

# The Latter Rain Kvangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

## After the Night

"It was Night."  
Darkest, that was ever seen;  
Treachery, desperate and mean;  
"Friends" on whom He could not lean.

It was Night!  
Night for Him—and for them night;  
For they could not bear the sight,  
So they left Him in their fright  
That dark night.

"Morning" Light!  
"Very early" in the dawn  
Of that resurrection morn  
Hope was dead. But joy was born.  
O the Light!  
"Mary" was the name He said;  
"Master!"—Gone was all her dread;  
He was living and not dead,  
Glory light.

It will be bright!  
When the Morning Star shall shine,  
When the joyful "Shout" is Thine.  
When in glory Thine are mine.  
Gone: the dark night.  
All the sin, shame, sorrow past;  
All the shadows suffering cast;  
Tears all wiped away at last!  
Eternal Light.

—L. M. Warner

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

The Latter Rain Evangel

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

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

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

Subscription Price

TO ANY PART \$1.25 (5/8) per year in advance  
OF THE WORLD 65c (3s) six months in advance

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

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

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

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

Table of Contents

AFTER THE NIGHT.....Frontispiece  
THE RESURRECTION MORN..... 2  
THE TRIUMPH OF THE CROSS..... 3  
WHAT IS MEANT BY THE OPEN GRAVE.... 4  
HOW GOD ARRESTED A COW-PUNCHER..... 7  
SPIRITUAL PALM TREES IN JAPAN..... 9  
AFTER DEATH .....10  
THE GET ACQUAINTED PAGE.....12  
MANCHURIA—THE LAND OF OPPORTUNITY. 13  
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LABORATORY.....15  
THE SCARRED HAND.....17  
SALVATION OF AN INFIDEL.....19  
"THEN REMEMBERED THEY".....22

The Resurrection Morn

*The night was black. No ray of hope could pierce the awful gloom  
Enshrouding those disciples' hearts; their Lord was in the tomb.*

*The morn was bright and fair; the shadows all had fled away  
From Mary's happy heart. Her Lord had vanquished death that day.*

*Earth's Saturday and darkest night it is. We weep and mourn  
The loss of those whom from our arms the ruthless grave hath torn.*

*Rejoice! for soon shall break in splendor God's eternal day,  
The resurrection day, when He shall wipe all tears away!*

Beulah May Bowden.

\* \* \*

Millions Pouring into Palestine

A recent news item from Jerusalem, Palestine, appeared in a Chicago daily on March 13, from the Jewish Telegraphic Agency, stating that "more than \$25,000,000 was brought into Palestine by Jewish immigrants in 1934, according to an official report of the Palestine government, which will be published shortly.

"It says 42,350 Jews entered during the year, including 10,880 workers and 5,125 capitalists, the latter bringing not less than \$5,000 each." The rapid up-building of Palestine is exceedingly significant.

\* \* \*

"Had I known what I now know of the service of prayer," said a dying saint, "I would have given three-fourths of my day to intercession." Nothing is effectual that is not first covered by prayer. Dr. Bachus, a former president of Hamilton College in America, was told that he had but half an hour to live. "Is that so?" he replied; "then take me out of my bed, and put me on my knees, and let me spend it calling on God for the salvation of the world." And so they did: he died upon his knees.

## The Triumph of the Cross

By the late Harry L. Collier in Full Gospel Messenger



IGHT has wrapped her somber mantle over the hills of Judea and pinned it with stars to the bosom of heaven. Darkness and stillness brood over the "place of a skull" where hung three forms on crosses of death. Silence, deep, ominous, portentous, hangs like a pall over the brow of Golgotha, as though expecting some thunderbolt of judgment. The hush of a night, wierd and uncanny holds hill and vale, stream and lake, within its cold embrace. The noisy shout of mockery, and the wild scream of hate, have died away in stillness. The reverberation of hammer upon iron spike, the groan of crucifixion, and the wail of women, have faded into the recesses of memory. Three days and nights that seem like ages have marched across the scene of Calvary carnage, and only the bitter, mocking, crushing, silence of death has met wistful, watching eyes. Each day the multitudes have passed by the hill where death seized its prey, with careless mien. Each day the busy throng has passed by the tomb where lay their Prophet, with hardly a thought of yesterday's tragedy, intent on the cares and the business of the hour. Each day the faint murmur of myriad activity floats over the massive wall of the City of the Great King, apparently forgetful of the crucifixion. The shadows in the Garden where the Son of Man agonized in prayer, seem darker than when the "cup that might not pass from His lips," pressed the blood-sweat from His very form. Nearby the

### *Tomb in a Garden*

securely sealed, holds the spike-torn and spear-pierced body of Jesus, cold in death. There, wrapped in "linen, clean and white," lies the motionless form of the "Prophet of Nazareth." Death has ridden his black horse of desolation over the human frame of the Son of Man, and mute and helpless, He reclines in rock sarcophagus. The third night passes and yet no sign comes that death's victory has been overcome. The soldier guard, armed and helmeted, keeps watch through the night vigils, pacing the approach to the rock-hewn sepulchre, where lies the body of the Victim of the Cross. The echo of their measured step the only sound upon the intense stillness of the night. The flicker of their torch the only faint gleam of light in the surrounding darkness. The morning star rises

gently in the Eastern sky (first harbinger of a new day). Then far away toward the Orient, the first faint ray that heralds the coming of the dawn, moves up the steps of the heaven, when suddenly, the gloom is illuminated with light, dazzling, glorious, overpowering. The "strong Angel descends" with countenance like the lightning, and with touch divine,

### *"Rolls the Stone Away"*

and sits upon it in triumph. The proud seal of the Roman Empire crumbles into dust, and the haughty minions of Caesar fall like dead men before the Angelic Embassy from the skies. The earth trembles and quivers and shudders at the strange and sudden visitation from on high. The garden where crimson carnage and crucifixion convulsion brought death and desolation, is now shimmering with a new light—not the light of sun, or moon, or star—but the light of Christ, who steps forth from the recesses of Death's dark domain.

### *The Lord of the Resurrection*

of the Dead, victorious over man's enemy, the king of darkness! Angelic Visitants worship Him! Death flees before Him! Soldiers fall at His presence! Earth trembles under His tread! Cloud of glory pavilions Him! Heaven's armies marshal about Him! Everlasting gates open to receive Him! Many crowns await Him! Praise Him ye pilgrims of the night! Praise Him ye Hosts of light! Praise Him ye Redeemed of Earth! Christ lives! The Lord of the Resurrection reigns on high! Rejoice ye prisoners of hope! The light of Resurrection overspreads the world! The day dawn of a new life has arisen! The Cross has conquered the Tomb! The dawn of an everlasting Light is scattering the night of death! The whole world vibrates with Easter joy—the joy of the Lord of the Resurrection!

\* \* \*

I came upon an empty cross,  
An open tomb beside;  
He whispered to my pain and loss,  
"I conquered—Death has died."

—D. A. P.

*I would rather be the means of changing one life for God in the day of judgment, than to possess worlds.* —H. WELLINGTON WOOD.

## What Is Meant by the Open Grave

*The Guarantee of our Resurrection*

Pastor N. P. Thomsen in the Stone Church



**I** WANT to read Paul's great argument in favor of the Resurrection as found in I. Corinthians 15:12-15, and bring you some thoughts on: What is meant by the open grave?

The grave is open. We cannot find Jesus there. The message of the angel was, "He is not here; He is risen!" He is now sitting at the right hand of God the Father. It was not until the disciples turned their backs to the grave that they saw the Lord; as long as they looked for Him in the grave they saw only an empty tomb.

I doubt if there is any historic fact more definitely proved than the resurrection of our Lord and the only persons who cannot see this are those who refuse to see it, refuse to accept the evidence placed before us so conclusively. God has made this fact so definite that we could spend hours bringing forth the evidences given in His Word to prove the fact of the resurrection of our Lord from the dead and yet we still have those who tell us He did not arise.

They remind me of two men, who after an academic term in the University, agreed that they would spend their vacation searching records, one to disprove the conversion of Paul and the other to disprove the resurrection of Jesus Christ. They purposed in their hearts to be able to refute these two incidents by the time they returned to college for the next term. At the close of vacation time Lord Lyttelton and his friend Mr. West came together with their notes on their findings. Lord Lyttelton turned to his friend and said, "I am sorry, but after searching all the records I am convinced that Paul was converted and I myself now believe in his conversion. Thereupon Mr. West said, "Well, I am unable to refute the incident that I have studied and I have come to believe absolutely that Jesus Christ rose from the dead. I have studied the case very carefully and am convinced it is a fact." And I believe every person who has an open mind will also be convinced of this fact.

Now this *open grave* must have some meaning to us who are His children. First of all let me say that it is an evidence of some real truths. Turn with me to Romans 1:4 which says that the resurrection was God's means of declaring

Jesus Christ to be the Son of God; hence the open grave proves to us the fact of the atonement. There could have been no atonement had Jesus Christ not risen from the dead; neither could there have been any virtue in the blood that was shed had Jesus Christ not risen from the dead. We would have no proof of the deity, the divinity of Christ had He not risen from the grave. In fact the proof would have turned the facts all the other way. All that His enemies had to say concerning Him would have been true; their suspicions of Him would have been confirmed and the great work which He came to do would have ended in failure. He died on the Cross; a tremendous offering it was for us; He died as our Substitute and our Sacrifice but that substitute and that sacrifice would have been of no avail and our faith today would all be in vain but for the fact that He arose again according to the Scripture, on the third day. So there is no greater evidence of the atoning work of Jesus Christ or of His power and His deity than the resurrection from the dead.

Then it also has a deeper meaning to us. It brings to us the world-wide evangelistic program of our Lord. We never would have had an evangelistic message of an all-inclusive Gospel as we have today, were it not for the resurrection of Jesus from the dead. We find Paul saying, "For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins, according to the scriptures: and that he rose again the third day according to the scriptures." That contains our Gospel message, but without the resurrection we have no Gospel. Anyone who attempts to deny the resurrection takes out the very heart of the Gospel.

You will remember that when the apostles were choosing one to take the place of Judas, one of the qualifications was that he must have been a witness of the resurrection of Jesus Christ. They felt that unless he could proclaim the message as a direct witness, he would have a message without power; that it was an utter impossibility for any man, not having been an eye-witness to the resurrection, to be able to convince people of the fact. They realized that all Jesus had ever said and done hinged upon the fact that He rose again. And all that you

and I have to say concerning the Gospel today also hinges on that fact.

No wonder the first day of the week is a day of joy to us! I do not wonder that they changed their day of worship from the seventh to the first. I do not wonder that they gathered together on the first day of the week and broke bread one with the other. Little wonder that after witnessing in the synagogue on the seventh day and doing their utmost to win the people there, that they gathered together for times of fellowship and breaking of bread on the first day of the week which they could celebrate in a special way. They could remember Him not only as a crucified but as a risen Lord and could say, "This is the day when our Lord arose!" As they thot of the seventh day it was a sad day to them. Hope had banished; Christ was in the grave. But on the first day of the week He arose, the message was brought by the women, and Peter and John ran to the tomb and found it open.

Henceforth they had a new purpose in their lives. They went from that open tomb with new aims and new thoughts and a new joy in their lives. And then as they were gathered together on the first day of the week to discuss the wonderful happenings which had taken place, and as the friends came from Emmaus saying, "We also saw Him and He talked with us by the way," Jesus Himself stood in their midst. Can you describe their feelings about that time? It must have been wonderfully thrilling to their hearts. Just a while before their hopes had vanished but now He stood in their midst blessing and thrilling their hearts and filling them with joy. Can you see the disciples falling at His feet and their eyes filling with tears? Can you imagine the feelings of their hearts as Jesus Himself stood in their midst?

He rose again for our justification. Without the resurrection you and I would have no ground for justification before God, for the Gospel message would never have been proclaimed to us. It was *after* He had risen from the dead that He stood before His disciples and said: "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and lo I am with you alway, even unto the end of the age." Without that commission the Gospel would never have reached us for you and I came from the nations

that served other gods. We call ourselves civilized and think we are much better than the heathen nations but if you will read history you will find our ancestors were just as idolatrous and wicked as some of the nations are today; and whether we are British, German or any other nationality it makes no difference. But because of "the open grave" the message of salvation reached our hearts.

The resurrection is the standard of holiness for every believer; every aspect of the Christian life from beginning to end is somehow associated therewith. In the 6th chapter of Romans we find Paul again discussing the Resurrection from the point of the Christian life: "Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death? Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life." How was Christ raised? By the glory of the Father. In another place we read that He was raised by the Spirit of God. The Spirit is the glory of the Father as the Spirit is the glory of the Son and if you and I have any glory today it is because of the Spirit that dwells within. He will be our glory too.

What is the picture He is bringing to us? Buried with Him by baptism that like as Christ was raised by the glory of the Father even so we also shall walk in newness of life. There was a complete change in His walk; He was the same in spirit and the same in character but yet there was a difference. And there was also a different relationship between them. And just so we are to rise out of the watery grave and walk with Him in newness of life of which He tells us the resurrection is typical. How would you and I be able to do this if Christ had spoiled the type in the beginning and had not risen? It would be impossible, for He says, "If we have been planted together in the likeness of His death, we shall be also in the likeness of His resurrection." He has just been bringing us a picture of baptism, and our rising up in newness of life here and now; and so shall we be in His resurrection life also. We have more than simply human power at our disposal today; we have divine power, resurrection power to draw from; we have the forces of heaven to draw upon and as far as our life is concerned we may walk together with Him in holiness.

But let us pass on to the future. The resurrection of Christ is a guarantee of the believer's

resurrection. Paul says, "If there be no resurrection of the dead then is Christ not risen"; and again we read, "For if the dead rise not, then is Christ not raised." "But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead." What a beautiful picture here! We know all too well that by man came death. Adam sinned, and so did Eve. They fell into transgression and thereby death came upon all men. But God planned that through man also should come resurrection from the dead. And when He could find no one here upon earth to qualify for His demands, the Man from heaven volunteered. God sent His Son; "The Word became flesh and dwelt among us," became *very man* as truly as He was *very God*. He died on the Cross and went into the grave as a man, but He came forth again as a Man and is our Representative today. Hallelujah for God's Man! Only through Him have we resurrection power. What would salvation mean to us except we could be resurrected out of the state into which we had fallen and brought again into the presence of God? You and I have our guarantee of the resurrection because of the open grave.

Paul tells us that the resurrection is also our sample as well as our guarantee. I. Cor. 15: 22, 23. This is the order: "Christ the first fruits; afterward they that are Christ's at His coming." If I bring you a sheaf of wheat from a field of mine and tell you that it is some of the first fruits of my harvest, you naturally take it for granted that the entire field has that same kind of a crop, that it will be reaped in the same manner as the "first fruits" were and that finally it will be garnered into the same place. You recognize that the "first fruits" (Christ) are just a portion of the whole field. Christ is the Head and we are the body. Now a portion of this glorious body that He has been forming all these years, has gone on ahead, and one of these days the body and the Head will be joined together in a more secure union than ever could be accomplished on earth. The day is coming when we who are living in Christ and those who have died in Christ will be caught up together to meet our Lord in the air, and our resurrection will be just like His.

The record tells us that a great light invaded the tomb and that the keepers fell back because of the glory of that light. We also discover that the great stone was rolled back by heavenly forces and instead of the body of Jesus there

lay the garments in plain view. I believe that is just what will take place one of these days. People will go to the cemeteries and will find here and there an open grave; tombstones will be rolled away but the body will be no longer there. I do not know what will be left of us to prove that we have been here; perhaps these old clothes we are wearing; but it makes no difference what is left—we ourselves will be changed. Christ is our Model and because we find an open grave where Christ lay, they will find open graves after we have gone.

Then let me refer you to the 52nd verse of this chapter: "In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and *we shall be changed.*" Are you among the "we" today? There are many things about ourselves that we may not like, many features that we wish could be changed. The day is coming when we shall be changed "*in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump.*" Our bodies will be like Christ's glorified body (Phil. 3:21). What a marvelous change! No more sickness nor suffering, no more trials but we shall have a body like unto His glorious body—immortal life dwelling within so it will not have to be sustained from without. Jesus didn't have to take food after He arose from the dead and His body needed no sleep for it never grew tired. His body could pass through solid substance and we shall be like Him in that. This shows that the things that are now seen are only temporal and that there are some things more concrete than bricks, or stone or mortar. That glorious body will be more real than anything we have touched here upon earth, more glorious than anything we have ever known. And the open grave is our guarantee for such a body. What a glorious hope is ours today! May the Lord ever keep us following on with Him in that place of victory, trusting and believing Him until we shall be made partakers of that glorious resurrection.

The Maranatha Summer Bible School announces its fourth term for 1935, on the Maranatha Camp Grounds. Green Lane, Pa., from May 14 to July 14, eight weeks.

First and second year courses will include studies in Doctrine, Dispensations, O. T. History, Personal Evangelism, Synoptic Gospels, Gospel of John, Church History, Prophecy, the Gospel in the Tabernacle and the Pauline Epistles. Tuition and board for 8 weeks, \$45. Guest students and vacationists welcomed at \$1 per day. For further information send stamped envelope to Mrs. J. R. Flower, Prin., 301 Spruce St., Lititz, Pa.

## How God Arrested a Cow-Huncher

*Saved from a Life of Hypocrisy and Crime*

L. A. Lanphear



My Father moved out into Montana about 45 years ago, and was engaged in carpentry work in the coal mines in the Western part of the state. He was later made deputy sheriff. When I was nine years of age we moved to the Eastern part of the state where

I attended school. At 18 I went into government service where I remained for five years, after which I married and two years later I went out on a homestead. As I look back now it seems to have been the leading of the Lord, because my health had totally failed me. Seven doctors gave me up, saying that I was absolutely beyond recovery. I had the flu during the war and it left me with stiff legs, so that I had little control over them for about a year. One doctor told me at Miles City that I should enjoy myself for inside of a year I would be gone. Thru my brother, I went out on a homestead and there my affliction left me. In the winter months I worked at the sawmill, fed cattle and broke horses, and in the summer I did odd jobs.

My wife was a Baptist and my parents were Methodists. I had never been saved, but in the summer of 1921 I was asked to take charge of a Sunday School. I was nothing but a deep-dyed sinner but I said I would. We'd hurry up and get thru the Sunday School and spend the rest of the time playing ball, and having a good time. I had no knowledge whatever of the saving grace of God, had not the faintest idea what it meant. I was living a double life, a life of deceit and hypocrisy. I went with the cow punchers and partook of all their sins and worldliness, and at other times I acted as a Christian. I was first led to think seriously along this line after I had asked an elderly man, who, I knew, had something I didn't have, if he would come to Sunday School. He quoted the scripture to me, "If the blind lead the blind,

both shall fall into the ditch." I was angry and told my wife if he wasn't so old I would knock him down.

My life continued to be one of hypocrisy. Separating my ranch from my neighbors was a party fence which I had put up, and my neighbor and I had a continual wrangle over the fence line. I wanted it a certain way, and he wanted it another. I turned my horses in to eat his grass and he would turn them out on the range. In anger I once said to him, "If you don't leave my horses in I will kill you." One day I was off threshing, helping a neighbor; when I came home I saw the horses out and I asked my wife if the neighbor had been there. She said, "No." I said angrily, "The horses are out," and I reached up over the door for my Winchester rifle. She began to cry and begged me not to go. I swung over my saddle-horse and rode off. As I reached a high elevation I saw a light in my neighbor's house and as I drew nearer I heard a clear voice say, "What are you doing?" I thought somebody was near and I swung quickly around with my rifle ready, but I saw no one. I thought, "It is just my nerves bothering me," and kicked the old mare in the ribs. I heard the voice again. I had the shells in the magazine but the rifle was not loaded. I dismounted and went back some distance but could not find a soul. I went along to my horse and started off again, and the third time I heard the voice, "What are you doing?" I stopped and looked around and that moment there flashed thru my mind, "What would my wife and boys do?" I hid my rifle and galloped down to the house where lived my neighbor. I said to him when he opened the door, "I want you to come out; I want to talk to you. You do not need to be afraid, I won't hurt you." He came out and I reached out my hand and said, "Will you forgive me? This is no way for neighbors to act. If you will be square with me I will be square with you." I realized later that it was God that arrested me and prevented me from committing murder.

Sad to say, lives of men in that part of the country were not highly valued. Even the killing of a steer or cow oftentimes received more punishment by the law than did murder.

An old pal of mine and I were helping each

other farm, I do not just remember the year. Each of us had a four-horse team and we hauled wheat 90 miles into town. On one occasion we decided to start Sunday morning and loaded up the wheat Saturday afternoon. When we had finished loading he said to me, "Let us go to the dance tonight." I said, "All right," so I went. He played for the dance, but I couldn't seem to get enthused. We stayed until "sun-up", came home, had our breakfast, and started to town. Approximately 30 miles from town we camped at evening and turned our horses out to grass. We were making supper when a little man came down the road on foot. He said, "Good evening, boys, would you mind coming over and spending an evening in my home? I am alone." We said, "Sure." We went, and talked awhile, and then he asked us if either one of us could play. I said, "My pard can." He started in to play some rag tune and I saw the old man go over in the corner of the room and get out some hymn-books. I looked at my pard and he shook his head. But I encouraged him to play, feeling we didn't want to disappoint the old man. Then he asked if we could sing, and we couldn't say "No," as we had sung rag-time songs.

Then he told us about his boy who had gone to glory. The tears rolled down his cheeks as he said, "You make me think of my boy. He has gone home to be with Jesus. Oh, if every young man would know the Savior and be ready to go!" I was getting uneasy and began to edge toward the door and said to my pal, "Don't you think it is time to go?" We started, but the old man blocked the doorway and said with the tears rolling down his cheeks, "Boys, would you mind if I prayed with you before you go?" I had to say we wouldn't mind in order not to insult the old man. I seemed to be the spokesman, so he knelt and out of courtesy we knelt also. Oh what a prayer went to heaven for our souls! How he prayed that God would save us! When he finished he shook our hands and bade us good night. As we went along my pal and I never said a word, but as we lay down under the starry heavens I could not help but realize that God was speaking to our hearts.

From that time on God began dealing with me, and in March, 1923, He gloriously saved me. The Baptists were having special meetings and the pastor was preaching real salvation messages. But I had a fight about water baptism. I had been sprinkled as a child and I argued with every preacher I met about this

subject, trying to convince myself that I was all right, but the more I talked, even with the Presbyterian and Lutheran preachers, I saw that baptism by sprinkling was not scriptural. After I attended these meetings for two weeks I responded to the call for sinners and knelt at the altar. The pastor came and said, "Brother, do you want to join our church?" "I said, "No, I want to find Jesus." He broke down and we both wept together.

Just about a year from then this partner of mine was saved in a Pentecostal meeting. The following March after he was saved God led me to Miles City. I felt I had to go. My wife asked me why I was going. I said, "I just have to go on business," but I didn't know what the business was. I went with a neighbor in a car. It took us four days to go because of the mud and snow. We got to town and I went at once to my old partner's home. He said, "Oh brother, won't you come to church with me tonight?" I went, and it was a Pentecostal Church. That night I witnessed a person baptized in the Holy Ghost for the first time in my life, just a year after I was saved.

My old partner wanted me to go to the altar, and I said, "No," but God kept me in town and I went to the church again the next night. As the minister, Bro. John Law of Wilton, N.D., spoke that night, every word seemed directed to me. I sat far in the corner. I told him I was saved, but when he asked me if I had all I needed I started to answer "yes," but couldn't for I knew I didn't have power to witness. I followed him to the altar, but there was so much shouting I got disgusted. But later in the evening the Lord met me, and baptized me in the Holy Spirit.

Before I was saved I was such a hypocrite that my wife knew nothing of the life of sin I was living. Riding the ranch for different cattle men it was nothing for me to use the vile language and partake of the sins of the cow-punchers, and yet I taught a Sunday School class. I can see God's mercy in not letting me be cut off before I gave myself to Him, for I daily associated with men who had no regard for life. For two years I packed a gun for one man to commit murder. While I was working for the government I carried a six-shooter for the purpose of taking the life of a man. Day and night I packed that gun to take his life. He had threatened mine so I bought this gun and had permission to carry it. To show that God had His hand on me even at that time,

tho I didn't know it: I was out one night to a lodge and as I came home one of the members of the lodge walked home with me, clear to my door. The next morning the paper came out with big head-lines that this man for whom I was carrying a gun was found shot. God spoke to me as I read those head-lines because I had packed the gun every night with murder in my heart. I then and there, before I knew God, vowed that I would put that gun up and never carry it again.

I knew no fear of men. My father in the early days went out alone, single-handed, and brought in men who had shot men down on the street. I remember one time him coming on a run, "Son, tell mother to get my clothes ready. I am going out to get a man who just killed a man down the street." Father hooked up the team and went out in the country, single-handed, and brought in this fellow who was known as a murderer. It was born in me to be fearless.

Once I was working on a ranch with two other men, corralling horses. There was one horse we could not corral. We called him a bunch-splitter. He would stay with the bunch until he thought he was ready to be corralled; then he would leave and take the bunch with him. Finally we got him corralled. I said, "That horse ought to be killed." The other fellow said, "Go get the gun." He shot the horse and afterwards we found it did not belong to us but to another man. To hide the deed we dragged it down the hog lot and let the hogs eat it up. After I was saved, I was out behind my ice-house one day praying and I was under conviction. I had a part in killing that horse. All I could see was that old buckskin horse, and hear his hoofs going down the road. While I was thinking about it the man who did the shooting rode up and greeted me. He dismounted and said, "Brother, I have something on my heart I want to tell you." "All right, Brother Lee." "You remember that old, buckskin horse?" "How did you know God was dealing with me?" He began to cry, and said, "What are we going to do?" I said, "Brother, we are going to make it right. Do you know whose horse it is?" "I know whose brand it is. If you hunt up the man I will stand half." We found the horse belonged to a banker. I went to see the banker and asked to have a private talk with him. He took me into his office and I told him the whole story and that I had come to make restitution. I said we knew what it would mean if the law took its

course. If there was a trial we would plead guilty, but we were at his mercy. That man, with his hair turning grey looked up at me and reached out his hand, saying, "Young man, I wish I had what you have. You have come with a clean story to me. Go back and extend greetings to that partner of yours and tell him I wish I had what he has. We will never say a word about this horse. It is forgotten. Pray for me." It took the grace of God for me to make the confession, but when I came back and told Brother Lee what the banker had said, we had a glorious time praising the Lord.

(The second installment of Mr. Lanphear's unusual story in which he tells of God raising his child twice from the dead, will be in the May issue of the *Evangel*.)

### Spiritual Palm Trees in Japan

IT IS JUST twelve years ago this month that I came all alone to the city of Hachioji and opened a small mission in this place. As I look back over the years I realize the truth of the words, "Not by might nor by power but by My Spirit, saith the Lord." He truly has worked, and in this wicked city, out from heathen darkness, some staunch, solid soldiers of the Cross have established a church. We know that it is the will of the Lord for His church to flourish like the Palm tree, even in a heathen city, and as the Psalmist said, to be "fat and flourishing"; and, like the palm tree, staunchly to withstand all the wintry frosts and blasts of Satanic opposition and not be wilted by the summer heat of discouragements, or any evil that would seek to impoverish, but drawing never-failing supplies from the living fountain. As Israel of old found natural fountains of water underneath the palm we are glad that sinful, thirsty souls shall find Jesus, the fountain of Life, through the testimony of His own and the preaching of the Word in this heathen city.

And then again like some Palm trees, from the seeds that a single tree scatters there springs up a whole forest of plants. Spiritually it is our desire to be like the palm tree and from this first planting in Hachioji, to see trees of His planting in many places. Because of the barrenness, because of the need we are ambitious for His Name's sake. Miss Sakamoto, my Bible woman, was the first one to be saved in the Hachioji church. She has been with me all these years. Three years ago she had a vision of the Lord standing with His hand on a door

(Continued on page 23)

## After Death

### *The Two Resurrections*

J. N. Hoover in Full Gospel Tabernacle, Kansas City, Mo., Jan. 27, 1933



Death, like life, is one of the hidden mysteries which mortal mind has not and never will be able to fathom. Thousands of opinions have been launched concerning the hereafter, but theories are not facts. Scientific investigations have not been able to go

beyond that which is written in the Bible. Regardless of our opinions of the Holy Scriptures, it remains the final word of authority on all questions. To reject the Word of God is death; to accept it, is life. Since our condition after death depends upon our faith in the Word of God, we should give it our immediate attention.

According to John 11:25, Jesus, in whose honor and praise we are here assembled, said: "I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live." When I mention the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead, some will say: "If a man die, shall he live again?" Job answers the question saying: "Though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself and not another." "If a man die, shall he live again?" Isaiah says: "Many that are in the dust, shall hear his voice and shall come forth." "If a man die, shall he live again?" Jesus, the Christ of God whom we love and adore, says: "The hour cometh when they that are in their graves shall hear His voice and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation." These, and other Biblical statements, lead me to say that there are

#### *Two Resurrections.*

There is no general resurrection, for all the dead are not raised at the same time. There are two resurrections. The first is the resurrection of the righteous, and the second the resurrection of the wicked. The first occurs at the appearing of Christ in the air for the redeemed (1 Thess. 4:13-17), and the second at the close of the millennium (Rev. 20:5).

The resurrection of the tribulation saints occurs at the personal coming of Christ, which completes the first resurrection (Rev. 7:14; 20:5, 6). All the redeemed are raised before the millennium. All the ungodly are raised after the millennium (Rev. 20:5).

"The rest of the dead," mentioned in Rev. 20:5, are they who failed to be in the first resurrection, the company of believers who ascended to meet the Lord in the air. After the battle of Armageddon, and the beginning of the millennium, there is no mention of a resurrection of the righteous, for the believers have been taken care of. "The rest of the dead," concerns the unbelieving, the unsaved who "live not again," or are not resurrected "until the thousand years are finished." That is to say, the unbelieving dead are not raised until the close of the thousand years. It is at this time the resurrection to judgment of the unsaved takes place, and the second death, which is complete separation from God and heaven, becomes a reality. You may cast aside many questions, but you cannot afford to fail to consider the hereafter. You are nearer the border line than you think. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved. This is the divine plan and there is no other. Do you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ? Have you accepted Christ as your personal Saviour? Are you planning to meet Him in the air, and share with Him the glories He had with the Father before the world began? I know this is a personal matter, and I also know you must comply with the divine plan of salvation or be lost.

#### *Death*

Death is an enemy, a physical manifestation of the power of Satan. However much we may fight disease, death is inevitable. This temple of clay, which we call bone, flesh and blood, must pass into silent and pathetic dust until the resurrection. Everything in all the earth must experience this radical transformation.

Death is the line which divides time from eternity. We fight disease and try to remove those things which produce death, but alas, however much we may seek to evade its destroying power, death is inevitable. Death, how we dread it, hate it and shrink from it, but like a blade of grass or a flower in the field, we are

helpless, and somewhere, sometime, like those who have lived before us, these bodies of flesh which have received tender and loving care will go down into the grave. In the mere fact of living we are wearing out these bodies and they will soon be of no use. But a physical death does not end all, nor is it the evidence of a spiritual defeat. Since physical death is an incident and not the interruption of the life of the soul, the manner in which it may come is not vital. To the Christian, physical death is only the entrance into the more abundant life. In the light of incorruptibility, immortality, and eternal life, death loses its terror. Life has no end. The grave is not the terminal. To say that "nothing remains but complete disintegration," is a false statement, of which the seed of the flower, the grass, and the tree are sufficient proof to the reasonable mind. Belief in immortality is a vital necessity to humanity. Without this hope, multitudes would be unable to carry on the duties of every day life, and would sink into a state of uselessness and misery. If there should be no hereafter, there would be no real desire to live righteously, or to plan for the future. The opinions of men are trifling when compared with the Word of God. There are those who tell us that "Heaven is not a reality, but a divine state of mind in which all the manifestations of mind are harmonious and immortal." But this interpretation is not in harmony with the scripture. The Bible tells us that Jesus came down from heaven, ascended into heaven and that He is coming again from heaven to receive us up into heaven. Heaven is not imaginary. Heaven is a locality, a country, a home, into which we are soon to enter. Did not the Lord Jesus say, "In my father's house," or kingdom, "are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you"? It is a criminal act to minimize, criticize, or cast aside any portion of the Word of God. A distinguished preacher and teacher in a well known Theological Seminary recently said: "Most theologians declare positively that there is a place called heaven. There may be such a place, no one can prove there is not, neither can they prove that there is such a place. There is no adequate ground for their confident assertion." I do not believe a Christian would make a statement of this kind. He is an infidel, and has no Biblical right to pose as a minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ. We will never get the old-time Christian back in the pew, until we get infidelity out of the pulpit.

To you who believe in Christ, rest in peace, for death is only the door through which we pass into the glories of God's eternal heaven. In this heavenly country, where the inhabitants do not wax old or grow weary, we shall find our field of service, dwell in our home not made with hands, and join the countless millions in holy song around the Great White Throne, where praises never cease and loved ones never die. What a wonderful future! What a wonderful country! What a home of joy and plenty! Let us be sure to be there, for if we miss heaven we have lost all. The question is asked, "Shall we

*Know Each Other in Heaven?"*

I always answer, "Yes." Not as we know each other here, for "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God." Yes, we shall know each other in heaven. Blessed thought. It was not necessary for some one to tell the disciples they were face to face with Moses and Elijah on the Mount. God gave to them the divine sense of discernment, and so will He give the same power to us in heaven.

Again some one is asking, "With what bodies shall the redeemed rise?" and I answer, "With a heavenly, glorified body." Let me make it clear to you if I can. Suppose I hold in my left hand a black piece of charcoal and in my right hand a beautiful diamond. Scientists tell us this charcoal is none other than carbon in its humiliated form, and this diamond is none other than carbon in its glorified form. Now if nature is able to make a beautiful diamond out of a black piece of charcoal, why should it be thought impossible for God, who has made all that is made, to raise these corruptible bodies into the likeness of His only begotten Son, and to make them heavenly in every sense of the word? I believe we commit a sin when we question the ability of God to do anything. Let us be sane, get into line with the divine plan and be saved.

A very distinguished American recently said: "I have no faith in a hereafter because I do not need to concern myself with it. I don't expect to go to heaven, nor do I expect to go to hell." Hear me, dear friends, that man knows more about conditions after death now than we do, for he has gone into eternity. I tell you it is a very serious thing to question the Word of God, or trifle with your soul.

Sometime, somewhere and perhaps soon, this body of flesh which you see, will fall into silent

*(Continued on page 21)*

## The Get Acquainted Page

Conducted by Watson Argue

Presenting the Story of The Hollywood Temple, Seattle, Washington, and the Salvation and Call to the Ministry of its Pastor

ONE OF THE most thriving churches in Pentecost is the Hollywood Temple of Seattle, Washington. This church was started some six years ago by a group of people from the Elm Swedish and the Norwegian-Danish Baptist Churches. The power of God had fallen in a marvelous way in these two churches but opposition from their pastors and some of the Board made it necessary for this group to withdraw and organize a church where they could worship God according to all the light He had given them. This beautiful building was then erected and from the



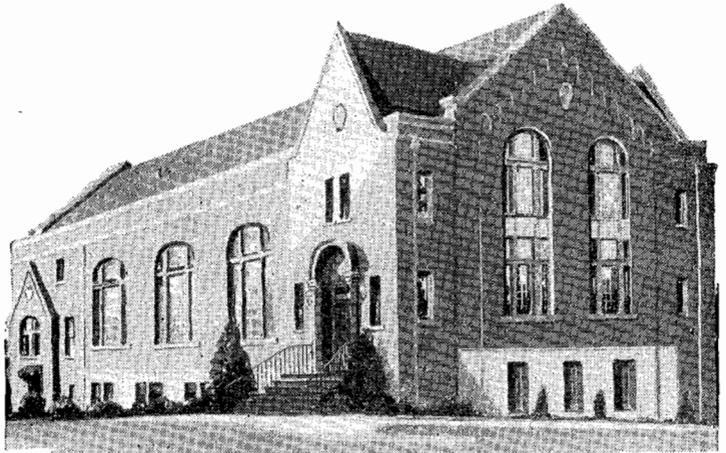
Pastor Henry Ness

very beginning the blessing of the Lord has rested upon the congregation. It has had a constant growth and a most blessed spirit of unity and fellowship has been continually manifested among the members.

In November, 1933, this congregation called Rev. Henry Ness as pastor. When God first crossed his pathway, Mr. Ness was fast climbing up the ladder of success, as the world counts success. For awhile he was in the drug business but later accepted a very inviting offer from the Standard Oil Company, as superintendent of all the service stations in Minneapolis and St. Paul. From thence he was promoted into the sales department where he held a responsible position. It was at this juncture of his life that he learned there were greater values in life than material success. One of the young lady stenographers in his office was faithful to witness for her Lord and often spoke to her employer about his soul. Later, upon her invitation, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ness attended the church to which this stenographer belonged and this first visit was repeated again and again. One night Mr. Ness chose the theatre while his wife went

alone to the church. And that very night his wife came home, her face radiant with a new glory; as she threw her arms about her husband's neck she cried again and again, "I am saved! Oh, I am saved! You too must be saved. It is so wonderful!" Having been in contact with real Christianity in his boyhood days Mr. Ness realized that his wife had a genuine experience and he never opposed her in this.

Just two weeks later he surrendered to Christ in his own home and soon after received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit and a call to the ministry. So strong was the call upon him, so urgent the need of winning the lost that he did not long hesitate but resigned his position. A competitive firm, hearing of his resignation, immediately offered a position with a lucrative salary. One of his spiritual advisors, knowing the trials that a minister often faces, rather feared for him and said, "Mr. Ness, you had better think twice before taking such a step. You will never get anything near that money in the ministry"; but Mr. Ness emphatically replied, "It is all settled," for by this time all



Hollywood Temple, Seattle, Washington

earthly gains had lost their charms for him and nothing but the salvation of the lost could satisfy him now. So he enlisted in God's army and in the years that have followed the Lord has privileged him to see thousands saved and brought into definite touch with Christ. He

(Continued on page 21)

## Manchuria -- The Land of Opportunity



FOR the past two or three years the eyes of the world have been riveted on Manchuria, recently named by the Japanese, Manchukuo, the world's newest nation. This land of remarkable natural resources, great mineral deposits and fertile valleys, is said by a traveler to be one of the most magnificent and fascinating regions of the world. It has an area as large as France and Spain combined and a population of about 35 million; of this number 32 million are Manchurians and Chinese, 800,000 Koreans, 300,000 Japanese and 100,000 Russians. Nearly 8,000,000 Chinese migrated into Manchuria during the last few years, lured there because of the fertility of the land, the phenomenal increase in the culture of the soy bean, and because war-torn and bandit-ridden China had lost its charms. Days of famine and nights of terror had stripped the Chinese of all that was dearest—love of home and country and with a little pack on their backs, eight million strong, they left that which was most precious to the heart of the Chinese, the home of their ancestors, to pioneer. For the reports of the land groaning under the burden of harvests had reached the ears of the famine-stricken Chinese, who saw their crops die year after year without reaching maturity, and they braved the hardships of pioneering and the rigorous winters of that northern land in order that their children might have bread.

A sympathetic traveler who took a trip on the Railway in summer time wrote that the country was literally groaning under the heavy harvest, and that "even here and there cotton fields were waving their white handkerchiefs to the passing traveler in graceful greeting." Manchuria is not only a granary for Japan and other nations, but it is also rich in minerals, yielding coal and iron in immense quantities, also gold and other precious metals.

But more important than any of these vast material resources which the land yields are the millions of precious souls which populate that vast country. To the Christian church this is the land of opportunity, but it is also a land of great hardship and suffering. The eight million who trekked on that long journey from China have realized that Manchuria is also bandit-ridden and the suffering has been very great. The Gospel of the Son of God is the only remedy for the suffering masses.

The first missionary to enter this great, unopened land was William Burns of Scotland. After eight years of intense evangelistic activities, during which time a mighty revival swept the lowlands of Scotland, he went to China in 1856 and traveled in colportage and evangelistic work from Hong Kong to Newchwang in Manchuria, dying there in 1868. His was an apostolic ministry sowing the incorruptible seed 'mid hardships and privations, delivered from prison and death thru miraculous intervention.

"It was the story of Burns that made a missionary of me," said another one of Scotland's sons. The United Free Church (Presbyterian) of Scotland was the first to open an established work. It was in 1873 that John Ross began a work after the methods of the Apostle Paul, when the land was virtually unknown. The sight of a foreigner at that time was a notable event. In market towns great crowds curiously purchased Scripture portions. They were in such demand that the crowds became unmanageable and the missionary was obliged to rush thru the crowd in order to get a new location.

The clumsy garments of the Chinese prevented them from following. At one place where "books were being sold as fast as they could change hands, the missionary was being pressed on all sides by masses of men. Suddenly a man who had been stooping in front, arose and turning to the crowd shouted with emphasis, 'He *has* got knees.' They had the idea that the foreigner walked so fast because he had no knees."

In 1874 a work was started with three baptized men. In 1900 they had more than 2700 on the rolls of the church, with half as many more abandoning idolatry because of their relationship to those who constituted the Christian church. For about thirty years this was practically the only missionary society throughout Manchuria, and during this time the church had a phenomenal growth due largely to some of the remarkable characters of the early converts who became indefatigable workers.

In 1908-09 a mighty outpouring of the Holy Spirit fell upon the church at Mukden and thruout the whole surrounding country. The church had grown in numbers but had waned in power, and thru a remarkable leading of the Lord Dr. Jonathan Goforth was moved to visit the churches in Manchuria. When he entered the

meetings he found congregation after congregation "in the throes of judgment." People under deep conviction confessed their sins and cried to God for mercy. Elders of the church, native pastors and Christians in hundreds under great pressure from the Spirit of God broke down in great contrition. No one could be in the meetings with covered sin.

Many of the crimes confessed would have been punishable with prison and death before a court of law. One young man who had repeatedly denied a crime before the judge, when in a meeting conducted by the mighty Spirit of God made a complete confession. One morning a backslider cried out in great agony, "I murdered him!" Then he (a doctor) made his confession. He was at bitter enmity with his neighbor and being called to prescribe medicine he gave him poison and the man died.

On another occasion an elder twice rose to his feet and made an attempt to speak, but twice sat down. Suddenly he sprang to the platform and cried, "I can bear this burden no longer. Years ago, as you all know, I was an earnest Christian, but alas I fell. My wife spoke to me about my great sin and at last I could stand it no longer. I made up my mind to get rid of her. I mixed poison with her food three times but each time in vain. God have mercy on me," and he threw himself on the floor in an agony of weeping. The whole congregation broke into loud lamentations; scores of men and women rushed to the platform, fell on their knees and made public confession of sin. When all was silent a voice was heard from the women's side tenderly beseeching the Lord to forgive the repentant elder. It was his wife. Such experiences have come to hundreds and even thousands. We could continue to give instances of the supernatural working of the Holy Spirit, almost without number, but this will suffice to show that God the Holy Spirit was the Governor of the meetings. The heathen, hearing what was taking place would say to each other on the street, "The Christian's God has come! If you don't want to go the same way you had better keep away from that crowd."

It was not unusual at Mukden for seven or eight hundred people to pray audibly at once "all in striking harmony." This spontaneous praying and especially such a thing as women praying in public, had never been heard of before. A full report of this remarkable revival is given in Dr. Goforth's book, "By My Spirit." Every meeting was marked by con-

fession of sin and the results were far-reaching.

The Koreans have thriving missions there. In one district every Korean had become a Christian and regularly attended church (1916). When a special Bible study was called, over 200 men registered, some of them walking from 80 to 100 miles carrying their food on their backs so as to save expense. "Life in these Korean communities is similar to that of the Early Church as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles. If one family is unfortunate with their crops, their more fortunate brethren make up the lack. In three years they organized fifty-six groups or churches with a total membership of 2,780 adherents, and started a number of Christian schools for the education of Korean children, all independent of any foreign help."

We do not have recent statistics of what the denominational societies are doing at the present time, but in 1925 there were the following Societies on the field:

The United Free Church of Scotland, The Danish Missionary Society, Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, and the British & Foreign Bible Society. The United Free Church, which is the strongest body on the field, had in 1925 about fifty missionaries on the field, a staff of 400 native workers and over nine thousand members.

At the present time there are a number of Pentecostal Missions in Manchuria which have been opened in the last five years. Brother N. J. Poysti, who was born in Russia but was obliged to leave because of the religious persecution, opened up a work among the Russians in Harbin in 1930 in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties. When he went to Harbin there was not a single believer there, and though he met opposition on every hand he finally secured a hall and now for over two years he has held meetings in two halls in this city. One of the outstanding conversions has been that of a young, educated Chinaman, who dropped into the Russian meeting; tho he could not understand it he was impressed. He was a university graduate, and learned a little Russian. He came back and went into the prayer-room where they were all praying audibly. He said to the missionary, "God is here," and knelt down and was gloriously saved. The result: other Chinese came in and sometimes there were as many Chinese as Russians. Another Chinaman felt the call of God to preach the Gospel, but his

(Continued on page 20)

## The Sunday School Laboratory

*This problem of Attention*

By S. S. T.

IN IMAGINATION let us pull up our chairs for a Round Table discussion on Church School problems, for problems there are—an innumerable host of them; problems that baffle the staunchest Sunday School worker and well nigh overwhelm him. Perhaps the most common of them all and indeed a very serious one is voiced by a great majority around this table: "How can I secure the interest of my scholars and focus it on the lesson?" Yonder sits a teacher of a group of teen age boys, the furrows on his brow telling the tale of worry and strain; at the farther end are several teachers of Junior classes and scattered here and there are those in charge of wriggling, active primary children and from them all comes this question—and whether it be voiced in one way or another it all revolves around the problem of getting the ear of the pupil, of securing that mental attention so necessary for putting across the lesson—in other words, of making a Point of Contact.

What is this Point of Contact? It is to the class what the ringing of a bell is to one seeking entrance into a house. Before the bell will ring the tiny button must make its contact with the wires, for then, and then alone, can the current flow that causes the bell to ring, thus bringing a response from within the house. Without contact there is no ringing and consequently no response. Just so, unless a Point of Contact is made there is no interest stimulated, hence no response to that which interests the teacher, which in every case of course will be the lesson proper—and failure is inevitable.

Contact simply means a *touching* of two objects, or of two forces and the task which the church school teacher faces is that of making a connection between his interest and the interest of the pupil. It is not an easy task but demands much prayer, study and practise. Too many teachers, in a desperate effort to gain attention, resort to some contact of the physical, only to find themselves farther from the desired goal, but once a mental contact is made between the teacher and the pupils and their interests become his, the result gained more than repays for every effort put forth.

Tom comes to Sunday School all engrossed

in the ball game witnessed the day before, and as the class gathers for the lesson period he wastes no time making *his* point of contact with the other members of the class as he vividly describes the home run, until the class bids fair to being a session devoted to a ball game instead of a Bible lesson. In a desperate effort to redeem the time the teacher nudges this "live wire," tells him to be quiet and says, "Now let us read our lesson. Bud, you begin." But that physical contact made between the teacher and Tom has not brought the desired result for he simply turns to the next boy and proceeds with his ball game. One attempt after another to gain attention proves a failure; the class period is absolutely wasted and the teacher goes home discouraged and determines to write out his resignation.

But let us consider another class of the same age and live-wire boys too. They too are engrossed in a ball game but in this case the teacher, instead of resorting to physical contact, instead of forcing the boys to deliberately turn *from* their interests, tactfully makes a point of contact, using the very thing the boys are interested in and progressing from that point into the lesson proper. So instead of trying to wipe out from their minds this all-engrossing topic of the home run, he joins in the discussion for a moment. Immediately the boys are all attention, no doubt gloating in their success of shifting even the teacher into their discussion. But hark! He is tactfully entering in on the lesson as he says, "And now let us see how Paul made his home run." From this point together they have an intensely interesting time studying the life of Paul.

"Oh," but you say, "their topic is not always a ball game. Many times it is no topic at all but the actual rough and ready action." Yes, and even this the teacher may use as a starting point; use that unkind or impudent act displayed in the class, as a starting point for teaching, by contrast, the lesson of humility as demonstrated by Jesus when washing the disciples' feet. It is possible to stimulate interest by using even the most disparaging circumstance.

"A teacher, visiting a mission school, was

asked by the superintendent, to take a class of 'toughs' which had already been given up in despair by four teachers. A threat from the superintendent, to eject them from the room, if they did not behave, was only received with derisive laughter by the boys, and this was followed, during the opening exercises, by various outrageous antics; then came the time for the teaching of the lesson.

"As soon as they were settled one boy raised his shoe-blackening-box, which up to this time had been hidden under his chair. With a flourish almost too quick to be seen, he scraped it across the nose of another boy. Instantly the insulted boy raised his clenched fist; in a moment the blow would have descended and the usual street row would have taken place in the Sunday School room. This was our teacher's opportunity. *'From the known to the unknown'* had been her motto for years. Their curiosity, their reverence had to be awakened. Quick as a flash, she reached out her hand and seized the blackening-box, exclaiming, 'I can tell you something about this blackening-box that you do not know.' The boys were amazed; they had expected a reprimand. The clenched fist slowly descended and all eyes were fastened upon her.

"'What is it?' 'Go ahead.'

"'Of what is this box made?' said the teacher in a slow mysterious voice.

"'Wood, of course.'

"'Yes, of course,' responded the teacher. 'But where did the wood come from?'

"'Out of the carpenter shop,' again answered two or three of the boys.

"'But where did the carpenter get it?'

"'From the lumber yard.'

"'Yes, but where did the lumber yard man get it?'

"At this point she reached the extent of their knowledge and then she told of the long, slow growth through centuries of time, of the various trees, leading up to the time when the ax of the woodman did his work; the life in a logging-camp and then on the transforming of these logs into boards for the lumber yards.

"The boys listened with intense interest. When she finished there was a deep drawn sigh and all eyes were turned to the blackening-box, the mystery of whose life had been unfolded to them. The teacher saw she had gained her point; reverence must come from idle curiosity and curiosity had been transformed into interest."

And now that she had secured a feeling of

reverence and rapt attention she slowly but surely proceeded to the day's lesson on Paul's message in Athens concerning the unknown god, and within the hearts of these boys she implanted that day a desire to build an altar to the living God.

Sometimes it is the giddy conversation of girls that is most trying, but *their* conversation too, may be utilized in the same way. Make that bit of gossip concerning an inseparable pal, your starting point for teaching the lesson on the friendship between David and Jonathan.

The lesson was to be on Calvary and Christ dying on the Cross, but this particular group of girls were far from a befitting frame of mind for such a solemn lesson. One of them had just returned from a distant city and she was ready to take full possession of the class period for rehearsing her interesting experiences. Precious moments were slipping by as one by one of the group began to tell of visits made here and there. A helpless feeling gripped the teacher for a moment; then a silent prayer went up as she sought His guidance. And right there she took up the conversation as she said, "But Ruth, tell us the name of the place you visited." Other girls were asked if they had ever taken a trip anywhere; after the entire circle of girls had thus been questioned, the teacher briefly mentioned several places she herself had visited and then tactfully took them into the lesson as she remarked, "But of all the most interesting places I ever visited and the one I long to return to most often is Calvary"—there was undivided attention now as together they reverently "visited" Calvary, reviewing the most stupendous of all historic tragedies and talking over the priceless trophies to be secured there—redemption from sin and the many attending blessings. When the session closed there was scarcely a face not tear-stained—a silent witness that many of them had caught a veritable glimpse of Calvary.

Reward? Think you that that teacher did not feel repaid a thousand times for every effort put forth? The response was reward sufficient, but doubtless there will be a far greater, awaiting over yonder. How different from coming home discouraged and ready to write out a resignation.

It is remarkable how prayer, an open ear to His voice and patient practise can make even the most disheartened teacher an adept at this art of teaching. Sit much at the feet of your

(Continued on page 23)

## The Scarred Hand



WILLIAM DIXON was an infidel, and would have nothing to do with religion. Even if there was a God, which he doubted, he could not forgive Him for taking away his young wife about two years after they were married, and his little boy had also died. Dixon felt very desolate and bitter, and vowed he would never enter a church as long as he lived; and for ten years he kept his word. He was extremely fond of children, and the death of his little boy was almost as bitter as the loss of his wife.

Ten years after Mary Dixon's death a stirring event occurred in the little village of Brackenthwaite. Old Peggy Winslow's cottage one day caught fire, and was burnt to the ground. The poor old woman was pulled out alive, tho nearly suffocated by smoke, when the bystanders were horrified to hear a child's pitiful voice. It was the voice of little Dicky Winslow (Peggy's orphan grandchild), on whom neither grandmother nor any one else had bestowed much thought or affection. Consequently Dicky had been forgotten in the excitement of the fire until the flames awoke him and drove him shrieking to the window of the attic where he slept.

The onlookers were much distressed to see the child in such a plight but felt it was too late to save him, as the rickety stair had already fallen in. Suddenly, with an exclamation of "Cowards!" William Dixon rushed to the burning cottage, climbed up the tottering wall by means of the iron piping, and took the trembling little boy in his arm. Down he came again, holding the child in his right arm, and, supporting himself by his left, the two reached the ground in safety, amid the onlookers' cheers, just as the smoking walls fell.

Little Dicky was not hurt at all, but the hand with which Dixon had held on to the hot piping was terribly burnt. The burn healed, but left a deep scar that he would carry to his grave.

Poor old Peggy could not rally from the shock, and died soon after. Then the question was: What is to become of Dicky? James Lovatt, a most respectable person, begged that Dicky be given to him to adopt, as he and his wife longed for a little lad, having lost one of their own. To every one's surprise, Will Dixon made a similar request. It was difficult to decide between the two. So a meeting was

called, composed of the minister, the mill owner, and a number of others.

Mr. Haywood, the miller, said: "It is very kind of both Lovatt and Dixon to offer to adopt the orphan boy, but I am in a great perplexity as to which of them ought to have him. Dixon, having saved his life, has the first claim; but on the other hand, Lovatt has a wife, and the care of a woman is most necessary to a young child."

Mr. Lipton, the minister, said: "Moreover, a man of Dixon's atheistic notions cannot be a suitable guardian for a child; he would doubtless make the boy an unbeliever like himself, whilst Lovatt and his wife are both Christian people, and would train up the child in the way he should go."

Mr. Haywood said again: "I would be sorry to underrate in any way the heroic courage and self-sacrifice which Dixon displayed in saving the boy's life, but we are bound to remember that heroic courage is by no means the chief thing that is needed in the education of a child. A man may be as brave as a lion and yet utterly unsuited to take charge of the young."

"Dixon saved the child's body," said the minister, "but it rests with us to see that his soul is saved also. And it would be a sorry thing for the boy's welfare if the one who took him from the burning cottage would be the means of leading him to his eternal ruin."

"We will hear what the applicants themselves have to say," said Mr. Haywood, "then I will put the question to a vote. Now, Mr. Lovatt, give us your reasons for wanting the boy."

Mr. Lovatt replied: "Well, gentlemen, my wife and I lost a little lad of our own not long ago, and we feel as if this child would fill the vacant place. I have nothing to say against our friend Dixon, for a more civil fellow-workman no man need care to have; but it does seem to me that a child like Dicky would be happier saying his prayers at my Susan's knees than listening to the atheistic talk of Dixon and his friends. We would do our best to bring up the lad in the fear of the Lord. Besides, a child so young needs a woman to look after it, and my Susan is very fond of children and real clever with them, and we never had any of our own but the dear little boy who died."

"Very good, Mr. Lovatt; these are certainly good reasons why you should be permitted to

adopt the boy. Now, Mr. Dixon, what arguments have you to bring forward to prove that your claim should be preferred to Lovatt's?"

"I have only one argument, sir, and it is this," answered Dixon quietly, as he took the bandage off his left hand and held up the sadly scarred and injured member.

For a few moments there was quiet in the room, and then the men broke out into loud cheering, and the eyes of some were dimmed. There was something in the sight of that scarred hand which appealed to their sense of justice and was more powerful than all James Lovatt's well-grounded reasoning. So, when the question was put to the vote, the meeting decided by a majority in favor of William Dixon.

One who was present in speaking of it afterwards said, "It was the sight of Dixon's hand as did it; none of us could go against that."

"And I believe you are right, my man," said the miller. "No matter what his views are, he certainly has a claim on that boy by reason of what he has suffered for him."

So a new era began for Dixon. Dicky never missed a mother's care, for Will was both father and mother to the orphan boy, and lavished all the pent up tenderness of his strong nature upon the child he had saved. He taught the boy to read, and told wondering Dicky the stories which would have been for the little son who did not live to hear them.

Dicky was a clever boy, and quickly responded to his adopted father's training; he adored him with all the fervor of his loving little heart. He remembered how "daddy" had saved him from the fire, and he was never tired of hearing how James Lovatt had wanted to make him his boy; how "daddy" had claimed him because of that poor hand so dreadfully burnt for his sake. It nearly always moved Dicky to tears, with kisses on the hand that had been scarred for him.

"I shan't never be the Lovatt's little boy, shall I daddy?" he would say.

"No, lad, you are mine."

One summer there was a great exhibition of pictures in the town, and Dixon took Dicky to see them. The boy was greatly interested in the pictures and the stories daddy told him about some of them. The picture that impressed him most was one of the Lord reproving Thomas; underneath which were the words:

*"Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands"* (John 20:27).

Dicky read the words and said, "Please, daddy, tell me the story of that picture.

"No, not that one," said Dixon.

"Why not that one?"

"Because it's a story I do not believe."

"Oh, but that's nothing," urged Dicky; "you don't believe the story of Jack the Giant-killer, yet it's one of my favorites. Do tell me the story of the picture—please, daddy." So Dixon told him the story, and it interested him greatly.

"It's like you and me, daddy," said the boy. "When the Lovatt's wanted to get me, you showed them your hand. Perhaps when Thomas saw the scars on the Good Man's hands, he felt that he belonged to Him.

"I suppose so," answered Dixon.

"The Good Man looked so sad," said Dicky. "I 'spect He was' sorry that Thomas did not believe at first. It was horrid of him not to, wasn't it, after the Good Man had died for him?"

Dixon did not answer, and Dicky went on. "It would have been horrid of me if I'd contradicted like that when they told me about you and the fire, and said I didn't believe you done it; wouldn't it, daddy?"

"Yes, very."

"Supposin' I'd been horrid like Thomas and not believed about you and the fire, should I have had to be the Lovatts' little boy?"

"Of course not. Whether you believed it or not I had saved you," answered Dixon almost fiercely—dimly conscious that he was carrying on a line of argument which he had heard somewhere before.

"But I would have believed at once when I saw your hand, like Thomas did," said Dicky, noticing that his beloved "daddy" was ruffled.

For the rest of the day Dicky's thoughts ran on what he called his favorite picture, and in the evening he wanted daddy to tell him the story again.

"Thomas must have been sorry he had made the Good Man look so sad. I should be awful sorry if I made you sad like that, daddy. I don't like Thomas very much, do you?"

"I don't want to think about him, my boy."

"But perhaps he loved the Good Man after that, though—like I love you. When I see your poor hand, daddy, I love you more than millions and millions."

Tired little Dicky fell asleep before he had measured the amount of his grateful affection; but Dixon's rest was sorely disturbed that night. He could not get out of his thoughts the picture

of that tender, sorrowful Face which had looked down on him from the walls of the exhibition. He dreamed of Lovatt and himself contending for the possession of Dicky; but when he showed his scarred hand the boy turned away from him. A bitter sense of injustice surged up in his heart, and he awoke with tears running down his face. When he fell asleep again he dreamed that some one was holding out a scarred hand to him, and a voice pleadingly said, "*Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands.*"

Even in his dream Dixon acknowledged the power of such an argument and the justice of such a claim. As he was about to yield, Dicky's warm kisses aroused him.

Dixon could not forget the picture, and his dream about it. He did not yield to this influence at once, but his love for Dicky had softened his heart, and the seed that was dropped in it that day did not fall upon stony ground. Dixon was an honest man, and he could not fail to see that the argument he had employed to make Dicky his own, rose up in judgment against him whilst he denied the claim of those scarred Hands which had been pierced for him; and when he saw the child's warm-hearted gratitude for the deliverance which his adopted father had wrought for him, Dixon felt that he cut a sorry figure beside his boy.

So, after a time, Dixon's heart became as that of a little child. He found out by reading the Book that as Dicky belonged to him, so he belonged to the Savior who had been wounded for his transgressions, and he gave himself up—body, soul and spirit—into the keeping of those blessed hands which had once been pierced for him.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

—*Missionary Herald.*

### Salvation of an Infidel

IN THE CITY of Colombo, Ceylon, there lived an old infidel, seventy-six years of age, and in that great city of 450,000 he had the reputation of being one of the worst of men. He had no time for God or the church. He had gone to church only once in his life, and that was to get married. His wife had come to our services and given her heart to God. One Sunday she asked if I would come to her home to see her husband who, she felt, would not live

long. I told her I would come the next day and that she should go home and spend the time in prayer, asking the Lord to help us.

The next morning I went over and he was seated on a chair. I did not begin to argue with him about the existence of God, but I told him my experience, how that I was born in England and had a dear, praying mother who died when I was a boy of twelve; that I had wandered more than half way around the world in the British Army and came to India in 1913. In 1914 the Lord wonderfully saved me from sin. As I was going home one night under the stars mother's prayers were answered. Three years later I heard about the baptism of the Holy Spirit and afterwards received this wonderful experience. That day the Lord definitely gave me a call to tell the people of India of Jesus and His love. As the Lord opened the way in 1919 we stepped out, trusting God in that dark land of India, and Jesus has never failed.

Then I told him the experience of two ladies, friends of his family—one a Christian woman dying with heart disease. Her friends had gathered around her couch. I was sent for and as I stepped inside the door I felt impressed of the Lord to say, "Sister, do you believe that the Lord will give you a new heart?" "Yes," she said, "if you will pray for me." The Lord literally answered prayer. That woman jumped off the couch and ran around the room. She is living today. The other was a Presbyterian who was suffering from some disease of the throat. One Easter morning she came 120 miles and sat in the service. She thought she needed healing in her body, and while sitting there she had a vision and saw herself black and filthy and undone from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet. Then the vision changed; she saw the Lord Jesus on the cross with the blood flowing from His nail-pierced hands and His riven side, and she realized it was for her. When we gave the altar call she came forward and told us how the Lord had met her and saved her. Then we prayed for her healing and today she is teaching in the public schools of Colombo and preaching the Word of God, renting a room from her own money in the down-town district of Colombo, for this purpose. This woman was going home one night riding in a ricksha. The man who pulled it had been drinking and he ran into a ditch and threw her out. Her arm was dislocated. Some friends wanted to call a doctor but she said, "No, since the Lord Jesus saved and healed me,

I will trust Him." The next morning she came with her arm swollen to the elbow, black and blue. We anointed her, and asked God to put those bones in place, which He did.

When I told those stories the old infidel said, "Won't you pray for me?" We knelt down, and he said, "I do not know how to pray. All my life I cursed and blasphemed God. You teach me." I taught him to pray and the old man broke down asking God's forgiveness for his life of blasphemy, for having destroyed his brother's faith and the faith of his friends. The Lord wonderfully saved the old man. He came to church and took communion. Three months later he passed away.

I will tell you my leper story. A dear missionary brother of mine, my dearest friend before the Lord took him home to glory, with compassion in his heart had built a hut a mile from his home. There were six rooms in it for leper men. In another direction there was a smaller hut for two leper women. I went to visit him one day when they were having service for the lepers. As they came out I noticed one man with some of his fingers gone was leading another man who had no fingers. His feet were more than half eaten away, but he had learned to love the Lord Jesus Christ with all his heart. As we gathered around them that afternoon we sang and testified. After we had gotten thru this dear blind man spoke up and said to my missionary brother, "Sahib Ji (a term of respect) you told us when Jesus was here on earth He cleansed the lepers, raised the dead, caused the lame to walk and the dumb to speak. And you say He is just the same today." My missionary brother said, "Yes." The leper said, "I want you to pray for me that my body may be healed. Pray that Jesus may bring me back my sight, that I can hobble my way down to the mission church and listen to the Word of God." My missionary brother got out his oil bottle and anointed him and then we prayed that Jesus would touch the eyes of the blind man, and Jesus heard and gave him back his sight. I can see him yet with the old stick in his hand hobbling down the path that led to the mission church and sitting there drinking in the Word of God.

When the Lord Jesus opened his eyes he saved his money—he got 4 annas (8c) a month—after he had paid his tithe, not spending a cent on himself, he walked two miles to a fruit merchant and said, "I want you to take this money and send up as much fruit as you can

to the missionary, for what the Lord has done for me in giving me back my sight." Not long after there was a financial test at that mission station. There were hardship and suffering; my missionary brother and his wife were going without food. The leper heard of it and standing out by the garden wall he said, "Sahibji, I hear that you are going without food in order to supply our needs. I am sorry. I haven't any money to give you, but I want you to take that money you would use to buy my food on Sundays and let that go to supply someone else's needs." There he was, no fingers and no thumbs, stumps of feet, the disease eating away at his vitals but the love of God and the compassion of Jesus in his heart. I count it a privilege to go again to this needy land of India with this glorious Gospel of power. We are now on our way back to Ceylon where we labored before. —*W. H. Clifford in the Lake Geneva Camp.*

(Continued from page 14)

wife opposed him, so he willed all his property to his wife and gave up everything to become pastor of the Chinese Assembly.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Wingard are also working in Harbin and report a number of conversions and baptisms.

Brother Martin Kvamme is in Mukden and has the oversight of three mission halls, all of which are crowded with believers and sinners. The power of the Holy Spirit is working continually, filling believers, healing the sick and working miracles. Recently "two opium-morphine addicts who were in a dying condition, were delivered and restored to health, a woman delivered from demon possession" and many others set free thru the power of God.

In Port Arthur, South Manchuria is a work conducted by two women, Miss Inga Peterson and Miss Larson, who report that at the end of their first year sixteen souls have been baptized; they have a thriving Sunday School and a reading class for women, which is helping them to read their Bibles.

The Pentecostal truths have been planted in Harbin and other towns, particularly among the Russians, at tremendous hazards. Many times it has seemed that the powers of darkness had concentrated all their efforts against the activities of the work. The difficulties and the opposition would have discouraged the stoutest heart but for the mighty Hand of God which continually over-ruled and brought good out of

evil. The daily papers repeatedly contained malicious and untruthful statements about the missionaries to bring them in disrepute, and the Greek Orthodox Church which is spreading itself in great power in Manchukuo is especially bitter toward the Pentecostal faith. The priests incite their people to hatred and even murder. When one of the workers in visitation work was explaining the Word in one of the homes of the poor, a neighbor entered and in great excitement took a knife from the kitchen and tried to strike the visitor, saying, "Our priest told us to beat and kill you if we should meet you in any of the homes." The church visitor was saved by the intervention of a daughter in the home. Instances of this kind are common and yet the seed sown in this land which contains much virgin soil for the Gospel is bringing forth fruit. In one town the Commissioner of Police had a remarkable conversion and is now leader of an Assembly. The reason for the intense hatred against the Gospel is because the Word has been preached in the power and demonstration of the Holy Spirit, souls have been saved from the depths of sin and supernatural signs have followed.

Intercessory prayer is needed for these greatly tried and persecuted soldiers, and for this great land of opportunity so rich in natural resources, that there may be a spiritual harvest far beyond the yields of earth, to fill the granaries of heaven.

---

(Continued from page 12)

was pastor and founder of the Fargo Gospel Tabernacle which has an average attendance of five hundred and was also Assistant Superintendent of the North Central District of the Assemblies of God, when he accepted the call to Hollywood Temple, Seattle, Washington.

During the past year the work has had a most phenomenal growth; an increase in Sunday School of 92%, a membership gain of 40% and a financial gain of \$3,000 over the previous year.

An outstanding new feature during the year is the establishment of Hollywood Temple as the home of the Northwest Bible Institute of the Northwest District Council. Pastor Ness was elected principal and Rev. C. C. Beatty the dean. The school has had a most propitious beginning with forty-nine day students.

The Hollywood Temple has many outside activities such as Mission Work, Hospital

Work, Reformatory Work, Street Work, and Radio. They are broadcasting each Sunday afternoon over Station K.J.R., 970 Kilo., 5000 Watt. They have recently purchased a splendid gospel bus which is constantly being used for the activities of the church and also the Bible School.

Hollywood Temple is located in the most progressive and growing part of the City of Seattle and the future of this church seems very bright. They are looking forward to a real revival and outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

At the present time they are contemplating the erection of a large sign on the roof of the building. The church is situated on a slight elevation and this sign will be visible for quite a distance. It will read "*Jesus Saves*" in red neon with a large blue star at the top. The top letters are to be nine feet high and the lower line six feet. The sign will be approximately thirty-five feet high and forty feet wide. God grant that as this sign flashes out its message "*Jesus Saves*" it may truly be a light to many wayfaring men and women sinking in the black waters of sin.

---

(Continued from page 11)

and pathetic death; friends will pick it up and lay it in the grave, but they will not lay *Me* in the grave, for I am more than flesh and blood and bone; I am a living soul, and where Jesus is, I am to be through all eternity. Blessed hope! Praise God forever! A dead body is like an empty house, the one who lived in it has moved out. Do you know where you are going from here? If not will you consider the question right here and now?

I have seen the sunset on the Pacific, and the sunrise on the Atlantic. I have played in the waters of the Gulf of Mexico, and sailed the Great Lakes in the Northland; I have watched the rushing torrents of the Mississippi, Ohio, Missouri, Columbia and St. Lawrence rivers; I have climbed Pike's Peak in the Rockies, Mt. Rainier in the northwest, and Mt. Whitney in the Sierras; I have conversed with many of the outstanding leaders in business, religion, politics, and education; I have watched the throngs in New York, Montreal, Philadelphia, Chicago, and San Francisco. I have spoken to great congregations in auditoriums in every section of the United States and in Canada; I have travelled much, I have heard much, I have learned much; but friends, this world with all of her attractions and her outstanding char-

acteristics is not to be mentioned when we speak of being in heaven with Jesus, and with our dear loved ones in that land of eternal glory. Blessed thought! Glorious future! O yes, thank God, there is a heaven, there is a home of joy and peace beyond the reach of toil, sickness and death, for Jesus said, "Where I am there ye may be also." Oh what a meeting with the dear ones in heaven! Let us get ready, for the time will soon come for us to go over there.

*A few more years of toil and care,  
A few more days of strife,  
A few more hours of pain and care,  
Will end this mortal life.*

*A few more battles to be fought,  
A few more victories to be won,  
A few more crosses to be borne,  
And God will bring us home.*

Home with Jesus, Home with loved ones, Home with the angels, Home in Heaven forever more. Oh, sing ye Christians, shout ye Redeemed, wave the palm branch of freedom. Sing praises unto Jesus who has with His own blood purchased for us this eternal home, in the heavenly country, and crown Him Lord of all!

### "Then Remembered They"

THESE words are found in John 12:1-16. There is something haunting, beautiful, compelling, about these three words uttered by John, the Apostle of Love. The rush of pent-up emotion, of sacred association, of tender ministry, came surging over their hearts like a wave from Heaven, after His resurrection. The storm and the earthquake, the darkness and the agony of Calvary, seem like some frightful dream of the night; but now, as if borne on angel's wings, the sunshine of memory irradiates the scene. Jesus stands out more serene, more compassionate, more Almighty than ever before. Stamped upon their hearts now were living words and deeds; promises and commands, that nothing could ever efface. The setting of the Scripture to these significant words is replete with spiritual import. For a background there

*Stands an Open Tomb.*

Its occupant is gone. Carved over the door, I still seem to see the inscription: "Lazarus—Died A.M. 4033." "Beloved Brother of Mary and Martha." "Awaiting the Resurrection at the Last Day." I see groups of people come to

the door of the tomb; and trembling and fearing, look within, while one whispers to another: "This is the place where Jesus raised Lazarus from the dead." A little nearer I see a supper in a home in Bethany, at which Jesus is the special guest. What a strange scene!

*With Jesus Sits Lazarus*

whom He brought back from death. Mary and Martha are there, and the disciples, while outside watching are "much people of the Jews." A little nearer I see a woman coming with tears and trembling, she falls at the feet of Jesus; as she breaks a costly alabaster box of ointment upon His feet, and mingles her tears with its precious contents. The aroma filled the house, and went on into the garden outside; and with immortal fragrance it has been wafted across valleys and mountains and seas, until, when I "remember Jesus," I catch its sweetness here in another land. A little nearer I see a great concourse of

*People Waving Palms*

and casting them upon the roadway, and strewing the avenue with their garments, while songs of praise float on the air from the multitudes. With one acclaim the people shout: "Hosanna, Hosanna, Blessed be the Kingdom of David, Blessed be He that cometh in the Name of the Lord." At the center of all this stirring scene I see Jesus, the Nazarene, riding upon an ass, entering the City of the Great King. In all the picture, I see the face of one, who looks out from the shadows with sinister sneer, as he asks: "Why was not this ointment sold and given to the poor?" At the foot of the picture is inscribed with the pen of inspiration: "These things understood not His disciples at the first: but

*"When Jesus was Glorified"*

"then remembered they." The Word tells us two things they remembered. "That these things were written of Him," and "That they had done these things unto Him." That remembrance changed the whole course of their lives. May there come a great awakening in our own hearts of the "things that were written of Him," of the "grace He left us to minister," of the "love He left us to show toward one another," of the "good news He left us to proclaim to the lost," of the "fellowship we are to share with Him in intercession for the dying millions." Beloved, the only thing that made them to remember was when "Jesus was glorified." After the cross, after the resurrection,

after Jesus was glorified, then they remembered. Oh, is Jesus alone glorified in our lives? Do we strive for a part of the glory? We will remember these things when Christ is alone glorified. At the foundation of this whole scene and lesson is the stupendous fact of the Resurrection. Lazarus raised—Christ raised—a new life. We no longer know a Christ after the flesh, but we know one after the Spirit. The keystone of the entire Christian Church is "Resurrection." Are you living in the Resurrection? If you are in Christ "you are a new creation." Then remembering these things written of Him we will do them. —*Full Gospel Messenger.*

(Continued from page 16)

Master Teacher, and be yourself a pupil, studying His methods of approach and procedure. He ever taught His lessons by contacting the interest of His listeners and using their occupations and their surroundings and thence proceeded to the lesson to be taught.

(Continued from page 9)

—holding the door open for someone to enter. We were at that time planning to open a station in the city of Kofu, out among the mountains. We have to go through forty-eight tunnels to reach that city, but she felt God was calling her to work there. We opened the station and she with Miss Tominaga, another of Hachioji's Christians, labored in Kofu for two years, with the result that a strong flourishing church has been established there. Most of the Christians are elderly people and many have received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. The first to receive in that church was the wife of the pastor, Mrs. Tanaka, while attending special meetings in the Takinogawa Church. Several months later, in one of the regular Thursday night meetings in Kofu, the Spirit fell in a mighty way. Mr. Yamada was wonderfully filled with the Holy Spirit, preaching first in other tongues and then in Japanese, a sermon on the Cross and the blood of Jesus. On one after another the power fell until the whole church was afire with the mighty power of God. Mr. Yamada was put in prison for his testimony; the police said that he was crazy, but much prayer was made by the church and he was released. He is standing true today. One dear old grandma, a tiny little woman, has repeatedly had visions of the Lord and His coming, and also the harvesting of

precious souls. She never fails to come to the 5:30 morning prayer meeting and always attends the street meetings, winter or summer, carrying a large Japanese lantern with the name of the church and the address printed on it. Her zeal and sacrificial life put others to shame. She is a pillar in that church. Praise God, He works in a wonderful way His wonders to perform!

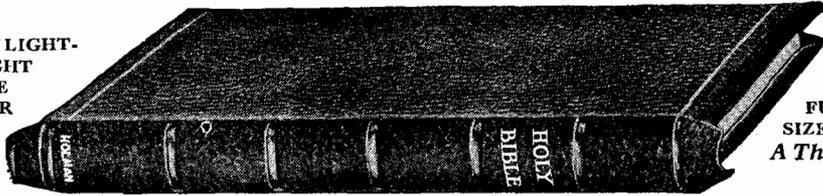
In a little village nearby, the people heard of the church in Kofu through the street meetings. Some of the men from that village came to the Japanese worker and requested that a Sunday School for the children be held in their Town Hall, free of charge, each week. For nearly two years this work has been carried on in this village. In another village, the little tots have been gathered together each week when the weather permits on the street, in an open air Sunday School. Very faithfully do these little ones come and it is equal to a Sunday School under a roof. But the Lord has better things for them and recently the men of the village have started to build a Town Hall and have told the workers that they will gladly let them use that building for the Sunday School. We praise the Lord for the interest of the people who have asked for meetings as well as Sunday School.

One year ago, we opened another station in the city of Kamata, a large district of over 120,000 inhabitants. We are seeing evidences of His blessing on this work. Some very precious testimonies are given by the Christians. One old grandpa said he was saved; but he never got to the place where he could take the gods off the god shelf in his home. Some of these gods are expensive, others are cheap. He had an expensive set of gods and did not like to get rid of them even after he was apparently saved. But the Lord very definitely dealt with him. He had a vision of the Lord on the Cross. After that he took all these gods out into the front yard and burned them up before all the neighbors, the expensive ones along with the cheap ones. He had great peace and joy in his heart after taking this definite step.

When Jesus comes, we believe that from these places there will be an ingathering and we shall meet with you dear ones up there. We trust that from these places there shall be a goodly *forest* or plants—trees—sprung up to "beautify the place of God's sanctuary and make the place of His feet glorious."—*Jessie Wengler*

## New Low Prices TEACHERS' REFERENCE CONCORDANCE BIBLES

THIN LIGHT-  
WEIGHT  
BIBLE  
PAPER



FULL 8 VO.  
SIZE 5½x8 in.  
A Thin Bible

*Part Page Specimen of Print, Black Face Type, Center Column References*  
*The temple to be destroyed. ST. MARK, 13. Signs of Christ's coming.*

widow hath cast more in, than all they which have cast into the treasury:

44 For all they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did

A. D. 33.

11 John 3. 17.

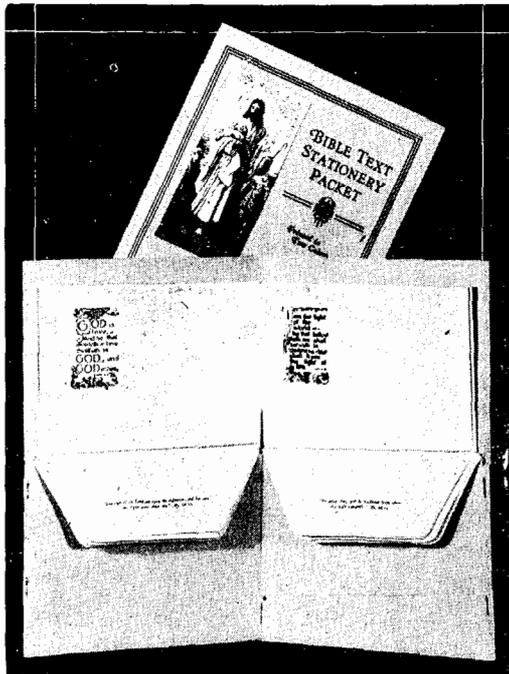
a Matt. 24. 1.  
b Luke 19. 44.

18 And pray ye that your flight be not in the winter.

19 For in those days shall be affliction, such as was not from the beginning of the creation which God

Standard Authorized Version Old and New Testaments. Treasury of Biblical Information, Concordance with 50,000 References, Indexed Atlas, Maps in Colors.

- No. 1708C—Morocco Grain, overlapping covers, gold titles, stained edges . . . \$2.00
- No. 1709C—Same as 1708C but with red under gold edges . . . 2.75
- No. 1712C—French Morocco Leather, overlapping covers, red under gold edges . . . 3.50



### POPULAR BIBLE STATIONERY

Artistic writing paper with envelopes to match  
20 sheets and 10 envelopes. Designs and  
Scripture verses in two colors on each sheet.  
25c each. Mailing 4c.

### AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MADAM GUYON

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

### THE LATTER RAIN PENTECOST

By D. Wesley Myland

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

### A BIBLE GAME

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

### THE MARK OF THE BEAST,

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

### CHRIST—THE HEALER

By F. F. Bosworth

The book contains five sermon-chapters that answer the most important questions on Divine Healing, such as healing in the atonement, "Is Healing For All?" "Is It God's Will to Heal Me?" "How may I Appropriate Divine Healing?" "What Was Paul's Thorn?" Also authentic testimonies of the healed. Cloth, Price \$1.10.

### THE EVANGEL PUBLISHING HOUSE

18 W. 74th St.

Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

The **STONE CHURCH**, 70th St. & Stewart Avenue, Sun., 11, 3 and 7:30; Tues., Prayer Service, 8:00; Thurs., Evening Service, 8:00; Young People's, Friday, 8:00. Tel., Wentworth 2355. Niels P. Thomsen, Pastor