 22-Jan. 10; I. J. Bolton, Evangelist.—T. C. Anderson, Pastor.

DRUMRIGHT, OKLA.—432 E. Federal; Dec. 27-Jan. 17; John A. McPhail, Galena, Kansas, Evangelist.—Lawrence Selvey, Pastor.

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—Capitol Hill Tabernacle; Dec. 8, for 3 weeks; Evangelist Stanley Comstock and Party.—J. B. McDonough, Pastor.

DAYTONA BEACH, FLA.—Full Gospel Tabernacle, Madison and Washington; Dec. 31—; W. F. Duncan, Evangelist.—Chas. S. Brown, Pastor.

GRANITE CITY, ILL.—Full Gospel Tabernacle, 24th and Grand; Jan. 1-17; Jack Saunders, Evangelist.—E. H. Chamberlain, Pastor.

GUTHRIE, OKLA.—Assembly of God; Dec. 15, for 2 weeks; Mr. and Mrs. Gideon O. DeMerchant, Bath, N. B., Canada, Evangelists.—F. E. Conrad is the pastor.

DALLAS, TEXAS—Full Gospel Church, Peak and Garland Sts.; Annual Bible Convention, Dec. 30-Jan. 17; Paul B. Peterson, of Chicago, President of Russian and Eastern European Mission, and Evangelist Loren B. Staats, Blue Rock, Ohio, Main Speakers. All-day C. A. Rally, Dal-Worth Section, New Year's Day, services 10:00, 2:00, and 7:30. For further information write Floyd L. Hawkins, Pastor.

FELLOWSHIP MEETINGS, S. S. AND C. A. RALLIES

GALESBURG, ILL.—District Fellowship Meeting, Jan. 4-5; services: Monday 2:30, and 7:30; Tuesday, 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30. Free entertainment for ministers and their wives. Samuel P. Bell, Pastor.—Arthur Bell, District Superintendent, Box 133, Belleville, Ill.

OKLAHOMA SECTIONAL S. S. RALLIES.—N. W. Section, Woodward, Dec. 28; S. W. Section, Lawton, Dec. 30; N. C. Section, Fairfax, Jan. 1; S. C. Section, Seminole, Jan. 4; S. E. Section, Hartshorne, Jan. 6; N. E. Section, Miami, Jan. 8.—Earl F. Davis, State S. S. Superintendent, Jones, Okla.

DURAN, N. M., Jan. 4-6; FARMINGTON, N. M., Jan. 8-10; District Superintendent A. C. Bates will be with us.—W. A. Vanzant, Presbyter, 1118 N. 2nd St., Albuquerque, N. M.

MICHIGAN C. A. RALLIES, Jan. 1, 1937.—BENTON HARBOR, 477 Cherry St.; Neils P. Thomsen, of Chicago, Special speaker. DEARBORN, Gospel Tabernacle, 7041 Schaeffer Rd.; Paul Beck, of Ohio, Special speaker. Everyone welcome.—Emma L. Rook, State C. A. Secretary, 37 Stayman St., Battle Creek, Mich.

KANSAS CITY, KANSAS—Annual New Year's Day C. A. Rally, N. E. Kansas Section, at 7th and Riverview. Services: 10:30, 2:00, and 7:30. Each group invited to present helpful report of activities, etc. Bring musical instruments and special music. Basket dinner and lunch.—Leonard Palmer, Sectional Secretary, 218 W. 10th, Ottawa, Kansas.

COLLINSVILLE, ILL.—Dedication and C. A. Rally, all day, Jan. 1, 1937. Services begin at 9:45 a. m. Something different; special speakers and musical numbers. Everyone invited; bring your lunch and musical instruments. Metropolitan District. V. Gibson, Pastor.—Ivan Belmer, Sectional Vice President, 2101 Rhodes St., Granite City, Ill.

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Walter Hochmuth, Box 24, Leon, Kansas. "In fellowship with Kansas District Council. Seven years' experience; preach the old-time gospel and sing specials. Am married, but will be alone, as daughter is in school."

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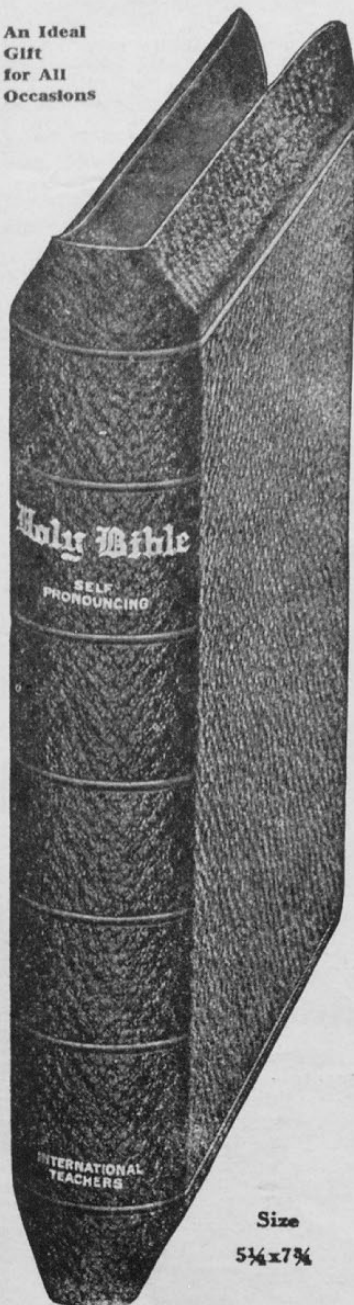
NEW ADDRESS—1520 Portage Ave., South Bend, Ind. "We have accepted the pastorate of the Gospel Tabernacle."—Thos. F. Zimmerman.

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Sacramento Full Gospel Church	18.00
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A Presentation Page

Specimen of Type

THEN A-grip'pá said unto Paul, Deut. 18. 15. a
Thou art permitted to speak for thyself. 2 Sam. 7. 12. a
Then Paul stretched forth Pa. 132. 11. a
the hand, and answered for himself: Ezek. 4. 2. a
2 I think myself happy, king A-grip'- Dan. 9. 24. n
Mal. 3. 1. .

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Springfield N Side Assembly of God C A's	3.06
St Louis Glad Tidings Prayer Band	6.75
Trenton Christ Ambassadors	1.68
MONTANA. Personal Offerings	47.00
Livingston Gospel Tabernacle S S	10.00
NEBRASKA. Personal Offerings	24.75
Bassett Assembly of God S S	1.99
Bayard Christ Ambassadors	1.50
Ord Full Gospel Church	5.03
NEVADA. Personal Offerings	10.00
NEW HAMPSHIRE. Personal Offerings	6.00
NEW JERSEY. Personal Offerings	71.05
Egg Harbor City First Baptist Church	21.51
Elizabeth First Pent'l Church	7.25
Irrington Pent'l Bible Class	5.00
Salem Pent'l S S	20.00
NEW MEXICO. Personal Offerings	8.00
Carlsbad Assembly of God	1.43
Hagerman Assembly of God Church	1.80
NEW YORK. Personal Offerings	109.48
Almond (West) Sunday School	10.55
Buffalo Pent'l Tabernacle	96.10
Corning Bethel Temple Missionary Society	5.00
Elmira Heights Glad Tidings S S	3.50
Norwich Pent'l Tabernacle	25.00
Rochester Elim Tabernacle	37.25
Troy Gospel Mission	7.25
Westfield Gospel Hall	13.25
NORTH CAROLINA. Personal Offerings	16.00
Windsor Sunday School	1.37
NORTH DAKOTA. Personal Offerings	26.00
Bowesmont Fleece Gospel Tabernacle	5.18
Grafton Gospel Tabernacle	19.15
Grenora Gospel Tabernacle	9.38
Regan Assembly of God	9.45
OHIO. Personal Offerings	126.46
Akron Bethel Assembly of God	59.50
Akron Pent'l Young People's Society	4.00
Cincinnati Christian Assembly	100.00
Cincinnati Deer Park C A's	1.00
Findlay Bethel Temple Assembly	270.55
Girard Summit Pent'l Church	11.00
Massillon Peniel Chapel	41.00
Massillon Peniel Chapel & C A's	10.00
Maumee Pent'l Mission S S	24.00
Medina Bethel Assembly	10.00
Oxford Full Gospel Church	5.00
Youngstown Calvary Assembly of God	20.00
OKLAHOMA. Personal Offerings	43.43
Anadarko Assembly of God Church	4.00
Broken Bow A of G Church & S S	1.00
Cedardale Hardscrabble S S	5.00
Checotah Assembly of God	1.15
Clebit Sunday School	3.30
Collinsville Assembly of God	15.50
Fort Towson Women's Missionary Council	2.89
Lawton Assembly of God	5.00
McAlester Assembly of God W M C	1.00
McAlester Christ Ambassador Band	4.17
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Pawnee Assembly of God S S	1.50
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Waynoka Assembly of God	5.00
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Albany Pent'l Assembly C A's	5.00
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Ashland Full Gospel Temple S S Class	5.00
Bay City Assembly of God	3.00
Tillamook Pent'l Tabernacle	7.84
Yoncalla Calvary Full Gospel Tabernacle	3.35
PENNSYLVANIA. Personal Offerings	109.55
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Bangor Calvary Tabernacle	18.00
Bradford Assembly of God Church & S S	19.00
Carbondale Assembly of God Church	7.00
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Hamburg Full Gospel Tabernacle	14.08
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Hyndman Pent'l Church	4.35
Jeannette Pent'l Church	68.00

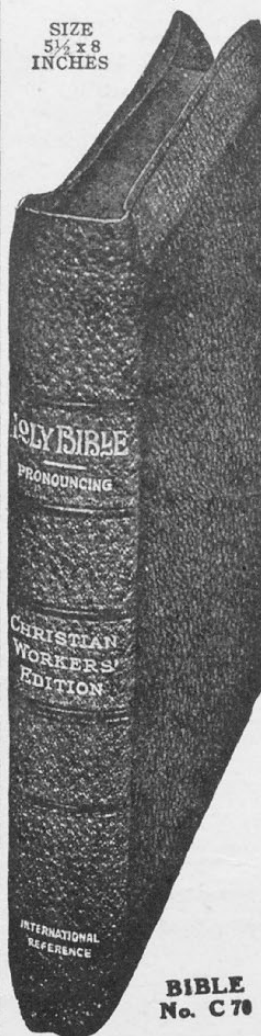
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vid, the 'son of Ā'brā'hām.
2 Ā'brā'hām begat I'saac; and I'saac
begat Jā'cob; and Jā'cob begat Jū-
das and his brethren;

a Lu. 3, 23 the c
b Ps. 132, 11 to Cl
Isa. 11, 1
ch. 22, 42 18
Acts 2, 30
Rom. 1, 3 was c
c Gal. 3, 16 er M
d Ruth 4, 18
1 Chr. 2, befor

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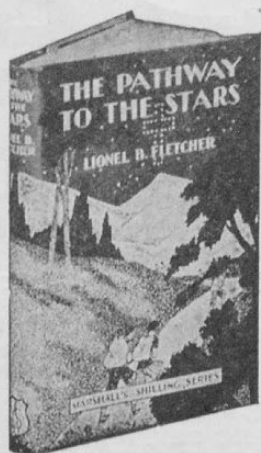
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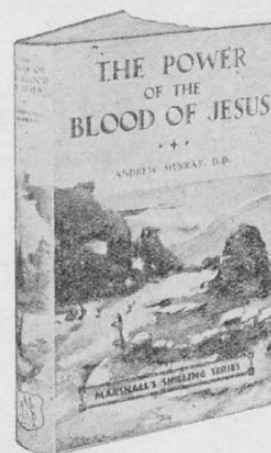
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