



The Latter Rain Kvangael

The days of Heaven on Earth

COMMITTED . . .

STANDING on the threshold of a new year, what hopes animate the breast of the believer! What expectation and anticipation for coming days line the walls of imagination! At such times the hand of curiosity would fain lift the veil of the future and peer into that which at present lies concealed. And yet love is content not to know—it is possessed of that deep inward conviction, that hidden in the heart of God is His own rich design, which shall be unfolded through the year—that into the mould of ever-changing circumstances He will pour all the treasures of His creative grace—that the fragile vessel of clay shall become, in ever-enlarging degree, the channel of His changeless power.

Ere we take one step let us tarry until all the untracked days ahead are fully committed unto the Lord. This will disarm all fear and lay low all those haunting, harassing forebodings of failure which often dog the footsteps of the child of God. It just means putting everything beforehand into the care of His Omnipotent Hand. This will save us from panic in the moment of sudden assault; then the enemy will not surprise us into humiliating surrender; we shall not be caught off our guard, but kept in joyous victory. —E.C.W.B.

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

The Latter Rain Evangel

Published Monthly by
THE EVANGEL PUBLISHING HOUSE
18 W. 74th St., Chicago

ANNA C. REIFF, Managing Editor
WILLIAM BOOTH-CLIBBORN, Field Editor
MISS ROSE MEYER, Assistant Editor

Entered as second-class matter, April 8, 1909, at the Postoffice, Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Price

TO ANY PART \$1.25 (7/7) per year in advance
OF THE WORLD 65c (4/6) six months in advance

Special rates to Assemblies ordering twelve or more copies. Write for terms. Send drafts, express money orders payable to The Evangel Publishing House. Foreign Countries send international money orders. Do not send personal checks unless 10 cts. is added for exchange.

Contemporaries wishing to copy any article from this paper will kindly quote "Latter Rain Evangel."

A red cross on your wrapper signifies that your renewal has been received.

A cross opposite this note means your subscription expires with this number.

Table of Contents

Table listing contents: COMMITTED Frontispiece, APPRECIATION 2, WITH THE LORD 2, THE KEY TO ACCEPTABLE WORSHIP 3, A MODERN DANIEL IN A LION'S DEN 5, THE GET ACQUAINTED PAGE 8, THE RIGHT ARM OF THE CHURCH 9, THE PULSE OF A DYING WORLD 12, MADE KNOWN IN THE BREAKING OF BREAD 14, HEWING ANEW THE BROKEN TABLES 17, THE PERFECT MAN AND THE PERFECT WORK 20, MIRACULOUSLY HEALED 23

Appreciation

WE greatly appreciate the number of gift subscriptions sent in by our readers. It helps us and shows their interest in the spiritual welfare of their friends. The following letter from a minister who received the paper last year as a gift, and who subscribed himself this year, shows how the messages in the paper are used of the Lord:

"I enjoy your religious paper immensely; it is so different from the other religious periodicals I take. It is dynamic and spiritual. It is compiled and compact with such spiritual truths that it must have a tremendous and captivating influence upon those who read it, leading a person to a closer and more intimate walk with God, as it has done in my own life."

Such a letter is a great incentive to send the messages of divine truth far and wide. What more profitable gift could be given than to send the paper to those who stand at the sacred desk and minister the Word to dying humanity! In that way the printed message reaches and has a molding influence on thousands of lives.

"Beecher said: 'We used to know when a revival is coming by the lint on father's knees.' Are you praying for a revival in the body of Christ?"

With the Lord

On November 14, 1933, our beloved brother, Samuel A. Jamieson of Manhattan Beach, California, went to be with his Lord, after an illness of several months, at the age of 77. Brother Jamieson was a faithful minister of the Gospel for over half a century, intensely devoted to His Lord. For thirty years he was a minister in the Presbyterian Church, and came into the Pentecostal work about twenty years ago. He was one of the leading ministers of the Movement, faithfully giving forth the Word from a richly stored heart and life to Assemblies and Conventions all over the country. He spent a number of years in Chicago as pastor of one of the assemblies here, and was much beloved.

Intensely interested in world-wide missions he often sacrificed his personal needs that the heathen might have the Gospel. Missionaries on every continent have had their hands strengthened by the prayers and gifts of the Jamiesons. The Pentecostal Movement has sustained a loss by his death, but our loss is his gain.

A Broken Spirit the Key to Acceptable Worship

The Two Dwelling Places of God

Sermon by Niels P. Thomsen, in the Stone Church



WISH to direct your thoughts to Psalm 51:16 and 17: "For Thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offering. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

In this material day and age, when materialism is gripping the hearts not only of the people of the world but frequently gripping the hearts of those in the church of Christ, in days when we seem to be seeing everything from the material point of view, it is good to be reminded of what God really desires of us. So often we think we are satisfying God with things which are seen, with the giving of material things, even to the giving of ourselves—something that may be seen. But God looks down a little deeper into our hearts and desires something more from us than material gifts.

It seems strange that God should cause the Psalmist to say of Himself, "Thou desirest not sacrifice," or, as another version has it, "Thou delightest not in sacrifice, else I would give it; and Thou hast no pleasure in burnt offering." We remember the record, how when Moses was alone with God on Sinai those forty days, God had given him those first laws, and commanded those offerings which the people were to make unto Him, as a type finally of the One who was to be the great Offering for sin. God had definitely given command that they were to bring certain offerings morning and evening. The burnt offering was to be placed upon the altar once a year and the great atonement was to be made, for without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin and yet to these very people, though none of that law had been abrogated, God is saying through His prophet, "I have no pleasure in these things." How strange, when He had ordained the sacrifice and they were following the law as given to Moses, at least outwardly. They felt in their own hearts they were obeying God's law but God's heart was not satisfied.

I wonder if we do not fall into the same rut these days. We take the Word of God literally—and God wants us to do that—we are careful to observe all the outward appearances and carry out the law to the letter, but with only the

outward observance God is not pleased, and He says, "I do not care for that sort of worship." There is nothing wrong in the way it is being performed or the manner of it; it may be according to the Word and still not satisfy God. There must be more than the compliance to certain words; more than simply bringing yourself in line with some command. There must be the heart back of the action. There must be the heart that bows low in worship and not simply the outward form.

God did not purpose to do away with the sacrifice or change the manner in which it was given, for He had made those laws and given the command to the people of Israel, and yet He said, "I have no delight in them. I have no pleasure in them." The reason was that the spirit was gone; the life actuating the act was gone. It was all a dead letter that killed, when God had ordained that the spirit behind the act should make it alive. And I sometimes wonder if we are not following some dead letter in our worship when God wants His Spirit to dominate all we do.

Now He tells us what the sacrifices of God are. We want to discover that, do we not? He says, "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit and a contrite heart." The only way that God could accept and bless the animals that were sacrificed on His altar was when the one making the sacrifice showed a broken spirit, a compassionate heart. Sin could be cleansed only when God could see a broken spirit behind it all. Our prayers, our praises, our preaching, or whatever we attempt for the Lord, will never please Him unless He sees a broken spirit accompanying it.

We are gathered together in God's house to worship Him. Is He pleased? Looking down into your heart, can God see it broken or are you going through the act of worship simply because you feel you should? Are you crushed in His presence? melted before Him? If you are, God will be found there, for we read, in Isaiah 57:15, "For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy: I dwell in the high and holy place, *with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit.*" Then if we look into the 90th Psalm we will discover who it is that inhabits eternity,

"Lord, thou hast been our habitation in all generations." Here we are told that the Lord is the only One who inhabits eternity. You and I are not reckoned in that. We had a beginning and we will live on and on with Him, but eternity is from everlasting to everlasting.

Now God speaks of Himself as: "The high and lofty one." Take note of His name because it has a distinct connection here and it emphasizes the truth He wants to bring out. Whenever God is pictured to us as Someone High and Holy, we immediately feel our smallness, our inability to ever draw near to Him. Somehow there seems a barrier between us and His majestic holiness. We fear we will never be able to approach Him. Yes, God has told us many things about Himself and He even tells us where He lives. "I dwell in the high and holy place." That is very befitting for One who has called Himself high and lofty. We could expect that of Him. But He doesn't stop there for He goes on to say, "*With him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit.*" How astonishing that the high and lofty One should stoop to dwell in the hearts of men! We are told that "God resisteth the proud." He will have nothing to do with the person who lifts himself up. If we exalt ourselves we will be cast down but if we humble ourselves and have a contrite heart, He will draw near and lift us up and some day we will inhabit eternity with Him.

He has a purpose in living with us and the purpose is this: "To revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones." A broken spirit speaks of a condition of the heart. Some real definite work has been done in that spirit; some agent has been there doing the work of breaking it. No one's spirit is broken when it is enveloped in cotton and put away carefully where nothing can touch it, and no one is able to get at it to crush it. The shielded spirit is never broken.

A broken spirit—doesn't that speak to us of one who has really met with the hard things of life? that has, so to speak, come between the upper and nether mill stones and been crushed and broken? Have you been crushed by the trials He has permitted to come to you? Why did He allow them? Perhaps He wanted a dwelling place in your heart. Possibly it was too hard before and He found it impossible to gain an entrance because it was not broken. An entrance had to be made and so He allowed circumstances to come your way to crush you.

Perhaps you had relied on material things to carry you through. You had a little bank account when suddenly that was swept away and you were crushed. But you still had a position and you could rely on that; then one day the job went too and you were overwhelmed. But these testings brought a cry into your heart and it was broken under the trying circumstances. Don't harden under these trials but *break*. Pray God to overrule. It is human to harden under the trial and in the natural we are tempted to say, "God is not just and I will not serve Him longer." Some Christian says something that hurts and we say, "If that is Christianity I will have nothing to do with it." We harden our hearts and then God cannot dwell there. Let the hard things crush you. What will take place then? You will be presenting a sacrifice unto the Lord that will be pleasing to Him.

One more word about the broken spirit. You know we speak of spirited people—those who are quick to say things and have their own way. Peter was tremendously spirited, especially before Pentecost. How quick he was to say things! There was something in him that would have its own way when he set out to do a thing. But God wants to break that spirit in us. We cannot get very far with God with a will that is not yielded. Are we presenting to God a broken spirit in our worship? Let us search our hearts.

Then the Psalmist speaks of *the contrite heart* and that is something still deeper. It speaks of the heart that has no more resistance against the will of the One who is controlling it; a heart that is completely yielded. There is quite a difference between being *contrite* and being *broken*. When the potter wishes to make a vessel he breaks the hard lumps of clay because that helps to make them pliable. Then there must be a process of mingling these lumps with water in order to mold the clay. He could never make a vessel out of dry clay. So he breaks it up into fine pieces. I have watched them so often in India take the large lumps and break them up in small pieces, and then still smaller, till there are lumps no larger than marbles. Everything is broken up. But they are still hard lumps. Then the potter pours water over the clay and lets it stand for some time until the water penetrates into every part and it becomes soft and pliable; then he takes it and puts it on his wheel. Now what has hap-

(Continued on page 21)

A Modern Daniel in a Lion's Den

God's Mysterious Leading Wins Another Atheist

Ralph Underwood in the Stone Church Aug. 6, 1933



TONIGHT I shall tell you how it feels to live as a Christian in a den of atheists. There is a story in the sixth chapter of Daniel which tells how the prophet was cast into a den of lions. When the King came the next morning to see how it was with Daniel, he found him unharmed. Daniel told the king, "The Lord hath sent His angel to close the mouth of the lion."

We had an experience similar to that in some respects; not as dangerous, of course, but in some respects we would have been better off had we been in a den with four-footed beasts instead of two-footed ones. We spent two months in a place that was indeed a very hard place for a new Christian. Being a Christian is not easy by any means. I think it takes more of a man to be a Christian, more real manhood to walk with Jesus than to go the way of the world. When you are walking with the world you follow the crowd, but when you start walking with Jesus and trying to live a Christian life, the enemy sets pitfalls for you on all sides, makes the path slippery, hoping you will fall, and ready to give you a push when you do. It is possible to be a real Christian only thru the grace of God.

During the two months we lived in this atheists' den I found out thru real experience what a marvelous thing is the grace of God. It will carry you thru trying experiences that under ordinary circumstances you would not be able to endure. I also found out in that two months that God is able to save anyone. When I was saved myself I thought that the Lord would save anybody that would come, but the marvelous grace of God was indelibly impressed upon my mind and heart after I had been in that home two months. Mr. Charles and I were saved a year ago this month, and in this past year we have traveled 18,000 miles with a car that was really in no condition to travel that distance, but the Lord was with us. In that time we told our story in more than sixty churches thruout the Western part of the United States and Canada, traveling the entire distance by faith. We had no one to look to but the Lord, and He took us through.

We were living in a house occupied by a group of godless men, an headquarters for in-

fidels, when we were saved. We took a trip shortly after, in order to get in touch with Bro. Charles' children and win them to Jesus. Both of these children gave their hearts to the Lord, and on our way back to Oakland we visited Brother Moon in Santa Cruz, who was used in our salvation. He asked us what we were planning to do. We told him we were going back to Oakland, and he said, "What are you going there for? You do not know anybody there but a bunch of infidels. I hate to see you go back there, and I warn you not to go around to your old friends. You boys do not know the Lord very well; you are just walking along as new born babes. Whatever you do, do not go back to that house where you lived." Brother Moon knew all about the Headquarters of the Godless. He knew that practically every man in that house was engaged in carrying on an anti-christian propaganda. That was their headquarters, and they came and went all the time. We told him we would not go there unless it was absolutely necessary.

When we arrived in Oakland we were out of gasoline and out of money. I said to Brother Charles, "Surely there must be some Christians in this town who have rooming-houses, so that we do not have to go back to that hotel. I will go down this street and you go down that one, and every place we come to we will tell our story." We walked about five miles and didn't find a Christian man. At every house we explained our predicament: "We are just saved. We were atheists; we have just found the Lord. We haven't any money but we have faith in God. I know He will find something for us to do. We are just asking for a place to sleep." Some would not wait until we finished. Others would say, "Why come to me? I am not a Christian." I remember how discouraged we were—five miles, and not one Christian! If there were any they did not let us know it.

Finally, late in the evening I said, "It looks very much as if we are obliged to sleep in that car again. I do not like to sleep in the car, do you?" Mr. Charles said, "No, I do not. It is so terribly cramped." We had been sleeping in the car about two-thirds of the time since we found the Lord; in fact we had no other place to sleep, and I said, "Since we are saved,

it looks like the Lord would find us a place to stay. There must be something wrong. We were asking Him, "What is the matter?" I was wishing Brother Moon was there so I could ask him. I didn't know the Lord as well then as I do now. When anything happens now I do not question. If He lets us go without a roof over our heads, I know it is in accordance with His plan. Finally I said, "I cannot sleep outside anymore. It is too cold." We prayed, "Lord, find us some place to stay or we will have to go back to that house." No answer. I said, "It looks as tho we are obliged to go back to that godless house," and back we went. My! How those infidels did laugh when we let them know we were coming for a place to sleep! The old landlord said, "So you want your old room back? I thought you fellows would get wise and come to your senses." I said, "I do not know what you are talking about, but if you mean we are not saved now, you are all wrong. We are still saved." "Oh, you are still saved? Supposing you ask Jesus to give you a place to sleep. Why come to me?" I hardly knew what to say, but I asked him that we might have our old room back for a few days. He called out to the others, "Boys, look here! Here is proof of what a failure their God is. He cannot give them a place to stay. They have to come to a bunch of infidels." Then he said to us, "We will let you in on one condition. If you do not live up to that we will throw you out." "What is that?" we asked. "Do not try to do any preaching in this place. And do not try to tell us about Jesus. We know more about Him than you do." I told him I wouldn't preach, but I didn't promise not to testify.

They let us in and we went back to our old room. In the two months that followed I never had so many insults hurled at me, so many sarcastic or disparaging remarks, and I hope I will never have to go thru such an experience again. Those men started in immediately to make life just as miserable for us as possible. They said, "What is the matter? Can your Jesus not find you a job? I guess you will finally admit you are all wrong about Jesus." All we did was to pray. We did not allow ourselves to become involved in arguments with those men. We knew it would be useless. Nothing is gained by arguing with atheists. If they ask you any questions answer them with Scripture and pray. We knew the futility of arguing because we were once infidels ourselves. We

prayed for them, and I said to the Lord, "There is one thing I want to do badly. I want to preach the Gospel to these men, but I know it is impossible unless You open the way." So I prayed to that end, and the Lord started working immediately. We were not in that house a week until He opened the way. One evening one of the men came in and what do you think he said to me? He said, "Underwood, have you your Bible handy?" "Yes." "Get it and come out here. The boys want you to read it." I thought: "This must be some kind of a trick, but I will go anyway." I went out to the kitchen and there were about ten of them around a large table. They said, "We have decided we want to hear you preach. Give us a short sermon. Stand on that chair and we will give you five or ten minutes to talk." I did just what they told me to do. I didn't want them to change their minds. They tried to tell me what text to use, but I would not let them do that. I chose my own text. Those men sat and listened and forgot about the time. I talked about eighteen minutes and they said, "That is enough now, Underwood. You can stop now and go back to your room." I looked at them, and I could feel an old urge coming on to tell them a few things, but remembering that I was a Christian I determined to keep sweet, and said, "All right, boys, but do not forget that I will be glad to come back any time you want me." They remembered that. The next time they called me it was 3:30 A.M. I went, and said, "This is rather a strange hour of the night to be waking somebody up to read the Bible to you." They said, "Now *Brother* Underwood, you said any time we decided we wanted you, you would come." They had a very slurring way of saying "Brother." Those men would wake me up at the most unearthly hour to read to them. Sometimes they would let me read only a few verses and send me back to bed. It wasn't natural for me to be ordered around like that and take insults, and they knew it. They were trying to make me lose my Christianity, which they admitted to me afterwards. They said, "Underwood, our whole idea was to make you swear *just once*, and had you sworn we would have had you where we wanted you. Nothing you could have said would have had any power then."

Some people have an idea atheists are ignorant of the scriptures and that is why they are unbelievers, but the fact is many informed infidels read their Bibles more than some pro-

fessing Christians. Before I was saved I could quote Scripture by the yard. I had studied the Bible diligently for years, but I didn't look at it as God's Word. I was looking for flaws and statements around which I could build an argument, and from the atheist's standpoint I found plenty. Those men knew their Bible as well as I, and they were planning to prove to me by the very Bible I declared was the Word of God, that I was not saved at all. But all of their plans came to naught, and do you know why? Because every day without fail I was on my knees beseeching the Lord for help. They did not bother Brother Charles because they knew he didn't get angry, but they came to me because they knew my weakness, and were trying to make me fall. They finally gave up on that line, but played many tricks on me. One night we came home from prayer-meeting and went to our room and as we threw the covers back we found a half dozen new born kittens in the bed with a mother cat. I was always very particular about my bed in the old days, and would get angry if they put their feet on my bed, so imagine my feeling at such an insult. I started praying more fervently than ever that the Lord would deliver us from that place.

I had the opportunity of telling them about Jesus and in my heart I compared that to missionary work. Here I was right in the Headquarters of the Godless and the Lord opened the way for me to tell them about Jesus. Missionaries go to China, India, and other lands to tell the heathen of Jesus, but here were men who were further from Jesus than anyone in heathen lands. No preacher ever had the opportunity of talking to these men about their souls, but I did, and to me it was a great privilege. I made them agree they would not laugh at me or comment until I had finished, and they listened very quietly.

Then one day something happened. I could feel that the Lord was really doing something with them. We were in our room one evening and all the boys had gone down to a political meeting. We were praying in our room, when somebody came and knocked on the door. It was a man by the name of Harry. I asked him to come in and sit down, saying that we had been praying. He said, "I see you have." I said, "What is bothering you, Harry?" He said, "Fellows, I just came in to say that I am beginning to feel a little bit sorry for you. I want to tell you that the other fellows may torment the lives out of you if they wish, but from

now on I will have nothing to do with it." I started to say something, and he said, "Do not start talking about Jesus. I do not want to hear about Him," and he went out and slammed the door. Of all the men in that place, he was the worst of the crowd, the most sarcastic and cutting. I knew he was beginning to weaken, that our prayers were beginning to accomplish something, for no power but God could make him come and apologize. Then Harry disappeared, and I felt that we should double our prayers on his behalf. He would come in for his mail and then disappear, and come in late at night.

About two weeks later we were sitting in our room, talking, praying, and I heard the front door open and somebody walk across the floor with a bold step and come to our door. He opened it and came in without an invitation. It was Harry. Before that man ever opened his mouth I knew he was saved, and so did Brother Charles. We could tell by the look on his face. He said, "I have been saved. Look at me! I have been going to church every night." He told us he had been going down town to a little church, but was ashamed to let anybody know where he was going. But as he said, he went once too often. He went to the altar and found Jesus. He came home and forgot about anybody laughing at him. Jesus had changed him completely. Then he said, "I am going to tell the other fellows," and taking hold of my arm marched to the kitchen where the men sat talking. He said, "I want your attention for a minute. Listen to me!" Everybody looked up, their eyes wide open, and one said, "What is wrong with Harry?" He said, "All you fellows look at Underwood. The next time you bother him, you are going to have to answer to me." I felt very brave then, for he was a large man. Then he told them he was saved, and that he was saved the way we were, and if we were crazy he was crazy too. He said, "The Lord has made me to realize what a sinner I have been. I have spent my whole life scoffing and mocking, but from now on I will serve Jesus." Then he told them he was planning to move out of that house, which he did about a week later. Then we felt the Lord would eventually save others in that house, since God had begun to answer prayer. But we asked the Lord to open up the way for us to leave, feeling that our mission there was finished. Almost immediately we received an

(Continued on page 22)

The Get Acquainted Page

Conducted by Watson Argue

Presenting the story of the Minneapolis Gospel Tabernacle, Minneapolis, Minn., Frank J. Lindquist, pastor. Evangelist and Mrs. Watson Argue conducted a five weeks' campaign here before Christmas. It was Brother Argue's second campaign in Minneapolis with Pastor Lindquist.

ONE of the outstanding Full Gospel Churches in the North Central District of the Assemblies of God is the Minneapolis Gospel Tabernacle of which Frank J. Lindquist is the present pastor. He tells us the story of its remarkable growth:



F. J. Lindquist, Pastor

"This church increased from 41 members in 1924, when I assumed the pastorate, until now it has a membership of over 400. The average Sunday evening attendance is between 600 and 700.

"The first Tabernacle was built in Aug. 1922, while Bro. N.G.

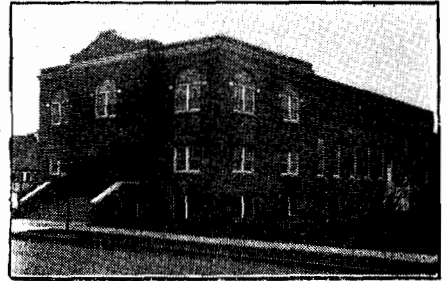
Nielsen was the pastor. He was succeeded in May 1923 by Bro. Paul Ralston who is now a pastor in Toronto. I have been the pastor for the past nine and a half years.

"The New Tabernacle was built during the summer of 1930, and dedicated Dec. 1, 1930. It has seats for 1000 people in the auditorium, and also has an assembly room that seats 250 people. There are 15 Sunday School rooms that provide fine facilities for a rapidly grow-

ing Sunday School, which recently numbered close to 500 in attendance.

"At the present time the North Central Bible Institute is using the Tabernacle for class rooms and chapel. This school has grown in four years

to an enrollment of 160 students, and has a fine faculty. If the present increase of students continues, additional quarters will have to be secured.

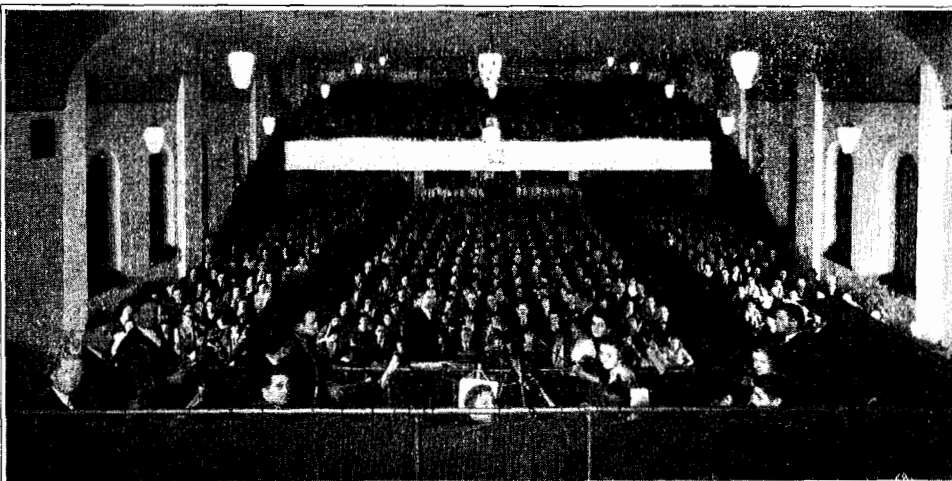


Minneapolis Gospel Tabernacle

"The Minneapolis Gospel Tabernacle is a real missionary church from which 8 missionaries have gone to foreign fields during the past 12 years. At the present time the church is supporting 3 missionaries in China. The Missionary giving during the past three years has averaged close to \$3000 per year in spite of the burden the church is carrying in paying for the new Tabernacle. Four of our members have entered the ministry, and are now ordained ministers in the General Council fellowship and

serving the Lord in the homeland.

"The Minneapolis Gospel Tabernacle holds a position of high estimation in the city of Minneapolis which has a population of almost 500,000 people. The church has been very progressive without



Interior of Minneapolis Gospel Tabernacle. A scene during the Argue campaign. About 1,000 present.

compromising on the Pentecostal Message, and has maintained a high standard of spirituality.

"It is blessed with a fine Christ Ambassador society of young people which has an enrollment of over 100 members. They are zealous for the Lord, and every week conduct a number of meetings in jails, hospitals, and in nearby towns. Their singing in the Choir and their music in the orchestra are a valuable part of the services.

"At the present time Evangelist and Mrs. Watson Argue are conducting a campaign in the Tabernacle, which is well filled each evening and crowded to capacity each Sunday evening. Many souls have been saved, and also filled with the Holy Spirit. Brother Argue's preaching is clear, and delivered with power, and the church is now enjoying one of

the best campaigns in its history. The interior picture of the church with its fine crowd, was taken during the Argue campaign.

"A recent new development was the formation of the St. Paul Gospel Temple by many of the tabernacle members who resided in St. Paul. After faithfully supporting the Minneapolis Gospel Tabernacle for a number of years, these friends have now a St. Paul church home of which Brother Marvin Miller is the pastor. This, of course, was a serious loss to the Minneapolis Gospel Tabernacle, but gladly accepted as it meant the forming of another Full Gospel Church in the Twin Cities. During the past year many new friends have come to the Tabernacle to fill the vacancy created by the loss of the St. Paul friends. Both churches are prospering under the blessing of the Lord."

—Frank J. Lindquist, Pastor.

The Right Arm of the Church

Your Responsibility as an S. S. T.

Rose Meyer



WHEN Charles H. Spurgeon, that peer of preachers, was asked what honorary degrees he had received from the Universities of Great Britain, he replied in these significant words, "I am not entitled to wear any such distinctions but if I could receive the honorary degree which I most covet, it would be that of S.S.T.—Sunday School Teacher," adding that this was the loftiest degree to which the average man could aspire.

Eternity's scales alone can justly determine the weight of the godly influence exerted by the faithful Sunday School teacher upon every individual pupil and upon the church collectively. It is in the Sunday School that many a heart's door is first opened to the knocking of Jesus Christ, before the bars of prejudice and unbelief have bolted the door too tightly. True it is that many turn back to the world in their later years of young manhood and young womanhood, but their childhood taste of heavenly things often brings back the hunger for God and eventually draws them again to Him who is married to the backslider.

Wherever a teacher or a children's worker has invested of his prayer, time and effort in any group of immortal souls, having for his aim the salvation of every member of that group, the returns have been such as only God can compute, and the endless chain of redeemed souls, directly or indirectly won through the

Sunday School, will be completed only up yonder.

It was when Dwight L. Moody was at the height of his successful career that God flung, as it were, across his pathway, the true worth of a godly Sunday School teacher and this in turn changed the whole course of Moody's life. In the Sunday School which Mr. Moody himself had started and worked so hard to bring up its attendance till it numbered well over a thousand, there was one class of girls who, he said, "were without exception, the most frivolous set of girls I ever met," and to his dismay he was forced into teaching this class one Sunday because of the absence of the regular teacher. So unruly were they that he felt like opening the door and telling them all to leave and never come back.

The following week the regular teacher of the class stepped into the store where Mr. Moody was working. He was pale and looked very ill. Upon being questioned by Mr. Moody as to his trouble the teacher said, "I have had another hemorrhage from the lungs. The doctor says I cannot live on Lake Michigan so I shall go back to the State of New York. I suppose I am going to die." He seemed greatly troubled concerning his class and when Mr. Moody further questioned him he said it was because he had never led any of the girls to Christ. Mr. Moody had never before heard a teacher express such anxiety over his class and

it proved to be a real revelation of the importance of Sunday School work to him. He thereupon offered to take this Sunday School teacher around to visit the various girls, and together they went off in Mr. Moody's carriage. As they reached the home of the first girl, the teacher faithfully dealt with her about her soul and explained the way of life, with the result that she then and there gave her heart to God. Other homes were visited with the same result, till his strength was exhausted and he was forced to stop for the day. But the next day, and every day thereafter, the teacher visited the girls and dealt with them as perhaps only one who is facing eternity can. Finally all had been visited and at the end of ten days he again entered Mr. Moody's store and reported, with deep rejoicing, that every member of his class had yielded herself to Christ.

The following day the teacher was leaving for New York but just before he departed, his class gathered around for prayer. As the dying teacher sat in their midst, reading to his class the fourteenth chapter of John, God drew very near to Mr. Moody and of that experience he says, "God kindled a fire in my soul that has never gone out. The height of my ambition had been to be a successful merchant and if I had known that meeting was going to take that ambition out of me, I might never have gone. But how many times since, have I thanked God for that meeting. As I went out I said to myself, 'Oh, God, let me die rather than lose the blessing I have received tonight.'" It was immediately after that, that Mr. Moody left all to devote his full time to Christian service. That faithful Sunday School teacher shall have to his credit, not only the immortal soul of every girl in his class but he shall doubtless share in the innumerable host brought into the kingdom through the ministry of Dwight L. Moody.

And who but God can ever know how many gangsters in the making, had their courses changed to lives of usefulness, when Mr. Moody gathered in his first class of eighteen "hoodlums" off the streets of Chicago!

Dr. A. J. Gordon, who was a firm believer in child conversions, tells the story of a little girl of ten asking to be admitted as a member of his church. After inquiries of her S. S. teacher as to her Christian life, he admitted her as a member, in spite of the objections of his elders. A year later he was summoned to the little girl's funeral and to his surprise he found

the poverty-stricken home filled with mourners. Poor, broken-hearted cripples were there, the blind and the halt—children and aged men and women, all bitterly weeping over the loss of this, the youngest member of Dr. Gordon's church, because she had been instrumental in leading them into the kingdom of God. She had won more to Christ than any adult member of the church.

It was one night during a blinding snow storm, that Dr. Tyng of New York, preached to an audience consisting of but one little girl—no one else would venture out into the horrible night. Faithfully, even as his Lord, he preached to a single listener, as if he had a large congregation before him. The little girl was won to Christ and he later learned that this one child was used to bring twenty-five others to Christ, among them his own son.

And looking down the list of some of God's great luminaries, we find that many definitely gave their hearts to the Lord at a very early age: Polycarp was converted at the age of nine, Matthew Henry at the age of eleven, Richard Baxter came to the Lord when but a boy as did also the famous missionary, Robert Moffatt. Let us not despise the day of small things for out of them God may bring great forward movements that shall make their impact felt throughout Christendom.

As a further incentive to kindle a passion for Sunday School work, we give some reports of what has been accomplished by some of our pastors. It was during the last session of the General Council of the Assemblies of God that many were stirred anew as to the importance of this branch of church work and we pass on these glowing reports in order to bestir others. One of the most ardent enthusiasts for Sunday School work was William E. Long, of Kansas City, Mo., who said:

"A few years ago I read an article in which were quoted the words of a famous judge of New York City: 'My experience during twenty-three years on the bench in which over four thousand boys under the age of twenty-one, were convicted of crime before me, of whom but three were members of a Sunday School—has satisfied me of the value of Sunday Schools in helping to safeguard the community.'

"As I realized the full significance of such a statement I determined to do all in my power to build up the Sunday School. I became pastor of a church which was located in a neighborhood where most of the children were Cath-

olics. I noticed on the streets on my way to the services, little boys with dirty faces, cursing and swearing and smoking; and there were girls too who looked as though they had no one to care for them. As I prayed over the situation, prayed for a vision, the Lord showed me that these boys and girls needed the story of Jesus and I set to work to get them into our Sunday School.

"Someone asked me one time, 'Brother Long, how did you succeed in building up your Sunday School so rapidly?' and I answered that I believed the secret was in making a personal contact with the boys and girls. I made it a habit to leave the house on Saturday mornings about nine o'clock and for some time I made the City Ball Park my destination. On one of my first visits to this park I carried in my hand a new ball and a bat. After getting into conversation with the boys I surprised them by saying that I was presenting this ball and bat as a gift to them and then I added, 'Now boys, we have a Sunday School down here and I want everyone of you to come.' The result was that our Sunday School attendance jumped from just a very few, all of whom you could pile into one auto, to over 100, and one class alone increased from four to twenty-four on one Sunday. That was the beginning. I haven't found it necessary to go down to the ball park of late because the boys go down themselves and bring any new boy who comes there, to their classes. At the present time our School numbers over four hundred and the best part of it is that we have had the privilege of seeing these boys and girls saved.

"You may ask, 'Does it pay?' Yes it pays. I have more than sixty members in my church at the present time, gloriously saved, and more than thirty baptized in the Spirit who were directly brought in through the Sunday School. There may be many more than that for I know that within the last few years our church attendance has increased six or seven times its original number.

"One Sunday morning a black-haired Irish boy came to the Sunday School, through the invitation of one of our little boys. This little fellow had asked me to pray definitely for this Irish lad who was coming. The very next Sunday morning, after I had brought the morning message this black-haired boy came and gave his heart to God. He told us then that there were ten children in the family and asked us to pray for them. Then he said, 'One of

my brothers is very ungodly; he doesn't support his wife nor child and I want you to pray for him.' He evidently became a missionary at once and his changed life told for God, for on the next Tuesday night service when we were having a little fellowship meeting—no preaching at all—this brother came to the service and during the testimony meeting he arose and said, 'I am not a Christian but I want to be. Won't you pray for me?' And right there he gave his heart to God. Today nine of those children are saved. The mother has been called to glory and as we stood by her bedside just before she passed away she thanked us for the Sunday School which had done so much for her family.

"It is true that it has cost me much hard work and some worry, but still I feel that the Sunday School is the greatest blessing that God has given to the church. My heart is thrilled with its possibilities and I verily believe that my church would not be half what it is today were it not for the Sunday School. I trust you will go back to your homes and stir up your own Sunday School. Go out into the streets and invite the boys and girls to come, and in doing so you may invite one who is destined to become a preacher of the Gospel. I know that one boy whom I invited was instrumental in bringing fifteen other boys to Sunday School in a church where he later attended, and four of these boys were saved."

* * *

Another testimony to the value of personal work was given by one whose name we failed to get, but he, too, has that quality of enthusiasm towards the Sunday School. He said, "I one time pledged myself to speak to fifty people every week in the interest of Sunday School work. One day the thought came, 'I wonder if it pays.' So on the following Sunday morning I visited the classes and found that there were sixteen present as a result of my visits during that week. I was working with my hands at that time and had to make all these personal contacts after working hours. I took the names of those sixteen new scholars and in less than two weeks I checked up on them again and I found that seven of the sixteen had given their hearts to God and three had received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit.

"It is a great work and it will pay every pastor to be enthusiastic about the Sunday School. Many times when the evangelist comes

(Continued on page 24)

The Pulse of a Dying World

Evangelist William Booth-Clibborn

Illegitimacy. 60,000 a year in the U.S.A. 23 out of every 1000 babies.

Radio Rule. Dominating the thought and conduct of the millions is the object of future war broadcasting.

Egypt's Welcome. Ernest Gordon reports that 200 Jewish lawyers and doctors excluded from Germany will settle in Egypt next door to Palestine.

U.S.S.R. Utopia. The word "Utopia" is derived from the Greek word meaning nowhere. That is where Russia is headed according to Ezekiel 39:2. "I will turn thee back."

Nonsenseorship. The flood of film filth flourishes! Daring plays scream their appalling titles in Broadway's brightest lights. The movie Behemoth's bad behaviour becomes a Bacchanalia of licentiousness and nudism. Censorship is nonsenseorship.

Dollar Doubts. The value of the dollar sinking daily places the missionary cause in increasing difficulties. Send the foreign fields extra offerings in the face of threatened inflation and the financial hemorrhage we are suffering at present.

Knotted Strings. Dean Gates of St. Johns New York Cathedral recommends to Protestants the Roman Catholic Rosary as an assistance to prayer. If conscience has scruples "they might use a knotted string." "Supplication in the Spirit" (Eph. 6:18) needs no such tricks.

Exodus to Manchukuo. 314,000 Chinese immigrants entered Japan's buffer state of Manchukuo, mostly pouring through the port of Darian. The distracted Chinese infinitely prefer the firm foreign rule of the new state to the chaotic conditions in their own country, where a hundred generals rule and ruin.

Chemical Corps. Every nation is developing a new arm of war. France recently gave status to a specially hand-picked body of men to be known as The Poison Gas Regiment. Italy now follows suit with 4 regiments called The Chemical Corps garbed and equipped for their special brand of fiendish fighting.

Wars in 1934. As we begin the New Year, the war between Bolivia and Paraguay enters a new phase. Latest reports are that 34,000 have been killed. The reverses the Bolivian Army suffered have not decreased the war fever in that country. The sanguinary conflict continues with 14 other revolutions and wars the world over to welcome 1934.

New Cult. A Japanese religion but five years old called "The Human Way" already claims 200,000 adherents, among them educators, officials and military officers. Just another "Way of Cain." In guise and disguise there are still but two religions as at the beginning—Cain spares the flesh, and glorifies it, whereas Abel crucifies it at the Cross of Christ and rises in newness of life to glorify God.

"Woe Unto You Lawyers!" (Luke 11:46) Recent inquiries show that receivers, lawyers, auditors and appraisers have been paid fees and expenses totaling 77% of all amounts actually paid out to unsecured creditors in sixty federal court receiverships in Southern California. The collapse of any company means that these gentlemen neatly filch all that is salvageable. Claimants and creditors are left with empty papers and purses in their hands, while the appraisers pile up the profits.

Nudist Missionary. The United States P. O. authorities have investigated "The Nudist," organ of The Nudist Conference, publishing untouched photographs of male and female nakedness disporting themselves "a la naturel." The editors of this periodical are two clergymen, Dr. Henry Huntington, a Presbyterian, and Dr. Boone, a Baptist. They plead that their paper has never been pornographic. "The nudist is a missionary," said one in defense of the banned magazine. Fools and blind leaders of the blind, "they glory in their shame" (Phil. 3:19).

The League Loses. Long expected, a new crisis reaches the League of Nations as Italy declares it will leave the Council at Geneva. With the United States, Russia, Japan, and Germany on the outside of the League, she becomes a living illustration of the failure of man to bring about a common meeting ground. Without mention of God in its preamble nor an acknowledgment of the Name of Jesus Christ, the League of Nations is another one of those councils of the wicked predicted to fail in the book of Proverbs, 12:5.

Mob Madness. 5000 victims in half a century—that is the sinister record of lynchings in the United States. These outbreaks are not wholly an assault against law and order methods. The desperation of the public in the face of the most corrupt jurisprudence often accounts for such scenes as were enacted recently in San Jose. Delays, pleas, multiplied appeals, bribery and perjury greatly increase the chances of the guilty going unpunished. When God makes finally known the secrets of men, it is a question whether after all the magistrates *that bore their swords in vain* were not the greatest sinners.

Wizard Wells. H. G. Wells, the famous novel writer, tries his hand at prognostication in his new book just published. He gives us a time table of the future—listen to this fiction prophet:—"1934, general invasion of China by Japan; 1935, Tokio bombed in 'Retaliation' raids; 1937, Naval War—U.S. vs. Japan; 1939, Japan loses 1,900,000 in disastrous retreat from China; 1940, War—Germany vs. Poland; 1943, France enters conflict; Second World War starts; 1949, 'Peace of Exhaustion' arranged; 1955, Raid of the Germs destroys half of world population; 1960, Disruption of U.S. as a nation; 1965, Basra Conference, Air Dictatorship established; 1968, Landslip destroys London; 1978, World State organized."

Pastors in Prison. Reports via Canadian news agencies are that Nazi Storm troopers have herded 92 Protestant clergymen to prison. The troubles of the first true opposition and check Hitler has received in Germany, are but beginning. Nearly 4000 pastors refuse to accept his high-handed effort to paganize the Protestant churches. Reichbishop Rueller's committee has resigned with protest suppressed by the press, but the issue rages over the "Gentle Jesus" or a "New Heroic Christ befitting the German ideal." The old irreconcilable viewpoint that makes our Lord incompatible to military combatants is again at the root of all this hubbub. Dictatorships will crush all resistance with steam-roller thoroughness. What can devitalized, decadent, formal churches do against the coming ruder regimentation?

Jealous Japan. Frightened and jealous of the Communists' success after success in China, Japan keeps 3000 of her own Marscian agitators in jail and buckles her Manchukuo frontier a third of the way across Asia to Lake Baikal, where, holding a 300 mile front, she will rest on the impenetrable Gobi Desert to the South, and reaching north to the thick Siberian forests, she will feel far more at ease than protecting the sweeping present 2000 mile border of her Manchurian thrust. "I'll have to purge Siberia," cried General Araka. Aiming at the formation of an Asiatic empire, docile and disciplined by her doctrines, Japan is bound to clash violently with Western interests if she pursues her policies. A Russo-Japanese war must quickly embroil other nations.

National Gods. Nations are idolators in a collective sense. If what takes most of the time and attention of the people, if what attracts the largest masses and crowds in unflinching interest, be considered, then it is easy to recognize which are truly the gods of the nations in particular. Supposing we choose but one thing out of many—*Australia's* God—the race horse; there is no small or large town on that smallest of continents without a race horse, and racing is at once the most popular and profitable amusement. The *United States' God*—the Almighty Dollar. *England's God* is sport of all kinds from the football games that draw 200,000 to the derby that draws 1,000,000. *Germany's God*—a goose-stepping regiment led by a military band. *Holland's God*—stinking tobacco. The Dutch are the most inveterate smokers in civilization. *Spain's God*—the bulling. *Italy's God*—Ilduce and his fascism. *Russia's God*—industrialization. *Belgium's God*—liquor. *Ireland's God*—the sweepstakes. *France's God*—a beautiful woman. You can send in your suggestions for other countries!

A Cloud of Quail. In view of so much modern criticism regarding the children of Israel's long sojourn in the wilderness, it is interesting to read that the people of Razgrad, a town of some 15,000 in Bulgaria, were amazed one day to see a great cloud approaching at unusual speed, thousands of birds—an immense flight of quail migrating southward to escape the European winter. The birds had met with a storm which had exhausted them, and when they arrived thousands of them could fly no further, coming down in the streets and gardens where they were caught by the delighted townfolk and secured beneath the lids of hundreds of cooking pots. Here we have a

modern version of what occurred in the wilderness. The Psalmist sings "Yea, they spake against God; they said, Can God furnish a table in the wilderness? He rained flesh also upon them as dust, and feathered fowls like as the sand of the sea; and he let it fall in the midst of their camp, round about their habitations. So they did eat, and were well filled: for he gave them their own desire" (Psa. 78:19, 27, 28, 29).

Assumption of Mary. The doctrine of the corporeal assumption or taking up to Heaven of Mary, the mother of Jesus, gets more blatant and blasphemous daily in the Roman church. Though the Catholic Encyclopedia of this belief says, "This is not an Article of Faith," yet the fanatical endeavor to make Mary surpass and supersede the Lord in importance, continues unabated with Catholics. It becomes more vicious and outspoken. In the words of the present pope recently spoken in Rome, "It is always Mary from her special place in glory who is the true inspirer of Saints, for in all stages of life it is the thought of Mary which inspires to sanctity. That thought is the salvation of souls who are fighting and struggling against temptation. Mary is full of Grace. The Grace from God is given through Mary, our advocate and mediatrix. God gives Grace, but Mary obtains and distributes it." This desecration of Christ in His high priestly work, this making Mary the supreme mediator and advocate, thus usurping the place of Christ, is Rome's most sinister sin. Who is full of Grace and Truth? Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ (John 1:14). Who distributes gifts unto men? None but Jesus Christ. Who has all preeminences? Jesus Christ, who is God blessed for ever (Col. 1:18).

Why Mothers Die. *Time*, the news magazine, gives us a startling glimpse into the actual mortality suffered by women in child birth through the interference of unnatural means and the applying of modern methods to parturition. Operations and anesthesia are the greatest cause of mortality. Competent authorities say that in only 5% of all deliveries need a physician do anything but help nature, yet in 67 New York hospitals the investigators found that nearly 25% of deliveries were made with the aid of instruments. To these mothers, death came five times as frequently as to those who bore their children naturally. This is a damning indictment of medicine's artificial practices. It is well known that anesthetics weaken the mother's natural power to expel her child, thus frequently necessitating instrumental aid. Properly licensed midwives are the safest for normal home deliveries. Most glaring cases are known of travail being retarded or accelerated by stimulants. The whole system is wrong and the routine of present day obstetrical practice is entirely too elaborate and superfluous. The committee of the A.M.S. has recently inquired and set out to analyze the cause of death of women in child birth. Its report and discoveries are nothing short of appalling. A savage has twice the chance of a civilized mother. How is the wisdom of this world turned into folly? Introduced by the committee was that 61% of needless deaths were chargeable to the medical profession. "Some of these situations," thundered the report, "have arisen out of the fact that internes have been given too wide a field of independent activity. Most deaths are plainly the result of incompetence."

Made Known in the Breaking of Bread

Your Love Measured by Your Sacrifice

John Wright Follette in the Stone Church



HIS evening we will read for our Scripture lesson, Luke 24: 13-32. As a text for the message on my heart, I will use the last clause of the lesson: "And how He was made known of them in the breaking of bread." It is a wonderful thing to be a lover of the truth, but more so to be a lover of ALL the truth as it is revealed to us. Truth is universal—it belongs to all of us. No one has a corner on it; neither has any one person or single group been divinely appointed as the repository or interpreter of truth. This fact is forgotten by the most of us and that is why it is so difficult for some to receive light or teaching from people or a group of people who are not closely identified with the denomination or sect with which they have grown up or had their first spiritual help. It is a good test of our hunger to be willing to be fed by people who in the natural are often limited in intellectual and social attainments.

The truth has power to free or to liberate from not only the power of sin but the bondage of tradition and superstition (even when held in all piety and sincerity). But trouble comes when one embraces only the one phase of truth which reacts with blessing while it ignores or side steps the phase which cuts and for the time being discovers to one the disagreeable and unlovely elements in the matter. To embrace the one side, will of course bring a sense of happiness and blessing, but to ignore the side which brings pain, suffering, sacrifice and humiliation must always spell tragedy. If we are lovers of truth we are willing to suffer the cutting which sets us free from the bondage of the old creation, the flesh, and puts us into the place of freedom of the children of God.

As an illustration of this fact, Israel stands out in history as a sad and tragic example. She had been given the sacred scrolls—the plan and prophecy of her mission and destiny. The prophecies concerning the Messiah fall into two general groups. One foretells Him in deep humiliation, the slain Lamb, the suffering Redeemer of the world. The other shows Him in power and glory—a King enthroned with all material grandeur and with dominion over the nations of the earth. Often the two lines of

prophecy run in the very same chapter. Then again certain parts of the scriptures speak more directly of either of the two roles He plays. Of course the prophecies in which He is seen as King in power and glory with authority over the other nations had the stronger appeal to the heart of Israel. It was very natural that they should. For generations she had been held down under the heel of the surrounding nations—Persia, Syria, Egypt, and now Rome. As a stimulant to her faith and encouragement to her heart she read only the one side of the truth. She read the line of prophecy telling of her noble position among the nations. But she refused even to think of her Messiah in humiliation and *never* in a place of death. She could not reconcile the two lines—how could He be a King and rule, and at the same time be a slain Lamb? Even His disciples after years of personal contact and after hearing Him teach were up to the very end bound by the thought of a material kingdom.

We have only to look at Israel and trace her history for the past two thousand years to see the pain, and suffering as a result of not embracing the whole of divine revelation in prophecy. To look and hope for a kingdom was right; Israel is yet to have a Millennial kingdom of power. But to refuse to look at God's plan and method of bringing in that kingdom was fatal. To look for Him as a King and want Him to rule over them, was noble, but to refuse to see Him in humiliation was a tragedy. May God make us lovers of ALL the truth so He may bring our hearts in line with its power and glory. Light is wonderful, but remember we are to walk in its power as it is given.

Let us keep these facts in mind so that we may more perfectly appreciate the heart disappointment, hunger, and bewilderment of these two disciples as they walk along talking over the death, burial and (to them,) seeming failure of the whole plan. Their hearts are honest but they are still the subjects of a material idea of a kingdom. They are honest but mistaken. One can be honest and sincere in his thought but at the same time be sadly mistaken in it. Sincere faith in a doctrine is not a guarantee that it is the truth.

Jesus looked at the heart and saw under the

mistaken idea a real hunger and desire. At once He is willing to help them. He does not rebuke them for their wrong idea nor does He upbraid them for their questioning. He is always so tactful, gracious and wise. He leads them on or allows them to lay their case and condition plainly before Him. This must ever be done if one is to find a satisfactory solution to a problem or help one out of a trouble. As soon as He accomplishes this He gets at the root of the matter and says, "O fools (or foolish men) and slow of heart to believe ALL that the prophets have spoken. Ought not Christ to have SUFFERED ALL these things and to enter into His glory?" So we see the difficulty was in being slow of heart to believe ALL that the prophets had spoken. Jesus tells them that they should have believed ALL the prophecies. It was not enough to believe the things pleasing to them but they were to believe concerning His sufferings too. Then He opens to them ALL the scriptures pertaining to His ministry. What a sermon that must have been! Would not our hearts too burn were He in our midst to give His interpretation of many points in the Bible we would like to understand? Their hearts burned and they were conscious they were listening to the truth. There was a witness to the truth by their hearts warming and burning as they listened to it. Perhaps they were not able in mind to fully understand all of it or combine it perfectly into their system of thought and teaching. Though unable to formulate it into a creed or doctrine, their hearts burned with a witness—this is the truth. Are we not the same today? Faith must ever have the right of way over the understanding in matters of divine revelation and truth. So many times our hearts burn, are fed, and comforted by the truth when our poor minds are very dull and unable to perfectly analyze it and explain it. Many times one robs his heart of great blessing because the truth does not come by way of his personal choice of method or instrument. Do not ignore the truth because it may come by very humble means. God may use a very unlikely instrument to bring to you the very truth you most need, but because you get your eyes on the limitations of the instrument you miss the glory and power of the truth. Truth is universal and God has a thousand ways of dispensing it. Let us mind the burning in the heart as we hear the truth even when we do not fully understand it. It is with the heart man believeth. Faith can and will

venture where the mind only breaks down before the revelation or the mystery. But that is ever so—it is one of the ways of God past finding out.

Now let us notice something of very practical interest. Had the disciples failed in the simple act of courtesy in asking Him in, the lovely incident before us and the revelation would have been lost. Jesus (who I am sure wanted to continue to reveal Himself) did not say, "Now if you want to know who I am and want a fuller revelation, please let me come in." Not at all. Jesus is a perfect gentleman. He is refined and gentle and delicate in all His dealings. So is the Holy Spirit. He never does uncouth, improper, rough, impolite things. The flesh may and does but never the Holy Spirit. The Holy Spirit may bless with great joy and shouting but there is a quality about such a manifestation which lifts it above annoyance or disturbance. There is a sense of God and as a result there is edification. Are you not glad these disciples were kind to Him and asked Him in? We today are being refreshed and blest because of that simple act of courtesy—there is a reward for them not yet fully made up.

I feel very sure that Jesus wanted to go in and continue His visit. He is ever at the door of the heart and would sup with us did we more often invite Him in. Do we limit a fuller revelation of Himself to our hearts because of neglect in such a simple thing? It is not always the outstanding sin, but the little foxes that spoil the vines. As they were seated there talking over the incidents in the life of Christ and He continues to explain to them the truth in its simplicity and fulness, He does a very simple thing. But He does it in such a unique and understanding way that it produces a marvelous effect upon them. Only a short time before this He had been at supper with them and at its close He had taken bread and blessing it, broke it and gave them to eat. The memory of this incident is yet fresh in their minds and the power of association is quick to work. "And it came to pass, as He sat at meat with them, He took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave to them. And their eyes were opened, and they knew Him; and He vanished out of their sight." When was He fully and perfectly manifested? In the breaking of bread to be sure. Was He not the same Jesus who walked and talked with them? Yes, surely. Was He not the same Jesus who came in with them? Yes, indeed. But with all the walking, talking, teach-

ing, visiting and personal contact with Him the revelation was still limited. Not until the bread was actually broken were their eyes opened. Here we find a very vital bit of truth. Shall we call it a law or a method of revelation? It is in the breaking that the revelation finds its fullest expression.

It has ever been the desire and purpose of God to reveal Himself to His children. The social side of the divine nature is a study. God does not need us to complete Himself. He is quite absolute in His own being. But He has so arranged and planned that man may fellowship with his Creator, and enter into divine communication with his God. Man needs God. Since it is God's purpose to reveal Himself to us it is only right that we study the question of His revelation from all the sides possible. This study alone is most interesting but we are not able to go into it at present. The most perfect and complete revelation of God is in Christ His only begotten Son. He is God Incarnate in flesh—the Divine One limiting Himself to the human form and laws of the nature of man.

For a few moments let us look at this manifestation of God in flesh. In its depth of humility and mystery it is not to be explained to the human mind. But with the heart by faith we may contemplate and meditate upon the mystery. The Spirit is able as far as our limitation allows Him to do so, to reveal Him to us. Our faith feasts as we look at Him in this humiliation and we are fed and blest. But not because we fully understand the mystery. We call this a revelation. That is true. But that is not all. As Jesus is cradled there upon Mary's breast in sweet, holy, human dependence, was He the full revelation of God? Yes and no. He is God as far as the divine nature is concerned. He is God incarnate in flesh, but the FULL manifestation of all the power and attributes of God is only potentially hidden within the confines of the human nature. He must yet, "increase in wisdom and stature, and wax strong in spirit filled with wisdom, etc." There must be the unfolding of His being as an occasion for the real character of God to shine out. He must in all things give a complete and perfect demonstration of God. To have hung the little Christ child upon a tree as the Redeemer of the world would have been a tragedy even though He was the Lamb slain. He could not have redeemed the world at that time. To have slain Him at any time other than the fullness of time would have ruined

the plan. He must live to be the perfect ideal of human nature; the last Adam; the Lamb without spot or blemish; He must fully meet the demands of the law; give the teaching of God's heart; and fully show the character and nature of God. All this must be forth coming before there is a drop of blood shed. It is true that we are saved by the blood—only by His atoning work.

But the LIFE of the victim must be perfect, spotless, and ideal. Therefore all along the pathway of Jesus from cradle to the cross we are to find the revelation coming into fuller and fuller expression. He is to give a complete picture of the heart of God. The divine attributes and power of God are to shine in Him. He is God incarnate in flesh, not a human being who has attained the place where he acts like God. It is not man growing up to act like God but it is God coming down to the level of man to pick him up and take him to God. All the difference in the world. So we are to see in Him the character of God. What is the simplest descriptive definition of God? God is love. Very true. Then Jesus must be the fullest expression of that love. How is love measured? There is only one measure of love. "God so loved—that He GAVE." So we see the giving COST something. It cost a supreme sacrifice. Sacrifice is the only measure of love. We talk a great deal about love but it is too often a human sentimentalism after all. Human love is one thing; divine love is another. I love only in the measure that I am willing to suffer a sacrifice. I give only when it COSTS me something. Here are a few lines I always had my students to memorize for they are so true and so beautifully stated:

"Measure thy life by loss instead of gain;
Not by the wine drunk, but the wine poured forth,
For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice;
And whoso suffers most has most to give."
—Ugo Bassi.

When does the manifestation of love find fullest expression? Is it in obedience to the law? in kindness to man? in bringing the ideal of God for man to its perfection? Is it in miracles? in giving to the world the superb teachings and ethics? Never. The fullest and supreme manifestation of God is at Calvary—at the breaking point. It is when the life is given in sacrifice—broken, broken, broken, that we see the true character of God in all its beauty and power. We gather many flashes of revelation in the many phases of the life and

(Continued on page 22)

Hewing Anew the Broken Tables of Your Covenant

Have You the Glory that Lifts?

Kelso R. Glover in the Stone Church Nov. 22, 1933



Y message to you tonight might be called, Hewing Anew the Broken Tables of your Covenant.

You remember when Moses came down from the mountain that first time, after his glorious contact with God, carrying the two tables of stone in his hand, how he was filled with glory, filled with enthusiasm and inspiration, filled with zeal and high hopes of coming blessings. But as he comes down from the mountain he begins to hear strange sounds which strike his heart with terror, and he realizes that something is wrong; when he reaches the encampment he sees that the people are revelling and rioting, that they have been gluttonously feasting and dancing as they do in heathen worship. And then he finds a golden calf exalted in their midst and hears the people singing to this strange god. Aaron excused his part in it by saying that the people had entreated him to make them this god, for said they, "As for this Moses, the man that brought us up out of Egypt, we wot not what is become of him." Because of the disappointment of it all, and to show them that they had broken God's laws, Moses flung the two tables of stone to the ground in utter despair and they crashed into fragments. Gone now are the directions of the Lord! In hopeless discouragement he cries to them to cease this heathen worship. What could it all mean?

The condition is the same in the world today after two thousand years of preaching the Gospel; and things are waxing worse and worse. Instead of Christ and His religion being predominant, wicked men and seducers are taking possession of the world. The Christian religion is being voted down and is despised by the very ones who supposedly are wearing the priestly garments, by the very ones who should be proclaiming it boldly today. And they too are dancing around other gods; they are ignoring the guiding hand of Him who has led us out of Egypt and brought us thus far to the land of promise, to the land that flows with wondrous good things. They are doing away with Him and are saying, "As for this Christ, we know not what has become of Him; there is no sign of Him in our midst." And I would not be surprised if when Christ comes, He too

should fling down the commandments and promises of God and will stand in our midst and cry, "He that is for God stand at my right hand and he that is for Baal and for the gods of the heathen, stand yonder at my left." Do you want to be on His side when He comes? Our Moses is coming down from the mountain some day soon in triumph, and those who are of the world will cry to the rocks and the mountains to fall upon them and hide them from the wrath of the Lamb, which will be terrible upon them who have known the Gospel and who have broken the commandments and precepts of God. He will cast them aside without hope, and will destroy them.

There is a great need for us who want to be ready at His coming, to hew again the tables of our testimony. After Moses had commanded the people to be destroyed by the hundreds and thousands because of this awful thing they had done, and gotten the remnant straightened out, he got on his face before God and pleaded for the people.

What is to be done today in the face of our government going back to drunkenness and debauchery? What is to be done when our government sells itself and the land that was given to God so that its people might have religious liberty? I say, what is to become of the country that sells itself to debauchery and confesses that it cannot stay the hand of crime? May God help us to get on our faces before Him in the holy sanctuary and hear what He has to say to us. What is to be done? Surely there is need for God again to walk among the pilgrims even as He walked among the early Pilgrims who settled upon our stormy shores and planted the banner of the Cross in a land where they could stay the tide of iniquity—a land which to them was the land of promise. May God help us who are living in these awful days, to do as Moses did and beseech God to help us. As we look at conditions we are moved to say within ourselves, "Is this the land that was bought with the blood of the martyrs? that was founded upon the principles of holiness? Is it to end in debauchery and shame?" It is time that we who know God, seek His face and see if there be any hope.

Moses went to God and said, "How can I

lift these people? You called me from my quiet feeding of the sheep. Why did You not leave me on the mountainside. Why did You send me after them if they are thus to bring You shame and rebel against Your government?" And then he implored Jehovah God to reach down His hand once more and do something for him if He was expecting him to lead the people, saying, "Show Thy glory and stay the tide and make these stiff-necked people obedient to Thy commands. If I have found favor in Thy sight show Thyself to us, for how shall it be known that we are Thy people in all these nations round about, except it be that Thou oh God, dost walk among us." And surely such a prayer is befitting today, in the midst of the falling away among Christians. Our preachers are seeking popularity rather than the narrow way, and some are building to themselves kingdoms, as other nations. Oh that we might seek Jehovah God, prostrate ourselves before Him and hew us again the tables of stone having the covenant of God! Let us separate ourselves from the ecclesiastical nations that are round about us, that would like to make a covenant with us and have us marry their daughters and give our daughters to their sons, till we would be one with them. May God help us not to lose the glory from our souls but that somehow, these churches, which are here and there reaching out for some of the glory that we have, might still find it in our midst. Is our hand strong enough to lift them? Or shall we sink to their level? No, No. May our part be to circumcise other nations and make them to be like us.

God's command was, "Let them not come nigh thee but destroy their altars and break down their high places and make no covenant with them." Let us not go out endeavoring to make a covenant with others but may He separate us more and more; so shall we be His people and He shall be our God. The temptation is strong in these days to make a covenant with other ecclesiastical nations. Let us be kind to them, but to fellowship nations that know not God is dangerous. Oh that there might be such a going up to the hill of God that we would have no time to ally ourselves with those who have turned away from our Christ to idols.

Moses besought the Lord saying, "If I have found grace in Thy sight I beseech Thee show my Thy glory." And we read that God heard

him; He knew it was very necessary. And He knows it is necessary today that we see His glory. I have talked with missionaries who had the privilege of seeing the glory of God manifested in the past. Some received their call away back in 1912 at a convention of some three thousand baptized saints, friends and sympathizers, or in some large camp meeting where the glory of God rested upon every service and where there were healings, baptisms and other mighty works of God. They have gone to the foreign field and when returning for furlough in later years have said, "Where is the heavenly song I used to hear? Where is the fire that once burned? Where are the baptisms? Where are the healings that were so prevalent in those early days?" Other missionaries come and relate to us the persecution they and their native workers constantly face, and we sit with dry eyes listening to their pleadings for prayer. We lack sympathy; we lack prayer. We are at ease in this land of liberty. God may take our liberty away from us so that we will pray; God may deluge us with debauchery so that we will be forced to pray in order to keep our own sons and daughters from being swept into the maelstrom of unrestrained indulgence. Be it any way He chooses, just so we get down to real business in prayer.

When I was preparing to leave Australia five years ago I intended to visit some of our missionaries on the field to encourage them as well as myself, but for twelve months God was telling me to "go home." I said, "But Lord, they do not need me at home"; but His continued dealings with me caused me to return. I went up and down California, feeling I was not actually needed on this side, but soon, as I went from place to place, the realization gripped me that people did need sympathy and help, and ever since then there has been such a burden on my heart for God's people, for I realize that they need arms that can lift them and prayers that can bring the benediction of God upon them till we can again get the fire of God upon our lives. Shall we criticize our young people for not living under the anointing of the Holy Ghost as we used to see it? They know very little about it. There is a great host of young people growing up today in our Full Gospel Assemblies, who never saw the wonderful manifestations of Pentecost, except a very meagre bit of it, the silver bells of speaking in tongues, but beyond the experience of the upper room, many of our young people know nothing

of the mighty power of Pentecost that swept the world years ago.

A friend has often told me of the marvelous glory and the fire of the earliest days of Pentecost till I asked him either to stop telling me or help me pray that the church today might have the same manifestation. And that is what God has been telling me recently. He spoke to me in the last campaign that I myself had been telling people—and quite properly so—of those wonderful days but He made me to realize that I was as one who was telling of a marvelous feast and getting folk ready to come, only to find that there was nothing on the table. So I am asking God to move me on another milestone, closer to Him, that I might be able not only to tell people of these marvelous blessings but to have some of them in my hands so that I can slice the loaf and watch them partake of it.

Do you see what I mean? We tell people of Divine Healing; we tell them of the baptism of the Spirit, we tell them of the revelations and mighty anointings. Shall we leave them just longing and hungry? You and I have the power not only to tell them but to bring it to them if we will get back to God. Let us pray as Moses prayed, "Oh God, we cannot go on with this people unless Thou dost walk among us." In the face of the rising tide of infidelity, in the face of Russia having been recognized which will mean that her emissaries will be at our doors with their propaganda more than ever, can we preachers stem the tide? The government cannot; our police have been raiding Bolshevistic meetings in Los Angeles for months and years and finally they stopped all Gospel preaching on the streets, saying they could not stop the Bolshevistic meetings without stopping every other meeting; so now we are forbidden to preach on the streets of Los Angeles. What are we preachers to do in these days when presidents and kings cannot stop the onslaught of crime? Our only answer is *God*. It is time to vote for God and the full unadulterated Gospel free from frills and foolishness. We have gone too far to be half-hearted in this matter; present conditions demand that we get back to God or it will mean hell for some. Don't comfort yourself by saying, "I am a child of Abraham and I will get through." "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish."

Moses prayed, "Show me Thy glory and it will suffice." And Paul shouts to us that all have come short of the glory of God. Then

he informs us that the glory of this Gospel dispensation is so much more glorious than the glory of Sinai. The Baptism of the Holy Ghost is something that brings you down and then picks you up again; it brings you down so low that you think you will never get up again, and then it takes you up so high that you think you will never come down. If we have come short of the glory it means there is some glory for us on ahead. May God help us to get all of our share. Pentecost has it. Let us pray not only for the tinkling sounds of the speaking in tongues but let us press through till our hands become full of blessing for the hungry; till our hearts become burdened with the desire to lift others.

Moses cried, "Show me Thy glory if You expect me to go on." We Pentecostal people are fundamental in our teaching; we do not lack there, and since that is the case, we need the glory of God all the more to prove to the world the reality of the Fundamental truths. Our doctrines are correct; we have no need of changing anything but we do have a need of hewing again the tables of the covenant and of going back to the mountain of God. Show us Thy glory Lord and come into our midst till people shall feel Thy presence! Yes, our doctrines are correct; we are able to convince whole communities of the truths that we hold dear but what we need is the glory to rest upon our meetings so that people will be drawn hither or will flee from us. In the early days of the church such was the glory upon them that the record tells us that no man durst join himself to them. I pray that there shall be such glory and grace in our midst that people will not be able simply to come in, get acquainted with us, and then go on in their own ways, but that they will be compelled to come back and find a shelter from the terrors of this world and peace for their souls.

"*Show me Thy glory*" then becomes our most needful prayer today. After Moses prayed that prayer we hear God's answer, "Come up on the mountain and hew thee two tables of stone like unto the first. Come up on the mountain, thee, thyself alone. . . . *for there is a place by Me*. And I will put thee upon a rock and I will cover thee with my hand lest thou see my face. Then I will pass by thee and thou shalt see Me as I pass." Oh that we might see that much and feel His covering hand!

(Continued on page 22)

The Perfect Man and the Perfect Work

The Faultless Tongue, The Indisputable Proof of Perfection

By William Booth-Clibborn



AS we enter into the more secluded and intimate subject of the perfection of our Lord and Saviour, we find here such a fascinating subject as to cause us to linger entranced and charmed longer than we ought. To such hearts as are filled with adoration and reverence toward Him, it may seem impertinence, sacrilege, even to stop here and examine what proofs we have of Jesus' sinlessness; but then a critical inquiry only helps to confirm and establish us in the strongest conviction that here is One supreme, who is superior and separate from sin. It must be, indeed, refreshing to the soul of the redeemed people of God to meditate upon the beauty and the excellence of their Lord even during the days of His incarnation!

THE WONDERFUL ONE

In Isaiah 1:6 we read that His Name shall be called WONDERFUL. As we contemplate His glorious attributes, the loveliness of His perfections, the exceeding wisdom of His speech, His conduct and behaviour in every instance and circumstance, we are made to marvel as those who knew Him when on earth and we come to realize that no mind can fathom, no heart can grasp, no pen can describe how truly Wonderful He is. John writing later of the manifestation of that marvelous life speaks words that for weight and wideness can not be superceded. Listen to them: "That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled of the Word of Life; for the life was manifested and we have seen it and bear witness and show unto you that eternal life, which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us" (1 John 1:1, 2).

This apostle witnesses for the whole company that they heard Him, every word which He spoke, every sentence that slipped from His lips, every expression of sorrow and joy as He moved sympathetically among the sick and the oppressed, or grievously among the proud and the scornful, was indelibly impressed upon their minds. The apostle asserts "We have seen with our eyes." They watched and waited upon Him, they noticed His every action, His every move and the result is that they pronounced Him *Wonderful* in conversation and in silence,

Wonderful in untiring, unassuming service, *Wonderful* in love that never failed, yea, everything about His earthly life was *Wonderful*.

THE TEST OF PERFECTION

We read in the Epistle of James, 3:2, "For in many things we offend all. If any man offend not in word, the same is a *perfect man*, and able also to bridle the whole body." This is, indeed, the supreme test of perfection. How did Christ pass this test? We answer, with colors flying, for His words were the very words of God. It is written of His speech, "He whom God sent speaketh the words of God" (John 3:34). His must have been a remarkable manner of speech that could be immediately discerned to be of divine origin. To examine closely the words of Christ is to confess that they are free from the countless pitfalls into which other of this world's "great" philosophers and teachers constantly stumble. Jesus' language was not burdensome, full of intricacies or endless mazes and complications of meaning, like that in the Talmudic writings and Rabbinical commentaries which only the learned are able to appreciate or even follow. Indeed, His were "the beautiful Words of Life" which the simplest could understand and the most humble soul receive.

His Words had a certain assurance, certainty and finality, not comparable with any of the greatest and most renowned addresses of the world. There is no supposition, conjecture and speculation in the language of our Lord, no redundance, prolixity or pleonasm, no verbosity or mere wordiness. Christ spoke with such terseness, directness and point, that not in all the literati of the savants can anything be found quite like it. Permit me to say something in which I do not desire to be misunderstood, but there seems to me to be a deeper design, a profounder depth, a more penetrating power and a larger application to Christ's Words than to any other part of the Scriptures.

HE IS INSPIRATION

Prophet, patriarch and apostle needed to be inspired in order to speak *ex-cathedra*, but no man can make me believe that Jesus was inspired. Pardon me but I repeat it. He was not standing in need of any particular, peculiar momentary touch of God in order to be able to speak words that would never lose their force

but shine undimmed through all the future ages. Why He it was that had inspired all the prophets, patriarchs and seers and was later to inspire the apostles! HE WAS INSPIRATION, for is it not written that His Spirit "was in them" and which "testified beforehand" His own "sufferings" and "the glory that should follow"? (1 Petr. 1:11). Therefore, you see He was the only One that could say "THE WORDS THAT I SPEAK UNTO YOU, ARE SPIRIT, AND ARE LIFE" (John 6:63).

A FAULTLESS TONGUE

Our Lord and Saviour did not merely give expression to truth as other appointed messengers of God before Him; He did not in the midst of a busy life, merely give expression to a great saying or declare an extraordinary, remarkable truth that calls for a multitude of words. When Jesus spoke it was *the truth*, for He was The Truth before He gave expression to it. I suppose that in the length of a life-time most clever and sharp people who have had some training and education often rise to great heights in sensing what is the proper word on certain occasions, and what is helpful and good for others to hear; but no mortal can expect to keep atuned to such a high pitch that his every single utterance is the very essence of truth. Yet this is exactly where Christ rises head and shoulders above every other man. Jesus Himself is the utterance of eternal God translated into the terms of time, for language perforce must have its limitations. The Words of Jesus are the language of a life, God's life—"The life of light" (John 1:4), "the light of life" (John 8:12). Christ Himself said, "Thy Word is truth" (John 17:17); "I am the truth" (John 14:6). This is why He never answered Pilate's question "What is Truth?" because truth is not an "it" of which we may say "What is *it*?" Pilate should have put it "*Who* is Truth?"

There was never any deceit found in Jesus' mouth according to Isaiah 53:9, nor was there any trickery or guile in His speech. "Who, when He was reviled, reviled not again; when He suffered, He threatened not" (1 Pet. 2:23). When did Jesus ever misquote Scripture or speak an impossible prophecy? When did He overstep Himself in His indignation against His enemies, and in the heat of merely human passion, over-accuse them and say that they were guilty of things that indeed they had not done. Who can point to an imperfection, a contradiction or even such a thing as a *lapsus*

linguae or *lapis memoriae* in our Lord's conversation?

(To be continued)

(Continued from page 4)

pened? It is contrite clay—clay from which every bit of resistance has been removed.

Please note that the lumps of clay are not cast away; it is only foreign material that is taken away. Sometimes we think all these material things have to be thrown away but if the Lord threw away all the lumps there would be no clay left. He doesn't want to throw our tempers away but He does want to subdue them. Sin, and anything that pertains to sin, must be taken out of us but He desires to leave in us those qualities which He can use. He wants us broken in His presence and then desires that we present ourselves to Him so that He can pour upon us of His Spirit and let the water of the Word soak in and do its work in the heart and life. Then He will take the very thing that you considered the bane of your life and the cause of all your downfall, and use it unto His glory, making it fit for the Master's use.

God is looking for contrite hearts. What constitutes a contrite heart? One that has all resistance taken out and is absolutely yielded. If you are presenting that kind of a heart with your worship today, then your offering is acceptable to Him and His heart is pleased. Let us never forget that nothing else will please Him. We may give glorious testimonies, we may even be winning souls and working along many lines of Christian service and still not be satisfying the heart of God, for He is pleased only with the offering given by a broken spirit and a contrite heart. And when He sees *that*, then little becomes much; then our worship is acceptable to Him. And I rather think that when the heart is right, even though the person be ignorant of correct forms of worship, the Lord will overlook the ignorance. He is pleased because He sees a heart that is yielded to Him. That is the worship He seeks.

Let us never get to the place where we consider ourselves better than someone else, where we assume a high and lofty manner. But let us take a humble place and recognize that we are unworthy in His presence. Let us allow Him to crush us till we are absolutely pliable and then He will make of us a vessel that shall be to the praise of His glory, a vessel that shall be to His honor in the courts of glory. And

not only there but here also, for is it not true that "the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice"? If the Lord can get us broken there will surely be a time of rejoicing. Do we want to see a time of revival? Do we want to see souls saved in great numbers? It will come to pass when we are broken, when our hearts are contrite and crushed and we are low at His feet. And that is the time He will raise us up.

(Continued from page 7)

invitation to hold a series of meetings in another city.

I will never forget the day we left. All the boys came out to bid us good-bye. Not one of them said an unkind word, nor displayed a sarcastic smile. And the old landlord who was a hardened infidel, and who boasted that no house he had ever had charge of had ever been contaminated with a Christian, came out and said, "Well, boys, I hate to see you go, in a way. Not that I'd like for you to stay so we could laugh at you; that is all gone, but it seems we are losing something when you go, and your room will always be open to you should you ever come back. If anybody is in there I will have them move. We will never taunt you again. Keep just as good Christians as you want to." Then he shook hands with us and that man actually said, "God bless you." I do not know how sincere he was, but I never heard him say anything like that before.

Those two months in that place taught us that God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. That was a "wonder" saving Harry, and bringing him out of that place. If God could save a man like that, and could save Mr. Charles and a man like myself, what can He not do, if we pray?

(Continued from page 16)

ministry of Christ. They are all needed, but we must not limit the revelation to these alone. The ideal Manhood is noble and wonderful. His unselfish life of kindness is a grand example. The teaching and preaching and His code of ethics—all without a peer. But to leave Him there is to come short of the real objective of the life.

He is first of all a REDEEMER. That is His real mission to the world. To see Him only in the preparation and approach is a calamity. He is not truly known in the well preserved loaf. The loaf may be beautiful as it shows Him a perfect Man, an ideal for humanity, a

perfect Teacher and Director. But the loaf must needs be broken if it feeds and truly ministers the life divine. He was born to die. The whole purpose of the Incarnation in its last analysis is that He might have a body in which to die. Many today recognize Him (and pray why not if they are at all honest?) as a great Teacher, Prophet and Ideal, but never see Him in full revelation because they are not willing to take all phases of the truth concerning Him. He was made known of them in the breaking of bread. That is God's method and He never has changed it. If we want to know the real Christ we must see Him in the breaking at Calvary. To limit the revelation to a few beautiful incidents in His life is doing Him a shame and insult. Calvary was ever His goal and desire, and here it was that God made His true character known in that awful display. It is the Christ of Calvary, the broken Bread that men need today. We are not saved by His life but by His death. The perfect life was necessary to the perfect death but the blood alone spells redemption's story.

In closing let me tell you that the same method holds good in the matter of His revelation through us. As He is so are we in this world. He is a broken Redeemer—we, too, are to be broken if we hope to bring a revelation of Himself to the heart or if we ever hope to have Him revealed in us. We may do a thousand things for Him and love Him and want to serve Him and come short of the very necessary thing—to be broken so that He might reveal Himself to others and that in turn we might find the revelation of Him our hearts hunger after. Shall we not afresh offer our hearts to Him to become the broken bread? "Give ye them to eat," He says. But the people do not want the bread in whole loaves of perfect creed. We feed upon a broken Christ. I am sure you see the lesson before you. May God give us the grace and power to break and feed the hungry hearts all around us.

(Continued from page 19)

"Hew thee again two tables of stone like unto the first." Friends, we have nothing new to bring; no new directions. We cannot go and gather up the fragments either. There is no use of being too much concerned about the "whys" of our failures. God does not want a cemented stone but He does want a new one and it is the privilege of everyone of us to have that. May God help us to bring to Him a

heart from which has been chiselled all other writings, all the writings of the world, every covenant we have made with neighboring na-

tions. The Lord has a new stone, freshly cut with nothing written upon it but these words, "Thy will be done." That is all God asks.

Miraculously Healed of a Horrible Disease

FOR seven years I have had in my body a disease which started around my shoulders and my breasts. I didn't know at first what it was. The first doctor I had was at Kankakee, Illinois, and he told my sister that it was an inward eating; then he said it might run into a cancer; that it was a terrible eating disease. It spread all over me but didn't run into anything like he thought it would. He said no salves or anything would reach my disease.

I moved to Hammond, Indiana, and still had it. The doctor there gave me salves to use, and advised me not to put any water or soap on my body. When I took a bath it would cause intense itching.

Then we moved out here, and the doctors could do nothing for me here. When baby was born my suffering was terrible. Over at Tacoma we had Dr. Heaton, who told me it was eczema, but he said it was not outward, that it was a terrible, eating disease, and might gather some place in my body.

Well, it did, it gathered in my right breast, but that never phased the eating part of it, nor ever stopped it. We poulticed the right breast for six weeks after the lump rose up there, and then Dr. Heaton lanced it. At the time that was lanced I was beside myself on account of the itching. He sent a nurse out from the community workers at Tacoma, a Miss McGinnis, who came and dressed my breast four times, and she told me she would have to tie my hands if I didn't quit scratching. I was in dreadful agony and could not help it. The nurse said it was more than she could stand to dress my breast. From that on, I did it myself; it discharged blood and pus, and was over a year healing up. The itching was so intense that I could have torn myself to pieces. It kept getting worse, and this last winter I very nearly lost my mind at times, it was so bad.

I was anointed by Brother Parrott the first time in March and prayed for, but the devil tempted me greatly. Then it all settled in my *left* breast, and I could have taken a knife and cut the whole thing off myself, it troubled me so. A lump started to raise on the left breast and it kept growing and growing till you could

not have covered it with a half-dollar, and it raised up even the length of my thumb; it didn't spread out flat, but just raised right up, and it stayed that way.

Then I went back and explained my case to Sister Parrott and she told me to come back in the prayer-room. I went the following Tuesday night and was prayed for, but the devil still tempted me. I kept praying and believing and I gained the victory on Sunday night; and that was the first night I had rest. I rested until 12 o'clock, then I became so cold that I wondered if I were going to need more cover. All at once a Voice spoke to me, "Be still, I am with thee!" I just looked up and said, "My Jesus, what dost Thou want me to do?" He said, "Pray without ceasing."

I started to pray and prayed until 5 o'clock in the morning. My husband thought when he heard me that I was in agony with my breast, and said, "Do you want to get up now, or do you want to rest?" I said, "Get up and turn the light on, my breast is opening."

He got up and turned the light on, and I jumped right out of bed; I didn't have any cloth over my breast and there was a mass of white worms right on my gown. There was no pus, no blood, no corruption of any kind, just white worms, and I began to pick them off. I began to take them out of my breast and it kept me busy from 5 o'clock Monday morning until Tuesday night.

Now this lump never went down as they would crawl out, it stayed just as hard and just as big around until Tuesday night about 6 o'clock. I went in to dress to get ready to go to church, and as I removed the cloth I saw a large one in the center. I could look right down into the opening and see it right in the center. I called my husband and he saw it, and we stood there and prayed for the Lord to finish it and give me my full healing right there. No sooner did I begin to pray than it began to come out. My husband stood right there, and when it came on the cloth it was the length of my forefinger to the first joint.

The lump then began to shrivel up. My husband and I stood there and watched that

whole lump shrivel and go down; it just deliberately knitted together, the holes and all, and when I came back from church and undressed to go to bed you could have just about covered the spot with the head of a pin—one little bit of a scar was all that could be seen. There had been little openings where the little worms had come out, but the big one was right in the center, and when it came out the opening closed up. There was no needle or anything touched it. Christ opened it Himself.

I couldn't begin to say how many worms crawled out of there. There must have been thousands. My husband said he was just simply tired of picking them and putting them in the stove. I said, "I am too; but thank the Lord it is coming without pus and draining out." My right breast that the doctor lanced has two ugly scars upon it. The left breast that the Lord opened has no scar whatever, only a tiny dark spot about the size of a pin head.

830 East Belmont St. Mrs. Anna Wikle
Portland, Ore.

(Continued from page 11)

around and seemingly sweeps the country, large reports go out of great numbers being saved—but don't forget that the Sunday School worker has undoubtedly played an important part in bringing about this success."

Think of the golden opportunity which God has placed in our hands, we who bear the distinction of the God-given degree—S.S.T.—that of shaping and molding the life of perhaps a coming world revivalist or one who shall bring hundreds to Christ from some dark continent. Who knows but that in your little circle of unmanageable boys or flighty girls, there may be in the making, another Moody or a Catherine Booth!

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MADAM GUYON

An abridged edition of this classic on the deeper life. A marvelous recital of her complete submission to the will of God, which will help Christians today. Born and reared in the Seventeenth Century the lessons learned are just being appreciated. 270 pages, 75c by Mail.

THE LATTER RAIN PENTECOST

By D. Wesley Myland

A God-given exposition of the Latter Rain, showing it to be a fulfillment of prophecy. The most complete work on this subject. "In Deaths Oft," a rehearsal of seven deliverances from death. Heavy paper cover, 55c.



1934 Scripture Text Calendar

Reduced to Close 20c Each
Six for \$1.

A BIBLE GAME

A fascinating study of the entire Bible for old and young. Entertaining, instructive, and helpful. When played a few times one is master of the characters, cities, and countries of the Bible. A means of mental and spiritual development. The best Bible game out. Everybody who plays it once wants one of his own. Suitable for a gift. Price 40c.

TUNING IN WITH THE INFINITE

By C. B. Fockler

A series of seven sermons on Divine Healing, Seven Scriptural reasons for believing in Divine Healing, Seven Testimonies of Healing, all authenticated. This most attractive booklet on Divine Healing contains the great truths on this subject. Former price 50c, now 35c. A beautiful and helpful gift for a sick friend.

AND TODAY

A miracle of healing. vision of Jesus. Price 10c.

BOYS' STORIES OF GREAT MEN

GIRLS' STORIES OF GREAT WOMEN

Cloth. 190 pages. 75c each.

We are glad to tell our readers that we now have the tract, "THE RETURN OF THE JEWS" which has been out of print for some time. Price 25c per doz. \$1.60 per hundred. Other Prophetic Tracts:

- WHAT ABOUT 1934?
- WHEN ANTICHRIST REIGNS
- GIANT MERGERS AND THEIR PORTENT
- THE UNLAWFUL TRIAL OF JESUS

All 25c per dozen. \$1.60 per hundred.

BUNYAN'S PILGRIMS PROGRESS

Illustrated for Children and Young Folks. Special price 75c.

THE MARK OF THE BEAST,

Booklet, Enlarged, 25c. Five for \$1.

THE EVANGEL PUBLISHING HOUSE

18 W. 74th St. Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

The STONE CHURCH, 70th St. & Stewart Avenue, Sun., 11, 3 and 7:45; Tues., Prayer Service, 7:45; Thurs., Evening Service, 7:45; Young People's, Friday, 8:00. Tel., Wentworth 2355. Niels P. Thomsen, Pastor.