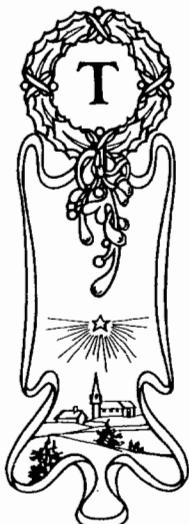


The Latter Rain Kvangel

The days of Heaven on Earth



THE KINGS of the earth
are men of might,
And cities are burned
for their delight,
And skies rain death
in the silent night,
And the hills belch
death all day!

But the King of Heaven
who made them all,
Is fair and gentle, and
very small;
He lies in the straw, by
the oxen's stall—
Let us think of Him today!
—J. K.

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

The Latter Rain Evangel

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The Great Birth Announcement!

A TINY CARD announcing the birth of a wee newcomer was delivered at our door one day by Uncle Sam's postman. Beyond the decorated card we could see in vision a tiny babe, and though born of humble parentage, we knew there was a dainty crib, lined with silk, there were snowy white sheets and soft woolly blankets to tuck in the precious little form.

Then our mind took a journey; back, back into the yester-years it went, bringing us to another tiny Form. It was before birth announcements were in vogue and yet when this Babe was born the whole known world received a birth announcement for one night God's postman left heaven's courts, pierced the starry heavens and delivered over those Judean hills that never-to-be-forgotten message, giving date and place of birth as well as name and purpose of His coming:

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord.

For Him the heavens rang, for Him the angels sang, and for Him the star shone, but how passing strange that He, who had the high honors of being

thus announced, should be found in a stable, pillowing His head in the hay, and yet it but foreshadowed His humble estate all through His earthly pilgrimage when He must needs borrow a home to live in, a boat to preach from, a colt to ride on and an upper room to dine in.

Since that day He has entrusted the birth announcement to mortal man, and even as the shepherds on the Judean hills, who were so fortunate as to have it delivered first to them, "made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child," so men and women all through the years have faithfully carried the message, passing it on from one generation to the next. They have trekked over continents, have braved the stormy seas and rigorous climates to carry this birth announcement to the ends of the earth.

And wherever He is truly born in a human heart, that life becomes but another one of God's post-men to deliver to lost men and women the birth announcement of the Savior of the world.

—R. M.



We send the Season's Greetings to our Readers

The Lonely Cabin on the Forty Mile

A Marvelous Story of the Grace of God

Dr. Charles S. Price at Lake Geneva Camp



WHENEVER I give this story of "The Lonely Cabin on the Forty-Mile," the Lord seems to bless it, and so I am giving it tonight by request. It is a true story, told me by the principle character in it, and magnifies the grace of God upon a life wrecked by sin.

The story opens in Iowa with an old farmer by the name of J. Conlee. He was a father of twelve children, six boys and six girls, and they grew up with every promise of becoming splendid citizens and followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, for the father was a Methodist of the old school and brought up his family in the church and Sunday School.

Some of the children had grown to manhood. One of the sons had become a lawyer and another a doctor. Still another a professor in one of the seminaries, and when the babe about whom we are to speak arrived the father and mother did what they had done with every other child, they dedicated him to the Lord. In his boyhood days the mother said, "I hope my little Joe will be a preacher of the Gospel like two of his brothers are."

The years rolled by and Joe was a good boy and a credit to the home. One day when High School days were over the father came to him and said, "Joe, have you decided what you will be?" "Yes, father," said Joe, "the course I have taken in High School has fit me for civil engineering. I think I will be a civil engineer."

A cloud came over his father's face as he said, "Oh, I am so sorry. We hoped you would enter the ministry. Are you sure you haven't heard the Lord's voice?" He said he would pray about it, and after two weeks he came to his father and said, "Father, my mind is made up. I will enter the ministry." His father embraced him and kissed him and said he would send him to the University of Iowa and when he had received his B.A. degree he went for three years to the Methodist School at Fort Dodge to fit him for the ministry. One day one of the Professors said to him, "You know there is a lot of superstition mixed up with what we originally believed. You are a brilliant fellow. I heard the President say he considered you one of the most brilliant we have. Weigh everything carefully. Apply

yourself to the study of books. I want you to read Darwin, Renan and Huxley, everyone of them philosophers." When Joe Conlee came out of that school there was a battle of reason against faith and reason was winning in the great war.

He accepted the pastorate in a little Methodist Church in Iowa and while there he married a splendid Christian girl, the daughter of a Methodist preacher in an adjoining town. After three years, because of his friendship with the Bishop he was transferred to the First Methodist Church of Santa Ana. He spent two years there but they were years in which he was fighting a tremendous battle within his soul. Greater battles are fought within the confines of the human breast than were ever waged at historic Gettysburg or Ypres or the Marne.

They gave him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity and he progressed in his ministerial aspirations, yet all the time he was drifting into Modernism, looking at the scriptures from the Modernist's standard, interpreting them, not from the basis of faith, but from the basis of reason, intellectualism. He had been told that in order to be well-balanced he should see both sides of the question, and should not be swayed by emotionalism in Methodism. The Methodist Conference met in Los Angeles and the Bishop complimented him on his excellent work and he became pastor of the First Methodist Church of San Diego, one of the largest on the Pacific Coast.

After two years of successful ministry there he moved to Pomona, California, and it was during that time that he built the beautiful Methodist Church of that place, a beautiful super-structure of Spanish architecture. It was there the seeds that had been sown in his heart in the past began to bear fruit, so Joe confided to his wife one day that he was beginning to feel a little hypocritical, that he didn't believe the things his congregation demanded that he preach, and one day he said, "I am going to quit. I cannot stand it." He denied the Virgin Birth of Christ and the miracles, and one day Joe Conlee went into his pulpit and said, "My friends, I am about to make a confession. I cannot believe the Bible. There has been a battle in my heart for years. Now I feel I will

gain some of my self-respect. This is the last time I will preach."

He was a gifted writer and soon got a job. He went back to Santa Ana and became the editor of *The Santa Ana Herald*. For years his name was at the head of the editorial column. But he commenced to smoke and drink, and gamble a little and went from bad to worse. He left Santa Ana and went to Los Angeles and for some time was editor of the *East Los Angeles Exponent*. He moved to Covina and there founded his own newspaper, the *Covina Argus Independent*, a paper that is still in existence. He sold it for a small fortune and became an editorial writer on the *Los Angeles Times* and then on *The Examiner*, both positions of which he lost thru drink. His pen never lost its brilliancy. It seemed to be dipped in the very ink of inspiration. There were many days he could not report for work. He worked on *The Express* but lost that job as he was intoxicated nearly all the time. Tramping around from one place to another the man who had been the pastor of the great First M. E. Church of San Diego and of the great church at Pomona became a dissolute, drunken inebriate shuffling around in his rags; you could find him any night in the back end of the Mineral Saloon.

Blaming his old life for his downfall he started, in his antipathy toward God, a series of open air attacks on Methodism and Christianity. He became the President of the Free Thinkers Association of California, and for twelve years he did not miss one night being in back of the Mineral Saloon, giving lectures on atheism and drinking himself to death. He raised his hand and defied God to strike him dead, and when nothing happened he said, "You see, friends, there is no God." He collected a few dimes and quarters and went into the saloon to again drink himself almost to death.

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

One day, going down the street, he acciden-

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

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

It was at the time of the great gold strike in Alaska, and men were climbing over the Chilkoot Pass like a lot of ants on their way to the gold-fields in a mad rush for the yellow metal, and his friends thought if they could get him in a change of environment that his life might be changed. The old drunk said he would be willing to go. So they packed his little trunk, bought him another suit of clothes and put him on the boat bound for Skagway. His wife and little daughter came to see him off. His little girl, Florence, put her arms around his neck and said, "Daddy, dear daddy, mamma put in a little medicine chest that she thought you might need if you should get hurt there, and do not forget, daddy, we will pray for you, and daddy, inside the medicine chest I have put my little Book. I wouldn't give it to anybody else in the world but you, daddy. You read it?" That little Bible meant everything to Florence, and on the flyleaf she had written the words, "To my darling daddy. With love from Florence." "Do not forget, we love you," and the whistle blew and the old steamer plowed its watery way; and in the bottom of his trunk was the little medicine chest with the Bible inside.

In a few weeks he was in that great seething, cursing, surging mass of humanity, prospectors en route to the Yukon, and the very first place was a saloon, the biggest place in town. He got a job in that vile hell hole. The Rev. Joseph Conlee was sweeping up the floors and cleaning

out the cuspidors, and his pay was "all he could drink" and food enough just to keep him alive.

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

So Joe Conlee found himself out in the lonely cabin on the 40 Mile, with nothing to do but to drink. He had laid in a good supply as winter was coming on and he wanted enough to last. He laughed and laughed as he sat down to drink himself to death. The whiskey barrel was a quarter empty when one day in October there was a knock at the door of the cabin. There stood Jimmie Miller, a Roman Catholic, who said he was cold and hungry. The latch-string is always out in Alaska. You dare not turn a man away, so Conlee said, "Come in, Pard. There's grub and a whiskey barrel." Jimmie Miller laughed as he entered the cabin door. So the two of them sat down to drink. They were there two weeks, drinking themselves to sleep every night—never missed a night, for the drunken orgies in that little cabin were beyond description—when there came another knock at the door, and Wally Flett, a spiritualist medium from San Francisco, came, and when he saw that liquor his mouth commenced to water and he said, "Wouldn't you like me to say with you?" They said, "Yes," and there we three of them now in the cabin. Their ribald laughter, their filthy jesting, their obscene story-telling, their drinking and carousing were unspeakable.

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

night that was the program for the three in the lonely cabin.

Then one night one came very near the border of death. Jimmie Miller had delirium tremens and a fever, and in great agony he cried, "Get me a doctor. You cannot let me lie here and die." But they were 40 miles from Dawson City; it was forty below zero and the snows were deep. The delirious man kept screaming, "Get me a doctor." Then Dr. Conlee remembered that down in the old trunk there was a *medicine chest*, so he brought it out and opened it, and out fell a *little black Book* on the floor. He opened it and read, "From Florence to Daddy" — Florence! Florence! Wally Flett said, "What you got, Conlee?" "It's a Bible, curse it!" and Conlee strode over to the stove, but as he lifted up the lid to throw it in, Wally Flett shouted, "Don't throw it in, man. Don't you know we haven't a thing to read in this God-forsaken country—your only magazine I have read twenty times," and he snatched it from the hand of Joseph Conlee. Dr. Conlee said, "If you want to read that you may, but I will not. What was that written on the front page? 'To my darling Daddy. With love from Florence.'" He was a little more sober now. "My little girl! I am glad I did not burn the Book my little Florrie gave me."

The medicine commenced to work. Jimmie Miller began to recover and as he was convalescing he wanted something to read. Jimmie had a habit of reading out loud. Joe used to tell him to shut up, but Wally Flett was interested. He would say, "What was that you read, Jimmy?" Then Jimmy would read it again. Wally said, "I had no idea there were things like that in the Bible. What do you say if we read it just to pass the time away, not to believe it. Joe was once a preacher; he tells us what fools the preachers are." So they took turns in reading, and all unknown to them a change was coming into the Lonely Cabin on the 40 Mile—and the whiskey barrel went down more slowly. Some days they would read five, six and seven chapters, and they came to the New Testament. The cursings became fewer, the whiskey barrel began to be let alone, and Wally Flett said, "Haven't you noticed a kind of change coming over us? I haven't heard swearing now for three or four days. I wonder if it is that Bible that is doing it?"

Christmas came. They read the story of the birth of Christ. Wally Flett said, "Wait

nute. Do you know what day it is? It is Christmas day. I wonder what the little kids are doing in the States. What is the matter, Joe?" "Oh, just thinking about little Florrie. She used to hang up a stocking every Christmas before I made such a fool of myself with the drink. There will be some happy folk around the fireside."

January came and they were reading in the Gospel of St. John and then there came that eventful day—February 14th. It was Wally's turn to read, and Joe got back of the stove: "Let not your heart be troubled—ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." Joe's hand brushed across his eyes. "What is the matter, Joe?" "Nothing!" "Were you crying, Joe?" "Yes, go ahead. I am thinking about my little girl. I am not crying because of that Bible." Then Wally said, "I'd like to know if this Book is true. For the last five days I've been wanting to pray and I was scared you fellows would laugh at me, but I will not be scared anymore. I shall ask God, if there is a God, to speak to me." Joe said, "Well, since you have committed yourself I will tell you that my heart has been broken for the last week. I can hear my mother back in Iowa praying—though she is now in glory. What about you, Jimmy?" "If you fellows want to pray I will pray with you." Three old drunken soaks in the lonely cabin on the 40 Mile got down on their knees to pray. Their prayers rose higher and higher. Suddenly Walley Flett jumped to his feet, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Jesus heard me!" While he was shouting, up jumped Jimmie Miller, and then Joe Conlee, the third man in that cabin arose shouting glory. It was two o'clock in the morning when they rose from prayer. Into that Lonely Cabin on the 40 Mile had come the Man with the seamless robe. I can see Him standing in Spirit by the old Yukon stove, as He put His hands on their heads.

Then Joe gets hold of the whiskey barrel and rolls it to the door. Wally goes for the hatchet and the cursed liquor runs out into the snow amid shouts of glory. The angels were looking over the battlements of glory as they saw what happened in the lonely cabin on the 40 Mile. Jimmie Miller, Joe Conlee and Wally Flett were born again by the Spirit of God.

I was holding meetings in Eugene, Oregon,

and Brother Hornshuh asked me to meet the Dean of their Bible School, and he introduced to me Dr. Joseph Conlee. He was the Dean of the Bible Standard School, and that was the beginning of a friendship. Just before the end of my campaign Dr. Conlee asked me to spend three hours with him in his room, to bring paper and pencil with me. He said, "I am not long for this world, I am going home to be with Jesus, but I have been praying and I believe God wants my story written down." That night I was sitting in his room, and in the next room was Florence, and his wife was there living in the School quarters. He said, "You will have to forgive me if I cry a little, but I want to begin at the very beginning," and he told me the story as I have related it to you. Three times during that interview we prayed together. At four o'clock I embraced him and we wept together.

I went to Yakima for a campaign, and the first week some one told me one of the students had come from Eugene; she told me that "Uncle Joe" had gone to glory. When he knew he was going he sent for her and told her to tell me that Jesus who found him in the Lonely Cabin on the 40 Mile was with him, and he laid his head back on his pillow and was gone. Wally Flett is filled with the Holy Ghost and is preaching down in Texas. The last I heard of Jimmie Miller, he was preaching for the Holiness people, but dear old Uncle Joe is with Jesus.

Young friends, be careful what you read. There is no book like this Book, and if ever a battle starts within the confines of your heart and life, say, "Lord, while I cannot understand I will believe Thee, and where I cannot reason I will walk in faith; and where I cannot see I will trust."



SIGNS AND WONDERS IN RABBATH-AMMON—An account of the remarkable, Divine Visitations in Amman, Trans-Jordan. The story of these most remarkable experiences and Divine visitations is told by eye-witnesses, and they have resulted in many being saved. The missionaries who have seen the phenomena have compared it to the outpouring of the Spirit in Apostolic days. Miss Laura Radford, Superintendent of the work in Trans-Jordan, has had this second edition printed because of the demand when she was home on furlough. Copies of this booklet will be sent out free, but we will appreciate an offering of postage. Send for copies to give your friends.

The Neglected Guest

A Talk to Young People

John Wright Follette

And she brought forth her firstborn son and wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger; because there was no room in the inn. (Luke 2:7).

The Nativity Prophecy

THE Christmas season is again upon us and our hearts instinctively turn to the birth of the Christ Child. We are familiar with the record of His advent. Its many phases of life and interest connected with this wonderful event have been brought to us in many ways. However, we never tire of hearing and over again the story of His birth. The doubt due to its exquisite simplicity, its human interest and atmosphere. The record given by Luke is generally chosen as a favorite because it brings the event so near to the heart and artlessly portrays the scene actually occurred.

The text before us, 2:7 is very suggestive and fruitful best bears testimony to two extreme facts. the great fortune and immeasurable blessing he brought forth) and second, a most pathetic tragedy (there was no room for them in the inn). Is not the last phrase prophetic in its pathetic sadness and strangeness? It foreshadowed the spirit of so many in their attitude toward Christ. He came into the world as a Redeemer to save and bring back again to the heart of the broken race of mankind. He came to give life, but the world would not have. They crucified Him. Neither will they have Him today. He came to His own, but as a King and Messiah. "And His own received Him not." There was no room in the inn of backslidden Israel's economy. Hence to the church today to bring to her the outpouring of spiritual life and power. To gain the material side of life has gained victory and blights the best interests, the practical and tragic answer is often given, "no room in the inn." But the

do not know the reason—false or true, which ruled the heart of him who kept the inn. It was enough however to shut the door, and answer that there was no room within. How little did the keeper realize what privilege and honor waited there, brought by the strangers to his very door, if he but open it and room prepare. It was not that he sought to do them harm; in turning them aside he had no plot. His time of visitation waited him, but dead to heaven's touch—he knew it not.

What reason rules the keeper of thy heart? Are all the doors unbarred and open wide? Is room prepared for Him who waits without? Or do you answer still—no room inside? It is not that you wish to do Him harm; it may be that you hold Him in respect. Then open wide the door and make Him room. He comes to give thee peace and joy within. Let open hearts be made His natal place that He might reign as King within the inn. —J. W. F.

loving, patient Christ in gentleness keeps seeking and now approaches the individual and according to Rev. 3:2 He desires to make a feast. And still we find it possible on the part of the individual to answer, "No room."

The Innkeeper

It cannot be that so great a loss and failure on the part of the innkeeper could have been due to mere accident. Before we consider what might have been possible causes of failure, let us

note two facts which I believe are suggested. I do not believe the innkeeper desired to do the seekers an indignity. It was not a studied rejection. He did not wish to be rude and unkind. He may have been a perfect gentleman. Neither was the rejection founded upon conclusions drawn from careful study and investigation. It rather seems to me he was "earthbound," and material in his vision. This was caused by preoccupation which resulted in neglect.

The city was filled with different members of the tribes. In response to the decree, they had come for registration. This called forth not only the humble and the poor, but also the rich and influential. The innkeeper was wise and knew this was his money-making season. Places of entertainment were in demand, and at this late hour a single room was at a premium. Certainly the last room or two could harvest him more than this humble couple, worn and tired, could offer him. So why not reserve the best for others and put the couple in the stable? And (seeing Mary's condition) no doubt he thought it safer and easier to avoid possible inconveniences. Heb. 13:2, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." Mark 9:31, "For whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in my name, because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you, ye shall not

lose your reward." The human heart and natural reason still act as hindrances too many times to the richest and best God has for us.

Let us not be too severe in our criticism of the innkeeper. It is one thing to preach to the dear sinners and feel pained and burdened that they neglect so rich a salvation by closing their hearts to Him. But dear young Christians, ours is to seek Christ and again at Christmas time He is seeking a fuller entrance into our lives. He comes to enrich—not to rob.

Tyrant World Spirit

In dealing with young people and helping them through many trying places and crises in life, I have noted a few possible reasons for closed doors. One of the first is the tyrant world spirit. I do not mean by this the coarse, vulgar spirit manifested in outbreaching sin and disorder. But rather the tyrannical world spirit as it makes its demands in the form of recognized customs of life, its laws, habits, conventionalities, ideas, and even ideals. How prone the human heart is to fall into bondage to these and allow them to control and build the life. It takes real courage to stand true to the spiritual convictions one has in regard to the world and its standards. We are not only Christians but baptized Christians and the church and the world are expecting and have a right to expect lives lived under higher and more spiritual standards than the world with its wisdom and philosophy can afford.

When He comes to the heart today (and He comes) does He find room in life or has the world spirit (even the legitimate) so occupied us that through sheer neglect and preoccupation we have starved our lives and wounded His heart?

Dominant Passion

In dealing with young people who have a fair conception of the possibilities of walking in the Spirit and a life of service for Christ, I have met some who had "no room" because of a dominant passion. This often takes too much attention and acts as a hindrance to the noblest and best God could bring into the life. We should all have a dominant passion, I am sure. In fact, we all do, only it is not always of noble birth. Our lives would be tame and insipid were there no dynamic which throbbed and stirred us into action.

To do the will of God is a very safe passion. But too many times the good is the enemy of the best. Often this passion is of good origin and may render commendable service. Many

times we have made ashamed of our devotion to Christ's service when we think of the devotion of the student will pay to his art. Music sometimes a passion which runs away with a Christian unconsciously the dear one is deceived in thought, "It is all for His service." It is a study. Such a passion for study (ever His Word) may do damage when the intellect and the soul becomes absorbed in the intellectual side of the message. An uncontrolled desire for study and more knowledge has closed the doors of more than one's heart to the "fuller revelation of spirit." Business is often a passion and often in the life of a Christian. It so occupies the heart and attention that the inn of life is filled with business propositions and advice. Matt. 6:33, "But seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness; and all things shall be added unto you." Even Christian service may so fill the inn that the very One we serve, is sadly neglected. We always remember, the worker is greater than the work. There are times when the individual heart and personal interest are the portion of Christ.

Did you notice in the Revelation the salutations or gifts Christ gives to each of the churches? as if their works were the first thing whine up for recognition. He instantly brushes aside with one remark for each—"I know your works"—and proceeds at once to the final attitude and responsibility. You remember when the temple became too cluttered He used it. It is also good to know that the one that uses the scourge is a *pierced one*.

Judgment

Another real hindrance which fills one's life is a hindrance of Christ's purpose in seeking a future. Sometimes I find a heart with an adorable secret or a difficulty in which one does not think the Lord could be at all interested. We have not time to develop this thought but wish you might know in your hearts that is love. Christ does not intrude upon personal lives to rob us or make us unhappy. He comes to bless. We do not understand motives and purposes and do not have faith to trust Him. Unbelief or self-pity sink into the inn of our hearts and when He has an entrance we coldly or feebly say, "None in the inn."

We may not to insult Him. We may

(*Ced on page 23*)

The Romance of the Kentucky Mountain Work

The 'Child' Grew and Waxed Strong"

Rose Meyer

*But on God's date of time
'Tis never late!*



AND when God's clock struck the hour for a definite and march of the Kentucky Mountain Mission work, He had His man all ready, having trained him in the school of life's experiences to fit him into the place of peculiar leadership; He had laid the burden prayer on intercessors in various parts of the country, and from all over the nation men and women responded to God's call to carry salvation's story in this neglected portion of our own United States. Slowly minutes had ticked while this infant project home missionary work was taking its first steps and there were times when it seemed hopelessly stunted, yes, to some it seemed doomed to die. But how often the darkest hours came just before the dawn; and when everything seemed most discouraging and hopeless, I heard the cries of the few intercessors and the death knell being sounded for a tiny, struggling infant, life was renewed and with startling rapidity the project grew until today, as we viewed the work, saw the pulsating, the God-energized life, and thought of the few brief years it had taken this infant work to grow to such a stature, we could stand aside and exclaim, "What hath God wrought!"

How captivating it is to watch an infant grow! Every minor detail of development speaks volumes to those vitally interested. And could we see all the detail and hear the heart throbs of a work of God's inception, these too would speak volumes of our Father's faithfulness and undying love for immortal souls.

Only God knows the actual date of birth of some things, for finite man cannot trace back to the time when the spark of life first came into being; but it was back in the year 1915, that a lone woman, who was to be vitally connected with the later growth of the work, became interested in these neglected mountain regions of Kentucky, through the reading of a little book depicting the dire need. Being a trained nurse she decided to consecrate her vocation in ministering to these people and forthwith Miss Marion Eason, now Mrs. Wakeman, for she has since married, allied herself with

the Presbyterian Board to work in connection with a hospital they were then building in the mountain section. No doubt it was God's way of getting her on the field; from then on she was led, step by step into the deeper truths until in a short time she had changed her vocation from that of nursing to that of preaching and teaching and living the Gospel. One single visit into a mountain cabin, so devoid of comforts, her first attempt to explain the Bible truths to this destitute group crammed into the little room, that prayer meeting which she knew was the first ever held in that neighborhood, the singing of the Gospel songs, attentively listened to by men, women and children, the chickens and pigs and even the mule which had stuck its head through the open door—all these were factors instrumental in the change of vocation. She severed connections with her Board and later joined another where she could do evangelistic work but later she was dismissed from this because of her bold stand for Divine Healing.

In those early days of the work she often had breath-taking experiences and miraculous deliverances and it was only by Divine intervention that she was not entirely driven from the district. Her stand against evil habits and sin of every kind often brought on stonings and attempts to burn her home and even the use of dynamite on the mission property. Through it all she stood firm but after being dismissed from the denomination with which she was working there came months and years when it seemed the death knell was being sounded for this infant work; lack of funds and lack of interest brought on intense discouragement. Two widow women of Cincinnati, personal friends of Miss Eason's, sacrificed and prayed to keep the struggling project going, but what was their mite in the face of such staggering needs and vast untouched territory? Organizations, churches and various denominations were appealed to by these widows but each one in turn refused to make any investigation, excusing themselves because their hands were already full and funds low. Doubtless God was preserving the field for the man He was preparing even then. "For five long years," said Miss Eason, "the heavens were as brass." She wrote letters to the two interested widows saying,

"Can't you get some organization interested enough to get behind and push?" but their every effort failed and, feeling utterly helpless, one of the ladies gave up too. For the following year and a half Mrs. Agnew, one of the widows, laid aside for a rainy day, the money she otherwise would have given to this mountain work; then at the end of eighteen months came a crash and she lost the money, to the very dollar, and she had neither savings nor treasure in heaven. This experience spoke loudly, and again she picked up the threads and did what she could for the work. Down in Kentucky the struggling infant Full Gospel work was seemingly breathing its last but just then, God who not only restores life to human bodies but also resuscitates the spark of life in a work of His planting, stepped in and brought in new life.

Toward the close of 1927 Mr. O. E. Nash took over the pastorate of the Pentecostal work in Cincinnati and the two widows interested in the mountain work began to attend. After a few months they decided to make an appeal to this new pastor, in behalf of the Kentucky Mountain work. In their hearts they feared it would mean but another refusal but as they put the work before Brother Nash, they found him interested enough to pray. They took courage when, after some weeks, Mr. Nash said that he and his wife would go down and investigate the work.

With the first visit in September, 1929, came the turning point. After a five day's peep into this mission project, a five-day glimpse into the pathetic life of the mountain people, so empty and without hope in this life and in the life to come, five days of travelling in springless wagons and tramping over rough, mountain roads, Mr. Nash was stirred to the core and never again could he throw off the responsibility which God had laid on his heart; he felt as if God's "woe" would be upon him if he did not do his utmost to give these people their rightful chance. Although his hands were already full with the home assembly and several branches, he took on this added burden and appealed for workers and funds. God's clock had struck, the crisis was past and from then on the Kentucky Mountain Missions made rapid strides towards full growth.

In just a few weeks the first two responded to God's call and one of these tramped on foot a distance of 185 miles to get to this field of labor. What consecration! What preparation for the days ahead! That initiation of a ten-day tramp was but a foretaste of what was to

follow and it proved to be good exercise for his physical muscles as well as the muscles of determination. The days that followed, Mr. Peter Powder on walked fifteen, twenty and more miles in one day, held a service at night and started out the next morning on a long tramp again. The mountain people conferred upon him the name of "The walkingest man" in the mountain. "It was Mr. Powder who gleaned much valuable information as to strategic points for mission cabins for us, and he got the lay-out of the land far beyond anything we had been able to get before and this proved a great asset to the work in general," said Mr. Nash of this faithful worker.

Slowly but surely the Gospel was filtering through these mountain regions. On one creek, a distance of 7 miles from the original station at Pence, people became pricked in their conscience and began to grope for a way out of their moral and spiritual darkness. Then in



Wilhurst Mission Station, Kentucky

the Spring of 190 the missionaries at Pence were surprised one day to have a visit of a delegation from this Creek; they had left their work in the fields and trudged over the rough mountain roads, these mountain men, in quest of the Bread that never perishes. Within their breasts was that gnawing hunger and it drove them on and on. Arriving at Pence they told the workers that they too wanted a missionary to teach their children this God-way. But there were no missionaries to send and after a vain attempt these mountaineers sadly wended their steps homeward.

Three months passed, months of increased hunger, months of groping, and then they heard that the Superintendent was again visiting the mountains. Again a delegation came to Pence and their intensified pleading for a missionary was but typical of the intensified spiritual hunger. They were not to be denied any longer. The spokesman of the crowd begged, pleaded

and appealed, but it seemed utterly impossible to send them any help. Then the spokesman paced up and down the room in front of Mr. Nash and with tears streaming down his face he said, "Brother Nash, you *must* send us a missionary that our children may be taught the ways of God. We don't want our children to be brought up the way we have been. You *must* send us a missionary." Superintendent and mountaineers wept together, wept in sheer helplessness, wept in desperation for someone to serve the living Bread to these hungry souls. "It drove us to desperate and definite prayer that the Lord of the harvest might send forth workers into this field," said the superintendent in rehearsing the scene; and the God-Man in heaven, He who had created the hunger within the breasts of those mountaineers heard and answered. Hunger is always indicative of a healthy condition and thus this child in the mountains grew.

In a short time two young ladies volunteered for the work, were accepted, and soon found themselves in the heart of Kentucky's beautiful hills; for a dwelling place they had one room in a little log cabin, windowless, dark and cheerless, but they were possessors of a Light that could penetrate not only physical darkness, but dense spiritual darkness as well. The new missionaries entered into the home life of these people. They ate with them, they entered into their trials and helped in the most menial tasks, that by any means they might gain some, and the light was penetrating.

But it wasn't easy! Though some responded others bitterly opposed, and never were walls of Jericho any harder to batter down than those walls of opposition. The workers were put to ignominy and shame, their cabin was robbed three different times and they had to learn over and over to "take joyfully the spoiling of their goods," ever laboring, loving and living with only the salvation of immortal souls in view. Walls of opposition gradually crumbled and near the close of 1932 the work was ripe for a permanent station. God provided for the building of a cabin thru some benevolent sisters in the Cincinnati Assembly, land was given by one of the mountain land-owners and inside of nine days Mr. H. L. Sammons, the field-man who had just previously joined the work, had built the mission cabin with the help of the mountain men who donated their labor. Each group of workers placed in that station did their part in sowing the seed and then in April of this year the first real break came when ten souls

were saved in a short revival campaign. Those hill-sides rang with the songs of the redeemed, lives and homes were transformed until up and down that Creek many were singing from experience:

"The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,
Since Jesus has taken away
My heart of sin, and my pipe and 'baccer too;
My night has all been turned to day."

Today, this Creek has its own little church built of rough boards and while most humble, to them it is very precious, and all the lumber as well as much of the labor was given by the people themselves. This child of the mountains was growing and waxing strong.

And it kept on growing. God worked in various ways to bring about a revival. In one instance, at another new station, it was a drought that drove the people to God, for when the people realized they were facing dire want and starvation they decided to meet in a mountain home to pray for rain. Preceding the prayer the missionary read the 1st and 2nd chapters of Joel but never finished the 2nd chapter, for in the midst of it the people cried to God, acknowledging their guilt and said, "We are to blame for this thing," and instead of praying for rain they prayed for mercy on their souls. God sent not only the physical rain, but verily drenched the parched and stony ground of human hearts with the spiritual rain, until in the space of ten days twenty-eight souls were won to Christ. And today at this station stands a little mission cabin as well as a church.

And thus the story could be repeated many times over for at Town Flat, at numerous other "Creeks" and tucked away here and there in the hills are monuments to God's grace, all evidencing a remarkable growth of this once infant work. At Rocky Branch a revival is now in progress which is most encouraging. It was but last July when the mountain preacher, who was carrying on the work to the best of his ability, came to the missionaries at a neighboring station and said with tears in his eyes, "Come over and help us." Miss Dorothy Locke and Miss Wave Berg answered the Macedonian call, and the next Sunday walked the distance of 6 miles, establishing a Sunday School with the result that in two weeks they had 115 children enrolled. They thought to work it as a *branch* but the demands were too great and it was decided to place two workers there. Up to the present time these two have had to live in one room; bedroom, living room,

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The Get Acquainted Page

Conducted by *Watson Argue*

Presenting the story of Berea Tabernacle and Pastor J. R. Kline's ministry of twenty-one years in Detroit, Michigan.

IT WAS JUST twenty-two years ago the twelfth day of November, that a young man, Jesse R. Kline, came to Detroit, Michigan, to be the pastor of the Pentecostal Assembly here. Pre-



Pastor and Mrs. J. R. Kline

vious to this he had been pastor of a small assembly at Bradford, Pa.

Many times as Brother Kline had read items of interest concerning the work in Detroit, of which the late Rev. L. C. Grant and his wife were then pastors, he felt peculiarly moved. There was a strange fascination to him about the Detroit field, altho he never mentioned to anyone his feeling in the matter.

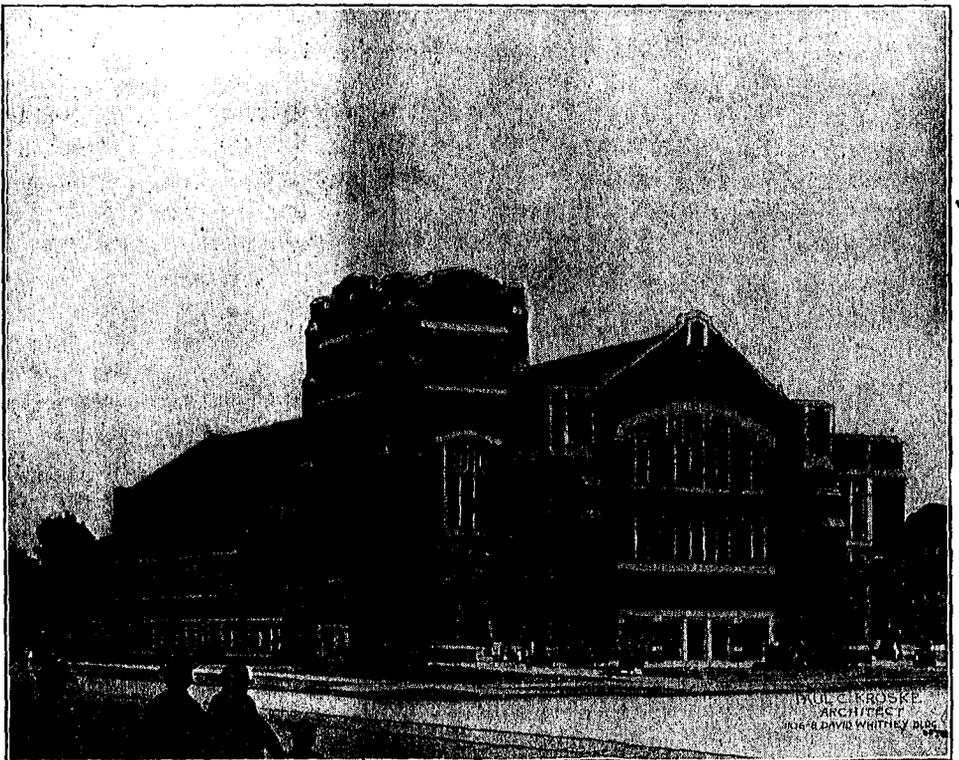
In the process of time, Brother Grant was feeling the leading of God to move to Cleveland, Ohio, to give his full time to the work of editing his paper, *The Pentecostal Record*, so the matter of securing a pastor for the work was the subject of earnest prayer on the part of the

saints in Detroit and Cleveland. Brother R. E. Erdman, who was then pastor of Welcome Mission, Buffalo, New York, heard of the need, and without mentioning the matter to Brother Kline, recommended him to Brother Grant. Mrs. D. W. Kerr, wife of the Cleveland pastor, felt impressed of the Lord in the same way and added her recommendation. God seemed to impress these different ones as they prayed, of His man for the vacancy, yet neither knew the leading of the other.

It was through the above circumstances that Brother Kline was invited to Detroit for special meetings, which resulted in him receiving a call to pastor the work, which he accepted.

The Assembly had a beautiful little church building on Fisher Avenue, but through a misunderstanding among the people it became necessary for the larger portion of the congregation to find another meeting place. The Lord temporarily opened the way for them to hold

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The Berea Tabernacle, Detroit, Michigan

"Inasmuch"

R. H. Moon

HE WAS A successful business man. Millions were now at his disposal; but so busy had he been in amassing a fortune that he had not taken time for the finer things of life. Wife, children and the warmth of home were not for him. Some day he would attend to them, but not now, because success was beckoning him. At length he had attained his end, he could now retire, and live in comfort the balance of his life. But retire to what? Nothing but the barrenness of a bachelor's apartment. There was no wife there to share his retirement; no children now to make his life glad. He had neglected these and too late he realized that he did not know how to play.

It was Christmas eve. Orders had been given to servants to send packages here and there with his card attached. Generous bonus checks had been mailed to his employees. All that his limited imagination could think of had been done, in the customary Christmas way, to send Christmas cheer to his friends. But they needed none of these, for they had as much of this world's goods as he. He was not happy alone in his apartment tho surrounded with every luxury. He knew nothing of the Christ of Christmas. His life was empty and barren despite his wealth. What could he do to fill that aching void in his heart?

In desperation he put on his hat and coat, and out into the throng of last-minute shoppers he went in search of something to take his thoughts off his dreary, empty life. Up and down the street he went, in and out of busy stores he walked, but somehow none of these things satisfied. He had plenty of them and wanted nothing more. Into a movie he goes, but there a domestic scene greeted his eyes that made him the more hungry for heart comfort. Again he is out in the street. This time he goes to a restaurant, and then, he saw them.

Just two ragged, skinny street urchins, with their cold noses pressed against the window of the restaurant, watching the people within enjoying themselves as they ate. Hand in hand they stood there, a boy and girl, all intent on what was going on inside. Hunger made their interest the more intense. As the wealthy bachelor looked at them something within told him that here was his chance to find the happiness his heart craved. For a while he watched them there, and listened to their conversation,

"Aw gee! Look at that big guy eatin chicken. Gee I wish I had some of it."

"Lookey at that swell dame. Aint she grand? I wish I had some of her clothes. Say all they are eating must cost a hundred dollars."

"Come on Jimmy, let's get out o' here before we steal sothing."

As they turned to go the rich man stepped up to them and asked them if they would like to go inside and eat. "Would we? Do you mean it? You just try us." So into the restaurant they went. Many of the diners knew the man, but regardless of their stares, he seated the children at a table, and told the waiter to bring them all that they wanted. The rich man could not eat; he was remembering a certain poor boy years ago who oft times went to bed hungry. Also he recalled how, little by little, he had climbed out of poverty, too busy all the time to remember his own boyhood days. But now it all came back to him with the thought of all that he had missed these empty years. Now he promised himself he would make amends for his lack.

Eventually the children's stomachs were filled. So he bade them follow him to the nearest department store. With a few words of directions to a saleslady, he delivered the little girl to her care, while he took the boy with him into the clothing department. From head to foot, and from the skin out, he clothed the little fellow with a new outfit. My how proud the little man was in his new clothes! and what a contrast to his dirty face and disheveled hair! Directly they were joined by the little sister, who likewise was clothed in everything dear to a girl's heart.

"Come with me now," said the rich man. So into the toy department they three went. By this time the man was a boy again. All the regrets were gone, and he was renewing his youth with the children. Whatever they wanted as far as eye could see, they had only to express a desire for it, and it was theirs.

Three happy children (one little girl, and two little boys) piled into the rich man's limousine that night, and drove to the tenement house where the two poor children lived. As the lad said "goodbye" to the man that night he slipped a chubby, black hand into his and said, "Say mister, is you God?"

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The Pulse of a Dying World

By Evangelist Wm. Booth-Clibborn

Polmol, a new explosive 12 times as powerful as T. N. T.!

Russia Joins the League! Reminds us of *some* people joining the Church.

No Punishment. Of 9000 murderers arrested in 1933, only 130 suffered the supreme penalty.

500,000 Laws were passed in the U.S.A. in 10 years. "The law made nothing perfect." Hebrews 7:19.

Half-Truth. "It is the business of the Churches to make my business impossible." —*Field-Marshal Earl Haig.*

Full-Truth. "The individual Christian must put up the sword but can never cause carnal nations to do so." —*George Fox.*

Fast Fire. The world is introduced to a new weapon of war in the machine-gun pistol that assassinated King Alexander—280 shots a minute.

Invisible Death. A death-ray searchlight to stop whole regiments in their tracks and bring airplanes tumbling has been demonstrated before French military experts.

"I Come Quickly!" The marvel camera speaks of minute exacting judgment to come—King Alexander, killed by the quickest gun—of the instant collapse of the coming Anti-Christian kingdom.

2 Thess. 2:8. The secret searchlight ray paralyzing moving masses of men and arresting aircraft motors in the sky, speaks of how the Lord "shall destroy with the brightness of His coming" that wicked one.

Jacob the Jew. Unabated is the secret persecution of the Jews in Germany. Herr Kobe, the Nazi leader recently said: "Jews are for the white race what syphilis is to the health of humanity." Troubled Jacob knows not where to turn!

Liquid Gold. There are 1,500,000,000,000 ounces of gold in the world's seas, enough for the earth's 2,000,000,000 inhabitants to each fall heir to \$25,000. Two new processes have recently been perfected to extract this phenomenal wealth from the oceans.

Prison Population in the United States is around 125,000. Each year 75,000 enter prison. About that number are turned loose by lax parole boards, 100 are executed, and 1000 die from natural causes, 2000 take French leave, and only 25,000 a year finish their sentences. No wonder the law is dispised.

Fascist Fanaticism. The whole reason of existence according to the philosophy of modern Italian is found in the fascist school books. Among many samples, here is one: "You must know that if little girls did not love their dolls so dearly, you would not have so many soldiers for war." The prostitution of natural instincts!

Prodigal Parents. The shameful revelations of misconduct that have come out in the testimony at the trial of Mrs. Gloria Vanderbilt in her effort to regain the custody of her only child, reveal the most appalling lack of decency and morals among America's very rich. Prodigal fathers and mothers are the greatest cause of the delinquency of youth. Romans 1:29.

More Blasphemy. "God is more honored by a single Mass than He could be by all actions of angels and men together, however fervent and heroic they might be." This is quoted from the Roman Catholic periodical *Universe*, recording that 50,000,000 Masses were offered this year in a so-called Crusade of the Holy Mass. In flat contradiction that "Christ dieth no more," the Roman Catholic error grows as the Eucharistic Congress meets in Buenos Aires.

The Smoking Curse costs the U. S. above "\$3,600,000,000 a year; \$10,000,000 per day or four times as much for tobacco as for bread" says Virgil Finnell. Dr. M. L. Hutchins says, "Smoking is one of the worst curses of motherhood, for the mother's poison blood coursing continually through the child's body, vitiates every cell." Sixty percent of all children born to cigarette-smoking mothers die before they are two years of age. In this case, as in others, God visits "the iniquity of the fathers upon the children." Deuteronomy 5:9.

Beer and the Fair. The brewers are in spasms of rage over the "scientific demonstration of the destructive effects of alcohol" sponsored by the National Women's Christian Temperance Union at the Century of Progress Exhibition in Chicago, which was viewed by thousands of visitors. The brewers protested this exhibit to the fair administration, with so little success that they opened a 40,000 square foot show of their own intoxicating wares, and liquors of every kind were sold all over the fair grounds. Yet the scientific facts about alcohol in a booth but 10 feet square, is the brewer's "thorn in the flesh."

Building and Planting. All over the world tremendous projects and construction enterprises sponsored by the nations at their wits' ends to solve the problem of unemployment have been commenced. Holland is drying up the Zuyder Zee, Russia has built two arctic railway lines, France's shipbuilding and rehabilitation of the western war front has oc-

cupied thousands. Italy has dried up marshes, built new cities, viaducts and dams, whereas Germany is marshalling millions of men and setting them to building new highways and urban improvements. The formidable program of construction projects adopted by the Roosevelt administration, the erection of the world's largest bridges, dams and irrigation canals, all remind one that the characteristic of the Sodom and Gomorrah civilization before its destruction was summed up by Jesus in two words, "They planted, they builded." Luke 17:28.

Morro Castle Catastrophe. Contradicting every honorable tradition of the sea, and bringing universal criticism and condemnation, was the behavior of the crew of the Morro Castle, five and a half million dollar pleasure liner, when it caught fire at 12:45 a.m., according to fireman John Kempf, as it sailed on a return cruise from Havana to New York, September 14th. The disaster in many of its terrible incidents, is a symbol of the coming destruction of civilization during tribulation. Three hours elapsed before the delayed S.O.S. was sent out. Captain Warms' "I thought we could hold a fire," is most significant. The world thinks itself able and strong enough to put out the fire that is smouldering below decks. The officers in charge were quarreling—and there is friction among the nations as never, and suspicion. Five of the lifeboats took off 92 of the crew but only 6 passengers, and so with the powers that be, they will seek to save themselves while the people will perish.

Enforced Marriage. Fornication has vastly increased since social conditions make marriage almost impossible among the young who company together without prospect of a home. At a conference of the American Social Hygiene Association, 250 educators, physicians and social workers met in New York. The question whether engaged couples barred from marriage by depression should be encouraged to practice sexual relations—Gynecologist Dickenson said, "In 1895 fifty couples were questioned. One pair in five had consummated their marriage before the ceremony. This year he questioned fifty more couples; every other couple, he learned, were as good as married."—"Such are faithful to each other. They have developed a sub-standard of morality." Winthrop Dearborn of Boston confirmed this statement saying that 200 engaged couples had come to consult him. He doubted that continence made for happiness. "I would not advise my own son or daughter against pre-marital relations," he shouted. By this time the conference was thrown into utter confusion. Thus the Word of God is fulfilled and promiscuous marrying as before the deluge is more than ever the secret custom.

G. P. U. Chief Dies. The head of the Russian secret police recently passed away and was buried in pomp and circumstance by the Communist Party with

2,000,000 deaths to his credit. Dr. Patmont writes of the treatment given prisoners as follows, "They are forced into icy water to land logs. The work begins at 5 a.m., there is no breakfast. Each laborer must perform a stated task no matter what his strength. Often the day's work is not done until midnight. Food rations consist of coarse barley, porridge and three and one-half ounces of black bread with some dried fish. Meat is not to be secured. Men too weak to work are beaten, brutally kicked and thrown to the ground. As a result many are ruptured and maimed. The suffering is intensified by insufficient clothing. In the summer it is impossible to escape the torture of clouds of mosquitoes; in the winter, the fearful cold. Women and girls are compelled to accept the advances of the cruel guards. Expectant mothers are often taken to the forests, never to return. There is no laughter left in Russia! Nobody smiles. Those who say that Russia was happier under the Czar disappear to die. It is not rare in any city to see 20 to 30 corpses carried out on carts in a single morning."

Pastors' Protest. "16,000 opposition pastors cast aside anti-christ rule and denounce Hitler."—So read recent headlines. For years before and more so after the war, the majority of the German pastors of the Lutheran and Evangelical state churches, have been proverbially modernistic, the lesser part bound hand and foot to the tradition and stalemate of Lutheran form, though remaining true to the letter of Scripture as far as they saw it. Now these all join together declaring the Gospel to have been nullified in a manifesto read in all the German churches. These protests sound weak when one considers the general error, higher criticism and other ecclesiastical evils that have paralyzed the German churches for a century or more. General compromise and worldliness has been the character of most ministers and members, whereas a death and dirth have prevailed in church worship. The pastors have bowed to the god of war, have preached a doctrine of hate, have served the carnal Kaiser interests too well, have substituted Confirmation for regeneration and now *instead of seeing their true backslidden condition* they assail the Hitler regime and assert it has under Reichsbishop Mueller "violated constitutional church government and has used political force to gain its ends. Caprice and falsehood have seized the ascendancy; the ten commandments are denied; lies and robbery against justice are resorted to." It is probable that God may use the very oppression, and Hitler tyranny to purify the remnant of those that are destined to prove faithful. It is in times of opposition and persecution that the saints of God have always returned "to the faith once delivered." The newspapers report that in churches that never enjoyed prayer meetings, there are sessions every single evening during this critical period in which thousands gather at church in the midst of scenes indescribable of earnestness and sincere humility.

The Great Invitation

To the Laborer, the Weary, and to the Heavy-Laden

Hugh Cadwalder in the Stone Church, July 29, 1934

Scripture Lesson, Matthew 21: 28-30.



HERE are times when Jesus, under the unction of the Spirit, seems to have pulled aside the curtain to allow us to look into some of the deep characteristics of God Himself. And in this passage we have such a revelation. Notice, the first thought in our text is the necessity of coming to Him. I would that Christian people would learn that this privilege of coming to Him does not cease when we are saved; it does not cease when we receive the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, but the invitation to come to Him is ours today and is for every man or woman regardless of his or her experience with God.

I want you to notice that there is a *place* for us to come and a *Person* to whom we come, "Come unto Me!" Some people are satisfied to come to church, or to obtain certain experiences or blessings, but oh the privilege made possible by the sacrifice of Jesus on the cross to come to Him! I do not know all that it means, but our blessed Lord, clothed with humanity, veiled the Deity in such a way that we human beings may approach Him and receive from Him the blessings He has for us. "Come unto Me!"

Sometimes we think of ourselves as intellectual; we think of the preacher who is to minister to us, as being very learned, and we want him to dig out something new and something great, but I believe God would have us humbly to appreciate the simple truths of the Gospel, and then we will receive much more for our souls. One of the greatest offers that the Bible makes is the invitation, "Come unto Me!" Doomed and ruined, and on our way to hell, Jesus Christ redeemed us by His own blood, washed us from our sins and then invited us to come unto Him and sit with Him in heavenly places, to enjoy the spiritual blessings and partake of the grandeur and glory of heaven. The human mind cannot conceive what it all means, and that is why it is so necessary to come to Him—not to the church only, not to the altar only, not to certain blessings only. How long has it been since you contacted Him?

And may I remind you that while the invitation offers wonderful opportunities it also carries with it serious obligations. I can come to church and have a feeling in my heart toward my brother, I can have envy in my heart when

I come to church and get by with it, I can come to church without repenting of some things I have said and get by with it, I can do a lot of shouting, tho I am not what I ought to be with God, but somehow I cannot come to *Him* and have vital touch with Him and have these things in my heart. Oh if God's people would learn to *come to Him* it would revolutionize the whole Christian world, for when we come to Jesus we are coming face to face with God!

Now let us notice who may come. As I read this scripture over I began to see one of the qualifications involved in that invitation: "all ye that labor." But you say, "Oh, I thought everyone could come!" True, Jesus invites whosoever will to take of the water of life freely, but here He has given a special invitation to designated folk. First, *those who labor*. Many believe that this invitation is for those who are weary and heavily burdened and that they may come and receive relief. That is true to an extent. I believe that Jesus does not exclude the burdened ones but He gives to those who *labor* a special invitation. I do not mean those who labor for their own special glory. There are many who receive renown and a prominent place for their labors, but Jesus does not mean this class. On one occasion He said, "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest to thrust forth laborers." There are few folk who actually labor and work in the service of God, who get beyond the place where they automatically do things. Many of us form a habit of going to church; we automatically go on Sunday mornings, we form a habit of prayer, and this ordinary prayer-life is no great strain on the physical body, but there is a place in prayer, there is a place in the service of God that is real labor. And let me whisper something to you, it takes that kind of labor to bring souls into the kingdom and to put the cause of God over.

Jesus told us to pray that the Lord of the harvest should send forth *such laborers*, and it is to *such laborers* that He gives this invitation. It is said that those who prayed for the great revival in Wales kept up a continual wave of prayer and some actually died from their labor of agonizing prayer. Have you ever prayed till you sweat as it were, great drops of blood? Have you ever labored with Him till your heart

was wrung? until you were exhausted? If not then you haven't learned what it really means to minister and to labor for Him. It is to that type of laborers, those who have given of their very life, that this invitation is extended—you who carry the burdens in the heat of the day, you who have struggled against the powers of darkness in high places, you who have toiled in prayer until your strength has almost gone. I believe that Jesus throws out this invitation for you.

Then it is not only those who labor but those who are *heavy laden*. Have you met people who have heavy burdens? There are some things in the moving of God's great Spirit that we do not understand now nor can we see the reasons for them in the natural. God's actions and dealings with us are in view of eternity and not for the present only. We sometimes wonder why it is that some are so blessed with material things when we are feeling the pinch of poverty. Then we have mothers, some very godly ones, who try to live an upright life and are burdened about raising their families for God, but in spite of it all it seems that their children persist in serving the devil.

The Church which Lacks in Vision

On the other hand there is a class of people who come to church and enjoy meetings; they thank God for the faithfulness of the preacher and they are grateful that the doors of the church are kept open. They pay their tithes but they never make any special sacrifice to give or to come. They do not feel it necessary to attend the prayer-meeting. They see no need of their bearing the responsibility of the street-meeting on Saturday night. They are simply grateful that there is a church for them to attend on Sunday morning, but never feel any special responsibility to the work of God. This invitation is not given to that type of people. I know how easy it is for us to draw back from responsibility. When I returned to Texas after having lived there as a boy and meantime traveling half-way around the world, I was present at the District Meeting and was nominated for Chairman. I had in mind to decline when God said, "Are you choosing a path of ease for your life, or are you willing to take the responsibilities that go with it?" When I was elected I said it would have been much easier to have simply been a member of the District Council and enjoyed the fellowship without bearing the responsibility. It is so easy to come to church and say, "The responsibility is not mine," but

let me say, Jesus designates a special class of people who are invited to come to Him, and they are those who are burdened for the work of the Lord.

Now then, what shall I do with my heavy burdens, my labors and my constant responsibilities that are the result of my activities? He invites me to roll them all upon Him. He doesn't want us to worry or fret, but just leave them with Him.

Here is the second clause of our text: "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me." After you have learned to labor and carry the responsibility of the cause of God, and have accepted the invitation to come to Him for rest, He says, "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me." "*Learn of Me!*" May God sink that deep into our hearts. Most of us have ceased trying to learn before we know very much, but here is Jesus saying, "Get rid of your burdens, lay your labors upon Me, and when you have come to that place of rest in God, take My yoke upon you and learn of Me."

Now let me call your attention to the necessity of being yoked up with Jesus if you are to learn of Him. You cannot learn of Jesus in the theatre, or in trashy literature, or in companionship with the unsaved world; you can not learn of Him in self-pity or comparing yourself with others. If you are to learn of Him you must become *yoked up* with Him; then where He goes you go and what He does you do.

In my early days before I began school, one of my older brothers brought his Reader home; in that reader was a picture of a large, Newfoundland dog, yoked up with a smaller one. When the Newfoundland dog saw something out in the water that he wanted he started on. The little dog did not like it but there was nothing to do but go along because he was yoked up with the larger dog. When I read this scripture God took my mind back to that picture and said to me, "I want you to be yoked up with Jesus in such a way that regardless of where He goes you will go with Him." If it is in the Garden, if it is to Calvary, if it is an all-night of prayer, if it is to be misunderstood by loved ones, or to be criticized by saints, if it is to be in peril of false brethren, wherever Jesus goes, if you are yoked up with Him, you will go. He said, "When you get yoked up with Him, then you are in a position to become a scholar and learn of Him. Not to learn His doctrine only but to learn of *Him*."

Some years ago I was holding a meeting at a certain place and the brother who was largely responsible for the meeting, took me to see his wife's mother and her step-father. As we drove up to the house he said, "My step-father-in-law is a peculiar man. He is 96 years old and cannot see very well but he can read the Bible almost all the way thru without looking at it." After visiting awhile he said, "Dad, read us some scripture." I expected him to get his glasses and begin to read, but instead he said, "What do you want?" "Oh read to us from the Gospel of John." "All right. We will begin at the 5th chapter." And he started off. I never heard anything like it, how he repeated that Bible, but that man lived like the devil. There are some people who have learned the doctrine. They have learned much of the Bible but they haven't learned of Him. And His invitation to you, my Christian brother and sister, is to get yoked up with Jesus, so to walk with Him that you will learn of Him.

It has been my privilege in days gone by to labor with some very godly men, such as Brother E. N. Bell, Brother Kerr and other outstanding characters whose memory is precious to us, and I remember how I would sit back and watch what these men did under trials and testings. What valuable lessons I learned from them while I was yoked up with them! But there are more wonderful things you can learn if you will be yoked up with Jesus and learn of Him. Learn what *He* does under pressure, learn what He does when the battle is the hardest, learn how He prays for His enemies, learn how He loves those who spitefully use Him, learn of His passion for lost humanity and of His concern for a dying world.

Then He says, "*For I am meek and lowly.*" Never in the history of the world has there been such pride and self-reliance, such independence of God as there is today. We find it not only among worldly people but it has crept into the hearts of God's people and there are many in our own Pentecostal Movement whose lives are not as meek and lowly as they should be. We glory in the fact that we are a power in the religious world. It is marvelous that God has given to us the light of Pentecost. I have enjoyed the Baptism of the Holy Ghost for more than twenty-five years, and I have no inclination or desire to change my opinion that it is the most wonderful truth that ever came to the church, but I am afraid that we Pentecostal people have gotten up on a pinnacle; we have gone around with a "holier than thou"

spirit which is displeasing to God. I believe the remedy for our failures is to do just what Jesus invites us to do, come to Him and learn of Him who is meek and lowly. There is a cry in my heart that we as a people might get down, down, down at the feet of Jesus, where God can be glorified, Christ exalted and the Holy Ghost manifested. I know no other way to get power than by getting yoked up with Jesus and learning of Him.

You will notice that when Jesus did mighty miracles, instead of saying, "Now I want to get hold of the newspaper reporter; I want the whole world to know that I healed this blind man, that I cast the demons out of that man," again and again He said, "Go, tell no man." When He went up on the Mount of Transfiguration with Peter, James and John, there came that wonderful transformation, and He said to those three disciples, "Tell the vision to no man, until the Son of man be risen again from the dead." As I read the different Pentecostal literature with the reports of the different revival meetings, I am grieved, for over and over I read, "I held a meeting," "I preached," "I prayed for the sick." Oh let us get to the place where we do not talk about ourselves, but where we are possessed with Jesus! I do not care to be a prominent person, but I do desire to be meek and lowly of heart. Come with me and let us go to school at the feet of Jesus and learn of His meekness. No back-fire, no high-headedness, no cutting off the servant's ear, no breaking of people's hearts, no sarcasm or display of temper. Let us learn of Jesus. Let us learn of Him in our secret closet of prayer, learn of Him in the night hours when the world is wrapped in slumber, learn of the lowliness of His heart. Do you want to do it?

There are three steps: First, we come to Jesus and receive relief from our labor; second, we find rest to our souls—we are relieved from those things in our make-up, in our activities that are always hindering us. Third, we *learn* of Him.

Let me stop and ask you a simple question. Do not answer it except to God: Can you look over your life today and think of a time when your usefulness for God has lost a large percentage of its effect because of the way you live? Here is the secret of deliverance for that: Learn of Him! I remember an incident in the early days of my ministry. We had been holding a meeting in a Free Methodist Church, but they had closed the doors on us when the power began to fall, so we rented a theatre. But

somehow we could not get the strangers into the theatre. To my surprise, one night the door opened and a great crowd of folk came in. I knew some were those who had been fighting us the hardest. I said to myself, "This is one time when they'll hear a Pentecostal message." I had intended to preach on something else, but I persuaded myself that I was obligated to give them the light. How readily we justify ourselves! So I switched my message, and if ever I preached Pentecost and of speaking in tongues, I did it that night. I made it so clear that I was able to commend myself as having preached wonderfully. As we started home I said to my wife, "What are you so quiet about?" She said, "Oh nothing!" "Didn't you like my message?" She said, "Yes, it was all right." But I had lived with her long enough to know that there was a note of disapproval. I said, "What do you mean?" She answered, "The message was wonderful and well-worded, but somehow I detected something beyond it that was hurtful rather than helpful." I did not appreciate this criticism and it took God three years to make me admit that I had made a mistake. Three years later I was praying and God began to talk to me about my ministry. He took me back to that night and said, "You remember how determined you were for defence. You remember those people never came back to your service." And I had to admit the truth. Can you put your finger on weaknesses in your life? You remember the "striking back" spirit. You have been so discouraged over your disposition; you say, "I am not a personal worker. I speak too harshly." Listen! You may come and learn of Him and you will find rest to your souls. And then He adds such sweet words, "For my yoke is easy and my burden is light." When you have learned of Jesus, when you are meek and lowly in heart, you will find rest to your soul, and you will know how to submit to the yoke. But you will be rejoicing along-side of Jesus and enjoying His companionship.

Christmas in the Mountains

I SHALL NEVER forget my first Christmas at Oakdale, in the Kentucky Mountains. When I arose in the morning I found that it was snowing and very cold. My house had been built of green lumber and as it seasoned out, great spaces were left all around the wall and floor. I filled as many holes as I could with paper, but the house was still very cold. I did

not have any Christmas fare in the house but had peace in my soul.

In the afternoon I went to hold a meeting in a house a little distance away. When I got there the room was full. It is true, the room was small and it did not take many to fill it; there was the mother, father and eight children and all lived and slept in that one room. There were no windows; all the light we had came from an open log fire. When I stood up to read I asked them if they knew about Christmas. And would you believe that not one in the room had ever heard about Jesus having been born? One poor woman looked up at me and said, "No one has ever told us." Oh how they listened as I told them the old story!

When I reached home I was wet to the skin. The snow drifts were up to my knees. It had blown into my room, making quite a snow bank. I swept it out, lighted my fire, got out of my wet clothing into a bathrobe, and sat in front of the open fire to eat my supper. How happy I felt!

If you could visit that family now, you would find that old shack of a house gone and in its place stands a nice four-room house with windows and curtains. The father, mother, two girls and two boys are saved. The man of the house was one of my first converts and now he is such a power for God.

—Mrs. M. E. Wakeman.

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Back to his apartment went the rich man, with his heart full of a new-found joy. That night in his dreams he saw the poor babe of Bethlehem, and then the full grown Christ of Nazareth. As he gazed on the scene the Christ seemed to speak to him thus: "I became poor that you might be rich. As thou hast loaded those children tonight with good things, so do I want to load thee with blessing manifold, for thou knowest not that thou art poor indeed. Yet because thou hast done it unto one of the least of these, thou hast done it unto Me. Trust Me then, and I will make thee rich with eternal riches." That night, ere the sun rose on Christmas day, the rich man had received the greatest of all Christmas gifts, and became a new creature in Christ Jesus.

"Glory to God in the Highest,
And on earth Peace."

From Throne to Manger for Our Sakes

Pastor N. P. Thomsen in the Stone Church

IN PAUL'S Second Epistle to the Corinthians 8:9, we read, "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, *though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich.*" Throughout the annals of missionary endeavor the apex must and always will remain the journey that Christ made from heaven to this earth. No missionary journey ever like it! None ever at such cost! No one ever made so great a sacrifice. Jesus, to save a lost and dying humanity, gave Himself and all that He had. He spared nothing! The Father spared not His Son; the Son spared not Himself. The Triune God had a passion for the salvation of lost and dying humanity, and nothing short of that will ever move anyone toward making a sacrifice for the salvation of others.

In this verse Paul tells us that we know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. Then he tells us what this grace is: "Tho He was rich yet for our sakes He became poor, that we, thru His poverty, might be rich." That is a statement that should cause our hearts to rejoice greatly, that God made it possible for you and me to be rich—rich in deed, rich in truth. He tells us first that *He* was rich. Is there any question about that? Let us see what the Word has to say about His wealth. Jesus Christ had wealth untold. There wasn't a thing withheld from Him. God in speaking thru His prophet Haggai said, "The gold is mine, and the silver is mine." In the Book of Chronicles David is thanking God with real faithfulness in his heart, and he says this, "But who am I, and what is my people, that we should be able to offer so willingly after this sort? *for all things come of thee, and of thine own have we given thee.* . . . O Lord our God, all this store that we have prepared to build thee a house for thine holy name cometh of thine hand, and is all thine own." By right of creation the wealth of the world, the wealth of the universe, all are His. The silver and the gold are His, and the "cattle upon a thousand hills." We read, we might almost say, of His *lavishness* when He goes to prepare a place for His own. There seems to be no way of reckoning God's wealth.

As far as material wealth is concerned, we read of those tremendous gates, each of one

solid pearl, of streets paved with gold; we read of—not crushed stone and cement for foundations. No! No! They are going to put their jewels down there for the foundations of that city fifteen hundred miles long, fifteen hundred miles wide, and fifteen hundred miles high, are one solid mass of jewels, all prepared for you and me. I do not know why we struggle for a little wealth down here, and act as though that is all there is. Let us launch out for God. We have something in store that outshines anything you and I can ever expect in this life. No wonder Jesus said, speaking of material things, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

They tell us that the sun is one mass of molten metal, because of the tremendous heat; that most likely the center of the earth is one solid ball of platinum or some precious metal because of the continued whirling of the earth, and round about a very heavy layer of gold; and could they get at the world's center they would have tremendous wealth. But should this be true it is not to be compared to what He has stored up for us.

Our Lord was rich not only in material wealth, even tho the great solar system, the starry heavens, the universe and the great constellations are included. All are His by right of creation, but He is also rich in power. He is omnipotent. In the 29th chapter of 2 Chronicles David says in verse 11, "Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty: for all that is in the heaven and in the earth is Thine; Thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and Thou art exalted as head above all." That is the vision that David had of the Lord, in whom is vested all power. Therefore, when Jesus Christ arose from the dead He could stand before His disciples and say, "All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth." Look, if you please, into the starry heavens, using the most powerful telescope. Travel this earth over, even unto the unexplored places—"*All power is given unto Me.*" Our Lord was rich in power before He ever came to this earth. Let us not think that He first took up an existence when He came to this earth. Isaiah says, "Unto us a child is born"; but more than that, "Unto us a son is given," not born. The Son wasn't

born on Christmas, but the body that was given Him was born on Christmas Day. The Son had been in the bosom of the Father from eternity. He was forever. It was God Himself who came down to dwell with men.

The Jews knew what He meant when He said, "Before Abraham was I am." They took up stones to stone Him because they said He blasphemed. When the Triune God met together in conference to plan this wonderful universe, Jesus Christ was one of the Trinity. It is stated that not anything that was made was made without Him. We find Him back there in the beginning of time causing light to come forth. We see Him causing the waters to separate from the land. He spoke and it was done. He commanded and vegetable and plant life came into existence. He formed man and breathed into him the breath of life, and he became a living soul. He had tremendous power.

Another thought I'd like to bring to you is found in Romans 9:23, "That He might make known the riches of His glory on the vessels of mercy, which He had afore prepared unto glory." This is a beautiful verse in connection with Christmas, that God has planned for the salvation of the lost "that He might make known the riches of His glory on the vessels of mercy, which He afore prepared unto glory." We see here that Christ was rich in glory. Think of the glory He had in the presence of the Father!

I want to touch a little on this word "glory." If I were to ask you to define the word I suppose you would hardly know what to say. Like many other words in the Bible it is not definable. Take the word "grace." Where do you find language that will define the word "grace"? There are so many angles to it. It is one of the big words of the Bible and "glory" is another. When you tell me you have the glory in your soul I know something of what you have tho I cannot tell all that the word means. Christ was rich in *glory*. There are several words in the original which are translated "glory" and they have a wide range of meaning, yet as you fit them all together, the word "glory" from its root has a sense of wideness. He was rich in that sense of expansiveness that covered all things, that sense of greatness, loftiness. He says, "The heaven is my throne, the earth is my footstool." There is also the meaning of *brightness*, a light of the brilliancy that Moses caught in His presence, the reflection of which he carried down the mountain, so bright

that the children of Israel could not stand to gaze on him. Oh yes, our Lord was rich in glory! No man could see His face and live, so great was that glory.

Then there is the thought of rarity in the root meaning of this word. Rare! You have heard of rare jems—there are few of them. Even postage stamps become very valuable because of their rarity. There is one issue, they tell me, of which there are only four in existence, and they are so valuable because of their rarity, that they are worth \$50,000 each. Pearls of rare color and size have been known to bring fabulous prices. The finding of a rare pearl has often spelled wealth for the finder. Ah! there is only One Lord Jesus, and when you find Him you get the Pearl of great price, whose value you are not able to compute.

Then there is the meaning of *beauty* in this word *glory*. His is a beauty that is incomparable, and the bride cries out, "The fairest among ten thousand!" No sculptor has ever been able to carve His image, but one day we will see Him and fall at His feet and worship Him. There is also the meaning of *desire*. We read of Him as "the Desire of all nations." It is remarkable to what extent the qualities of Jesus are desired all over the world, and tho His name is left out the qualities that Jesus possesses are magnified. He is the desire of our hearts. More than that, the word that is used to express glory has the thought of dignity, majesty. Our Lord was rich in majesty!

In eternity the wealth, the power and the glory were His, yet for our sakes He became poor. The scriptures give us a statement of facts when they state, "He *became* poor." As we celebrate Christmas we think of His poverty! of His humility! we think of the stable in which He was born, of the straw on which He lay! When He came to earth He laid aside His wealth. He could not even buy Himself a room. He was willing to be laid in a manger, a makeshift cradle.

Watch Him as He grows into manhood. We do not know how long Joseph lived, but from tradition it would seem that His father died at an early age and upon Jesus rested the support of the family. As He entered His ministry we find Him in the midst of the people, but we never read of Him having money. Other things were of far greater importance than money. When they asked Him about taxes He didn't have any money so He sent Peter down to catch a fish and out of its mouth to take a coin. We

hear Him saying, "The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have their nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." When He was crucified none fought over His will. He hadn't anything of value to leave. They gambled about His clothes that were upon His back but He was buried in a borrowed tomb.

He suffered the loss, not only of material wealth, but He became poor in power. He who had *all power*, was on the cross subject to the will of the Father, and obedient unto death, for He says, "Father, into Thy hands I commit my Spirit." Where is His glory? He has laid it aside. The glory has gone. We hear His disciples say, "We thought it was He that should redeem Israel." He laid aside all His riches, His glory, His majesty for you, for me.

We are joyful today because the angel sang, "Peace on earth, good will to men! Glory to God in the highest!" Why? Because Jesus went to the cross? Christmas means humiliation, Christmas means sacrifice, Christmas means a lowliness as none ever knew. When Jesus came He made Himself *of no reputation*. He came to lose His rank, to give Himself to death for you and me. Yes, we ought to be singing in the angelic chorus today. We ought never to cease to praise Him. He became poor for what purpose? "*That we thru His poverty might become rich.*" He took upon Himself our frailties, our flesh and blood and became identified so closely with us that when He went back to the Father again, He went as the first fruits of that glorious company that shall one day stand together thruout the eternal ages. He took up the wealth as our representative, He took that power as our representative, and He waits for you and me to become a part of that glory, that power, thruout the coming ages.

And He will give us the inheritance here and now. In the Holy Spirit you can enter in and know the joy of it, the power of it. Let us never be discouraged or downcast. We have an abundance in Jesus Christ—all that we have need of for spirit, soul and body. Why do we become anxious? Do you see what Paul has tried to tell us? You are rich! Rich! Rich in Christ Jesus! Rich with a wealth untold! He made it possible for us to partake of it. Let us not be fearful. Let us be willing to lose our reputation, to give up our earthly glory, our love of power, even if it means the destruction of all our ambitions. If we give up all for Jesus our Lord there will be a glorious day coming when in His presence He will reward us.

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kitchen and study it was, as well as a Sunday School room, until eventually it proved too small for the latter purpose and teachers and children moved outside. We would enlist special prayer and financial help for the purchase of an available property here; it consists of eight acres, a cabin which can be used for both living quarters and a mission, a barn and one or two other small buildings, all for \$400. On the land crops could be raised that would serve many of the other stations and all together it would be of inestimable help to the entire work.

(To be continued)

* * *

NEEDS OF THE MOUNTAIN WORK

There is a crying need for more laborers because of new doors which are constantly being opened. Surely throughout this land there are other men and women who will answer God's call to meet this need! Then as volunteers respond the Lord may ask others for funds. In many churches it would be possible for several classes to join in the support of a worker at \$10.00 per month; perhaps a Bible class could obligate itself for a worker. At present there are a number on the field who do not receive even this small amount; names could be furnished to those who would be interested in making up the deficiency.

Then there are great sections yet untouched. What an opportunity to invest \$100 or \$200 for the erection of a permanent station—one of those humble cabins that will prove to be a life-saving sation. What a place for a memorial, put up in memory of some loved one—it would cost less than many a tombstone and of what greater profit throughout all eternity such a memorial would be!

Previous mention has been made of horses; the investment of \$85.00 for a horse would save some missionary many a strength-sapping tramp on foot and make it possible for him or her to reach more places in a shorter time. Then some smaller group or class could pledge themselves for the up-keep of a horse, which is \$6 a month.

Among the missionaries there are now four babies—missionary babies, and some of these are not receiving proper nourishing food and other necessities. It is hard to manage on \$10.00 a month. What a blessing it would be for some individual to take up the regular support of such a baby! Names and information can be furnished upon request and correspondence can then be established with the parents.

And last but not least, let us say that there is a constant demand for clothing for the mountain people. Their destitute condition in scores

of instances is most pathetic. Children have arrived for Sunday School during the cold winter months in such a condition that the missionaries had to spend much time rubbing their feet and giving hot drinks to revive them; they have trudged over frozen mountain roads barefooted and poorly clad. Through the generosity of people who learned of the need the workers have been enabled to help them very materially. From one station alone clothing was distributed to 250 individuals within a few months.

Now that Christmas time is upon us, let us remember, too, these workers in the mountains; toys and clothing and candy for the children; some extra luxury for the workers or a special offering will bring untold cheer and happiness. As ye do it unto one of . . . these—ye do it unto Him.

All inquiries regarding applications as a worker, or names and addresses of missionaries needing help will be gladly answered by Rev. O. E. Nash, 2525 Gilbert Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. Send clothing, or any parcels for the work to the Supervisor on the field, Miss Elsie Nash, Wilhurst, Breathitt Co., Kentucky.

To Our Readers

ONE OF OUR subscribers who has been a reader of *The Latter Rain Evangel* for a number of years writes appreciatively of the paper, and ends with this sentence: "I shall never forget how the Lord blessed the paper to me the first year I took it, before I had ever been in a Pentecostal meeting."

This started a train of thought, and we wondered if there were not many of our readers who had friends to whom the paper would be a great blessing during the coming year. It is a blessed way you can minister to them and it might result in their salvation.

As the holiday season is at hand, what better way to remember friends than to give them something that will remind them monthly of your interest in their spiritual welfare? A gift for material comfort is of passing interest—temporal, but a gift that is for the salvation or upbuilding of the soul is of eternal import.

Special Offer for December

During the month of December we will give a copy of the Autobiography of Madam Guyon (Cloth, 270 pages) for three or more *new* yearly subscriptions at \$1.10 each; a small Bible, divinity circuit, bold face type, leatherette binding, size 5 x 7¼, for ten *new* yearly subscriptions at \$1.00 each. This is a special offer for December only. We trust a large number of our readers will avail themselves of these

offers. We will send a card to those receiving the paper as a gift at this holiday season, apprising them of the name of the giver, if this is desired.

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in our refusal treat Him with courtesy and respect. Many dear hearts today would not do Him an indignity. But alas—when He knocks we fail and through neglect or indifference we pave the way to loss and tragedy.

It is Christmas time and again He is seeking. Shall we not for a time consider prayerfully the hindrances which clutter the inns of our lives? Let us not repeat the sin of the innkeeper, but joyfully and wholeheartedly sing,
"Come into my heart, Lord Jesus,
There's room in my heart for Thee."

(Continued from page 12)

services in the basement of Simpson (now known as Wesley) M. E. Church, but soon a permanent meeting place was found consisting of a lodge hall on the third floor of the Vermont Building, Cor. Grand & Trumbull Avenues. Here the Assembly worshipped for one year, then purchased a property one block away at the corner of National Ave. and Brainerd St., where a one-story cement-block building was erected.

Under the blessing of God the work prospered and grew, and many souls found God and received the Comforter, the blessed Holy Spirit, in that Chapel. Eight years went by, filled with blessing, when it became evident that larger quarters were needed. A building program was launched which resulted in the erection of beautiful Berea Tabernacle, located at the Corner of Fourth & Forest Avenues, in the heart of the great city of Detroit. The building has a seating capacity of 1,000. Although there are no wealthy people in the Assembly, the Tabernacle, costing nearly \$100,000 has only a comparatively small mortgage against it, and much of that is offset by the amount due the Assembly on contract from the old property. More than \$50,000 has been given for foreign missionary work during this time. Several branch churches have sprung up around Detroit and in Michigan, and missionaries have gone out from the Assembly to India, Germany and South America.

The church carries on a weekly Radio Broadcast over Station WEXL, and publishes a monthly paper, *The Berea Beacon*. Jail services are conducted regularly by the Tabernacle.

Truly God has blessed the ministry of Pastor and Mrs. J. R. Kline. They have stood faithful in spite of many adverse winds and discouraging situations, and God has crowned their efforts with success.

The church at this writing is having revival meetings which are being conducted by Evangelist and Mrs. Watson Argue. This is Brother Argue's third campaign in Berea Tabernacle. The campaign was scheduled for three weeks, but has been extended to four. —J. H. P.

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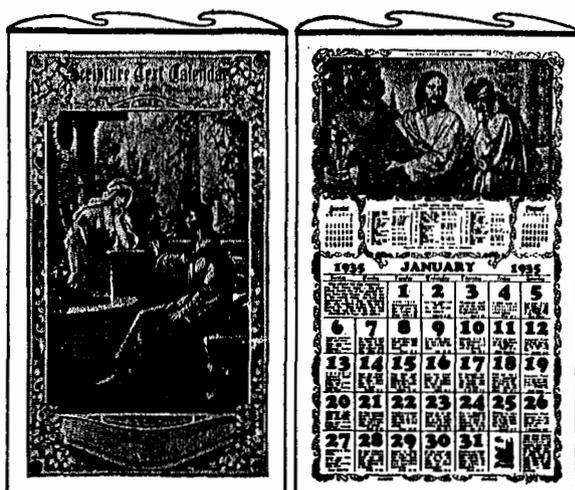
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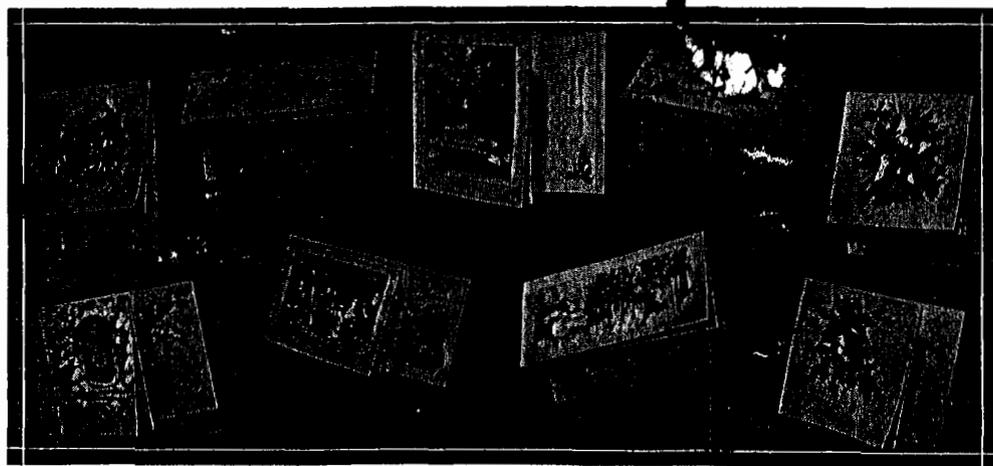
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