

The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

A Message from the Manger

*THE harvest days were over and the grain
Was ready to be fed to those in need.
The golden straw in heaps lay cast aside
And mourned its fate—straw could not serve
to feed.*

*Through scorching days of Summer it had stood
And bravely lifted to the sun the wheat,
Rejoicing that it held a crown of life,
Contented to be stalks and not the wheat.*

*The stable was a humble place indeed,
And modest was the welcome at its best.
A natal place was sought for Love Divine,
And this was all they offered Him for rest.*

*The manger was not filled with golden grain;
Of fresh, clean straw they made His simple bed.
I think perhaps the straw might well have sung,
While it was made a pillow for His head.*

*My heart is but a lowly place I know;
I am not grain that others might be fed.
I'm happy now to be but broken straw,
And feel myself so near His blessed head.*

—J. W. F.



Ask Ye of the LORD Rain in the Time of the Latter Rain

The Latter Rain Evangel

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Immanuel

Christmas! Choir of angels! Bells of joy! Messengers of light! What a time of world-wide gladness is the Christmas-tide! That first Christmas broke the silence of heaven. It linked heaven and earth in a golden bond of friendship. It tuned Celestial Choirs to the music of earth. It struck the chord of harmony in a world's discord. It hung the starry lamp of



God on the bosom of the night for the eyes of the "wise men." It unfolded the charter of "everlasting peace and good will to men." It poured out the earth's treasure of "gold and frankincense and myrrh" at the feet of the Redeemer. It took the Jewel from the bosom of heaven and put it on the bosom of a woman. It brought Immanuel to earth and lifted man to Heights Celestial.—Selected.

Does Your Giving Count for God?

THESE are days when every Christian should aim to make every investment, every expenditure, count for God; not only because of the stringency of funds but because there is very little time left in which to invest for eternity.

As the holidays draw near many are deciding as to the most opportune gift for friend or relative. Suppose this would be the last Christmas, as indeed it may be, what better gift could you present than a subscription to *The Latter Rain Evangel*, which would bring to your friend or loved one twelve consecutive gifts laden with the blessing which maketh rich! Surely it need not take the Christian long to decide between some paltry gift of temporary value and one which will bear fruit for eternity.

A friend to whom a gift subscription was sent a previous year, wrote us: "The visits of *The Evangel* have meant more to me than any other gift could possibly have done. I shall never cease to thank the one who chose this as a Christmas gift for me last year."

So let us solve your Christmas shopping for you. Send us your list of friends and relatives with a year's subscription to *The Latter Rain Evangel* to each, and we will send each one a

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Hidden Ministry

A Christmas Meditation

John Wright Follette



THE title of this little article and poem may seem almost absurd. It is a shame if it does so. Indeed it is no wonder that it might sound foolish since we are living in a day of such great publicity and advertising. How the spirit of the age has made inroads upon our spiritual life. The influence of the world spirit colors and tinges even our religious lives and leaves its marks upon the soul. How slow we are to learn even the simplest lessons in the school of the spirit. Instead of becoming involved in doctrinal issues where one splits hairs over points so minor and of no real spiritual significance, one could move leaps and bounds in spiritual growth did he but heed the words of Christ, "But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth. That thine alms may be in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret Himself shall reward thee openly." I am sure that this idea of secrecy is not limited to the act of giving but the principle holds in all our Christian ministry and manifestation.

This matter of self-expression has run away with many. It is a fundamental fact that man seeks expression. He should do so to develop a normal personality and character. Nature has become so dominant in methods that almost unconsciously man has allowed her to sweep in and rule even in his religious life. Can we not remember that clear cut and pointed truth—"That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit" (John 3:6)? Here is a truth upon which all real Christian life and spirituality are built. This is basic and fundamental. Do not restrict its meaning to the idea that flesh here refers only to the physical body in contrast to the spiritual birth. That is true, but too limited. Whatever—many things—the body, thoughts, motives, work, service and manifestations, if they have their inception and birth in the realm of nature or from a fleshly origin, they forever remain in the realm of nature and flesh. They cannot, under any circumstances or law, become spiritual or bear spiritual fruitage. And again the same—whatsoever is born of the Spirit (has its inception and birth from the Spirit) is always spiritual

*I do not know who opened wide the door
And made the stable rude a welcome place.
I do not know who gave a humble meal,
Nor can I in the Scripture find a trace
Of those who laid the straw which made His bed.
But this I know that those who served that night
In hidden ministry, so simply sweet,
Were amply blest, and in fair heaven's sight
They really served, for God the Father saw
And He was pleased. And they so little knew
That in their tasks the highest service lay,
Because their hearts were right and motives true.*

*I do not know who opened wide the door
The night the wise-men came to seek the child.
But someone flung it wide and stood behind
To hold it while a light, so soft and mild
Could flood the darkened way to guide them in.
He only stood behind, nor shadow made
To blur the radiance he sheltered there—
In holding wide the door he gave them aid.
I do not know the stable's size or shape;
There was no earthly minstrelsy to sing.
The stable rude, because it held the Christ,
Was turned into the throne room of a King.*

—J. W. F.

in issue and fruition. Much service and work (called Christian and even passes as spiritual) are merely the natural, religious expression of man. It has its birth in the good, religious nature of his being, and he gives it free expression in the form of service and works. Not being born of the Spirit it cannot be spiritual, nor can it ever merit a spiritual reward.

The ways and methods of man by nature are diametrically opposite to the ways and laws of the Spirit. The question in the last analysis is not, Have we service? Have we any work? Have we a ministry? Are we doing anything? It is rather a question of motives and the true birth-place of the manifestation.

This is the day of exhibition, exploitation, and show. How man is struggling to be seen, heard, felt, and known! He just *must* be recognized. That is what man does, but not the Spirit. "He shall not speak of (or from) Himself." "He shall glorify *Me*, for he shall receive of mine, and shall shew it unto you." The Spirit does not detract but focuses the attention where it belongs—upon Him. If the ministry is truly in the Spirit, the instrument will be hidden—self effacement will be the at-

mosphere. How awkward the old man is in getting out of sight and out of hearing! He must truly be old since he is so clumsy and often attracts so much attention getting there.

In these days of man's exhibition, he has shown many of the wicked phases of his nature. Man has become suspicious of his kind. In some cases one hardly dares to be kind or courteous for he will be misunderstood. Someone will think you are "putting something over" if you are. But the Word tells us, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." This is both Old Testament and New Testament teaching. The disciples on their way to Emmaus were courteous enough to invite the stranger in. As the result of a simple act of kindness a revelation came to hungry hearts. So much of value and real worth often hinges upon a seeming trifle. "Little is much if God is in it." Do not fear to obey His commands, they are not grievous.

In the poem I am giving, the picture is purely a fancy, but I do believe there was ground for it to have actually happened. It is not impossible. Can we not trace through the pleasing pen of imagery the truth He is again bringing to us?

O Christmas time, how sweet is the simplicity of thy message! Dear Christian worker and fellow servants, and all His followers, do not limit the season to a calendar date. It is always Christmas for some soul. He is born today and every day in some needy heart. There are such hearts everywhere. He is seeking refreshment today. Can you not spread Him a humble meal in the quiet hidden place of your heart? But remember, He may not wear the form you are expecting. He hungers in the form of broken humanity. The forms He wears are many. Do not be taken up with them—but serve the deep hunger of the needy one and feed, feed, feed.

Again He seeks a resting place. Have you no straw for a bed? Yes, straw—just simple, clean straw. There are weary ones who seek rest. A simple bed of clean straw will do very, very well. The little Christ-child pillowed His head upon the straw in the manger. The wheat, the good, fine wheat, had been threshed from the straw and was no doubt *servicing* to feed the multitude. But the straw—the broken straw, which could not feed, but was cast aside, pillowed His head. O broken straw, how sweet

to feel itself so near His blessed head! Surely we can offer some straw.

And again we find a happy place for self-effacement. There are seekers everywhere asking for *Him*. We have found Him. Praise His name! We have discovered His humble, secret abode. Now it is our joy and privilege to open to others the door and let them worship and adore. He is the Light of the world. Can you confine it to a stable? The effulgence of its beauty fills more than that. Even the opening of the door releases streams of its power and beauty. We are called to point the seeker to *Him*. Marvelous privilege and thrilling ministry! Who knows any greater joy than this?

But listen, dear hearts, where are you standing? In all your joy and enthusiasm to help the seekers in—I beg of you, do not stand in the door. For the shadow of your very form dims the radiancy of His light. Let Him shine! These are days when personalities are so horribly in evidence. Are you not tired of man, man, man, people, people, people? Are you not tired of yourself? Many cannot find the Light for the shadows of personalities who, seemingly, are pointing the way. Some never get beyond the natural and human—how sad!

O lovely Light, Star of Bethlehem! Light of Ages, shine! Shine through the darkness of sin and clouds of unbelief! Shine past the forms of flesh and man-made creeds! Again O God, Jehovah of Creation, can't Thou not speak—"Let there be Light"?

The Door is open. Come, dear ones, let us gather behind the door—hidden away, but truly serving, for we are holding the door for them. Some are passing its threshold and look! they are so absorbed and entranced with the Light, they have never once thought, Who opened the door? Who is holding it? Who is bracing it against the night wind? O blessed place, for we are there able to see the light and joy flashing upon the faces of the anxious seekers.

O Christmas time! O stable rude! Again we would humble ourselves and gather at Thy shrine. In the quiet of this resting place shall we not look at the motives which govern our hearts? What is that urge which prompts you in your service and ministry? These are solemn days and glorious in privilege and ministry. I trust He may reduce us in many ways. O that He might spare us the deep humiliation which

(Continued on page 10)

An Atheist from Boyhood -- Captured for God

The Story of How He Lost his Infidelity

Ralph Underwood in The Stone Church Aug. 5, 1933

This is the fourth of a series of articles giving the remarkable conversion of two militant atheists. The next one by Mr. Underwood is entitled, "How It Feels to be a Christian in a Lion's (Atheists') Den."



SOME people have an idea that infidels and atheists are born that way, but I do not believe that. Of all the infidels and atheists I have known I have never known any who were born that way. Circumstances and environment made an infidel of Brother Charles. He lost his faith in the Theological Seminary. I cannot remember that I ever had any faith.

I was the eleventh child in a large family of twelve. All of these, both brothers and sisters, are Christians, and all are alive today. My father and mother were both Christians. My father, who is now 70 years old, has been a God-fearing Christian practically all his life. I believe that it is because of my father's prayers that I am here tonight. Every letter I ever received from him ended by saying, "I am praying for you." I never said anything to destroy my father's faith, and persuaded myself that I would not want him to be disillusioned. I never could tear down Christianity when my father was near. I will never forget once when I was standing on a ladder speaking. The crowd was large and I was speaking from the top of the ladder, and suddenly I looked down and right in front of me stood my father, listening, the tears running down his cheeks. As he looked at me all of a sudden I became sick. I was scheduled to talk for 45 minutes, I had already spoken 15, but I gave it up and climbed down that ladder, saying "My throat is sore. You will have to put somebody else there." Whenever my father was around I'd never go near the meetings. He would stand there with the tears in his eyes, and once in a while he would contradict me. I never could have anybody contradict me, but I was helpless when it was my father.

My mother passed away when I was seven, and soon after that I found myself in an Orphans' Home, and the treatment there started me along the atheistic trail. That place had a Christian name, but as I stood on the

lawn and looked at that word "Christian" over the doorway, even tho I was only seven, I felt a sense of rebellion rise within me. I tried to escape several times, but every time they brought me back. I resented having to work all day, and resented having to go to church whether I wanted to or not, but the more I rebelled the worse it became for me. After five years I came out, thoroughly **disgusted** with anything that had the word "Christian" connected with it. I didn't know until later that it was not a real Christian institution. If it had been they would have turned boys out Christians instead of infidels.

For awhile I lived with some of my folks, then decided I was just an added burden and unwanted, and that I could make my own way. So I left, and headed for New York City where I stayed for awhile and then came to Chicago. You can imagine what a time I had, thirteen years old, no friends, no home, and no nothing, except a lot of nerve. The months that followed my arrival here made me more skeptical than ever about Christianity. I did not know there was such a person as an infidel, but I disliked churches and preachers. I used to wander along State Street in the winter time when the snow was deep and go into the old Pacific Garden Mission, but I didn't like anything about the place but the stove. One time a man came back to talk to me about my soul, and I told him if he didn't let go of my arm I'd bust him.

Every month that passed found me further from God. I learned to know what poverty and hunger and want meant. Many a time I slept in Grant Park, rolling myself up in newspapers, and in the morning I'd go up to where they dumped a lot of bakery goods for the pigeons. They didn't get any of it until I and others had our fill. I know what it is to go two days with nothing to eat, and I know what it is to eat out of garbage cans. I used to sleep at the water tower up on Michigan Avenue, and in the Chicago Avenue Police Station, and these experiences convinced me beyond the shadow of a doubt that there was no God. All the stories I ever heard of God were that He cared for people when they were in need or

sick, and not knowing where I was going to sleep or where the next meal was coming from, convinced me there was no God. I used to black boots for a nickel a pair, but could not make a living; I tried to sell papers but could not make a living at that. In my spare time I used to go out on the North Side to a little park by the Newberry Library. They call it Bug House Square. Almost every evening in the summer time I stood and listened to the speakers giving lectures against the Bible, saying it could not be the Word of God, and that Christians were all hypocrites and fools who had been misled. I'd listen to their blasphemies, and I thought, "Those fools know what they are talking about. That is just what I believe." I heard them using the word "atheist" and soon learned its meaning. So I called myself an atheist from that time on.

One day one of them said to me, "I see you around here a lot. How would you like to come over to the Hall meeting?" "Sure," I said, "I'll come." I went two or three times and joined their organization. I said, "I'd like to come and help you with these meetings. I can talk. I do not need any lessons. All I have to do is to tell people what I think of God." They said they would give me a trial. They used to send out whole squads of speakers over to Hay Market Square. In the winter they held their meetings in the various halls. One day they allowed me to speak for fifteen minutes and I told them what I thought of God and Christians in general, and thus I started my career as an infidel lecturer, when I was not quite fourteen; for nearly ten years I was in that kind of work almost continually. I am a printer, and when I wasn't working I used to print thousands and thousands of pamphlets and booklets of an atheistic character. I did the most of the work on Brother Charles' magazine. I remember telling the men whenever they used the word God to use a little "g". I was most intolerant of Christians and preachers. Five of these ten years I was associated with Brother Charles and we made several trips across the country together. We distributed hundreds of tons of atheistic propaganda, atheistic magazines and Ingersoll's lectures by the thousands. We aimed at destroying the faith of thousands. Wherever we could get an audience we spoke, and to others we sent the magazine. We felt we were pioneers in the field, to get the people out of the fog of superstition, and insisted that the human race

would never make very much progress as long as people were not enlightened.

When I was saved, a year ago, all the ideas I had concerning Christianity were changed. I see everything now in a different light, and that the atheist is the man who is in the fog. After Brother Charles found the Lord he came to me. There is nothing strange about that; the New Testament gives numerous cases of this kind, and he was just doing what every Christian is expected to do. He came after me when I was in the midst of an atheistic meeting. When he told me he was saved I thought he had lost his mind or was intoxicated. When I found he wasn't drunk it dawned on me what was the trouble. After he had lost his wife he suffered mentally as few men suffer, because he had no one to talk to about his troubles. A Christian turns to God in his need, but Charles having no help was having a terrible time. I knew he could not stand under that strain forever, and when he told me he was saved I concluded his reason had departed. I imagined I could see a wild look in his eye. As I looked at him I would think, "Poor fellow! This is a terrible way for a man's life to end. I wonder how long it will be before they take him to the asylum."

Years ago I went thru the large asylum at Kankakee and noticed how the guards humored the patients and agreed with them. One said he was Napoleon, and the guard would pat him on the back and say, "Sure, you are Napoleon." It does not do to inform a person he is mentally unbalanced. He is liable to get angry and turn on you. As I looked at Mr. Charles I was fully convinced he had lost his reason. I had been actively engaged with him in lecturing for five years, and knew of no one who was more of an atheist, and now for him to tell me he was saved—I could not accept it. There was only one alternative; he was crazy, and thinking to humor him I said, "You are saved, all right. Sure you are. Let's go home and go to sleep." I thought it might wear off if he got some rest.

We went home and I said to the landlord, "Give me another room. I do not feel I can stay in that room any longer." He said, "What is the matter?" I didn't want to tell him what I thought, so I said, "He keeps me awake. I want a room to myself where I can rest." "You cannot have any; there aren't any other rooms." I actually feared for my own safety. I was afraid he might choke me to death during the

night. I had to sleep in that room that night, but I had a weapon under the pillow, and right there the Lord started to work with me, by giving me the most miserable night I had ever spent in my life. I'd sleep five minutes and imagine I felt fingers at my throat. I'd sleep again and wake in a cold sweat, thinking somebody was coming at me with a knife. The Lord wouldn't give me a bit of peace. I was hard and stubborn and would not admit I was beaten. I was dead against Him. Every day I would look at Mr. Charles and listen to what he had to say. I said, "You can say all you want to about Jesus. You can have Him if you want Him, but I do not want Him." The week that followed I heard him preach the longest sermon I ever heard—a sermon that lasted nine days without stopping. It was one continual evangelistic sermon and I was the congregation. He was telling me about Jesus. He would say, "I know what you are thinking. You are thinking there is something wrong with me." I said, "No, there is nothing wrong with you; you are just saved." "Then," he said, "if I am saved, why don't you get saved?" And thus he started to pin me down.

An atheist can answer any argument you can bring up but the miracle of the transformed life. That he cannot explain. If you ask him, Why is it that John Brown was a drunken sot, in the gutter for twenty-five years, would not take care of his family, then all of a sudden he comes along and says, "I have Jesus. I am saved," and he never touches another drop of whiskey—the atheist cannot explain that. He will not attempt to, but just says, "I don't know." I never liked to have anybody bring that argument up to me. It was one we admitted we could not answer.

Looking at me, Mr. Charles said, "Do I look better than I did when you went to Portland?" I said, "Yes, you do." "Well, will you admit that a change has come in my life?" "Yes, I will." I was thinking, "A little wheel has come loose in your brain." "Well," he said, "was it for better or for worse?" "Well to be perfectly truthful, it looks as tho whatever happened to you has been for the better. I can see that you are happier, and that you are not always brooding." "Well, what do you think of it then?" he asked. I told him I would not care to go into that. I knew if you went into an asylum you would find the patients there happy all the time, and I told myself, "He is happy because he doesn't know any better." It was

obvious to me that he had lost his mind. But even if he had, I noticed he had enough intelligence to come to me with all sorts of questions, and he could tell me about Jesus all day long, which I didn't want to hear. It made me nervous.

He would say, "You are going to weaken one of these days, Underwood. You are not going to have that case-hardened look all the time. You will get saved." "How do you know I will?" "Because I am praying for you." One day he said, "Will you let me pray for you?" I had gotten into the habit of saying "Yes," to humor him. Before he would even finish I would sometimes say, "I will agree with you." So I said, "I will let you pray for me on condition you do not pray over two or three minutes; make it just as short and snappy as possible." I sat on the bed, and he said, "Down on your knees." I thought that was adding insult to injury, and I said, "I can hear you here." He said, "I am not praying to you." I started to make excuses. He said, "Never mind about the creases in your trousers. If you don't get down on your knees I will not pray for you." I thought it wouldn't hurt me, so I said, "Make it snappy," and knelt down.

Then one day I went to church and right there something happened that just seemed to crack the shell. You know before we can really get saved we must realize we need a Savior, that we are sinners; otherwise we never will be saved. That visit to that church convicted me of sin, and it was not the sermon or the song that did it. As I walked in with Mr. Charles I said, "I hope nobody sees me here that knows me. He will throw me out." As I looked across the way I saw a tall young man—he was the man who was in charge of the street meetings in Oakland, which met at the same corner I held forth. How I used to make life miserable for him! He would come down there with a group of Christian workers, and I would start a racket and get the mob against them and eventually they would be chased away. I used to hold that man up to ridicule and say he belonged in a straight jacket, in the padded cell of an asylum. And here he was standing in that church. I looked upon him as one of my worst enemies. I thought, "I hope he doesn't see me. I wonder what he is doing here." He spied me in a minute, and looking at me with wide-open eyes came dashing right down the aisle and held out his hand. I thought, "I am going to have a battle here in a minute,"

but do you know what he said? It almost floored me: "Well hello, Brother Underwood! I am glad to see you here tonight. God bless you." I said, "I do not believe I know you." "Oh yes you do! You know me." "I do not believe I have ever met you before." And he said, "Now, Brother Underwood, we met almost every night down at Tenth & Broadway. I am that young fellow you said those nice things about." I said, "Oh, I see! I did not recognize you." I did not want to recognize him but the fact that he could come up and shake hands with me, made a deep impression on me. He called out, "Folks, let me have your attention. Look who is here!" I thought, "Man, do you want to get me murdered? Don't create a lot of excitement around here." But he went on, "They are all glad to see you. Come and shake hands." Then he started to introduce me: "This is that fellow Underwood that I told you so much about, that young man for whom we prayed." Then the young people came, "Oh yes, we know Brother Underwood." I was expecting somebody to hit me from behind any minute. I had never before met such Christians.

On the way home Mr. Charles said, "What did you think of those folks?" "Oh, they are not so bad." "Oh, you are beginning to soften up a little! Praise the Lord!" "What do you mean by 'soften up'? They are a little bit off." The thing I could not get off my mind was the fact that those people, my enemies, came up and called me "*Brother Underwood*," and offered me their hand. I knew deep down in my heart they were real glad to see me and held no malice or hatred toward me. That began to prey on my mind. All night long I thought, "Now those people are crazy." I kept telling myself that so I would not weaken. I had to admit too that they had something I didn't have. I couldn't shake hands with my enemies and say, "God bless you!" By morning I had an entirely different idea as to what constituted a Christian, and I suggested to Mr. Charles that we go to church that night, making the excuse I'd like to hear them sing.

The next time I went they prayed for me between the meetings, and I felt myself beginning to weaken. I was losing that which goes to make up an atheist, losing it fast. That night I had my last atheistic meeting. I never had one since. Between that and the time I was saved, when I met my old friends they would

ask me where I had been, and why I was not down at the meetings. I made some excuse, but I had lost some of my infidelity. That was the trouble.

When they were praying for me I felt I ought not to keep them, so I arose and said I would go home. Two men who were with me said, "We will go with you, brother." It was then 11:30 p.m., and I never heard of anybody going to visit at 11:30. They went into the house with me, and one said, "Brother Underwood, suppose we just carry on with our prayermeeting." I thought it was rather a strange time to start, but I agreed. These men and Bro. Charles prayed for me. Some time after 12:30 or 1:00 a.m. I commenced to pray. I had never prayed before in all my life, but I found out that when you get to the place where you really mean business with God it doesn't make any difference whether you have prayed before or not. I prayed for thirty minutes, and then I felt something gripping me. I suggested perhaps they wanted to go home, but they said they didn't. I prayed again and found myself crying out to God. I said, "Lord, I want what these people have that makes them call me 'brother'." It is the love of Jesus that enables you to say "God bless you," to a person who hates you. So I cried unto God and asked Him to speak peace to my soul, and right then I knew what was wrong with Mr. Charles. I could feel the same thing getting wrong with me. I got the kind of salvation that made me want to shout God's praises, and that is just what I started doing; and I didn't spare my voice. All those men in that building knew that Underwood was saved, for they heard it. And the folks next door knew something had happened, and the Japanese people on the other side heard it, and asked what was going on. I said, "I am saved!" I will never forget the look on the landlord's face when he came up from the floor below. He said, "Don't you know there are fourteen other roomers in this house? Have you gone crazy too, Underwood?" I told him I had, and I hoped he would become crazy too in the same way.

That happened right in the headquarters of the Oakland Godless Society. I was saved in the middle room, with atheists below and above me, and all around. It goes to prove that wherever you seek God you will find Him. I was cured of my infidelity. I was saved!

The Get Acquainted Page

Conducted by Watson Argue

Presenting the story of Bethel Temple, Los Angeles, California, Louis F. Turnbull, Pastor. Brother and Sister Watson Argue were with Brother Turnbull for a campaign in 1930 and Evangelists A. H. and Zelma Argue conducted a campaign for him the following year.

NEARLY twenty years ago the late Dr. and Mrs. Geo. N. Eldridge felt the Lord was calling them to shepherd His scattered sheep in Los Angeles, and to build a place of worship where they would be free to preach the Pentecostal truths without fear or favor and where God's people of like faith could have a safe church home. Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge had been in the ministry for many years before they received the Latter Rain outpouring of the Holy Spirit; they were true and tried workers whom God could trust as leaders in a new work.

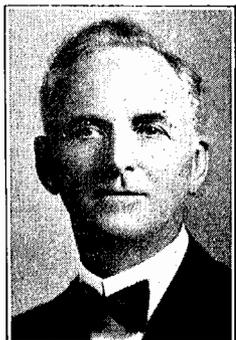
For two years they prayed daily about the building of a church when there wasn't a dollar in sight for the purpose. Meanwhile they were holding services in an old store building near the down town section of the city. Finally God put a strong faith in their hearts to begin to build and led them to take a lot back of the old county jail, a most central location.

The first thousand dollars came in to make a payment on the property, and, as they continued waiting upon God, humbly and deter-

minedly seeking His guidance about every step, He wonderfully revealed His plan and supplied the means to gradually build. He did not let

them see very far ahead but met them at every point, and when the church was dedicated it was free of debt, the Lord laying it upon the heart of a personal friend to pay all the balance due. For about fifteen years, old Bethel Temple stood, a modest, fine, brick building, accommodating five hundred or more people. From the day of its dedication it was a hallowed place where the presence of the Lord was very manifest and where only sound doctrine was taught. Many were saved, healed, baptized in the Holy Spirit, and built up in the Word of God within its sacred walls. Mr. and Mrs. Harold K. Needham, son-in-law and daughter, were associated with Pastor and Mrs. Eldridge in the founding of the work and were greatly used among the young people and in other avenues of service. Later Mrs. Needham, went to be with the Lord while she and Mr. Needham were on a missionary tour around the world.

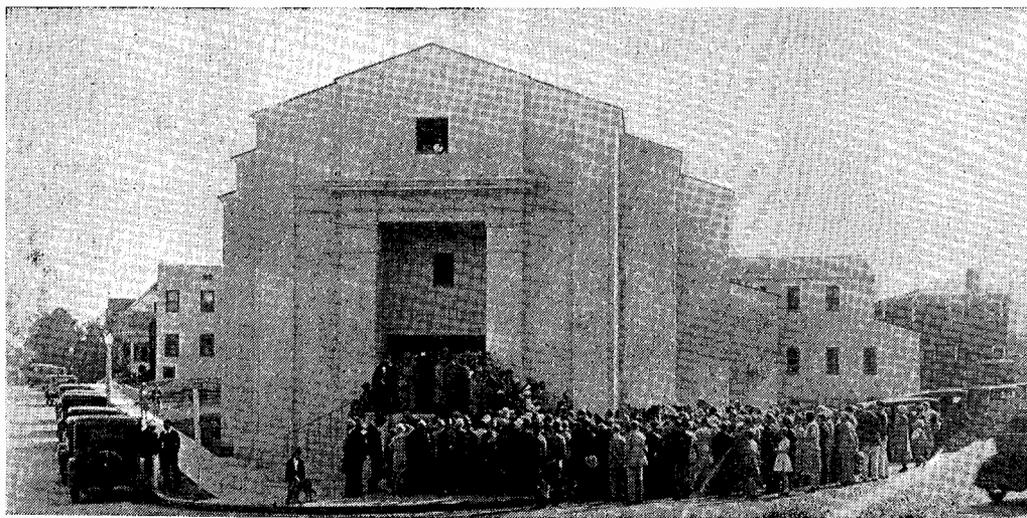
Pastor and Mrs. Eldridge were now advanced in years and felt the need of some one to stand with them and assist in this work of



Pastor L. F. Turnbull



Mrs. L. F. Turnbull



Bethel Temple, Los Angeles, California

minedly seeking His guidance about every step, He wonderfully revealed His plan and supplied the means to gradually build. He did not let

Bethel Temple which God had so signally blessed and enlarged. After much waiting upon God they called Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Turn-

bull, their son-in-law and daughter who for twenty years had been missionaries in India, to come and join them. Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull felt they had given the best years of their lives to strenuous missionary labors in the dark land of India; they loved their work and hesitated long about coming to the homeland to work among white people again. However, after very sincerely yielding their own wills, plans and opinions to God, He strongly convicted them that the call to Bethel Temple was His call. With bleeding hearts but yielded wills, they left their beloved Indian Christians and village evangelistic preaching and came to Bethel Temple at the close of 1921.

Pastor and Mrs. Eldridge failed rapidly in strength and were both called to their Heavenly Home, committing to Pastor and Mrs. Louis F. Turnbull, their precious work in Bethel Temple. Pastor Eldridge remarked before he passed away that after more than a half century of active ministry, after serving many churches in different parts of the country, he could say that Bethel Temple had been a perpetual blessing to him. The people who had worshipped there had been among the choicest friends of his long ministry and were the great comfort of his closing days.

In 1930 the city demanded the sale of the Bethel Temple property to make way for improvements in the civic center wherein the church stood. On the last night of 1930 was held the final service in the sacred place all were so loathe to leave. The work had grown so that larger quarters were needed, especially for the Sunday School and Sunday morning services, so that in being forced to build they praised God they could build a larger place.

For four months the congregation had to make their home in an old hall downtown while the new Bethel Temple was being built on a beautiful new site at 1250 Bellevue Ave. It was a happy day, May 10, 1931, when the congregation moved into its commodious new home, and the church was dedicated to the Lord. The building is beautiful for its simplicity and symmetry. The large auditorium, seating a thousand, has been a place of blessing from the day it was dedicated. The various appointments, Sunday School rooms and lower auditorium make the building a wonderful church home and a place where the members delight to invite their friends for services, and where the Pentecostal people of Los Angeles and vicinity can comfortably gather for special occasions.

From its very beginning Bethel Temple has been aflame with zeal for sending the Gospel to the regions beyond. Quite a number of its young people have gone forth to the various

missionary fields, and more than one hundred thousand dollars (\$100,000) has been given by the faithful people who have stayed at home. Pastor and Mrs. Turnbull, being missionaries themselves, have always fostered and urged this sacrificial giving to foreign missionary work.

Since coming into the new building the church has been set in order according to the principles of the General Council of the Assemblies of God, and is closely affiliated with that body. There is a strong Advisory Board of trustees and deacons elected by the people and working in sweet, prayerful harmony with Pastor and Mrs. Turnbull. Under the marked blessing of the Lord the work has enlarged. The Sunday School is growing under able leadership and a fine band of consecrated teachers. A splendid group of young people, known as Christ's Ambassadors, work in harmony with the other departments of the church and are a blessing and inspiration. In these last days Pastor and people are greatly moved in prayer to expect God to do great things, and to send precious showers of the Latter Rain before Jesus comes, and to make Bethel Temple a greater blessing than it has ever been before.

(Continued from page 4)

must come if we persist in a service where motives are not pure. There is only shame and confusion awaiting one who has blurred the radiance of His fair light.

We cannot ask to be delivered from personal expression. We are thus limited and it is His method. But we can trust Him to *hide* us. By His grace we can get *behind* the door—a safety zone, I am sure.

The lessons of the incarnation are many. Today let us gather at His feet and afresh offer our hearts in simple faith—willing to serve in hidden ministry—sweet and pure.

* * *

We are again asking our subscribers please to write us when they change their address. Send us word before the *first of the month* so you will get the current issue. It is not sufficient to notify the post office. They charge us 2c for every change of address they give us. We paid out for this purpose alone over a dollar in November, and this could all be saved if our subscribers would notify *us*. The postal authorities *do not forward* Second Class Mail.

STORIES THAT ARE TRUE, for boys and girls.
ADVENTURES OF JACK AND JOYCE. 28c each by mail.

Miraculously Healed After Years of Suffering

An Invalid from Birth, now fully Restored

Evangelist Ethel Fox in The Stone Church, Aug. 27, 1933

"When the even was come, they brought unto Him many that were possessed with devils: and He cast out the spirits with His word, and healed all that were sick: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses."



If there were not one other word in the Bible regarding Divine Healing I feel this verse would give us all the right in the world to seek healing for our bodies, but there is much more. I hope the Lord will burn into our very souls this truth that Jesus Christ "took our infirmities and bore our sicknesses." Since He bore them, truly we can go free. Oh the matchless power of our Christ who healed the sick when He was here on earth! He is "the same yesterday, today, and forever."

I rejoice this afternoon that I have found the truth of this wonderful word of the Lord, that it has been made manifest in my heart and in my body also. My testimony is a rather outstanding one, and I am giving it solely that everyone who hears it may magnify the mighty Name of my Savior who was manifested to destroy the works of the devil.

I was born into this world with all my organs out of place, and with a heart that was too small. My first recollection in life was that of pain and suffering. I suffered constantly from the time I was a tiny babe, and as I grew up into girlhood my suffering increased because of added complications. When I was about fourteen my eye-sight failed to such an extent I could not tell two people apart just a few feet away unless I wore very, very strong glasses. These were dark-colored as I could not bear the light. Shortly before my healing a film formed over both my eyes, dimming my sight even more. The doctors said I would eventually be totally blind.

As I grew older appendicitis developed and I had an operation for that. We used to be in the fashion for new diseases, and contracted every disease that came along. I had a rather severe case of appendicitis; in fact, peritonitis developed along with it, which was followed by a severe case of adhesions, which meant another operation, but unfortunately they developed again.

I have been under the X-ray machine twenty times, and have had thirty doctors regularly besides others for examination. Later on it was becoming noticeable that I was getting lame. My limb twisted and I walked on the side of my right foot. On examination it was found that I had developed tuberculosis of the bones in the hip, and because of their getting out of position and the strain on the cords the limbs became twisted. The pain and suffering which resulted could not be put in words. I was put into bed, and for three months I had a 12-lb. weight attached to my foot, and for three months more a 15-lb. weight. After these weights were removed I was placed in a plaster of Paris cast from the waist to below the knee. I wore two of those casts which were very thick and held my body absolutely rigid.

After seventeen long, weary months I got to the place where the doctors thought the disease was quiescent, and I was able to walk, first on crutches and then with a cane. But it was not long until the disease again became active because of a slight bruise above the ankle. I had an operation upon the bone and then my limb was placed in a cast from the knee to my foot. Operations and treatments brought no relief; I suffered constantly, and when the cast was removed the limb twisted and became so swollen it was half again as large as the left limb. The disease again became active in the hip-joint, and the suffering was so great I never knew an hour's relief. For twelve years I could not lie on my right side.

In 1918, when the Spanish influenza swept the world we had to be in fashion again. I was stricken with this disease and also had pleurisy, and after the siege was over it was discovered I had developed tuberculosis in the right lung, which in a short time spread to my left lung. From childhood I had been afflicted with T.B. in my throat. My voice was gone, I could not speak above a whisper at any time. If you could see the inside of my throat today you would see a mass of scars from treating that disease. I have now been in Gospel work for nearly ten years, and I praise the Lord that while preaching constantly, my throat rarely becomes tired.

Just to show you how full my system was

of tuberculosis germs I tell you that even my finger-nails and toe-nails were affected; the pus oozed out from the roots.

Other serious conditions arose. I was born with a diaphragm too low, and an X-Ray showed my stomach to be nearly ten inches lower than it should have been. In order to remedy this condition the doctors operated upon me to put the stomach up where it belonged, but owing to the diaphragm being so low it was impossible to get it in the right place. If the operation had been successful I would have felt repaid for the suffering, but a few months later it fell again, and the second time it became twisted, and affected my right side. I was rarely hungry, and ate with great difficulty, being forced to live on liquids and a light diet.

Owing to the stomach being in this twisted condition and other organs out of place, the intestines had become a tangled mass, and natural elimination became almost an impossibility. Ordinarily the food passes from the stomach in four to seven hours. The X-Ray showed the food lay in my stomach up to forty-eight hours because of the intestines being so tangled. My skin would become dark brown in hue, and the doctors said the poison came out thru my skin. Two or three times a year I would have these attacks and I would suffer in a way I have no words to describe. A brown fluid would ooze out thru my lips when I would drop into a fitful sleep.

I have a Christian father who can corroborate all I say, and my dear Christian mother was taken when I first developed tuberculosis of the lungs. I cannot remember the time the way of salvation was not taught in my home. After my mother went home I had to go to a Sanitarium in Calgary, Alberta, and while there I began to lose touch with God. I wandered far away from Him, in my heart, and when finally I realized that death was inevitable, that at the most I could live only a few months, and was liable to a hemorrhage that would take me in a moment, I decided I wanted to go home to die. We were living then in Edmonton. I was coughing my very life away, but I was glad to be home with my father and brother, who was a motherless, sick little boy. I wanted to be with them in the closing months of my life, for naturally speaking there was not one ray of hope for me.

I would not have you think I was perfectly helpless during the whole time. There were

times when I was able to study and go to school. I even taught music with my limb in a cast, and I managed to get an education even under difficult circumstances, but when I went home from the Sanitarium I knew my case was utterly hopeless. So I decided I would go to places where I might find out the truth about eternity. I was trying to persuade myself there was no life after death, but that is a hard thing to do. I remembered the dying testimony of my mother, and how the very presence of God filled the room; even in our sorrow we had to rejoice because we knew she had gone to be with Jesus. I came to the place where I believed the Bible was the Word of God and that our salvation is thru Jesus Christ and His shed blood.

Just when everything was darkest an evangelist came to our city and held meetings in the church of which I was a member. I told my father I was going to those meetings. He was afraid I would die on the way, but I went and heard the simple Gospel preached. For some years I had not heard of the Christ who can save, and the conviction of the Holy Spirit seized upon my heart, and I cried out, "Oh God, if You *are*, reveal Yourself to me!" He did, and I came back to the Savior.

It was just a week from that time that Dr. Charles S. Price came to the city of Edmonton, holding a campaign. Twelve thousand people filled the Arena many a night, and five thousand were turned away. I said to my father, "I will go to those services if I die on the way," and I went. It was arranged that I should be prayed for the first Thursday night, but God seemed so far away and I went home without prayer. The next morning I cried out to God in utter despair. He revealed what was standing in the way of my healing and enabled me to make a complete consecration to Him and His service. Then the peace of God flooded my soul. In that moment of surrender God had given me the earnest of my healing. The film that had covered my eyes for so long, was gone. That night when I went to the service I felt enveloped in the glory of God. And as in days of old when the priests could not minister because of the glory, so it was in that meeting. The glory of our Christ was so mighty it was impossible to stand in His presence. When I was prayed for, I had the most wonderful time. I was shut in with the Lord Jesus, just He and I. By and by I thought

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The Pulse of a Dying World

Evangelist William Booth-Clibborn

Blindness. There are 62,488 sightless men, women and children in Britain.

22,000 Earthquakes in Japan in 10 years, and a hundred and twelve thousand deaths.

Liquor Lion. It is easy to let the lion of liquor loose, but will prove quite another thing to control him.

Crooner's Curse. Generally people make love privately but the fool crooner uses radio's immense mouth to fill the air with his sentimental pains.

British Bibles. The B. & F. B. S. publishes more books than any other organization in the world. It issues the Bible in 699 languages, printing 10 million copies of Scripture.

Wooden Prophecies. "I see before us a river of sunshine and happiness," exclaims the Secretary of Treasury. The Scripture calls it the "beginning of sorrows." Matt. 24:8.

Depression's Impression. One bank in every 6 has closed, one business in every 22, one college in every 40, but only one church in every 2234 has had to shut down in the last four years.

Feng's Faith. Much heralded a few years ago so-called Christian Chinese war-lord Feng Hu-Hsiang now makes a Buddhist monastery his home having recanted Christianity. The sword and Christ were never friends!

Kaiser and Christ. The wealthiest German is the Ex-Kaiser, conceded worth 175 million dollars. His soldier millions died to make him rich. Our King—the Lord Jesus Christ made multitudes rich by His death.

Hot Hell. The world lacks in illustrations of the wicked's hereafter. Fifty thousand prisoners have languished and died in despair in the tropic's furnace of Devil's Islands, France's penal colony off the Guiana coast.

Recognizing Russia. The first Roosevelt made war on Spain at great cost to set the Cubans free. The second Roosevelt makes peace with the Russian slave drivers to benefit from some of their blood money. The jewel of inconsistency is not so rare.

"Shepherd of Seven Hills." This is the title of the new biographic film presenting Pope Pius XI generally blessing everything and everybody in Rome. What a dead give away title! "The 7 heads are 7 mountains, on which the woman sitteth" (Rev. 17:9).

Mecca Mourns. One significant heartbeat of this dying world is the forsaken Moslem capital, Mecca. Once it greeted 40 thousand pilgrims a year to its shrines, but they decreased to 18,000 in 1929. This year a mere dribble, 1259, visited the sacred city. Islam's disciples languish.

Millions for Mausoleums. The great and rich build themselves costly tombs, even so dead and corrupt deChristed systems erect enormous mausoleums to perpetuate their decadent faiths. Liverpool Cathedral rises on Brownlow Hill, as large as St. Peter's at Rome, seats 10,000, contains 53 altars.

Shintoism in U.S.A. Japan's religion, a ceremonial system of nature-worship and ancestor-worship spreads in North America. 15 churches in California and a dozen in other states; Patriarch Shozen Nakayama, worshipped as Divine by five million Japanese, visits Chicago and says, "I am prophet of a new hope."

Slaughter of Innocents. Newborn baby bodies are taken from the Paris sewers to the number of 30,000 a year. In Madrid nearly 6,000 infant corpses are gathered. Vienna and Athens, indeed all European centers of population are bad, but Buenos Aires in South America is by far the world's worst offender in unspeakable infanticide.

The Abortion Evil. There are 700,000 abortions yearly in the United States, 80,000 in New York alone. That is, one in every five or six pregnancies over one half of which are criminal. There are 25 abortions for every hundred living births the direct cause of the death of 15,000 women per annum. "Without natural affection" (Romans 1:32).

Night Light. Significantly it was a light beam from the star Arcturus that started the world's Chicago Fair which now fades out, barely a paying enterprise. The best light a world that lies in darkness knows is starlight, whereas the true church came into being at the rising of the Son of Righteousness. That's one concern that never closes.

Mass Matrimony. Marriage is sacred. It's foundations are in the Word of God, but the modern stupor state desecrates everything hallowed to its bestial purposes. Thus, Italy and now Germany encourage multitude marriages in the interests of the needful coming-war populations. All the way from 100 to 1,000 young people are wed together midst the most debasing scenes of mob enthusiasm.

Industrial Conscriptio. Hitler's spade regiments march all over Germany; Stahlin's colossal enforced labor armies in disease and dirt dig and die by the ten thousand; "Every man must work for the weal of the state," cries Mussolini; Kemal of Turkey works his own big boy brigades; Roosevelt launches his program of 4 million to be conscripted for the

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Men Who Prevailed in Prayer

Can You "Sit where They Sat"?

Mrs. Emma Van Dalen-Jones



HERE there is no VISION the people perish." Vision is vital to all progress. Lack of it brings stagnation and failure into any line of human endeavor.

In order that we may prevail with God in prayer, we need this first great element of Spiritual Vision—that inner sight which enables man to see a need from God's viewpoint. This inner vision inwrought by the Spirit of God is that which came upon Ezekiel as he sat by the river Chebar.

The narrative reads, "So the Spirit lifted me up and took me away, and I went in bitterness, in the heat of my spirit, but the hand of the Lord was strong upon me. Then I came to them of the captivity at Tel-abib that dwelt by the river Chebar, and I sat where they sat and remained there astonished among them seven days" (Ezek. 3:14, 15). "Then I arose and went into the plain, and behold the glory of the Lord stood there as the glory which I saw by the river Chebar" (V. 23).

God's people were in affliction and reproach. As captives in a strange land, they had hung their harps upon the willows saying, "How can we sing the songs of Zion in a strange land?" Music had fled from their lips, joy from their hearts, and the power and blessing of God from their lives. In the midst of their desolation by the river Chebar God sends a prophet among them to "sit where they sat." He had not come on this journey willingly, but in the heat and bitterness of his own spirit. Yet the hand of the Lord had been strong upon him and the Spirit had lifted him up.

This prophet had to come to them and SHARE with them the distress of their captivity before he could bring them God's message. Even so, we need to make such a pilgrimage in spirit to "sit where they sit" before we can bring comfort to the weary of heart and prevail with God to meet the need. Those who want vision to lay hold of God must first have the eyes of spiritual understanding opened. Even our Lord, who took upon Himself the form of flesh, was driven by the Spirit into the wilderness, there to be tempted of the devil. He "was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin," that He might be "touched with the feelings of our infirmities." The message of the

Incarnation is God veiled in flesh that He might "sit where we sit" and take upon Himself our needs.

It is this power of vision, enlightening the eyes of our understanding, that brings COMPASSION, which is another essential for prevailing prayer. Our Lord, as He came down from the Mount of Transfiguration, "seeing the multitude had compassion upon them." The world saw only their sickness, burdens, and sorrows. He saw these as but the tangible results of the power of darkness leading humanity captive from Time's prison house of Sin to Eternity's prison house of Death.

It was such compassion that overwhelmed the heart of Moses as he "saw" the children of Israel oppressed by the taskmasters of the Egyptians. Moses "looked" upon their burdens. Though a prince of Pharaoh's household, in heart he "sat where they sat" and, as he saw the stinging lash striking the bruised backs of his people, he felt upon his soul the recoil of its pain.

This was also the experience of Nehemiah. Surrounded by the luxury of a foreign court and holding one of its highest positions, yet he enquires concerning the remnant of his people of the captivity who were in Jerusalem. See him steal away from the pomp and ceremony of court life to meet the little group of nondescript pitiful, poverty-stricken travelers from his home country. What a sad report they bring of affliction and reproach, of poverty and ruined gates and walls! The purple and fine linen of the palace are forgotten and, "sitting where they sat," in spirit among his people in affliction, we read that he wept and mourned. Not condescending pity but COMPASSION—heart touching heart and meeting in a common need.

We find this quality again in evidence in the life of Daniel, a man greatly beloved of God. Daniel had reached a pinnacle of power in the world empire of that day. Yet he visions the desolations of far away Jerusalem, the city of his fathers. He sees God's people in the thralldom of the Babylonian captivity. Sorrow and sighing is their portion. See him go to the parchments and scan eagerly the writings of the prophet Jeremiah. He reads that God

would accomplish seventy years in the desolation of Jerusalem. What but COMPASSION, inwrought by the power of vision to "sit where they sat" could move this Premier of a World Empire to set his "face unto the Lord God to seek by prayer and supplication with fastings and sackcloth and ashes," for the re-establishment of his people and their worship at Jerusalem?

The Spirit of God has preserved for us a record of prayer from the lives of each of these men, and, though they lived in different epochs, the key-note is the same with each individual.

Hear first the cry of Moses as he pleads for a sinning and rebellious people. God had said, "Behold, it is a stiff-necked people. Now, therefore, let me alone that my wrath may wax hot against them and that I may consume them, and I will make of thee a great nation" (Ex. 32:9, 10). What a pinnacle of attainment! "I will make of THEE a great nation." But Moses, upon his face in the desert sands, cries out, "Yet now, if thou wilt forgive their sins, and if not, blot me, I pray thee out of thy book of life which thou has written" (Ex. 32:32).

Farther down the corridor of time we listen at a palace window in Shushan to a plaintive cry, the sobs and pleas of a king's cup-bearer, Nehemiah. "Let thine ears now be attentive and thine eyes open that thou mayest hear the prayer of thy servant, which I pray before thee now, day and night, for the children of Israel, thy servants, and confess the sins of the children of Israel which WE have sinned against thee, both I and my father's house have sinned" (1:6).

What may be the prayer of Daniel, the man greatly beloved who prayed thrice daily as was his custom, though the lion's den awaited him? who was entrusted to receive by the Spirit of God the mighty unfolding of the drama of the ages until he saw the throne of the Ancient of Days established forever? We read, "WE have sinned and have committed iniquity and have done wickedly and have rebelled, even by departing from thy precepts and from thy judgments" (Dan. 9:5). "Yet made WE not OUR prayer before the Lord, our God, that WE might turn from OUR iniquities and understand thy truths" (Verse 3).

Are these not the shadows of Calvary? It was this VISION to "SIT WHERE THEY SAT"—in the place of need—that wrought the COMPASSION of the Christ into their hearts so that they SUBMERGED SELF into the

needs of God's people. These had found the HEART CENTER OF SERVICE. And this SPIRIT OF CALVARY is the next and greatest essential to all prevailing prayer. "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus, who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but made himself of no reputation and took upon him the form of a servant and was made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross" (Phil. 2:5-9). Jesus Christ "became sin who knew no sin that the righteousness of God might be revealed in us." He identified Himself utterly and completely with our needs when He went to the cross for us.

Prevailing prayer steps into the need and by the power of Vision inwrought by the Holy Spirit, loses itself into that need. Through the o'er-shadowing humility of Calvary prevailing prayer reaches this heart-center of true service. It is then no longer a need apart from us; no longer "I" or "YOU" but "WE"!

The forces of darkness may array their power against this prayer that identifies itself so utterly with the need of the petition, but heaven hears and the answer comes. All prayer must contend with RESISTANCE of Satan's power, either through spiritual or human channels.

Moses faced the murmuring of the people. Nevertheless, the nation was led to the borders of their inheritance, the Promised Land, by their leader who had carried them, as it were, upon his heart. Nehemiah, as he purposes to build again the walls of Jerusalem and restore its waste places, finds the resistance manifested in the plotting against his life and work. Here we see portrayed the hindrances through human channels. But the record says, "The wall was finished." Daniel at last receives his answer from the man clothed in linen, who had come from the glory land to deliver the answer to his petition. What priceless encouragement to pray on! "Fear not, Daniel, for from the first day that thou didst set thine heart to understand and to chasten thyself before thy God, thy words were heard." See here the resistance through spiritual channels! "BUT the Prince of the Kingdom of Persia withstood me one and twenty days, but, lo, Michael, one of the chief princes came to help me" (V. 13).

(Continued on page 23)

Observing Jewish Holy Days in Palestine

Ushering in the Year 5694

Charles S. Peters, Jerusalem, Palestine

For twelve years Mr. Peters taught mathematics in the Medill High School, Chicago, over 90% of the pupils being Jews. During the last week in Sept. and the first two weeks in October, he used to teach mostly empty seats. He writes, "It never occurred to me then to find out just what they were doing when not in school, but you could not be in Jerusalem on Yom Kippur and not see and hear what they are doing. They excel even the Pentecostal people for loud prayers."



THE blowing of the Ram's Horn in the business and residential streets of the Jewish quarters of Jerusalem at sunset, September 20, ushered in *Rosh Hashanah*, the Day of the Trumpet Blast (Lev. 23:24), the first day of the year 5694, according to the Jewish religious calendar. Their secular year begins in the spring. How much more convenient it is to begin the new year at sunset than at midnight! And how much more scriptural!

The first ten days of the new year are penitential days, but only the first, the tenth, and the intervening Sabbath are days of "obligation." During these ten days man is expected to forgive those who have sinned against him even as he expects to be forgiven by God.

The day before *Rosh Hashanah* orthodox Jews in Jerusalem visited various sacred sites such as Rachel's tomb, the tombs of the prophets, and Jewish cemeteries in the Valley of Jehoshaphat and up the sides of the Mount of Olives. Many prayed all the night before the new year in the various synagogues. The influx of Jews has been so rapid that they have been forced to rent many stores and private dwelling houses for use as synagogues.

The orthodox Jew is still a very religious being, as in the days of the Scribes and the Pharisees, which any one may find out who will visit the Jewish quarters of Jerusalem on a Sabbath. On the morning of *Rosh Hashanah* as they neared a synagogue close to our Mission, we saw them break into a run. We supposed they were late for their services, but found out that it really did not matter what time they arrived, but that it is their custom to run as they draw near the synagogue, signifying their eagerness to get to prayer. All day the streets were full of Jews going to or

coming from their synagogues or the Western (Wailing) Wall. Crowds, dressed in Sabbath robes and hats, swarmed on the balconies of the synagogues during and between services.

In Tel Aviv thousands of visitors came from Haifa, Tiberias, and villages throughout Palestine the day before the New Year festival. Markets were badly overcrowded, for housewives had to buy enough food to last from Wednesday afternoon till Sunday morning, all Jewish shops and markets being closed for the three days. It was reported that seats for the New Year services in the Tel Aviv synagogues sold for as much as a half pound (\$2.50).

The ten penitential days culminated in *Yom Kippur*, the Great Day of Atonement (Lev. 23:27), a twenty-four hour fast, one of the two great Jewish fasts during the year, respected by the vast majority of Jews throughout the world. Orthodox Jews spent practically the whole night and day reciting prayers, not a morsel of food nor a drop of water passing their lips. I am told that in some places they still receive thirty-nine stripes as a humiliation on the eve of the fast, kneeling in the synagogue, the stripes being administered by the Shamesh or beadle (Lev. 23:32). Poor things! They do not know that Christ bore the stripes for them (and for us), and that He was humiliated—nay, He humbled Himself even to the death of the cross, that they might live!

In Jerusalem there are Jews from perhaps fifty different countries, living in separate communities, each community with its own synagogue, sometimes in a building built for use as a place of worship; much more often in a store or dwelling house, hastily improvised for such use.

Shortly after dark on the eve of *Yom Kippur* we walked along the main street of *Meah Shearim*, the oldest Jewish district outside the walls of the old city. Candles were lighted in synagogues and homes. We were amazed to find how many synagogues there were in only two or three blocks along this street, many on the street level, some in second stories. Places we had passed on ordinary days without suspecting that they were places of worship were now full of Jewish men fervently and loudly reciting prayers, some standing, some sitting,

all rocking forward and backward as the chant came forth in a great volume of sound through open doors and windows. Perhaps from a building a few doors farther along on the opposite side of the street would come an even greater volume of prayer seemingly in competition with the first, a roar of lamentation coming at the same time from the upper room of a building near by the other two.

Polish Jews, Russians, Yemenites from Arabia, Hungarians, Rumanians, Bukharians in their respective synagogues, with flowing beards and flowing robes present varying colorful pictures of the East. Some are clad in long *jubès*, very richly colored heavy velvet mantles in yellows and browns. Under the *jubè* is a long robe of white or cream color, striped with black, and on their heads the wide fur hats with blue velvet crowns. Under the hats are usually skull caps of black or blue, so that when the hat is removed in the synagogue the head will still be covered. The boys wear a tight fitting blue velvet cap, and the "*Peioth*," a ringlet of hair trained to grow at the side of each cheek. With the men, this ringlet has become a long curl (freshly curled for *Yom Kippur*) hanging on either side of the face (Lev. 19:27).

Women are not to be seen in the synagogues, for the few that go to the services are behind screens in a corner or in the balconies peering through lattice work. However, at the Western (Wailing) Wall, which is in reality a roofless synagogue, many women were to be seen weeping and kissing the large stones reputed to be from the outerwall of the original temple, many clothed in white but some with beautiful, brilliantly colored shawls.

In the center of the Wall is a small ark of painted planks containing the *Torah* (the Law), about which the men gather in their picturesque garb, having washed their hands on entering the enclosed space, and having removed their shoes before drawing near to this ark, where they congregate about the rocking figure of the "*Khazan*," who is covered from head to foot with a long, white, gold-embroidered praying shawl.

The largest synagogue in the old city is perhaps the least colorful of all the Jewish places of worship. On the morning of *Yom Kippur* it was packed, but many of the worshipers wore European clothes and head dress, the congregation looking not greatly different from those in synagogues in London or Chicago.

Signs on either side of the entrance in four languages, English, French, Hebrew and German make it known that no one is to enter bare-headed, and that women are not to enter the synagogue during prayers.

The ten penitential days were closed as they began, with the blowing of the Ram's Horn at sunset on the eve after *Yom Kippur*. A zealous Hebrew blew the Ram at the Wailing Wall in defiance of the government ordinance enacted after the rioting between the Moslems and the Jews, forbidding the blowing of the Ram's Horn near the Wailing Wall, on account of the close proximity to Moslem places of worship on the other side of the wall. British policemen in constant attendance at the Wailing Wall promptly arrested him, and this morning's newspaper states that his zeal has cost him fourteen days in prison. He will have to spend the days of rejoicing, that follow so soon after the days of humiliation, in jail.

Soon after *Yom Kippur* the Feast of the Tabernacles begins (Lev. 23:34), only five days separating the most solemn fast from the most joyous feast of the year. For seven days the Jews pray and eat in booths (succoth) or tents, the roofs of which are made of cedar, olive and palm branches. These booths are erected on roofs, on balconies or on the ground near their homes; also, large booths are placed near the synagogues for use of the congregations for prayer and receiving sacramental wine.

Each family has a palm leaf and an *ethrog* (Lev. 23:40 margin, or R.V.) during the feast for ceremonial purposes. The *ethrog* is much like a lemon, but is not a lemon. They have been for sale in the Jewish markets for many weeks, and are bought and sent to relatives and friends in other countries in time for them to have a genuine Palestine *ethrog* for the Feast of Tabernacles. The *ethrog* and the palm leaf are kept in the booth for ceremonial use in prayer, and are carried into the synagogue for the services during the feast.

This is being written a few days before the Feast of Tabernacles, but preparations are under way, booths are being erected on the roofs, on balconies, in courts and near the synagogues (Neh. 8:16). I am told that this will again be a time of great rejoicing, particularly on the "last great day of the feast," crowds in the synagogues finishing the *Torah* (to begin all over again the following Sabbath), *Haluzim* (Continued on page 22)

The Revival That Was Born in a Christmas Convention

Overwhelming Results of the Pauline Method of Evangelism

Miss Mary Martin

An invalided missionary, obliged to leave the battle field, dropped into the office of The Latter Rain Evangel. "I can just stay a minute," she said, "My nerves won't let me visit." "What is the matter?" we asked. "We've had a revival," said Miss Bingham, "and it nearly cost my life!" Revivals cost, but this one resulted in thirty new churches being established in heathen towns, and 180 baptized in water last Christmastime. The missionary felt it paid, tho the price was broken nerves, sleepless nights, and a wasted body. Pray for Miss Bingham.



FOR many years we have seen the need of a Bible School in Liberia, and when Miss Bingham and I were home on our previous furlough she wrote to me, asking if I would be willing to help in Bible School work. I replied that I was ready to do whatever the Lord had for me to do. In the Fall of 1930 I returned to our field and I shall never forget those days on the steamer. If ever God gave me a vision of the work and its needs He gave it to me on that trip, after I had left England. He showed me the necessity of the Pauline method of evangelizing in our work. I said, "Lord if this is of You, You will have to speak to the other missionaries also." Our method of working with the natives had been very different and I didn't see how we could revolutionize the work to such an extent.

I arrived in Africa about December 1st and three weeks later when Miss Bingham arrived I found that she felt the very same way as I did. I sent a letter to our chairman telling him how we had been led, and this letter was taken to the Christmas Convention and read before all the missionaries. They said, "This is just exactly what has been on our hearts for a long time but we didn't see how it could be put across since our methods have been so different." Everyone was agreed that if this plan was of God He would work it out.

Our previous method of working had been that of having large schools where we gathered the boys and girls and young people and assumed every responsibility for their support and training. This consumed the most of our time—some evangelistic work was done but our method did not create Christian homes for these young people to go back to, after they were saved in our mission schools. That was

one of the greatest difficulties of our work.

When God made plain to us His will concerning the new method we prayed much as to the place this Bible School should be established and He revealed to us that Feloka was the place. We put the proposition for the new plan before the town people, told them we would not support nor care for their children; that we would have the church in the town instead of in a separate mission station as before, and that each child would have to pay for his own school supplies and clothing. Instead of the people complaining about this "new way" as we had expected, they said, "We like this. It pleases our hearts to think that the church and the school are to be right in our town. We feel it will really belong to us instead of the missionaries."

Miss Bingham and I moved into their town and lived in a tiny hut for six weeks. The village people carried our loads of cargo, and our goods and various pieces of furniture were all stacked into this little hut. Our beds were put up, our cook stove, our dining table, and then we put up two long boards, and this is where we accommodated the people who came for prayer. Practically every bit of floor space was being used. The people had never had a missionary in their town before and they were so curious to watch our every action; we never ate a meal without people staring at us to see how we ate; they were amazed at our white table cloth and thought that eating with knives and forks was the strangest thing they ever saw. But it wasn't long till they got hungry for God. Soon after we located in their town we began to have prayer meetings every night in various huts—wherever we were asked to go. At first only a few men would attend but in answer to prayer the interest soon grew. They began to get saved and soon there was not a hut large enough to accommodate all the people. The women too began to attend—at first they were very distant and would not come near but the Lord got hold of their hearts and many among the women were saved.

I remember so well the wife of the man who was the first to receive the Baptism of the Spirit in that revival. She had been very bitter against us. The husband was anxious for his

wife to get saved so when she was in the hut at a prayer meeting I tried to shake hands with her and make her welcome. But she just looked the other way and was very angry because I had offered to shake hands with her. I said to her, "You know when I leave this world I am going to God's country and I want you to go along with me." She made no reply but we earnestly prayed and by and by that woman was gloriously saved. I have never seen a greater change in any woman than I saw in her; she now wears the sweetest smile instead of the former scowl. It is wonderful what God has done for the African women.

Coming home from a prayer-meeting one night I said to one of the men, "How are your women now? They used to give you so much trouble. Do they give you trouble now?" "Oh no" he said, "since our women got saved they



A School in a Heathen Town

don't give us any trouble at all. They behave themselves well." At first it was rare to see any women in church. Now one half is for the women and the other half for the men, and the women fill up their part of the church just as well as do the men. And this is true of every town in the revival district; there are just as many women as men. This has been one of the wonderful features about the revival. It is marvelous how their lives have been changed. It was so hard at first to get any women to accept the Gospel but not so any longer.

After the revival had started in our town it was but a few weeks till great interest was manifested in other towns and the people would come from the surrounding districts to our meetings until our little mud hut was filled to overflowing. People crowded in at the windows and the doors; the children sat on the

floor until every bit of floor space was taken and to get up the aisle one had to pick his way, stepping over the women and children. The whole place seemed a solid mass of humanity and we had barely room enough to stand to speak. And how they did listen! At first some complained about the long services but when the power of God began to fall and souls were saved at the altar, in their seats and on the floor, we couldn't stop the services. It was nothing unusual for them to go on for three and four hours and the people wouldn't leave then till we missionaries walked out.

At first we had a regular order of proceedings; we would have a song, then requests for prayer and testimonies and prayer; then we would read from the Word after which we had final prayer. But soon the tide ran so high that we could not have prayer till after the reading of the Word for if we gave them a chance to pray we could not get them stopped and we felt they needed the Word too. So we always had that part of the service first and many times they prayed till long after midnight.

The prayer meetings, which continued on through the revival, have been the secret of it all. These people have learned to pray and during the two years about a thousand people were saved.

In connection with all these prayer and revival meetings we also conducted the Bible School. We had seen the need of this for many years but wanted these young people to be self supporting. God helped us in finding ways and means for them to support themselves. We would conduct the school for three months and then these young people would go out to the different towns which had asked for a preacher and there would hold meetings. We had told these inquiring people that if they wanted a preacher they would have to build a little chapel and then we would send them one. The people pay him so much a month which helps to defray his expenses in Bible School.

Many of these towns also have a Christian day-school and we wanted these schools to be self-supporting so we asked the children to pay their way. But the people said, "We have no money" to which we replied, "Then let each child bring a cup of rice." "Oh," they said, "we can do that." So they each bring two or three cups of rice a month and we sell this rice and use the money for the upkeep of the school. Sometimes they bring a chicken to

pay for their books or slates. If a child needs a new loin cloth he can bring us several cups of rice and we give the loin cloth in exchange.

The people in that part of the country are fetish worshippers. They believe that their disembodied spirits dwell in stones, in sticks of wood or in animals. Every town has many "powerful" idols which they worship. One day they came to us and asked us to help them tear down the powerful idols which they had worshipped for over fifty years; it was just an elephant's tusk but they had believed in its power to protect them. So one Sunday we gathered around; the chief who presented it to us, though he had lost faith in its power, said to us, "Now when I give this idol over to you I want you missionaries to begin to sing because I don't know what the devil might do." So we sang a native chorus of Jesus' power to save and His blood to protect. This chief and another man brought eighteen idols to be burned.

In another town the people decided they no longer wanted to trust in their idols so they called for the missionaries to be present when they destroyed them. They said, "We know these idols have no power and we want to trust in the living God." So we gathered in the clearing in the center of the town where the heads of families had gathered hundreds of idols, great and small, and piled them all in a heap right in the middle of the town and there we made a huge bon-fire while the unbroken circle of Christian natives and missionaries sang,

"There is power in the blood."

Then they asked us to pray, saying, "Since we don't trust in the devil and the idols any longer we want you to ask God to take care of us." So we lifted our hearts in prayer and very earnestly committed them to the loving care of our heavenly Father.

In a near-by town where a church had been erected and God had saved many people, there was a devil doctor who said he would never serve God. All the rest of them could do "God way" but he *never* for he was going to follow the devil. One afternoon some little children who had attended the services, together with some women, were singing in his hut. He scolded them for doing so, saying, "I am tired of hearing these songs about God all the time." Soon a very bright light from heaven shone down upon that hut and the old man fell to the ground. At once all the people fell on their

faces and began to pray. Soon this devil doctor who had been the most influential man in all that country, began to pray as best he knew, and he kept it up till, as he put it, "the chickens began to talk the next morning." He was a leper and some of his toes and fingers were gone. God wonderfully dealt with him that night and showed him how all this witchery which he was carrying on was wrong and that his heart was not right with the Lord. That very night he was wonderfully saved. With the first peep of morning he said to his wife, "I don't want these things any longer. I want to carry all this medicine and all these things which I have used in making idols to our native preacher," and he did even as he said. That day the native preacher sent a letter asking for one of us to come and have a service with them and then went on to tell us about the conversion of the devil doctor. In the afternoon I went over and to my surprise I found that no one in the whole town had gone to the farms as was their daily custom. They were all waiting for this special meeting and were celebrating because of what God had done for the devil doctor. As soon as we neared the church it quickly filled to overflowing with people and a wonderful service followed. The devil doctor stood up and told of his marvelous experience with God the night before. There on the platform beside him lay a large leather bag made of the skin of an animal filled with gourds of different kinds, with all the paraphernalia which he had used in making his witch medicine which he had claimed was so powerful. He was throwing it all aside and as he talked his old ebony face just shone with the glory of God. I couldn't help but think, "You poor thing, you are not much to look at in this world but the glory of God is surely shining out in your face." As he finished talking a number of the leading men in the town said, "We don't have any more faith in our idols and have decided to do away with them. We want to get them out of our houses and burn them." So I said, "Go get them." Soon they came back bringing old baskets black with smoke; in one of them was just an old pebble but they had claimed it had great power; some brought big black stones, some monkey skins, some gourds filled with mud; many of them brought earthen pots filled with witch medicine and a few chicken feathers sticking up in the middle. Can you imagine that heap of seeming trash yet so precious to them—all

piled up on that platform? When they settled down I gave a short message and then we carried all these trophies of heathen worship outside to be burned.

A rather amusing incident had taken place during the meeting—the king of the town who had been wonderfully saved, was praying very earnestly and as it was fearfully hot he got rather uncomfortable. So while we were all down on our knees I noticed that he suddenly divested himself of his shirt, quietly laid it over on the floor and went right on praying as though nothing unusual had happened.

When we had everything piled up we set fire to the heap while all stood in a circle singing praises to God and thanking Him for the precious blood of Christ that had cleansed their hearts. As the shades of evening began to fall all those idols and other heathen trophies of worship were fast going up in smoke and before that precious band of redeemed souls disbanded we lifted our hearts to God, committing that town and its people to the loving care of Him who had saved them from heathen darkness.

How God Provided in Sickness

THE Christian's comfort is in his God in these days of distress and non-employment. Mrs. Mary Holland, Washington, D.C. writes (July 5) of God's provision in time of great trial:

"My husband has been off work for six weeks. He had blood-poisoning in his hand, caused thru a flower-stem sticking in it. He suffered agony day and night for two weeks; could not sleep at all, the pain was so great. We were continually in prayer for his healing, but I finally got to the place where I could not pray at all. It seemed I had prayed and praised until I was all emptied out. So I cried to the Lord, 'Lord, please lay it on the heart of one of Thy children to come and pray for us.' It was May 30th. I did not know where our pastor lived, for he had moved.

"Our rent was to be paid and I hadn't a penny, and no food, so I asked the Lord to go with me and help me get some money from my husband's employer. He gave me the exact amount for the rent, and on the way home I met two sisters of our church coming to meet me in their car. They said one was cooking dinner and she got such a burden for us that she turned out the gas and came over. When

they prayed my husband was slain by the power of God, and I believe if we had continued in prayer longer he would have been healed, but he was taken to the hospital and was there thirteen days. Only the prayers of God's children saved his arm, and probably his life.

"God led one of the sisters to give me \$3. One Sunday I had only sixty cents for my two children and myself. That was to take us to church and to the hospital where my husband was, and was also all we had for food. We had \$4.70 of the Lord's money in the house, and my husband said, 'Be sure to put your tithe in the church.' I promised and said, 'Unless God undertakes I will not be able to come and see you after today.' At church two different people gave me a dollar. They said God told them to put it in their pocketbooks when they left home, that someone had need, and while praying in church God told them to give it to me.

"That afternoon I was feeling burdened and was weeping, when in came a brother and sister with some lovely chicken sandwiches. They also drove us over to the hospital.

"On Monday I received a letter from a sister enclosing a dollar, with a stamp to write back. She didn't know a thing about our need. Then I received a little money from the Insurance Co. Oh how I love to tell what God has done! Two weeks ago a sister gave me \$5 from her class. She said she should have given it a week before. We should have been getting money from the Insurance Company but for two weeks we had not gotten a cent, and had only the money that the Lord provided. My heart is full of love for my Savior, for His care of us. The following week God laid it on the hearts of two others to give me \$3, so it does encourage us to go on in the Lord.

"In the natural things look dark, for when my husband goes back to work he has prospect of getting very, very little, but I feel we will not have much longer to labor, the coming of the Lord is so near."

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LUKE 2:8-15

The Church—"In the field."

The Congregation—"Shepherds . . . keeping watch over their flock by night."

The Choir—"A multitude of the heavenly host praising God."

The Anthem—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

The Preacher—"The angel of the Lord."

The Sermon—"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

The Results—"The shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us. And they came with haste, and found . . . the babe lying in a manger. And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child."

(Continued from page 12)

I'd arise. You remember I told you one limb was swollen from the knee to the foot. The first thing I noticed, my knee-joint moved and my ankle was perfectly straight, every bit of swelling gone. Then I looked up and found I could read the signs in the Arena. The fever had all left my body, and I felt so cool. I was greatly excited. As we went home on the street cars everybody was rejoicing and singing, but I wasn't singing a word. I was reading all the advertisements in the car. Can you imagine me, after those years of suffering, hanging on to a street car strap?

I noticed I still had that pain in my stomach and abdomen, and I wondered why, for I knew positively it would all go away. I went to bed and the pain grew worse, but all the time I praised the Lord in my heart, knowing that I would be completely healed. About an hour after, the same power that prostrated me in the Arena came upon my body and surged thru me. All at once there came a warm, burning pain, different from anything I had known, and as it went thru me my stomach and abdomen heaved up and something loosened, and every organ in my body came into place. I turned over on my right side, on which I had not been able to lie for twelve years. I slept like a babe

and arose hungry for the first time in twelve years. Oh our Lord is mighty! He is wonderful!

People said, "It won't last. She will be sick again in a little while," but it has lasted these ten years, and my Lord is sweeter to me than ever before.

(Continued from page 17)

(pioneers, new-comers, mostly young, strong workers) singing and marching in the streets, everywhere joy and great gladness (Neh. 8:17), rejoicing over the harvest ingathering, rejoicing over their return to their own land from wandering among the nations, rejoicing in deliverance from ancient and from modern Pharaoh! The feast this year will undoubtedly have a strongly Teutonic flavor!

(Continued from page 13)

benefit of federal and state industry; similar programs are discussed in other nations. Depression and unemployment have been the only possible condition that could have ever persuaded dictators and leaders to move so fast toward universal conscription of produce buying and selling as prophesied in Revelation. The end hastens!

Empty Palace. Costing 9 millions of dollars the League of Nation's palace to be dedicated in 1935 may by that time be a deserted house. First Japan, now Germany, and soon Italy will break away. It will be but a repetition of the story of Andrew Carnegie's Peace Palace in the Hague, Holland—a monument to the thousand international peace hopes that died in August 1914. There is no mention of Christ or God in the League of Nations' preamble. How can the international temples of peace succeed when ignoring the Prince of Peace? THEY CAN NOT, any more than Herod's Temple. Jesus, weeping over this world as He did once over Jerusalem, again seems to say, "Behold, your house is left unto you desolate." Matt. 23:38.

The Betting Business. Betting for years underground and quiet as a mouse bursts loudly into public favor, it sheds its disguises and enjoys the anti-prohibition approval. Horse and dog racing receive a tremendous stimulation as state after state rushes legislation so as to benefit from the mounting turn-overs with lucrative taxes. Before 1933 in five states the pari-mutual victory was permitted but this year 10 states have legalized this form of gamble by legislating to enjoy the profits. Only 15 states have definitely rejected its introduction. France, England, Australia, Canada, South America, Cuba and Porto Rico all derive enormous incomes helping them to balance their budgets from this form of wickedness. Los Angeles is now sponsoring its own race course instead of boosting Agua Caliente just within the Mexican border. Illinois derives a million a year, Kentucky half a million. Huge totalizaters some

costing a quarter of a million dollars are being installed in different parts of the country. Premier Daladier has successfully launched the most popular national lottery in the history of France. This cultivation of an idolatrous covetousness for gain is a sign of the end according to 2 Tim. 3:2.

"Home Sweet Home"

ALL the traditions say that John Howard Payne wrote his "Home, Sweet Home" at midnight on Christmas Eve. It seems that the youth had gone abroad and was suffering from ill health and hard times in a foreign city. When the darkness fell on the night before Christmas, his little bedroom became a cold cell in which he could not breathe and he rushed out into the street to comfort himself by looking at the lighted windows that held so little warmth for him. Suddenly a door opened, a flood of light leaped forth, and in the radiance there stood a young woman, lifting a babe that stretched out its little hands with shouts of delight to greet the father, just come home.

In that moment the poet forgot the dark, the winter and the sickness of heart, and an hour later, shivering beside his table, the youth lighted his candle, and though the tears fell on the paper within like the rain upon the streets without, his heart went bounding across the seas, for he knew that it was Christmas Eve.

With the inner eye he saw the old house nestled under the trees close to the hill, crossed its sacred threshold, saw again the warm smile of his mother, long since dead, saw the old Bible lying on the table, heard his revered father's voice, knew that there was no place like home, no hour like the Christmas Eve, no joy that lingers like the Christmas joy, and no warmth like the Christmas fire.

—Newell Dwight Hillis.

(Continued from page 2)

beautiful Christmas card, notifying him or her of your gift. Special offer for *new* subscriptions during December \$1 each. Five subscriptions for \$5 (These include friends you sent to last year).

A daily paper gives this significant title to summary of news on the Continent: "Europe's Cauldron." Men of affairs tell us war is inevitable next year. One of our correspondents writes of the tract, "What about 1934?" as follows: "I have worn it completely out passing it from friend to friend. On a recent Sunday Henry Morgenthau, Ambassador to Turkey in 1913, wrote an article for the Seattle P.I.,

'European war predicted to break in 1934.' I was amazed to see how closely he followed the lines of your tract. Again, Upton Close, lecturer on Oriental affairs, writes for the Star a similar article. He quotes that *every* Japanese expects a great national crisis in 1934. Surely the Lord is trying to warn His people."

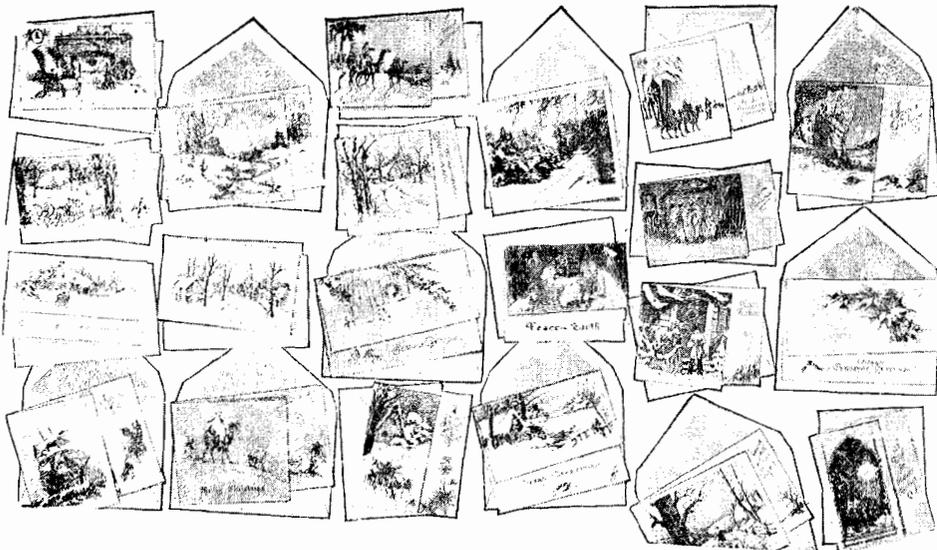
It is indeed imperative that we diligently and faithfully warn our loved ones and friends of coming events, and of the need of being ready for our Coming King. The printed message can speak as you cannot. The *Latter Rain Evangel* will keep its readers informed as to what God is doing in the world today. Prophecies uttered centuries ago are now taking place before our eyes. Pray that this little paper may continue to send forth a warning voice and turn men to God. Only thru the help of God's children is this possible.

(Continued from page 15)

Paul, in speaking of this spiritual resistance to prevailing prayer says, "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places" (Eph. 6:12).

Nevertheless, when the heart is set to understand—to sit where they sit—and compassion overwhelms; when self becomes submerged into the needs of humanity through the power of Calvary, resistance will be met in sweeping victory. Then the glory of the Lord will be revealed in the place of need as Ezekiel saw it among the captives by the river Chebar. So, let us PRAY!

The Stone Church Assembly has been blessed by having a former pastor, Bro. Kelso R. Glover, now of Los Angeles, Calif., minister to us for two weeks, closing Nov. 26th. For some months we have been having special prayer for a revival, and a blessed spirit of prayer has been upon the congregation. So when God poured out His Spirit, it was upon an expectant people. God used Brother Glover; souls were saved and baptized in the Holy Spirit, and all enjoyed a spiritual refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Bro. G. F. Bender from Venezuela, So. America, was also with us and brought us stirring messages on the need of prayer. He emphasized the fact that God's ministers are today suffering in prison in Russia and in South America, and exhorted the church to pray for their release (Acts 12:5).



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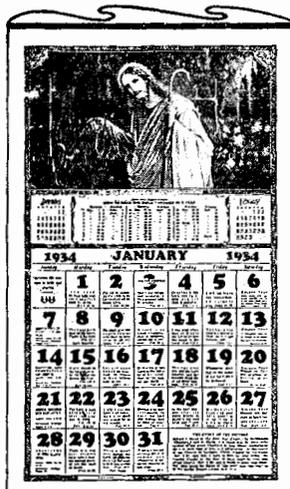
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