

# The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

Behold the Man!

**DOES HE**—this God-Man—care when I am sorely perplexed? Is He interested in my empty cupboard? Does He think of flour, of fowl, of fish? Is He concerned in my potato-crop, the locust, the blight and under- and over-production? If He notes the \_\_\_\_\_'s fall, will He lend a listening ear to *my* despairing cry? Will He touch my quivering frame when pinned down with an incurable disease and make me whole? When others magnify my faults, feed on my failures in the circles of gossip, dis-fellowship me because I come below the standard of their creed and refuse to forgive and forget when I fail and fall—Mr. Psalmist David, *is* it true that “His mercy endureth for ever”?

Yes, yes—all true! There need be no limit in trusting this Man of our theme. His “whatsoever” means *anything*, His “whosoever” *anybody*, and His “I will” *will do to bank on!* Faith is the substance of ten dollars hoped for, the evidence of ten dollars not yet in hand, *but on the way*. Faith is the substance of all my need-supply hoped for, the evidence of the riches of His supply piled up in glory, for the moment not seen, *but my portion already checked for delivery*. Faith is the substance of *things* (anything) hoped for, the evidence of *things* (anything) not yet seen, *but billed direct to my street number*.

If we could assimilate this we would drop Depression into the abyss and hang Discouragement on the willow. The reason so many millionaires accidentally (?) fall out of a thirteen story hotel window is that they do not know God. A high bridge, an open window, a blue-barrell gat or a stretch of hemp is no temptation to a child of God. “*Faith is the victory!*”

Pilgrim in a weary land, be not discouraged nor dismayed. However dark the issue may appear, our faith is firmly fixed in One who is Savior, Baptizer, Bridegroom, Deliverer and Restorer. With all our being's ransomed powers we hopefully, believingly, lovingly, joyfully and exultingly point to *our* Superman, supreme over all, and exclaim:

Behold the Man!

—F. M. Lehman in *Pent. Evangel*.

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

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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.

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**Appreciation from Subscribers**

WE HAVE BEEN much moved by the letters of appreciation of the paper received, and of the effort put forth to renew in these trying times. Some find it most difficult to send in their subscription, and yet they write of how the Lord helps them even in this. The following is one of many:

"I cannot do without the paper, and if you will have patience a little longer I hope to renew. I read *The Evangel* over several times. My husband reads it. We then send it to our Pentecostal pastor who lives fifty miles from us. He gives it to a woman who has had a stroke. The family reads it, and it travels on again. It is worth many times the price to me, and I hope to send it to several people in the near future."

Another writes:

"We thank the Lord for your wonderful paper with so many good things in it. We have been looking for years for just the sort of help that your paper gives, and we believe that God inspires your writers."

Another who found it meant real sacrifice to renew, writes:

"The articles by Brother Staats and Brother Follette in the June issue, were alone worth the price of the paper for the year."

**Special Offer Renewed**

We are grateful for the new subscriptions received, and we believe there will be real fruit therefrom. Everywhere Mrs. Henry's *Vision of Heaven and Hell* is told, it brings results, and we have every reason to believe souls will be saved thru the reading of the thrilling and awful accounts as given in the June and July issues of the paper. If any more of our readers wish to avail themselves of the special offer made in the June issue, they may have the seven months' subscriptions (new) beginning with the June number, for 60c each. Three new yearly subscriptions for \$3. Let us hear from you at once, please. When moving, please send us your new address promptly. If removal notice comes thru the post office, we have to pay extra for it.

"In the still air the music lies unheard,  
 In the rough marble beauty hides unseen,  
 To wake the music and the beauty, needs  
 The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.  
 Great Master, touch us with Thy skillful hand,  
 Let not the music that is in us die,  
 Great Sculptor, hew and polish us, nor let  
 Hidden and lost, Thy form within us lie."

## Social Vice

*A Repetition of the Days of Sodom*

Evangelist Loren B. Staats in the Stone Church Convention

**W**E ARE living in momentous times, when tremendous events are taking place all around us. The problems that we are facing are greater than ever before—political, moral and spiritual crises. Civilization is sinking—not one hundred years from now, or fifty years, but it is sinking underneath our very feet at this present time.

The editors of our great dailies have been endeavoring to solve our problems, but no sooner do they strike the bottom of one when a more difficult one looms up. At the present time we have many philosophers who are endeavoring to blind the eyes of the people, telling us that the world is growing better, that we are fast pushing into the millennium, that we shall soon be turning our swords into plow-shares, and that man will become righteous because of the wisdom he has received thru his learning. But I should like to say that our only source of information as to the future is between the lids of the Bible. Every one of the writers of this Book tells us that dark times are coming; not one has prophesied good times ahead. We find that Isaiah spent a whole lifetime writing largely of dark hours that were to come. Ezekiel depicted the conditions of the last days. He took up the war phase of it, saying that it would take seven months to bury the dead from the great battle that would be fought, and that so great would be the destruction of machinery which they would use, that it would take seven years to burn up the wood. Daniel wrote a book in which he gave us a picture of the coming Antichrist, who is called the Beast, and then he closes his book by saying that there never was a time like that which is coming nor ever would be.

We find also that the New Testament writers have all depicted a coming dark hour upon the earth. James takes up the financial side, telling how men shall hoard up money, and then how they would weep and howl for the misery that their gold would bring upon them. Today we find the rich "howling" because of their wealth. Go to Hollywood, California, and find the people who lived in luxury. Today they are in their fine homes with bars over the windows; they are virtually in prison; their money has brought misery upon them. Then we have seen

the rich in Russia, in Spain, and thruout the whole world destroying their lives because of the misery which their gold has brought upon them. James also tells us that the hire of the laborers shall be held back, and that the poor will be in want, crying to the "Lord of Sabbath." Tonight there are seven million people in the United States going to bed hungry, and four million others merely existing. Paul takes up the levity of the human race and in 2 Tim. 3:1 he cries, "In the last days perilous times shall come, for men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, truce-breakers, false accusers, incontinent," etc.

But here in our Scripture lesson Jesus tells us that in the last days we shall have the same conditions which existed in Noah's day; and not only that, but a reign of the combined conditions both in Noah's day and the time of Sodom and Gomorrah. God's wrath was poured out then because of licentiousness and immorality. And now Jesus utters the amazing words that we will have a combined reign of both of these conditions in the last days. That doesn't sound as tho the world would get better.

If we would know what took place in the days of Noah, we must go to the Book of Genesis, and there we find that violence was in the earth; it was an age of racketeering and sin of every known sort. If we would know what took place in the days of Sodom and Gomorrah, turn to chapters 18 and 19 of the same Book. Abraham was sitting in his tent door when three heavenly beings came toward him, one was the Lord and the others were angels. The minute Abraham saw them he recognized them as heavenly beings, bowed in the dust, welcomed them into his tent, and after some conversation concerning the coming of Isaac, the Lord told Abraham He purposed to destroy the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah because of their wickedness. The two angels went into Sodom to make an investigation but Abraham thought of his nephew, Lot, down there, and pleaded with the Lord not to destroy the city. As the angels drew near, Lot was sitting in the gate of Sodom. He recognized them as heavenly beings and invited them in, and after some persuasion

they followed Lot into his house. Say, Sodom was on trial that night, but how little she realized it! This city may be on trial tonight but how little these millions realize how near we are to the end!

The men of Sodom came to Lot's door and demanded that the angels be brought forth. Lot did everything he could to save them, and finally the angels smote the people with blindness. The angels saw the sinful, lusty condition of the people, and said to Lot, "Get out of here as quickly as possible. The city is to be destroyed." Lot and two of his daughters made their escape, but all the rest perished. So evil was the condition of Sodom and Gomorrah that their names have become synonyms for licentiousness and depravity.

The Lord said we would have a repetition of the days of Sodom and Gomorrah, in the last generation, which is the present age. It began in 1901. We went into the mechanical age then. Why is it we didn't have the radio, the wireless, and the many other inventions before? These things were preserved for this age and we are living in the days of the fulfillment of these words. This Bible is more timely tonight than ever before. It covers the hour in which we are living. In 1901 we began to have a reign of lust. In 1905 Theodore Roosevelt discovered that the United States was fast becoming a "red light" district from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and that thousands and millions of dollars were being spent in the white slave traffic, and he determined to put an end to it. He saw that our nation was sinking into that dreadful sin, so he enforced the "Mann Act" which checked the sin for a time and broke up the white slave market. But today the traffic is as prevalent as ever.

We are living in a day when folk care little or nothing about the law. They fear neither our police nor our judiciary. Men are not afraid to get into a car with a machine gun and ride down the streets of this city defying all the police. They are not afraid of our jails; they take a wooden gun and walk right out to liberty. They take the bit in their teeth and go the limit.

Last year sixty-two thousand girls under the age of 22 disappeared in the United States. They disappeared as if the earth swallowed them up. Where have they gone? Some time ago a friend and I were on our way to Virginia to a campmeeting. After crossing the river at Cincinnati we stopped at a tourist camp for the night. The following morning about four

o'clock we prepared to leave. When we got to the cafeteria we saw two men with two young girls, about 14 and 15 years old. They were teaching them to smoke cigarettes, and by their talk I was positive these girls were neither sisters nor wives. After we had gone along the highway a distance we saw these men with the girls ahead of us, riding in an old dilapidated coupe which bore a Michigan license. The girls were sitting on the men's knees, and I said to my friend that if they were my daughters I would certainly want someone to intervene. So I told him to drive around the car, go as fast as possible and when we got to the first town I would tell the sheriff. He did as I requested, and when we crossed over into Kentucky I enquired for the sheriff and was told he was the postmaster of the town. The folk in Kentucky have principle and great respect in their hearts for real womanhood. When I told the sheriff about it, he at once put on his belt and stationed himself at the intersecting streets where we felt sure the car would pass on the highway, and when the coupe came up, he stopped it, got the girls out and sent them back home, thus saving them from ruin.

While conducting a meeting in the Patomac District, late one evening a girl came into the service who was "making" her way to the Southland. She had been put out of a car by someone who had brought her thus far and then a man had picked her up and invited her to come to the service. She said she didn't care for the Bible or for Christ, adding, "My home is in Philadelphia, but I am headed for the South. I am out for a good time." The man, after much persuasion, got her to come; she heard the message on the popular sins of the day, came to the altar and gave her heart to God. Then she went back home. Just recently, while in Philadelphia, that girl came and told me how she had been saved in my meeting, and had returned home. She introduced her sister to me, a nurse in a hospital, who had come that night to give her heart to God. Dear friends, this Bible is the only Book that can pacify the heart that is in a state of unrest, bring a man to God and put moral character into his being.

Recently in New York City, a certain car going down the street suddenly had something go wrong with it, and the driver ran up to the curbing. A policeman standing near supposed the man to be drunk and went to arrest him, but found him sober. The driver said, "There is nothing wrong, only my gear has gone bad."

The policeman said, "Sir, let me see your driver's license." While he was getting the license, a young lady sitting in the seat grabbed the policeman's arm and said, "Save me. This man has taken me from my home and is on his way to Boston with me." I wonder if some mother, praying back in the hill country, was not the means of that man running up on the curbing. There is power in prayer.

Recently, in an Indiana city, a group of men raided a questionable house and found it full of young women. The oldest was 17 and the youngest 14, and when asked how they got there, they said, "We were brought here thru smoking cigarettes. We woke up and found ourselves in this place." You may think it is smart to smoke, but let me tell you that they have doped cigarettes now which cost \$10 a package. Young men give these to young girls and they make them insensible, so that they do not know where they are.

My brother lives on a farm right off the main highway, and not long ago a young lady knocked at his door at two o'clock in the morning. When they opened the door the young lady said, "What time is it?" My brother said, "It is two o'clock." "What day is it?" she asked. He told her it was Tuesday. The girl said, "Could you get me home? Here it is Tuesday and I left my home last Sunday. My people do not know where I am." She was beautifully dressed but her life had been wrecked thru those poisonous cigarettes. May God help us to realize the danger of trifling with such things! The safest remedy is to let the Lord save you, and you will thank the Lord every day that He pulled you out of the ways of sin.

The evidence that we are living in the days of Sodom and Gomorrah is all around us. Mothers, fathers, your son and daughter are facing conditions which you have never known, and which they can never overcome without the help of God. We are living in an entirely new age from what our folk lived in, 25 years ago. Then, men and women acted in a respectable way, but today things are sadly changed. Our fair ladies cried for emancipation. They said, "Give us the right to vote and we will vote in a reign of righteousness." It was given to them and what have they done? They have put a cigarette in their mouth and instead of pulling the world out of its immoral condition they have fallen right in line with this licentious age.

Home used to be a place of confidences, a

place where we loved one another, but today it is just a lodging place. Even the songs have changed. Today the classics and the sweet old melodies have been replaced by jazz, tall songs come creeping out with a twist to them like a serpent from the underbrush. It is the same with literature. Some magazines are not fit to be taken into a home, and men and women who want to be decent will not read them. The publishers know what the natural mind craves and they prepare literature to feed the depraved mind. This is true also of pictures; the days of real art are gone, and it is supplanted by pictures of young men and women in bathing suits or otherwise scantily clad, with a cigarette in their mouths.

Fifty years ago, if a man was found smoking cigarettes in the presence of ladies he would have been looked down upon, but things have changed today. I learned that The American Tobacco Co. last year appropriated four million dollars for the purpose of putting a sign-board on every street corner in the U.S. About three years ago there appeared on these sign boards a man smoking cigarettes, and down in the corner was a package of them, with the words, "I would walk a mile for a Camel." Of course, if the cigarette gets hold of you, you will walk five miles for one. To be addicted to cigarettes is equivalent to being a dope fiend, and if you are addicted to them, you cannot deny it. They have the mastery over you; your very lungs are saturated with the poison. But when God saves you, He takes it all out. But to continue—the sign boards, too, have changed. The next year they came out with a man sitting close to a woman. How subtle these things are! He was blowing the smoke over her face, and as she got the smell she said, "I wish I were a man." The following year the man was out altogether, and instead there were two girls. The one said to the other, "Not a cough in a carload." Yes, the women of today have gone to smoking. When you go into a restaurant it is impossible to sit where you do not get the smoke of a cigarette. Only God knows what the outcome will be for the mothers of our future generation. One clinic sent out the report that children born of cigarette-smoking mothers would die by the time they reached the age of one year.

We went into a confectionery store to have ice-cream, and across the way from us was a young man with two girls. They were blowing smoke right in his face. He looked over at

me, smiling, but when he got one look from me, he never turned our way again. We need to protest against these things. If a woman sits down by me in a restaurant and smokes a cigarette, I propose to leave what I am eating and walk right out of her presence. I lose all respect for a woman who will smoke a cigarette and I am sure she has lost all respect for herself.

Is there any hope for our youth? I believe the mothers and fathers of this generation are not guiltless. They have failed to have the family altar in their homes, and their children have been deprived of the spiritual help they needed. We are facing a dark hour and we need God in our homes. I have a daughter and I am responsible for bringing her into this world. I will have to measure up to this Word as a father if I expect her to measure up to it. But if I go to the bathing-beaches she will be sure to go there too. If the mother is a dance-hall Lizzie, the daughter will no doubt be one also. It is my duty as a father to set a good example for my child. I could not do this in my natural self, and for that reason I have been born again and filled with the Holy Spirit, that I might live a godly, virtuous life before the Lord.

How are you living tonight? Much of the condition of the young people can be laid at our own doors. Many young people have never had a chance to live a better life. Down in Ohio, a boy, the youngest boy ever electrocuted, was awaiting his final end in the State Prison. Some newspaper reporters went to see him to find how it happened that he was going to the chair at such a tender age. To their questions the boy answered, "Seventeen years ago my father was electrocuted in this prison, and I am now about to sit in the same chair in which he sat. I was just three years old when my father was electrocuted and after that my mother put me into an institution. They were not very good to me and when I got big enough I ran away. I got into bad company and held up a jeweler's store. I shot a policeman and now, seventeen years after my father was electrocuted I am doomed to die. In sixty days they will turn the power on me." If he had had a father and mother who had instilled into him this Word and prayed with him, he never would have had that end.

Lot made his mistake when he pitched his tent toward Sodom. He left Abraham, left the family altar. Abraham was a man of prayer; he built an altar, saved his family, and became

the father of a great nation. May God help us to bring up our children in the fear of the Lord. Our only safety is a close walk with God.

### **Palestine, the Cockpit**

According to the "Prophetic News" the Marquis of Hartington, in a speech before the Anglo-Palestinian Club, made the following statement: "If another great war breaks out, Palestine will be the cockpit of it; it was only by chance that it was not the cockpit of the last war." He went on to say that a secure, stable and national government in Palestine is essential for the interest of England, the peace of the world, and of humanity.

The book of Revelation tells us that the greatest battle of the age will be fought at Armageddon in Palestine. Rev. 16:16; 19:11-21. —*The Advent Herald*.

### **Translated**

Mrs. Vida Baer, who has had a precious ministry both in the home and mission fields, went to be with the Lord on March 21st, after only a few hours' sickness.

Mrs. Baer spent some years in Palestine with Miss Laura Radford, supporting herself when on the field. Miss Radford said to us recently, "Oh how I will miss her! God knows how I will miss her!" Whether at home or on the mission field she was whole-heartedly intent on working for God's kingdom. In a letter to Miss Radford a short time before her death she wrote of how she was longing to be with the Lord. For her, "to die is gain."

### **A Good Recipe**

Dr. Martin Luther gives the following recipe. Follow directions carefully and success is guaranteed.

Take 5 ounces of sorrow, 15 ounces of temperance, 125 pounds of purity, 10 ounces of patience, 125 pounds of humility, and 30 pounds of liberality.

Mix all the ingredients well, put into a mortar of strength, pour in a quart of hope, boil in the pan of righteousness, over a fire of Christian love, stir often thoroughly with devout prayer, to prevent the appearance of the scum of vanity.

Use this preparation three times a day to secure growth in grace and godliness.

## God's Indictment against the Shirking Christian

*Does Your Life Exude a Fragrance?*

Pastor Niels P. Thomsen in the Stone Church

*Moab hath been at ease from his youth, and he hath settled on his lees, and hath not been emptied from vessel to vessel, neither hath he gone into captivity: therefore his taste remaineth in him, and his scent is not changed.* Jer. 48:11.



IN THIS prophecy Jeremiah brings to our attention one who has grown stale in his experience. We dislike anything that has become stale and has lost its freshness. Moab had an experience of that kind and we want to see from the Word just what it was that caused him to become stale in his experience.

God's first indictment against Moab was that he was at ease. There are many people who think that this Christian life is a place where you can rest on your oars and that it is not necessary to do anything. It is true that as far as our salvation is concerned there is nothing we can do but to accept the Lord Jesus Christ, and the moment we give Him a place in our hearts and lives the new birth takes place and we are started on the way that will lead us to glory. But we are expected to work for the Master. He is depending upon us for some things, and the person who settles down and takes life easy, without any urge from within, reads a verse or two a day from the Bible, and prays a few minutes a day to make sure he has a semblance of Christianity, is certainly not working at it. How lazy one becomes at times in the Christian warfare! How little we do to grow in Christ! If we had worked that way in our school studies we would never have completed the course but would still be in the second or third grade. And if we put only as much effort into the learning of a trade or the making of a piece of furniture, as we do in Christian work, we wouldn't get very far. God is looking for workers today. But many there are who just sit at ease in Zion, resting upon an experience that they had years ago, and making excuses for the lack of growth by saying someone has done this, that, or the other thing. "*Moab hath been at ease from his youth.*" No one ever gets anywhere by being at ease; your business, your job, will not be yours long if you are at ease; and let me say, if we are to make our Christian life amount to something, we will have to work at it.

I suppose one of the reasons that this world

doesn't care much about churches is because so many Christians have been at ease and there is nothing tasty or fragrant about our Christianity. The world fails to see the Christians working at their task; they work at everything else but as far as the Christian experience is concerned they settle down to a life of comfort in some nice church, rest in some comfortable pew, drop a little money into the basket and then depend upon what the preacher gives them for their knowledge of the Word of God. As long as they are Christian in name they are satisfied. The world can go on in its mad course, the church can drop lower and lower in its experience, but it makes no difference to them. They never give themselves to prayer or to the study of the Word. They are too lazy to spend time upon their knees; they are too much at ease to study what God has to say concerning some things. They settle down into an easy Christian life and the first thing we know they are backslidden. I never heard of anyone backsliding who was really working for God. When David sinned it was on the day he stayed home from the battle and took life easy, lounging on his roof garden—then it was that Satan came and tempted him.

We forget that this Christian life is a warfare, a real battle, hence we settle down and take it easy. How delightfully simple the devil makes it and what an array of scriptures he can bring to us proving that we have nothing to do! that all we need is to sit back and let God take us through! But unless we are faithful in prayer, faithful in searching our Bibles, and in the place where God can work in us, He can never take us through. I don't know whether your experience varies from mine, but I never got very far in God by taking things easy and thinking all would work out right. The time I began to make progress in God was when I took a deep interest in searching for His will concerning me, and doing all I could to see that His will was being wrought out in me. It is only as you and I are diligent that God will ever be able to do anything for us. May God make us workers.

Another indictment against Moab was that he had settled on his lees. He brings us a picture from the making of wine. As they press

the juice from the grape and put this juice into a container in which fermentation begins, there is always a little sediment that gathers in the bottom, and if the wine is allowed to stand it becomes insipid and tasteless. It is of little value for the reason that the sediment has robbed it of its goodness; it is not clear and sparkling anymore. I am bringing to you a picture as God brings it to us here: that of a person who has settled down with all the sediment within him. When we were first saved there were many things in us that could be compared to this sediment, things that mar our experience with God and should have no place in our lives. If we could have gone along with no one to trouble us that sediment at the bottom would not have manifested itself, but let someone stir us up and say something that hurts and up comes the sediment to mar all our experience. We looked "clear" before and had a pleasant smile, and folk thought we were just lovely until they happened to step on our toes and then they found we were entirely different. What is the trouble? Sediment. Things that we kept carefully hidden were at the bottom all the time and came to the surface when we were stirred up. Here we are, settled on our lees, and these traits of character which we claim are inherited from our forefathers, these characteristics for which we claim we are not responsible because they have come through heredity, these are but sediment in our experience; they will settle and one of these days, unless we get rid of them in the Name of the Lord, they will get the best of us. Let us not keep them lying there ready to be stirred at any moment.

A person told me soon after I came into Pentecost, that one thing they always noticed about Pentecostal folk was that so many faults were always coming to the surface; they never knew of any other work where so many failures were shown up as among Pentecostal people. It rather puzzled me for a time but God spoke to my heart and I went back to this person and said, "You know I am really happy for what you said; I am glad that in the Pentecostal Movement these things come to the surface. It is much better than if they always stayed hidden for then we would not know how to get rid of them." Some churches are so dead and frozen that the things at the bottom never show up; but that doesn't mean they are not there. I am glad that God comes along and shakes us up and lets us realize what is in us so that we can

get our lives clarified by the blood of Jesus.

Another indictment which He brings is that he has not been "emptied from vessel to vessel." This is God's method of separating us from the *lees*, from the *sediment* which is so harmful. Have you ever been emptied? I feel sorry for the Christian who doesn't know what that experience is. It is not pleasant while you are passing through it, but it is very beautiful after all. It is God's method of bringing out that which He desires to reveal to the praise of His glory. These things that have fastened themselves upon us can never be gotten rid of until God begins His emptying process; He *strains* us, so to speak. They tell me that the wine which was of greatest value was that which, after it had stood for a time, to separate it from the lees, was carefully strained and then emptied into another vessel. This is still the method used back in the Assyrian hills and on the hillsides of Palestine just as in the days when this was written. Then if the wine was to become of still greater value there would follow *another* straining process. Do you know anything about being emptied? I suppose it is one of the hardest processes we have to endure, but without it we will never be of much value for God. I do not know what God has to empty you of but I know the emptying process He put me through before He could do very much for me, but it was all worth while.

Sometimes it is a home of which He empties you, a friend, perhaps a church or it may be some experience in your life and then again it may be something you prize above everything else. Anything that is keeping us from God must be emptied out before we can be used of God. When a friend came along and said he would have nothing more to do with you because you wanted to go on with God it hurt, but that was God's emptying process. When a Christian rebuked you and you felt your friendship severed, that was God's emptying process. When you found yourself walking all alone, with not a single person understanding the deep thoughts of your heart, it was God's method of emptying. It is a lovely thing to be emptied. When I came this Pentecostal way God emptied. The church which I had loved and known since childhood, and those in the home misunderstood, but I was being emptied. Close friends turned away and I had to make new friends, but I thank God for the new fellowships He has given me, and that many of the old ones have come back on a new basis of



friendship. It pays to go through with God and be emptied. It is one of the processes He has to put us through. Jesus went outside the gate and suffered alone. We may have to be alone as far as friends are concerned but we need never be separated from God. How did we receive the Baptism of the Spirit? When God emptied us so He could fill us. How did we press on in God and receive more from Him? When He emptied us.

You remember Abraham, that wonderful man of faith. There was a day when God felt it necessary to empty Abraham and separate him from Isaac. God had given Isaac; he was by the promise of God, His gift to Abraham, coming through His miraculous power. No one would question that. And yet the day came when God said, "Abraham, come up on the hill top; I must take Isaac from you." That precious gift from God was to be put on the altar, and he would be made the laughing stock of all the nations round about. Abraham could have said, "But God, You gave Isaac to me and You cannot take him away now." That is the way we Pentecostal people would talk—"Why Lord, it would make us a reproach to all the people round about if You took this away." But God's command is to empty out. What did He do then? He gave Isaac back in a way that caused Abraham to say, "Now I have received him back from the dead as it were," and he had Isaac back on a new basis. And Isaac had his father again but he was a different father; there had sprung up a new relationship out of the emptying process.

Another indictment was this: "neither hath he gone into captivity." "Oh," you say, "I have been made free! 'He whom the Son makes free is free indeed,' and 'Where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty.'" We make large boasts about our liberty; we speak of Free Methodists and Free Pentecostal people and free this and that. Let me tell you something—we are all captives; if we are not in the coils of the devil then we are in the toils of the Lord. Every one of us is serving one of two masters; none of us are masters and none are free. We have a choice of masters and in this lies our freedom but that is all. We are all slaves and if we are not servants of the enemy of our souls we are slaves of the Lord. But we find many like Moab who refuse to go into the Lord's captivity; they wrestle and rebel. They are always resisting. He speaks here about *going into captivity*. The language is that which

calls for voluntary action on the part of the captive. Have you gone into captivity? Has rebellion been taken out of your heart?

You remember the story of the slave and the master as told back in Exodus. Moses, in giving the law said, "Now there may be a servant who, when his master says, 'You can walk out a free man' may say, 'But I love this place and I love my master and want to serve him forever, so while I have the privilege of walking free, I willingly go into captivity.'" Then the master takes him to the door post and pierces through his ear with an awl which was the sign of his voluntary captivity, and he was to serve his master to the end of his days. Moab's indictment was that he refused to go in. He failed at the crucial moment. Why is it that folk fail just at the moment of consecration? when they are under conviction and God has been speaking to their hearts? I am persuaded that it is a question of surrender. I dare say that our greatest trouble is some unsundered thing in our hearts; some self-will, some little pleasure, something we feel we can keep and still be Christians. We refuse to go into complete captivity because we want to keep that little thing that hinders. You say, "I think I have fulfilled my duty, I have done all that is required of a Christian. Yes, I met God back there and He filled me with His Spirit; I spoke in tongues and God has used me many times; I pay my tithes, am kind and try to help others." It sounds almost like the prayer that the Pharisee made in the temple.

You remember what was said about the ideal servant: after he had plowed all day in the field, out in the master's work, when he came home what should be his first duty? Should it be to get himself some supper? No. He had done his duty but that was not sufficient; he was to say, "Now what more can I do for you? Can I not prepare supper for you and after you have had all you require perhaps there will be something left for me." Is not that the attitude of a true servant? Our difficulty is that we are trying to get along in this Christian walk with as little surrender, with as little giving up as possible, so that we will not lose our semblance of victory, so that people can still say we are Pentecostal. It is the wrong attitude. Instead of that it should be, How much closer to the Lord can we come? How much deeper can be our sacrifice? What more can we give up? Oh I fear we are failing in this Christian walk! We believe that God has come down to snatch

us from hell, that He gave Eternal Life, and all we can think of is "never perishing," and getting to heaven. May the Lord give us a greater conception of the Christian life. Let us ask ourselves, How can I live in greater victory? Can I be more yielded than I have been? Is it possible for me to be still more emptied?

When we reach the other side, having been saved from hell will be a comparatively small thing to the glories that God has for the fully consecrated Christian. It is a wonderful thing to be saved from sin, I would not discount that in the least, but oh the rewards for those who will go thru and glorify God with their whole being! Let us go into captivity to Him this day. But do you realize what it will mean? That you will have nothing left. I know some folk truly consecrated who are proud of the fact that they give a tenth of their time in prayer, a tenth of their money which has meant real sacrifice on their part. I would not speak disparagingly of this, but when you go into captivity to the Lord you give your all; *all your time, all your money, all your strength*. Everything you have is at His beck and call, everything awaits His orders. How many of us will go into captivity on that basis?

Now the inspired writer says that because of these conditions in Moab some things were discovered. We cannot always see the process whereby a person backslides, and we do not know why folk become cold and indifferent. God alone knows that. It is impossible for me to know whether you are settling on your lees or not. I cannot search out the deep recesses and understand the intents of your soul, and it is difficult for me to say positively or not whether you are emptied, or if you have gone into captivity. Your own heart knows that, and yet there are some things that evidence your spiritual condition. We cannot hide things very long, and the moment we become cold and indifferent the evidence is there that lapses have taken place in our lives. We may fool the world for a time, but sooner or later the fruit of such a life is discovered, for we read, "therefore his taste remaineth in him." In other words he had become insipid. No one cares for him. There is no music in his testimony; there is no ring in it. Yes, the words are the same, the truths are the same but they do not register in the hearts of the hearers. Do you know any folk like that? There is no fault to find with the doctrine or the manner in which it is presented but the testimony fails to impress. What has

happened? The taste is not there and within ourselves we ask the questions, "Brother, have you been at ease?" "Sister, have you settled upon your lees?" "Friend, have you refused to be emptied?" "Beloved, have you failed to go into captivity?" May God help us not to be insipid, so that folk who hear us will recognize the true ring in what we say and not simply hear words. How is it with you this afternoon? Does the world desire a life like yours after they have watched you through the day or must they say, "If he only didn't do thus and so we might believe in his Christianity." When they measure you with your testimony what do they find?

Another result is, "*his scent is not changed.*" There is no longer any fragrance in your life; it has become soured. Whenever you meet with folk you are complaining or criticising. What has happened? You have settled upon something from which you should be separated. You have gone back to some beggarly elements of the world to which you once said goodbye, or you are refusing to be emptied. But you say, "Well surely if I come to the Lord I ought to have more friends and I ought to be more esteemed." Not necessarily. Think of Jesus: they gathered around Him for a while but the emptying process went on till finally He marched up Golgotha's Hill *alone* with only a stranger to help carry His cross. But you say, "That was Jesus." Then take Paul. They gathered about him for a time but when he got to the end of the journey he wrote, "Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present evil world." The crowds are not around him and at last they lead him out to Rome where they behead him, all alone, with just a few soldiers about him. Misunderstood? Oh yes, it may not always be the popular way, it may cost you something but let me urge you to go thru with God. The days which remain in which to work for Him are so few and in the light of His soon coming will it not be a glorious thing to be wholly His! Altogether His captive! Not a single thing withheld from Him!

There is a day coming when you are to be tested and it will then be discovered just how fragrant your life has been. As the test is applied God grant that He will say, "Here is one who gave up his all," or "Here is one who made the complete surrender." In that day, if there is one word I long to hear Him say above another it is this, "*He went into captivity for Me; He went on to serve Me.*" May God grant that you and I may hear those precious words.

## The Get Acquainted Page

Conducted by *Watson Argue*

Presenting the story of Calvary Church, Wilmington, Delaware, of which Ralph P. Hughey is pastor. Brother and Sister Watson Argue conducted a month's campaign here early this year.

FOLLOWING several years of prayer, asking God for guidance and help, fifty-three members banded themselves together with one thought in mind, to establish another Full Gospel Church in the city of Wilmington.

God opened the way and on March 31, 1932, a small room was rented on the third floor of the Odd Fellow's Temple, Tenth and King Streets. The Lord began working in this room and new people were constantly coming in. Six months from the time of the opening service, it became necessary to obtain a larger place in order to accommodate those attending.



Ralph P. Hughey, Pastor

The large auditorium on the main floor of the building was secured. This auditorium has a seating capacity of several hundred persons and is equipped with class rooms to accommodate the various classes of the Sunday School. These class rooms are also used for prayer rooms during the after services.

Calvary Church is truly a missionary church. The regular monthly missionary offering goes to Chapra, India, for the support of the work there and the Sunday School missionary offerings are sent to Persia, that the Gospel of Christ may be preached to the people of that country.

Sixty-five new members were added to Calvary Church in 1933 and a large number have been received this year. The work has constantly grown, so that now, about two hundred and fifty persons claim this as their church home.

God has wonderfully blessed the work from its beginning, numbers being saved and filled with the Spirit right along. At the first baptismal service, thirty-six were immersed, seven of these being members of one family.

Brother Ralph P. Hughey is the pastor. His faithfulness to his people and to the Gospel he preaches has meant much for the success of the

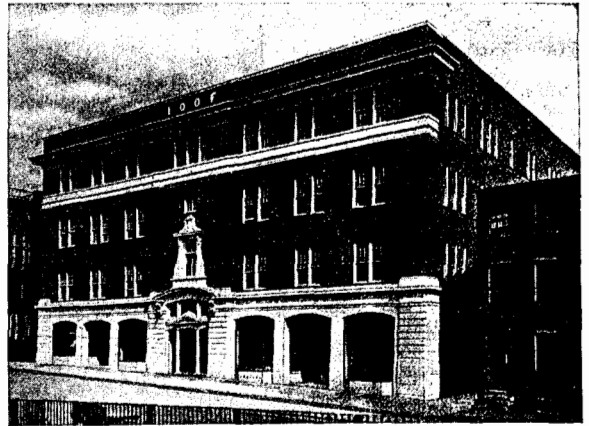
work. He is ably assisted by Sister Hughey who especially helps with the visitation work.

In July of 1933, the officials of Calvary Church met with the officials of the Eastern District Council of the Assemblies of God, and as a result the church came into the fellowship of the Council.

One important department of the work is the Sunday School which is showing a steady growth. The orchestra, composed of Christian young people, also contributes to the success of the church.

The members of Calvary Church have an evangelistic vision and launch several revival campaigns each year. These campaigns have been very fruitful, and the city of Wilmington is being made to feel the force of this strong, spiritual influence within its borders.

The rapid progress made by this enterprising church from fifty-three to two hundred and fifty in two years' time is a shining example to other new assemblies. It shows what faith,



The I.O.O.F. building in Wilmington is the home of Calvary Church. The services are held in a large auditorium seating several hundred located on the main floor.

prayer and consecrated effort can accomplish. The Argues greatly enjoyed their month's campaign in this new and thriving work.

“The good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished for; but the good things which belong to adversity are to be admired.”

## The Pulse of a Dying World

By Evangelist Wm. Booth-Clibborn

**Depression** without DE and I spells PRESS ON!

**Spiritists** in England number one million with 400 churches.

**Soviet Suicides.** Moscow and Leningrad had 8000 in 1933, over ten a day for each city.

**1933 Tornadoes,** 44 in 18 states killed 326, injured 2755, wrecked 6700 homes.

**Demonocracy.** "Bolshevism is not democracy, it's demonocracy." —*Armenian General Njdek.*

**Scriptures Spread.** The Bible may now be obtained in 936 different languages and dialects.

**Dying Democracy.** "In 10 years we may see the end of the English Parliamentary system." —*Winston Churchill.*

**Bible Bullets.** It took a ton of lead to kill one man in the World War; one word of Christ may bring man ETERNAL LIFE!

**"Without Natural Affection."** In Alencon, France, Mr. and Mrs. Berthalet starved their baby to death—"he was too ugly to look at."

**Another Falling Away.** "But 400,000 of the U.S.A.'s 4 million Jews observe rabbinical practice," says Dr. Lemad, "the number daily dwindles."

**Counterfeiting Curse.** Arrests of counterfeiters have trebled since 1930. 3,000 were taken in 1933, and \$1,000,000 bogus money seized. "Coveteous." (2 Tim. 3:4).

**Civilized Childbirth.** "In this country 16,000 women a year lose their lives in childbirth, 10,000 of those deaths are needless," cried Yale's Doctor Wilcox Haggard.

**Devil Worship** is popular in Paris where there are 4 temples of Satan; only the initiated are admitted. England has 2, in London and Brighton. The U.S.A. has 6; 2 are discontinued.

**Disastrous Drift.** "If this drift to competitive armaments continues, another disastrous war will inevitably result," said Newton D. Baker. The drift is inspired by an "invisible intelligence."

**Oberammergau.** Passion Play pageantry degenerates into the most disgusting travesties of truth; the oldest of them is to be exploited by the Nazis of Germany to revive the trade and *business of Bavaria* this year.

**Tokyo's Resurrection.** In 10 years Tokyo has been rebuilt. 240,000 new buildings, 120 large and

small highways, 4 new parks, and over 100 new schools, with 8 immense bridges and above 400 lesser, all at a cost of \$500,000,000.

**Last President.** "Mr. President," said a visitor to the White House, "if your program succeeds, you will be the greatest president in American History. If it fails, you will be the worst." "If it fails," said President Roosevelt, "I shall be the last."

**Mormons & Mistakes.** "The Latter-Day Saints Church does not make mistakes." So speaks patriarchal, 77 years old, Heber Jedediah Grant, first president for 16 years of the Mormon Church to the 104th annual conference, before 12,000 "saints" in Salt Lake City, Utah.

**Roosevelt Vie Russia.** With a tripled wheat acreage under cultivation this year, Russia anticipates an enormous crop. Whereas A.A.A. reports 68 million spent to reduce the U.S. wheat crop for 1934. Universal drought has blighted the Middle West, shrinking it further by 200,000 bushels.

**Another Dictator.** By a Coup d'Etat, the Bulgarian army has seized control of the country with the usual pretext of putting down Communism. Bulgaria's military dictatorship raises King Boris to the rank of a despot. To form the ten king confederacy prophesied by the Revelation, more dictators are needed.

**Gassed New York.** Professor Langevin recently declared in Paris: "Today 100 airplanes, each carrying one ton of poison bombs abroad, would suffice to envelop Paris or New York in gas clouds, 60 feet high. This operation could be performed in the space of one hour; if no wind should come to the rescue the city is simply annihilated."

**Soviet Sunday Schools.** Hundreds of children gather every Sunday in the U.S. Communistic Sunday Schools. One of their songs, a parody to "The Light of the World is Jesus," reads "The whole world at last is beginning to see That the blight of the world is Jesus; Like sunshine at noon day, free thought has shown me That the blight of the world is Jesus."

**United Arabia.** Ibn Saud, King of Saudi Arabia, who in turn has subjugated most Arabian tribes by marrying 110 Sheiks' daughters and conquering all Hejaz and lately Yemen now threatens a campaign against Jordania and Palestine. Asir and Oman are in danger of his hard riding hordes whose modern armies flushed with victory are a fulfillment of the revival of Ishmael interests prophesied in Scripture.

**Society of Jesus.** Because of their past tyranny, bigotry, and inquisitorial practices, the Jesuits have long been exiled from France, Norway, Portugal, Russia, Sweden and Mexico. Lately they have been suppressed in their stronghold, Spain, yet are spreading in the British Isles and the United States, where they number over 5,000. In England there are 4,000 Jesuits. In Canada and Australia they have doubled their numbers since 1900.

**Women and the Weed.** Mrs. Belle Rhynes attributes her long life of 123 years to the fact that she had smoked a pipe since she was a child of 11. This will delight the ladies who have taken so universally to the cigarette habit and the tobacco syndicates who, through their campaign of advertismen, picturing women in smoking postures, are seeking to increase the sale of the Indian leaf. But one Scripture consoles the smoker: "Let him that is filthy be filthy still."

**Larger and Larger.** The world's largest dirigible, the Zeppelin LZ-129, 6,720,000 cubic feet, is ready at Friedrichshafen, Germany. The construction of the world's largest liner, the monster 73,000-ton Cunarder, has been resumed. 4,200 workmen set to the task of completing it in record time. Just commissioned for the Pan-American air service the S.42, the first of six new clippers, the biggest ever built in the U. S. A. Wing span is 114 feet, length 76 feet, with tanks full, a crew of 5, and 32 passengers, weight 19 tons.

**"Arms" Across the Sea.** England has recently set aside 11,000,000 pounds to augment her national defense. This is such a gigantic increase over normal appropriations as to savor of a genuine arms race. "Five-sevenths of the expenditure of Great Britain now is for war and military purposes," said Viscount Snowden. Premier Doumergue served notice May 15, pushed through France's new 14,000,000,000 frank, largest in 6 years appropriations for defense. The Word of God reveals that at the last an insidious intelligence will work to draw the nations irresistibly toward the Niagara of Armageddon.

**Hitler's Tears.** Suffering a complete nervous breakdown in April, Hitler wept for hours while realizing the impasse Germany's financial and social situation has reached. His rest cruise on the North Sea failed to recuperate his powers. His return has meant nothing but stormy cabinet sessions, for all the Nazi leaders that surround him have abused their power, and the millions of poor and the factory workers are tiring of the swank and the whip-crack overbearing rule of the Swastika. "When every door is closed, there is still the door of war," shouted Adolf. 80 English airplane engines have recently been bought by Germany, 150 more are ordered.

**The Hoover Corner.** Four years ago the then President Hoover declared that prosperity was just around the corner. Everyone has been eagerly looking for that corner. Few people have any clear idea as to what said corner looks like. Could it be that we have passed it unaware? The National City Bank of New York reports that 1475 corporations show a net

profit of \$660,000,000 last year, as compared with a net deficit of \$97,000,000 for 1932. Our chief difficulty is that we have been bitten by the luxury bug. Nations can stand almost any adversity better than that of the debilitating, enervating, calamity of prosperity. The Word of God declares that, "In prosperity the destroyer shall come" (Jno. 15:21).

**Rome's Indulgences.** During the Holy Year of human redemption, celebrating the nineteenth hundredth anniversary of Christ's death, 1,200,000 Roman Catholic pilgrims gained full jubilee indulgence for their sins by visiting Rome's four great basilicas. The papal anniversary is generally admitted to be five years too late, for most scholars have concluded that Christ was born late in the year 5 B.C. or the 749th year of Rome. Our Lord could not have been born later because Herod who sought to have Him slaughtered, died the year following. Professor Gerhardt of Berlin surprises the world after years of study with a statement that Jesus Christ was born April 2 in the year 7 B.C., so the papal anniversary according to this is seven years too late. As to the indulgences, no one has power to forgive sin but Christ alone, and salvation by works is another Gospel which the Apostle Paul said was *Anathema Maranatha*.

**Mercies of the Wicked.** The Scripture says that "the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel" (Prov. 12:10). F. A. Tevanovsky, one of the best known Soviet aviators was painfully injured in the crash of his plane at Kaluchian Bay while flying to the rescue of 89 members of the Chelyuskin expedition stranded on the ice floes North on the east-most tip of Siberia. Since, Soviet pilots rescued the last six persons of the original party of 102 that were marooned in the Arctic. The ship Chelyuskin had been crushed in the ice on February 13 and sunk. What a travesty is this! Moscow will compass land and sea to succor a Namadic scientific party who had been probably better left at home whilst without a qualm of conscience the Bolsheviks have done four million to death by bullet, by boycott and abuse. Millions sacrificed to the Marxian political juggernaut without as much as an apology to decency. Christ said that our Father will give us bread, a fish and an egg, but Communism gives a stone, a stick and a scorpion. The stone is the figure of hardness, the stick of abuse, the scorpion of venom and disease.

**The Lost Glory.** The New Zealand Reaper unearthed a seventeenth century criticism of a twentieth century revival. "Even nature," says William Prynne, the Puritan, "abhors to see a woman shorne or polled. A woman with cut haire is much like a monster; and all repute it a very great absurdity for a woman to walke abroad with shorne haire; for this is all one as if she should take upon her the forme or person of a man, to whom short cut haire is proper; it being naturall and comly to women to nourish their haire, which even God and nature have given them for a covering, a token of subjection, and a naturall badge to distinguish them from men. Yet notwithstanding our English gentlewomen (as if they intended to turn men outright and wear the Breeches, or to become

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## This Prodigal Age

*Will a Famine Bring the World to Repentance?*

Richard Carmichael

*Scripture, Luke 15:11-24.*



**A**ATHER, *give me the portion of goods that falleth to me.*" Such has been the cry of this Twentieth Century. Degenerated humanity can only be satisfied as it possesses its portion. A spoiled child cavils unless it gets the whole sack of candy, not contented with a few pieces—so this prodigal age. Becoming dissatisfied with food and raiment it thirsted for the abundance. (1 Tim. 6:8.)

We were told that every family must have its automobile; every home its radio, etc. Every concern inserted in its advertisements, "No money down. Easy payment plan. Play as you pay." Everyone was howling, "*Give me my portion.*" The banker, the bootlegger, the politician, and the racketeer were getting rich; rolling in gold obtained thru greed and graft. The farmer, not contented with his 80 or his 160 acres inherited from his father, or earned thru years of hard toil, mortgaged it to buy another. Work was plentiful for the laboring class with a wage scale from \$5.00 to \$15.00 per day. Pacified preachers and politicians were preaching that the world was at the threshold of the reign of peace—the millennium. Thus the old prodigal Age was dizzy with prosperity as the sorrowing Heavenly Father emptied the resources of His love into the wanton hands of His prodigal child.

..*And not many days after he gathered all together and took his journey into a far country.*" A far country! Not one far distant geographically, but a country apart from the Father's presence. It is a settled fact that when people grow prosperous they journey from God. History yields abundant proof of this fact. Fullness of bread and idleness were the breeding places for Sodom's sin.

So we find the present Age in a far country. God's absence is pronounced. Men's thoughts are not Godward. (Rom. 1:28.) God's Book is legislated out of the schools; laughed out of the seminaries; lifted off the pulpit stands. Faith is a farce, so as a substitute we have philosophy—a philosophy that is filling the world with *probia*. Jesus is put on the shelf. Not by the sordid arguments of the Ingersolls but by the Satanic suppositions of the so-called

clergy of modern criticism. Church worship is substituted by suppers and theatrical performances. The choir is supplanted by the glee club. Every modern church must have its dramatic club to pep up its play and arrange its stage for its minstrel shows. The church is a place for sanctified sinning it seems. A society lady said to me recently, "Oh, did you know that I changed my church home?" "No I did not," I said, "What church did you join? and why?" "Oh," said she, "I united with the large . . . church. You see, I liked the social set better there." I happened by her house one day and upon seeing smoke rushing out an opened window I parked my car and was debating calling the fire department when, to my astonishment, I discovered it was only a bridge party and the ladies (?) had smoked themselves out and had opened the window for fresh air. Too bad I didn't get the fire wagon.

In the far country God is forgotten; worship is neglected; Bible study is discontinued; family prayer is impossible. Sin has cut the very taproot of our Christian experience. Neglect has snapped the chain of our mooring and has set us adrift upon the wild sea of destruction.

Once in the "far country" the prodigal Age "*wasted its substance with riotous living.*" Billions have been spent for pleasure. Humanity is bowing before the goddess Venus. Into the lap of lust the prodigal is pouring its treasures. (Isa. 55:2.) Follow these figures if in doubt: According to the Wickersham Commission crime costs America three million daily. The Commission placed the annual cost of crime to this country beyond a thousand million dollars. The Wickersham report contained a series of staggering statistics which showed a tremendous toll taken yearly by criminality.

We are told there were 105 billion cigarettes made in *one year*. This would make 49 strings of cigarettes to the moon if they were placed end to end and then enough would be left to encircle the earth twice. Forty-four million dollars are spent yearly by the tobacco companies to advertise their wares and think of the billions spent by the public to obtain its nicotine. Before prohibition over two billion dollars were spent for drink annually. Must we expect that

again this staggering amount will be squandered in this fashion?

*The New York Times* recently reported America's recreation bill, just before the depression set in, to be \$10,165,857,000. In a volume, *Americans At Play*, the author states that America's recreation during the last decade has been dominated by the automobile, the theatre, the radio, and competitive sports "organized on a grand scale following patterns set by the business world." Call to mind the countless sums spent for cosmetics and beauty aids and to this add the dollars spent for soft drinks and you will have a fortune that will make Henry Ford's look like a Sunday School collection.

Thousands are daily casting their dimes and dollars to the cinema dragon. The Jesters, the Jazzers, and the Hollywood Jaugernauts demand too much for benefits delivered. It seems absurd that a comedian should receive more salary in one week than a bank president in a year; that a whining blues' singer demands more remuneration than a high school principal; that Mr. Gene Tunney amassed over two million dollars in his short fistic career.

In times of prosperity the prodigal became a profligate and a spendthrift. Extravagance on every hand. Vice proclaimed a virtue. Murder, divorce, and law-breaking captured the headlines of our dailies. Bill boards became ablaze with sex propaganda. While this prodigal Age, growing more dizzy, crazed with the intoxication of plenty, forgot to peep into its fast-vanishing purse. Alas, one day it awoke to find itself bankrupt. Bankrupt! The board of trade crashed. The country staggered under the penalty of a misspent fortune. Smash! Bang!! The bottom fell out of everything. Bank doors automatically closed. Elderly couples, who dreamed of a pleasant sunset of life free from financial worries, found themselves paupers. Life time savings swept away. The prodigal was doomed.

*"After he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want."* Poor Prodigal! He looks back to the time of his plenty. Memory tortures him. "Fool, was I," says he. "If I had only what I then wasted." An empty pocket-book; an empty cupboard; an empty stomach. Children crying for bread. Thousands of Russians dying for hunger. Famine stalking the Far East. England and America with their hunger-marchers. Mortgages taking the land from the farm-

er. Factories forced to close for lack of orders. Home owners closed out. Families with plenty a short time ago now depend upon the government for sustenance—a government that is itself millions of dollars in the red. Respectable people with business success and pride smothered within them now take the pick and shovel and sorrowfully eke out a living for the family.

*"And he sent him into his field to feed swine."* Swine feeders! We have all become swine feeders! There is a decided movement toward the farm. Russia has her community farm plan. America is planning something similar. Broadways are changing to barn yards and palatial parlors to pig-pens for the prodigal. The delicacies of the plentiful years are replaced with the husks intended only for the hogs.

Finally the world stands a beggar; stripped of its former power and glory; naked with its nudist colonies in practically every civilized (?) country. What nakedness! What abominable filth!

But wait! "HE CAME TO HIMSELF." Yes, but who can prophesy that this God-rejecting prodigal age will come to itself? And when? Will the depression deepen man's desire to return to the Heavenly Father? Will the world fall to its knees in desperate repentance? Will our government, the governments of the world, turn and wend their ways back to acknowledge their mistake? Will they wail, *"Father, we have sinned against heaven and before Thee"*? Time will tell. If the nations come they will find a merciful God awaiting. A God with an embrace of acceptance and a kiss of pardon. A God with a fatted calf to gladden the heart of a weary world.

But will they come? So far, it seems, there is no sign. The governments are struggling to stage a comeback without considering God. The Blue Eagle's cry may be one of *"woe"* instead of prosperity. (Rev. 8:13. The original reads *"eagle"* rather than *"angel"*.)

National repentance is a difficult matter. The tender foot of national pride objects to the stony road of repentance. However, it has been done. Nineveh proves the possibility but many a smouldering monarchy proves the improbability. If we are in the throes of the Great Tribulation no repentance will be forthcoming. (Rev. 9:20.)

God is saying to this prodigal Gentile Age what He said to fallen Israel of old, "Oh Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in Me is thy

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## A Vision of Heaven and Hell

*The Piercing Cries of the Lost*

Mrs. Pauline Henry in the Lake View Assembly, Chicago, Ill.

*Our readers were thrilled and greatly moved in reading the first installment of this stenographic report in the June paper. When the story was told in Chicago before a crowded house, saints and sinners alike wept as Mrs. Henry rehearsed the experiences of three days shut away from all earthly scenes. She could say with Paul, "whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell," but heaven in all its glory and hell in its unutterable horror were made startlingly real. The following is the second installment.*

(Continued from June Evangel)



WHEN the Lord took me on and we hastened to a very large building. It was beautiful and I have never seen anything like it in this world. It was made of a substance that resembled marble. We went in and went from room to room. I cannot take the time to describe the contents of those rooms for it would take me till tomorrow to do that, but in one room thru which we walked there was nothing at all, and yet I was conscious of voices praising God and I could hear them saying, "Hallelujah!" "Praise the Lord!" As I listened I thought, "These praises must be coming from the people down on the earth." I have read in the Word that God has bottled up the tears and the praises of the saints, and He will pour them out one of these days. I am convinced that He has stored up our praises and I believe He walks through this store-house where He can hear John or Mary down here, sending up praises to Him. If your heart has never been raised in praise to Him, begin to send up your praises today.

We walked through another large room where I saw various kinds of beings, the like of which I have never seen down here; there were animals with one and two heads, others with thousands of little wings all over their bodies and as these vibrated, the rhythm seemed to be saying, "Praise the Lord!" As I wondered at all of this the Lord took me into another room in the center of which there was a small white table and upon that table was a book. The Lord opened the book and I saw many names but the only one I could read was my own name, written in letters of raised gold. What a thrill went through my soul as I saw my name written there! But as I looked, it came over me anew—the awful sacrifice, the price that Jesus paid that He might write my name there! So strongly did it sweep over me that I fell at His feet and worshipped Him and

wanted to thank Him for writing my name there with His own precious blood. As I was worshipping Him, like a flash it seemed that Jesus was gone! heaven was gone and everything was gone! Again I seemed to be falling but this time I was falling out of heaven.

I went down, down, down, and it seemed I would never stop going down. Again I cried out, but this time the feeling of terror that gripped my soul was indescribable. I had no feeling of hope, no feeling of safety and I cried out, "Oh God, have I lost Jesus? Have I lost heaven? I thought I could stay there. Have I lost everything?" I believe the feeling I had then is the feeling that a soul has when he goes out into the regions beyond without God and without hope, knowing that he is lost for time and eternity. Again I cried to the Lord and said, "Oh Jesus, can I not stay? Jesus help me!" But this time it seemed I saw in the opposite direction from that which I had seen before, a red light, and I saw many who were walking toward that light. I wondered just where I was going. As I walked along I noticed a certain man whose face I can never forget, and many times when I stand before an audience I look to see if I can see that face in my congregation. As he looked into my face at that time he said, "Little girl, do you know where you are going?" I looked up at him and said, "No sir, I don't know. Do you know?" He nodded his head affirmatively and went on his way very sadly, leaving me wondering what it was all about. I am still praying that if that man has not gone into eternity I may find him somewhere and point him to the Lord.

As I walked along with the others we finally came to a short flight of stairs and this time the steps were descending. As I began to walk down I could feel the heat coming up from below. I was almost suffocated by the awful stench and knew there was some strange, pre-



ternatural power there. I shrank from it but continued walking toward the light. Suddenly I again saw Jesus, standing at the bottom of the stairs. But oh how different He looked! Never have I been able to shut that picture of Jesus out of my memory! His head was bowed and His face filled with tears and it seemed that his very heart was broken again, and I wondered. He was not the same Christ I had seen at the top of the other stairs. Before me I could see huge doors which were opening and as I looked upon the scene I could readily understand why the heart of Jesus had been broken, for as far as my eyes could see there was nothing but an ocean of flame. The smoke was arising and as I looked into that dreadful sea I beheld *forms* moving up and down in that lake of fire. As I witnessed this I thought, "Surely it cannot be that these are human beings in that place—souls for whom Jesus died."

As I looked again I could see arms coming up and then going down; it seemed that as I looked I could hear the cries as different ones came in, as it were, with the tide, and they were crying, "*Water!*" "*Water!*" "*Water!*" Others cried, "*Save me!*" "*Save me!*" Again and again the tide came in and I saw souls going down into that dreadful lake and heard them cry, "Oh help me!" But they knew there was no help. As they went down again they seemed to know that they were lost and beyond hope. I continually saw others come in, crying, "*Oh save me!*" "*Give me water! Just a drop of water!*". Still others would cry, "*Oh if I had only yielded!*" I would that I could picture to you the awful agonies of a Christless eternity! Oh that we could realize the never dying souls that are going into that terrible ocean of flame! All by their own volition, for as they go they step over the shed blood of Jesus Christ. He did not make that place for men and women; He made it for the devil and his angels; but those who insist on serving Satan, God, because of His judgments, because of His justice, has to consign them to that awful place. All those thousands of people writhing there in agony and pain seemed to know there was no hope for them. I shall never forget as I looked upon that sea of flame and fire, how out of the very depths there seemed to come a wave of heat; and then as it came up it brought with it a voice which I recognized as that of a woman whom I had known in times past. I looked at her and knew her and as she came up with her arms extended she cried out to me, "Oh tell my

daughter! Won't you tell my daughter?" As I looked at her agony I thought, "Yes, if I ever see that young woman I will surely tell her." After God restored me back to earth and gave back my consciousness, I met this young woman on the street and I told her what I had seen, but like so many others she laughed and said she didn't believe it. Not long after that she was killed in an automobile accident, her life snapped out and she hurled into eternity without a moment to repent. Oftentimes I have wondered if at the final judgment day the two of them will not be there in the lake of fire, crying out that terrible cry that seemed to wring from the very heart of every occupant of hell. They all cried in great agony, "*Why?*" "*Why?*" From the very uttermost parts of that abyss there seemed to come those heart rending cries of "*Why?*" "*Why?*" "*Why?*"

My friends, the only reason for that cry was because they had refused to accept Jesus Christ, and if you are rejecting Him you will not be in ignorance as to the reason for your being there. You need not ask "*Why?*" in that day. It seems every time I tell of this experience I live it all over again and it is hard for me to control my emotions because I realize that each one before me has an immortal soul and that soul will go either to heaven or to hell. As I see souls sitting before me not even stirred because of their condition I am amazed beyond words. The love of God is so great He gave His Son for a lost world and yet sinners refuse to accept the Savior. As I witnessed that awful scene it seemed my own body was about to be drawn into the pit and again I cried out, "Oh Jesus, take me out of this place! Do not let me stay here."

Again it seemed I was in heaven; everything beautiful again. What a contrast! There were the glories of heaven and Jesus stood before me and spoke to me, saying, "Do you want to stay here or do you want to go back?" As I looked at Him I said to myself, "Oh the earth is cold and far away! There are no pleasures there." I thought of heaven with all its beauties, and of Jesus there and longed to stay. And then I thought of *eternity*, of those thousands of souls that were crying, "Why?" "Why?" "Why?" and of other thousands who would rush into the same flaming hell, and I answered "Lord, I will go back." Then it seemed He laid His hand on my head and said,

*"Go back and warn the people and preach the Gospel."*

About an hour before I returned to consciousness my family had all gathered about my bed in the room; they had noticed a change in my body; my finger nails had turned purple and my eyes had a glassy stare. They thought I was surely dying. My brother and sisters, who were unsaved then, were kneeling at my bedside and crying out to God. My father was in the dining-room weeping and crying; the church people were there too and all thought I was dying. Then suddenly strength came into my body and I sat up in bed and those who were with me were frightened and didn't know what to think. They then began to question me and tried to talk with me but I was too tired and didn't want to be bothered. Those who were there said, "It is just a reaction of the nerves and she will pass away soon." But I didn't. Instead I went into a natural sleep. When I awoke the next morning and arose I was not even weak.

I do not know why God permitted me to have this experience unless it was that I might give people a picture of the lost and enable me to win them for the Lord. At that time there were many doors open to me in the city of Akron where I could give my testimony and at the age of fourteen I started in the ministry; and thru all these years there still is in my heart that burning passion for souls. It is the theme of my life.

About three years ago while attending Bible School God spoke to my heart concerning going to the Gold Coast. I had been married to a young minister but God saw fit to take him home just eight hours after our marriage. At that time it broke my heart and it seemed God no longer loved me and I was tempted to go back into the world to find comfort and solace for my grief; but God always brought before me this vision of lost souls and I said, "No, Lord, I can never fail Thee." Then God brought real peace and victory into my life. While attending Bible School Brother Lloyd Shirer visited the School and brought before us the need of the field and told us there were about a half million souls who had never even *heard* the Name of Jesus. As I sat in the chapel room that went through my heart and stirred me to the depths of my being, and I said, "Oh God, can it be possible that there are a half million souls who have never heard of the blood of Jesus?" The meeting ended with a con-

secration service and the call was made for young people to yield their lives to God. For a time I would not yield but said, "No, I can never be a missionary. Far be it from me to go to a heathen land." But God kept speaking to my heart and all I could think of was that half million souls in eternity, crying out, "Why?" "Why?" "Why?" As I thought of that scene again I went to my room, threw myself down on my face before God and pleaded with Him not to send me to Africa for I didn't want to be a missionary, but again He spoke, "Will you go? They are calling out 'Why?' this afternoon. Will you go?" Finally I said, "Yes Lord," and then a deep peace came to my heart and I am glad to tell you that I am now on my way to the Gold Coast of West Africa, for one reason only, and that is to bring the Gospel of Jesus Christ to those hearts that are down deep in sin so that they too can enjoy the glories of heaven.

You may not be able to go to the Gold Coast, to China, India or Japan, but it may be that your next door neighbors are lost, living lives that will draw them into the pit of hell and you need to speak to those souls. We have some Christians who are sitting with their hands folded when there is so much to be done. May God stir us and may we see that we are our brother's keeper. God is looking for those who are willing and ready to contribute to the mansions in heaven; He is looking for those who are willing to be carpenters, willing to be plumbers or workmen of any kind for Him in the great temple of our God. Are you willing to fill your hands with His work and do whatsoever He has called you to do?

*"He was not willing that any should perish; Am I His follower, and can I live Longer at ease with a soul going downward, Lost for the lack of the help I might give? Perishing! Perishing! Thou wast not willing; Master, forgive, and inspire us anew; Banish our worldliness, help us to ever Live with eternity's values in view."*

CAMPMEETINGS: THE WESTERN ONTARIO CAMPMEETING will be held in Woodstock, Ont., in the Exhibition Grounds, July 18-29. Meals and Accommodations on the grounds. Meal tickets \$1.50 for adults, \$1 for children, which entitle holder to two meals daily. Single meals 25c. Evangelist Fred Squire of England, main speaker.

PETERBORO, ONTARIO, July 1-15, in Langford Grove. Mr. Squire will also be at this camp. For full information write Rev. A. E. Adams, Mille-Roches, Ont.

## Tide of New Age Floods Palestine

A HORSE STRUGGLES across the grassy hillside. He pulls a plow of shiny steel. Behind him as he walks spurts a new furrow of sandy loam; behind the plow strides a frail, black-eyed man in working clothes, flipping the thin reins, now and then stooping to pick up a rock and heave it aside.

Who is this little man? And what is he doing?

It is Menke, the Jew, starting work on his new farm in Palestine. Last year Menke lived in a filthy tenement in Warsaw, pathetically struggling to earn his living as a pawnbroker's assistant. The pawnbroker did not need an assistant. Warsaw did not need the pawnbroker. No one seemed to need or want any more Jews. And life looked pretty hopeless to Menke.

Today a vast change has come into Menke's dreary life, as it has to the lives of thousands of other Jews from all over Europe, Asia, and America. What is it that has come into the life of this people whose land is the whole civilized world? What is bringing the wandering Jew back to his ancient Judea, to his capital city, Jerusalem (from which he fled in such a hurry in A.D. 70), and to his modern new city, Tel Aviv? Why does he pick this particular moment in the centuries to return to that land indicated in Genesis: "The Lord said unto Jacob, 'Return unto the land of thy father and of thy kindred, I will be with thee.'"

Always, during the two thousand years in which he has circled the four corners of creation searching for a haven of peace which he could call his home, Menke and his forefathers have been praying that their ancient land of Judea, Zion, somehow would be returned to them. But it seemed increasingly hopeless that this could ever be. First the Christians held possession of this time-trodden Holy Land, in their crusading zeal offering the Jew a choice only between baptism and banishment. Then came the wild followers of Mohammed, who held the country until the time of the World war.

It was only then, on Nov. 2, 1917, to be exact, that the long-growing Jewish nationalist movement and the new Zionist movement began to gather way. On that day (only five weeks before the British General Allenby finally drove the Turkish Moslems from Jerusalem) Lord Balfour, Britain's foreign secretary, made the historic announcement: "His majesty's govern-

ment views with favor the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people. . . ."

Three years later Palestine became a British mandate, and Balfour's hopeful announcement took flesh with amazing speed. Through the Palestine Foundation fund and the World Zionist organization, Americans and others contributed large sums of money to realize Menke's long-cherished dream.

Palestine is only the size of Vermont, with a population about twice as great, yet Jews all over the world suddenly turned toward this tiny spot, coming at an annual rate of nearly 10,000 year after year. Old Jews with bowed heads, deeply religious, asking only for a chance to wail at the wailing wall of the old temple. Young Jews, intent on business or farming. They are draining the swamps; irrigating the deserts; planting new forests; developing rich fruit, salt, and potash industries; building entire modern cities; and harnessing the swift River Jordan to electrify every corner of the land.

The agricultural ardor of these new immigrants is amazing! How a city-bred Jew, whose ancestors for two millenniums have been cramped in ghettos, diluted by intermarriage, persecuted by church and state and society, denied admittance to craft guilds, forced to an unproductive life of haggling and vending, now can stride suddenly across the earthy hillsides behind a horse and plow, and thrive on it, is difficult to see.

That he is alive at all at the end of these long centuries of oppression and suffering is miracle enough. Only because of his early home-training at the crossroads of the world, where he was knocked down repeatedly by passing hordes, does he survive. There, in self-defense, he branded himself with his eternal Torah, burning this code of morals and ritual forever into the soul of his people. Afterward, when his brethren were hurled to the lonely limits of the earth, exposed to the relentless erosion of new ideas, each separately continued to eat, pray, marry, and die, century after century, according to the Torah schedule, feasting and fasting, living and laughing as befitted the "elect of God."

And thus it is that little Menke can stride with lifted head across the hill. Survivor of centuries of torture, what does he care for a

few stones, weeds, and plant lice? Arab bullets, drouths, poverty, or physical weakness? On and on strides the Jew, now adding a little more brawn to his well-known brain and a little more soul to his frail body. He is happy. He is home at last. —G. Murchie, Jr., in the *Chicago Tribune*.

### Good News from China

THE LATTER RAIN is falling in China," writes Mrs. Olaf S. Ferm. "Hundreds have been touched by God, tears of repentance have been shed, the sick have been healed, and saints have seen visions of Jesus. Meetings have been well attended every night, women's meeting twice a week, for two months.

"A dear brother from Nanking helped us with a few special meetings and soon the mission became too small. Benches were borrowed from another church and an adjoining room for those who were crowded out of the chapel. A ten-year-old girl, weeping and confessing her sins, had a wonderful vision. She saw Jesus standing on a platform in a cloud, wearing a golden crown on His head, and two men standing, one on either side of Him. He waved for her to come, and taking her hand, pointed to the two men, saying, 'This one is Peter and that is Paul.' She did not know that there were men in the Bible by these names. Her parents were greatly stirred and wanting to do something for Jesus they dedicated one room in their home for a mission where meetings are being held three times a week.

"Three nurses from a hospital were gloriously saved and baptized in the Holy Spirit. Doctors and other nurses started to come to the meetings, but great persecution followed and they were forbidden to attend the meetings. But like Moses they chose to be one with God's people and gave up their positions for Jesus. One of the nurses had a young friend who came home from Nanking after she had been saved and baptized only a few days. He was enraged and said she had received an evil spirit, and he threatened to beat her if she continued to attend our meetings. He also tried to get the mission closed. When he reviled her, the Holy Spirit came upon her and spoke thru her, with the result that he was silenced. Thru much perseverance and prayer she was able to get him to the meetings, and having attended several times, he became gloriously saved and filled with the Spirit. As we prayed, the Spirit

fell upon him and he became a transformed man. He, too, gave up a prominent position, is one of our most warm-hearted Christians and has gone out to testify of the Lord's saving grace.

"Many are being taken to heaven in the Spirit and are walking on the golden streets. One brother said he saw four horses tied inside the pearly gates, and they were different colors according to the sixth chapter of Revelation. He also had a vision of hell, and also was led thru a door into Paradise where he saw many trees bearing large, wonderful fruit. An old, unlearned woman had a vision of heaven, and described it as being yellow, not knowing the Bible tells about its streets of gold. We hear the glad news of hundreds of souls coming out of the churches in order to worship God acceptably."

### Returns on Faithful Labors

It is Sunday morning! The sun has just risen over the hills east of the Mission Compound at Bhosari (India). The smoke has long since been rising from the chimney of the kitchen where early morning tea is being prepared. In the mission compound there is unusual activity. The atmosphere is full of excitement. People from surrounding villages are beginning to come in, each one with a beaming face, full of expectancy. In a short time quite a company have gathered.

Clang! Clang! Clang! rings out clear in the morning air from a length of steel rail which serves as a bell, announcing that a service is about to begin in the mission church. Soon the company are all inside, and it is evident from the happy, expectant countenances that this is no ordinary service. This is a baptismal service, a cause for great rejoicing. Two families, six persons in all, are leaving heathenism with all its darkness and idolatry. They have been members of the criminal caste, but this day they are to become members of the great church of Christ. They are the first fruit of missionary labors in this district, and represent many days of courageous preaching, patience and prayer in the face of tremendous odds. They represent, too, the truth and power of God's Word, for only God could change the hearts of such as these criminals. For generations their fore-bears have been habitual thieves, confined to settlements under police supervision, compelled to answer to their names twice

every twenty-four hours, day and night, and not allowed to leave their place without police permission. Very illiterate, they have never exercised their minds except in evil works.

For months the missionaries had visited that camp, preaching the old, old story until at last a glimmer of light found its way into their darkened hearts and drew forth the query, "Can we be saved?" Then every day for weeks the missionaries visited their little huts, praying with them, and repeating over and over again the message of salvation. Volumes might be written of those battles for souls. Again and again it seemed as tho their labors were in vain as Satan undermined the work that had been going on in the hearts of these poor people. More than one thot it a waste of time to continue, but God who had begun a good work would also complete it.

On the northern side of Bhosari village is a small lake and it was to this place that the worshippers made their way. A crowd from the village had gathered. As they stood in the water the candidates witnessed to the saving power of Christ. It was indeed a cause for rejoicing as one by one the young men and women fearlessly faced the Hindus and witnessed their faith in Christ. The missionary gave each one a new name and immersed them amid the singing of hymns and choruses by the Christians on the bank.

This ceremony produced a profound impression upon the on-lookers. It was the subject of much discussion among the Hindus, a number of them openly acknowledging the truth and blessing of Christianity. It is the steadfast conviction of the missionaries and their followers that the day is not far distant when some of these Hindus will also leave all to follow Christ.

*Thos. L. Evans*

### **Gypsy Smith's Mother**

ONE DAY a Gypsy wagon stopped before a doctor's door in a little Herdfordshire town. There was a sick child inside. The doctor went to the door of the cart and looked at her. His verdict was instant: "Smallpox. Get out of town at once."

Under the doctor's directions, the father drove his wagon to an unfrequented lane, where he set up his tent. He kept the wagon at some distance, and used it for a sickroom, and there he, the father, remained to take care of the suf-

fering child. In a few days another child became ill. The father took him, too, not allowing his wife to come near. She cooked the food for the sick ones, and wandered up and down the lane almost distracted with grief. In her anxiety she crept closer to the wagon where her sick children lay, and so, probably through her mother love, exposed herself constantly to contagion.

One morning she knew that the fatal disease had found her, too. The father was desperate. He loved his wife devotedly, and had tried his best to save her. Day and night for a month he had nursed his children along. Now his wife was dying. From the first, there was no hope for her and the baby. Sitting by her bed, the husband asked if she believed in God. Once, years before, he had been in prison upon some charge or other, and had heard the chaplain preach from the text, "I am the Good Shepherd." He could not read, and there was no one to help him, but the sermon had made a deep impression on him, and through all his subsequent years of wandering he had not forgotten it.

"Do you try to pray?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, "but always there comes a black hand before me, and a voice says, 'There is no mercy for you.'" Her husband hurried outside that she might not see his face.

He was utterly alone in his terrible need! His wandering life had left him small opportunity to form any permanent friendship in any of the places he had visited, and his face was never regarded with favor. Now, moreover, the terrible disease from which his wife was dying and his children suffering, still further cut him off from help. Then from the wagon he heard his wife's voice:

*"I have a Father in the promised land.  
My Father calls me; I must go  
To meet Him in the promised land."*

The feeble voice sang the words clearly. The man ran back. "Where did you learn that?" he cried.

The dying woman lifted her eyes to his, all the trouble gone from them. One Sunday when she was a child, she told him, her father had pitched his tent upon a village green. The children were going to chapel, and the gypsy child followed them and heard them using those words. Today they had come back to her with a wonderful message.

"I am not afraid to die now," she said. "It will be all right. God will take care of my chil-

dren." A day or two later she died—quite unafraid.

No minister, teacher or missionary had ever come near her life, but through a child's song, heard twenty years before, the mighty love had met the seeking soul and given it peace. The dying woman was the mother of the famous evangelist, "Gypsy Smith."—*Author Unknown.*

(Continued from page 13)

Popish Nonnes) are now growne so farre past shame, past modesty, as to clip their haire like men with lockes and foretops, and to make this whorish cut the very guise and fashion of the times, to the eternal infamy of their sex, their Nation, and the great scandall of religion." There is one touching incident in the life of Christ that beautifully illustrates how that womankind should come and lay her glory at Jesus' feet. It was the case of the woman that wiped His feet with the hairs of her head. Woman's hair is symbolic of her glory. Thus this sinner woman laid all the glory of her sex at Jesus' feet. That women universally practice the cutting of their hair today is a sign of the times showing that in the ripeness of the age, the church as a whole of whom woman is a type, will lose its power, its faith and its glory.

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help" (Hosea 13:9). We have been warned by national leaders that another world conflagration will doom civilization. Men thru their scientific discoveries and inventions of modern warfare may wage their own destruction. Yet thru the din comes the gracious voice of God, "In Me is thy help." The prayer that the Spirit desired to pour thru the lips of backslidden Israel is the prayer for America and the world. Read Hosea, chapter 14:1-3. Let every Christian believer take up this prayer and pray it for the Nations. Peradventure the Heavenly Father will stay the hand of judgment from this erring prodigal Age.

"In Beauty of Holiness" is the name of some choruses by Mrs. Atwood Foster, eight in all, which were given to her in prayer, and she feels they will be a blessing to many. 10c for the pamphlet. Order of Mrs. Atwood Foster, 1031 Jefferson Ave., Cottage Grove, Oregon.

## The Sermon that Brought Spurgeon to Christ



FOR ABOUT five years I had been in the most fearful distress of mind as a lad. If any human being felt more of the terror of God's law, I can indeed pity and sympathize with him. Bunyan's "Grace Abounding" contains in the main my history. Some abysses he went into I never trod; but some into which I plunged he seems to have never known.

I thought the sun was blotted out of my sky—that I had sinned so against God that there was no hope for me. I prayed, the Lord knoweth how I prayed; but I never had a glimpse of an answer that I know of. I searched the Word of God; the promises were more alarming than the threatenings. I read the privileges of the people of God, but with the fullest persuasion that they were not for me. The secret of my distress was this: I did not know the gospel. I was in a Christian land, I had Christian parents, but I did not fully understand the freeness and simplicity of the gospel.

I attended all the places of worship in the town where I lived, but I honestly believe that I did not hear the gospel fully preached. I do not blame the men, however. One man preached the divine sovereignty. I could hear him with pleasure; but what was that to a poor sinner who wished to know what he should do to be saved? There was another admirable man who preached about law; but what was the use of ploughing up ground that wanted to be sown? Another was a great, practical preacher. I heard him, but it was very much like a commanding officer teaching the maneuvers of war to a set of men without feet. What could I do? All his exhortations were lost on me. I knew it was said, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," but I did not know what it was to believe in Christ.

I sometimes think I might have been in darkness and despair now had it not been for the goodness of God in sending a snow-storm one Sunday morning, when I was going to a place of worship. When I could go no further, I turned down a court and came to a little Primitive Methodist chapel. In that chapel there might have been a dozen or fifteen people. The minister did not come that morning, snowed up, I suppose. A poor man, a shoemaker, a tailor, or something of that sort, went up into the pulpit to preach.

Now, it is well that ministers should be instructed, but this man was really stupid, as you would say. He was obliged to stick to his text, for the simple reason that he had nothing else to say. The text was, "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." He did not even pronounce the words rightly, but that did not matter.

There was, I thought, a glimpse of hope for me in that text. He began thus: "My dear friends, this is a very simple text indeed. It says, 'Look'. Now, that does not take a great deal of effort. It ain't lifting your foot or your finger. It is just 'look'. Well, a man need not go to college to learn to look. A man need not be worth a thousand a year to look. Anyone can look; a child can look. But this is what the text says. Then it says, 'Look unto Me'."

"Aye," said he, in broad Essex, "many of ye are looking to yourselves. No use looking there. You'll never find comfort in yourselves. Some look to God the Father. No; look to Him by and by. Jesus Christ says, 'Look unto Me.' Some of you say, you have no business with that just now. Look to Christ. It runs: "Look unto Me."

Then the good man followed up his text in this way: "Look unto Me; I am sweating great drops of blood. Look unto Me; I am hanging on the cross. Look! I am dead and buried. Look unto Me; I rise again. Look unto Me; I ascend; I am sitting at the Father's right hand. Oh, look unto Me! look unto Me!"

When he had got about that length, and managed to spin out ten minutes or so, he was at the length of his tether. Then he looked at me under the gallery, and I dare say, with so few present, he knew me to be a stranger. He then said, "Young man, you look very miserable." Well, I did; but I had not been accustomed to have remarks made on my personal appearance from the pulpit before. However, it was a good blow struck. He continued: "And you will always be miserable—miserable in life, and miserable in death—if you do not obey my text. But if you obey now, this moment, you will be saved."

Then he shouted as only a Primitive Methodist can, "Young man, look to Jesus Christ!" I did "look."

There and then the cloud was gone, the darkness had rolled away, and that moment I saw the sun; I could have risen that moment and sung with the most enthusiastic of them of the

precious blood of Christ and the simple faith which looks alone to Him. Oh, that somebody had told me that before: Trust Christ and you will be saved.

It was, no doubt, wisely ordered, and I must ever say:

"E'er since by faith I saw the stream,  
Thy wounds supplied for me.  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall forever be."

—*Stories of Salvation.*

## An Overcomer

On her wedding-day my brother Henry gave his bride two rings, one smooth and the other rough, and said, "Such will be your wedded life; but, rough or smooth, *you may be an overcomer.*"

Three months later she stood by her dying husband, and, looking up through her tears, said, "Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee better than I love him."

Four years passed, and in a distant Chinese Mission Station she sat making a death-shirt for her little son, who lay across her knees, and as her tears fell on the face of the dead child, she looked up and said, "Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee better than I love my boy."

Two years later she lay dying in her uncle's house at Ballycastle, Co. Antrim, and as her sister bent over, saying, "You are now going, and in a few moments you will see Henry and your little boy." She whispered, "Jesus first," and died. So the rough ring became a triple crown. —*George Williams.*

## Our View--and His

By Philip Wendell Crannell

"I see the stubborn heights,  
The bruising rocks, the straining soul."

"I see the goal."

"I see the tearing plow,  
The crushing drag, the beating rain."

"I see the grain."

"I see compressing walls,  
And seething flux, and heats untold."

"I see the gold."

"I see the cruel blows,  
The chisel sharp, the hammer's mace."

"I see My face."

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CHAPTER 3.

2 Milk is fit for children. 11 Christ the only foundation. 16 Men are the temples of God.

AND I, brethren, could not speak unto you as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal, even as unto babes in Christ.

2 I have fed you with milk, and not with meat: for hitherto ye were not able to bear it, neither yet now are ye able.

5 shall. 12 Pa. 25. 14. John 15. 15. a Heb. 5. 13. 1 Pet. 2. 2. 1 Or, factions. 2 according to man. b Rom. 12. 3. c Acts 18. 4. d Acts 19. 1. e Isa. 55. 10. f Ps. 62. 12. Rom. 2. 6.

19 Foolish ten, of craftiness. 20 Art thou aware? 21 Teachers. 22 Whose words shall come,

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