

# The Latter Rain Kvangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

## Influence of Christian Mothers

One hundred and twenty clergymen were together, and each was telling his experience and his ancestry. Of these one hundred and twenty clergymen, how many of them, do you suppose, assigned as the means of their conversion the influence of a Christian mother? One hundred out of the one hundred and twenty! Philip Doodridge was brought to God by the Scripture lesson on the Dutch tiles of a chimney fireplace. The wise and tender reflections of his mother upon the Bible stories pictured on the tiles made an impression on his mind that was never effaced.

The mother thinks she is only rocking a child, but at the same time she may be rocking the fate of nations—rocking the glories of heaven. The same maternal power which may lift the child up may press a child down.—*Talmage.*

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

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**The Stone Church Convention**

THE STONE CHURCH will hold its Twenty-sixth Annual Convention May 12th to 26th. Evangelist Harry E. Bowley of Alton, Ill., is expected to be with us and we are looking to the Lord for an evangelistic campaign which He will own and bless. May 19th will be Missionary Day, at which time missionaries from different foreign countries will speak. Meetings will be held every evening at 8 P.M. and on the Lord's day at 11 A.M., 3 and 7:30 P. M.

\* \* \*

In a revival campaign of a month's duration, held recently by Evangelist and Mrs. Watson Argue in Jeanette, Pa. (D. H. McDowell, Pastor), there were splendid results for God. 55 adults accepted Christ as their Savior, 22 received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, 70 were baptized in water, and on the closing Sunday 83 new members were received into the church.

LAST YEAR when at Lake Geneva Camp, Minnesota, we asked Mrs. Anna Berg of Sioux Falls, So. Dakota, to tell us some outstanding examples of the grace of God on a life, that she had contacted in her experience as an evangelist. She told us of the remarkable conversion of

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Miss Elsa Schmidt, an avowed atheist in Peoria, Ill. We wrote to Miss Schmidt and got her story, which is given on page 11 of this issue. The extraordinary feature of this story is the fact that God changed an evangelist's schedule and overthrew a Christian's plans to get this soul who was on the verge of despair.

**A Mother's Reward**

OH THE SATISFACTION of Hannah in seeing Samuel serving at the altar! Of Mother Eunice in seeing her Timothy learned in the Scriptures! That is the mother's recompense—to see her children coming up useful in the world, reclaiming the lost, healing the sick, pitying the ignorant, earnest and useful in every sphere. That throws a new light on the old family Bible whenever she reads it, and that will be ointment to soothe the aching limbs of decrepitude and light up the closing hours of life's day with the glories of an autumnal sunset.

—Talmage.

"Today? Perhaps! 'Tis true today!  
 Ere nightfall we may be away;  
 Transported home! How blest, how grand!  
 Transported home to Glory Land!  
 One twinkling moment, then to be  
 With Him for all eternity."

## How God Arrested a Cow-puncher

*Baby Twice Brought Back from the Dead*

L. E. Lanphear

*(Continued from April issue)*



WAS preaching in the Western part of Montana in a school-house, one Sunday afternoon when two cow-punchers rode up. They came in with their chaps on and their spurs, and each had his six-shooter strapped to him. God gave me liberty to preach and it seemed that I was preaching at them. I walked right down off the platform at the close, which I never did before. When it came time for the altar service I whispered to a brother to take charge and as soon as I said "Amen" I moved toward the door. I had a feeling they were going to try to break up the meeting.

As I neared the door one of the men ran, jumped on his horse and galloped over the hill. The other could not move a foot. I said, "Brother, give your heart to the Lord. You know God is dealing with you." That cow-puncher broke down in tears and knelt in prayer. Three weeks later he came to town dressed in his good clothes and asked me to pray for him. He said, "I am one of the toughest men in this country. I and my pal came to break up your service but when you stepped off that platform it seemed I was paralyzed. I could not move. I thank God He saved me, and I want you to pray that He will give me power over drinking and smoking." When I left the little old school house and came to the southern part of the state he slipped a dollar in my hand and said, "Brother, never forget me. I am going on with God and if He wants me to preach I am His servant."

About a month after I was saved I sent my wife 60 miles in the country away from the railroad to visit with a Congregational minister and his wife. They were real Christians, and my wife took the two oldest children with her. I stayed in Miles City. One evening about five o'clock I received a long distance call which said, "Your baby terribly sick. Not expected to live. Get a doctor and come at once." I rushed to the doctor and he said, "I cannot possibly go. I have a case I dare not leave, but I will give you medicine." He gave me a batch of pills. I got a missionary of the American Sunday School Union to take me out in his car and we got there at the break of day. I rushed into the house and said, "How is my Dickie?" They said, "He is all right," and nothing more

was said. The child was just past two years old. He was still weak so I left them there.

When we were ready to start back to Miles City the minister's wife came to the car and said, "Brother Lanphear, I want to tell you how God gave you back your boy. My husband had gone to his Sunday meeting and left us alone with the children. Your baby had been sick since Friday and got so bad he began to have convulsions off and on. We put him in mustard water, warm water, cold packs on his head, but nothing helped. His body was cold. Your wife held him for awhile and I asked her to give him to me. As soon as I lay my hand over his little heart I knew that God had taken him home. There was not one spark of life in that body. I knew he was gone. I said to your wife, 'If you ever prayed in your life, pray now.' I didn't tell her he was gone, but in answer to prayer God gave back your little boy."

I turned to the man at the wheel and said we would have to go. As we rode along I said, "Brother . . . , you are a Christian. Do you believe God would do such a thing as that?" He said, "Well, I would not say He would not," but I laughingly threw back my head and said, "That is all foolishness. They were both excited. There was absolutely nothing to it." He said, "Brother, do not say that." I said nothing more.

Just about a month from the time I brought my wife and two children to our homestead, that baby got convulsions again. I said, "Now we will have no more of this foolishness." I put on water and began to give the baby pills according to the doctor's directions. The mother was in prayer. As I was working with the little man in the tub of water his body turned cold. I heard the death rattle in his throat. I laid him on his mother's lap. His little finger nails were blue, his mouth dropped open. As I lay him down I ran, but just as I got to the kitchen I could go no further. I fell on my knees and cried to God, "Oh my God, will You forgive me? Will You forgive me? Give me back my boy! If You will give me back my boy once more I will do whatever You tell me. I will go wherever You want me to go. I will tell it far and near how You gave my boy back!" I had never heard a healing message preached in my life. I didn't know it was in the Bible, but

I knew God gave the boy back as I prayed that prayer of agony. Mother said, "Daddy, Dickie is all right." As I walked back into the bedroom, my boy was all right. It was nothing else but God leading me into the Full Gospel way without any teaching.

One incident stands out in my memory in those early days which I will never forget. It was in January following the March when I received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. My wife had been sick for two days and I had all the housework to do besides the horses to feed and the chores in general. I arose one morning and wife said, "Daddy, let's have prayers." I said, "No, I haven't time for prayers. I have to go out and milk the cow and do the chores." I was angry because I had everything to do. She pleaded, "Oh daddy, won't you have prayer with me?" I went out to the barn but I couldn't do anything. I went back to the house. "Daddy, are you ready to pray now?" "No, I haven't my chores done yet," and I went out again. I said to myself, "I am going to do these chores," but I was so convicted I fell down on my knees on the hay in one of the mangers, saying, "Oh God, forgive me!" and I rushed back into the house and knelt by my wife's bed and said, "I am ready to pray. Will you pray for me?" I prayed, "Oh God, forgive me for this stubbornness and take it out. Mother has lain here for two solid weeks on her sick bed. I prayed day after day for her healing and You haven't answered. If You will touch her body and heal her this minute I will do whatever You ask me to do." The Spirit of God came on me and I was carried away, lost completely to my surroundings. In spirit, my Bible lay there and it seemed God would have me open it but the pages were blank; there wasn't a mark on them but one place. I began at the bottom like a Chinaman, and read one verse after another until I reached a certain place. I said, "Lord, this is wonderful! What does it mean?" And like a voice from heaven He said, "I want you to preach the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ." "Amen, Lord," I said, "I will preach, but where?" He gave me a vision of a little white school house. I said, "Oh God, anywhere but there!" It was in my home vicinity. God said, "If you will, I will heal your wife." I was so lost in the Lord I hadn't noticed that my wife had gotten up and dressed and was kneeling at the chair behind me. I broke down and cried, "Yes, Lord, I will preach there, but I do not know how to preach. I never went to Bible School. I do not know how to take a text or

what to say if I took one." The Lord said, "Trust me!" And He gave me the very scripture I had read in His Word when I was caught away in the Spirit. As I arose from my knees my oldest boy was kneeling at another chair, weeping. I went out to the barn, fed my cattle and did my chores.

It was the middle of the afternoon before I had finished. I came back to the house and took up my Bible. I thought I would find the Scripture the Lord had given me in the morning, but I could not find it. A fear came on me. I said to my wife, "Do you know where that scripture is that I read this morning?" She said, "No, I do not." "I am to preach at the school-house tomorrow morning and I do not know how I can do it," I said, and broke down and wept. "Lord," I said, "help me out of this situation, if I made a fool of myself. You seemed to speak to my heart." He said, "Be content. Rest in Me, and do as I bid you." The next morning I told the superintendent of the Sunday School that when she was thru I wanted to say something. She looked at me and made the announcement and I said that we would have church. We had a song and prayer and I took up the Bible. It opened to that very same chapter and verse God had given me the day before. I read it and God gave me the first message I had ever preached in my life. I closed the Book, said "Amen" and went home and got down on my knees before the Lord, feeling I had made a miserable failure, and asked the Lord to forgive me. But the result was, five were saved out of that service. I knew so little about the Bible I couldn't tell whether the life of Christ was in the Old or New Testament, and the same with other incidents. From that day to this, 1 Corinthians 9:20-27 has been my motto. My aim is to keep myself under lest preaching to others I myself might become a castaway.

It means sacrifice to pioneer, but I am not the only one who has endured privations to preach the Gospel. I could tell of many who are preaching the Gospel in home mission fields who are going thru the same thing. There are times when \$2 a week has been all that our family has had to live on. A business man came to me one time and said, "Rev. Lanphear, I like you and I like your wife and children. You are doing a good work in this town but if I were you I would not stay here another day. Your family needs greater care than you are able to give them here." I said to him, "If I were out for money I would not be in the ministry, but God has

called me to preach the Gospel. I realize my children at times have many needs, but God has promised to supply our needs and we have never starved."

God has at times miraculously fed our family. Once my wife was sick with pneumonia and in a saint's home in Miles City for care. I was out on the ranch with three of the children. I had my arm broken and in a sling. I was sending my three children to school and doing the work with one arm. We had a little wheat we were feeding to the chickens and a few beans. That was all we had in the house. I ground the wheat in the coffee-mill to make the boys some muffins. We sat down to eat supper but I could not eat, I was so broken up, yet I knew God wouldn't fail me. After we had returned thanks and eaten, the boy looked out the window and said, "Daddy, here comes somebody in a car." There was a foot and a half of snow on the ground, but here came two saints from Miles City. They greeted us and asked if we had had supper. We said, "yes." They asked how we were getting on, and I said that God was good and we had nothing to complain about. Finally one blurted out, "Brother, I have a few things out in the car for you." When I went out I saw that car packed full clear to the top, food of every description. One of the men with his arm-full put some money in my hand; the other man did the same thing. I thanked them and said, "Brethren, what made you do this?" They said, "This morning when we got up God burdened our hearts for you and we could not get away from it. They came 90 miles thru snow to obey the voice of the Lord. At that time I was not getting \$8 a month.

I believe my work will always be pioneering. I have gone as far as sixty miles to preach to hungry folks and got 70c in the collection. Once I got 23c. I lived and preached four years in the community where I had lived in sin. I stayed there a witness for the Lord until I felt He led me out. We erected a little tabernacle there during that time and they have a pastor there now and are going on with God.

### His Promise to His Mother

I WAS SCARCELY sixteen when, after working in a nursery garden near my parents for about a year, I was engaged to fill a responsible situation in Cheshire. The day arrived when I had to bid farewell to my father, mother, brothers and sisters. My mother proposed to

accompany me to the boat which was to convey me across the Firth of Forth. When we came within sight of the spot where we were to part, she said,

"Now, my Robert, let us stand here for a few minutes, for I wish to ask one favor of you before we part, and I know you will not refuse to do what your mother asks."

"What is it, mother?" I inquired. "I cannot promise till you tell me what your wish is."

"O Robert, can you think for a moment that I shall ask you, my son, to do anything that is not right? Do I not love you?"

"Yes, mother, I know you do; but I do not like to make promises which I may not be able to fulfil."

"I kept my eyes fixed on the ground. I was silent, trying to resist the rising emotion. She sighed deeply. I lifted my eyes and saw the big tears rolling down the cheeks which were wont to press mine. I was conquered, and as soon as I could recover speech I said,

"O mother! ask what you will and I shall do it."

"I only ask you whether you will read a chapter in the Bible every morning, and another every evening?"

"I interrupted by saying, 'Mother, you know I read my Bible.'

"I know you do, but you do not read it regularly, or as a duty you owe to God, its Author.' And she added, 'Now I shall return home with a happy heart, inasmuch as you have promised to read the Scriptures daily. O Robert, my son, read much in the New Testament. Read much in the Gospels—the blessed Gospels. Then you cannot well go astray. If you pray, the Lord Himself will teach you.'

"I parted from my beloved mother, now long gone to that mansion about which she loved to speak. I went on my way, and ere long found myself among strangers. My charge was an important one for a youth, and tho possessing a muscular frame and a mind full of energy, it required all to keep pace with the duty devolved upon me. I lived at a considerable distance from what we called the means of grace, and the Sabbaths were not always at my command. I met with none who appeared to make religion their chief concern. I mingled, when opportunities offered, with the gay and godless in what were considered innocent amusements, where I soon became a favorite; but I never forgot my promise to my mother."

—Robert Moffat.

# How the Word of the Lord Commissioned Men of the Bible

*The Fatality of Spiritual Relapses*

Sermon by Pastor N. P. Thomsen in the Stone Church

*"I will hear what God the Lord will speak: for he will speak peace unto his people, and to his saints: but let them not turn again to folly."*  
Psalm 85:8.



IN GIVING a message on this text let us first notice the context. In the 6th verse we read, "Wilt thou not revive us again: that thy people may rejoice in thee?" Here is a people desiring that the fires might again burn brightly within their souls; the cry is coming from their very hearts—"Lord, we desire it! we want it!" Then in the 7th verse they ask, "Shew us thy mercy, O Lord, and grant unto us thy salvation." Now these are not unsaved people speaking, but the cry is from a people who know the Lord and desire His best. They realize they are in difficulty and feel within their hearts that they are not all God expects them to be! They feel there is a spirit that is drawing them away from God and they say, "Shew us thy mercy!" One needs to know the mercy of God in these days. It is true that it is a publican's prayer to ask God to "be merciful to me a sinner," but it is also the prayer of saints, for except His mercy is towards us and except we be recipients of that mercy at all times we would surely fall by the wayside. It is His mercy that keeps and holds us and unless He grants unto us His salvation we fall. His salvation is not simply an experience that takes place in a life at some time; it has a beginning but it continues and grows in power until finally we stand complete in His image; and this can be true in our experience only as He grants unto us His salvation day by day.

And now we hear the Psalmist speaking in behalf of the people—"I will hear what God the Lord will speak." He has made his prayer, he has presented his petition; he is there before God and now he waits and says, "I will listen. I will hear what God has to speak." That is all we can do when we have presented our petition but so often we fail to wait to hear what God has to answer us.

I have had men ask, "Why does not God speak to man as He used to do? We hear of Him talking to Moses and speaking to Noah; we read of Him coming down and speaking to Abraham and other saints; He spoke to Paul

and to Peter and John, so why doesn't He speak to us in this Twentieth Century?" Let me say that He does; He still speaks to men and women who listen and give ear to what He has to say.

The Psalmist has been asking for a revival for his people; he has asked for mercy and the granting of salvation and now he says, "I will just turn to the Lord and see what God has to say about this." What connection has this with revival? Every connection in the world. We will never be revived until we hear a word from the Lord and it is marvelous what God does do when once our ears are open to hear His voice. All down through the ages revivals have come when some person has heard the Word of the Lord.

It was when Moses heard the *Word of God* from the bush that was burning as with fire, that a revival started in his own soul; and he made his way back from the desert into Egypt at eighty years of age, and wrought that mighty work of God. As His representative, he led a multitude through the wilderness for forty years up to the borders of Canaan. He never could have done it had he not heard that *Word of God*.

Abraham heard the Word of the Lord out there in Ur of the Chaldees, and because God stirred his soul he started out on his long trek up through Mesopotamia and down into Palestine; when he reached there he became the father of the faithful, proving that he believed God; for he has the record of being one of the most faithful of God's servants. Moses is compared with Christ as the law-giver but Abraham is compared with Christ as the faithful one for he stood as the friend of God; as one who had intimate fellowship with Him. But what started that fellowship? The *Word of the Lord* that he heard spoken into his soul in Ur of the Chaldees; that set him going and he never went back. We read that he could have gone back had he had a desire to do so, and no doubt he had much to draw him back. Leaving his home as he did, he no doubt left behind many possessions. While on the other hand all that he ever owned in the land of Canaan, when he came to die after long years of residence there, was a burying place for his family which he had purchased at the price of

six hundred pieces of silver. The land which God had said He would give him and his seed had not come into his possession but the day is coming when, regardless of all the persecution which the Jews have experienced, regardless of the way they are being cast out in so many lands, regardless of the scorn directed towards them, they will be given the land promised to Abraham; his heirs will be the recipients of the land and they will get it without having to pay for it either, for God said, "I will give it to his seed." What started it all? The *Word of God* spoken into his soul.

Surely Abraham must have been communing with God at the time; he must have been waiting upon God, for God doesn't usually thunder these words into our souls unless there is a hunger, a cry for Him to manifest Himself. It was the *Word of God* that set it all going.

What about Isaiah, that wonderful prophet who gave us more information regarding New Testament truths than any other prophet? whose book is filled with prophetic utterances from beginning to end? Isaiah heard the call one day and records it in the 6th chapter of his book. He tells us the very year when it took place and just what happened: God drew near and manifested Himself unto him and as he saw the Lord he fell upon his face saying, "Woe is me!" Then the Lord touched him and he heard a voice saying, "Who will go?" That Voice burned its way down deep into his heart until he cried out, "Lord, here am I. Send me!" God sent that prophet with that *Word* burning in his soul through the length and breadth of the land, and he became one of the most powerful influences for the Lord in the days of Israel's declension—the Lord's salt. He might have been just as commonplace and indifferent as many others of his day, but what made the difference? The *Word of the Lord* that Isaiah heard.

What made the difference between Elijah and Obadiah? Elijah heard the *Word of the Lord*. What made Elisha the mighty man that he was? He too had heard God's call and it resounded deep in his soul until he left everything to follow God.

What set Paul going? What made him traverse land and sea to carry the Gospel? What made him bear persecution and trials and banishment? endure the indifference and the betrayal of false brethren? He endured because back there on the road to Damascus he met the Son of God. As Paul fell on his face and said, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" God

said, "Go into Damascus and I will tell thee." Three days later the message came to his heart that he was a chosen vessel to the Gentiles, and that he would suffer great things for Christ's sake. Paul said, "I am ready!" That *Word of the Lord* burned so deeply into his soul that nothing could turn him aside. God wrought mightily through him. What started him going? The *Word of the Lord*.

And I believe it is still true today, that if we are fully yielded so that He can speak His life-giving *Word*, that *Word*, pungent with the fire of God burning in our souls will help us to move on into a greater sphere of usefulness for Him. After all, the *Word of God* has more to do with our entire experience of salvation than we realize; in fact it has everything to do with it from start to finish. We are born again, "Not of corruptible seed but by the *Word of God*, the incorruptible seed." From what we read in the Book we cannot be born again without the *Word of God* reaching our hearts; it takes that word to bring forth life. There is nothing that doesn't have its beginning in the *Word of God*.

Take this world: the dirt we tread upon, the trees we see growing, the houses we see finished—the very material they are made of—all had their beginning in the spoken *Word of God* for when there was nothing but a vacuum He spake and it came to pass. Emptiness and nothingness heard God's *Word* and became something. In the beginning was the *Word* and that was the beginning of everything. Genesis 1:1 says, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." John 1:1 tells us, "In the beginning was the *Word* . . . and the *Word* was God." Everything we see had its origin in the *Word of God*. God said, "Let there be light," and there was light, and so it was with everything. That is the entire record of God's work as given in the first chapter of Genesis: "Let there be . . . and there was . . ."

The same takes place when we come to the Lord for salvation. Unless He speaks we can weep and mourn without avail; we can seek and knock in vain—but when God speaks the door opens and He gives His salvation. How do we receive healing? "He sent *His Word* and healed them." Somehow or other it seems we are praying up against brick walls, against insurmountable objects until the *Word of God* reaches our hearts and then we can take hold by faith. Until some specific *Word of God* reaches our hearts we pray in general and never make progress; but let His *Word* burn itself

into our very souls and immediately we take hold of that Word and it becomes an unmovable foundation so that we can say, "I care not what the conditions or appearances are, I will believe God"; and the thing we prayed for is accomplished.

The same is true when we pray for the fullness of the Spirit. Until God really speaks faith to our souls we cannot take hold for the fulness, but when God whispers, "It is for *you*" we reach out and we receive Him in Jesus' Name. He sends *His Word*.

Do you wish to be revived along the way? Draw near and let God speak to your soul. It may be the faintest whisper but when once it takes hold of the innermost recesses of your being it will enable you to move on in God. So the Psalmist says, "I will hear what God the Lord will speak." Notice the name of God in connection with the Word "*Lord*." God, who is the Lord, has the mastery over us, and we simply become obedient subjects. Also notice the word "*hear*." In Biblical terms the word "hear" means more than we make it mean in a technical sense. We may hear a thing technically without ever heeding. When a mother has spoken to her child who is standing right beside her and that child makes no attempt to do what the mother has asked it to do, the mother says, "Do you *hear* me!" What does she mean? She knows the child has heard her, technically speaking, but she means, "*Will you obey me?*" And that is the force of the meaning in this verse, for when God speaks about hearing He means more than simply having a knowledge of what He says. No man truly hears until he does what God asks of Him; in Biblical language no one ever hears unless he obeys. In other words, by obedience we prove that we have heard, and so the Psalmist says, "*I will hear*." Why does he want to hear what God has to say? Is it simply to obtain a little more knowledge and to boast of the fact that he has heard God speak? Just as someone might walk away after meeting a dignitary and then say, "I have heard President Roosevelt speak to me today," and be proud of the fact? No, God doesn't speak to us for that purpose and the Psalmist is not wanting to hear God simply to be able to say that God spoke to him, but he says, "*I will hear*" because his whole desire is to do that which God asks of him.

Do we desire a revival? to have the *mercy of God* and the *salvation of God* granted unto us? We not only have to take time to hear what God has to say but to do that which He

tells us, which often will mean real sacrifice and self denial. It will mean the breaking down of pride and doing things contrary to our personal wishes, but if we desire a revival, and wish to be at our best for God, we will have to do what Paul wrote to the Thessalonians, "Study to be quiet." "Oh," you say, "I don't have to study to do that!" Oh yes, you do! It is one of the most difficult studies that the human race has to master—study to be quiet. Even tho we say nothing our thoughts will run rife and for a person to enter into that calm and peace to which God refers when He speaks of quietness, takes long study; it is a long time before we can graduate from this school. There is so much din within our own hearts that we are unable to distinguish His beautiful melodious voice. Let us study to be quiet that we may hear what God has to say. And He will speak peace.

But what does that mean? If you are desiring a revival in the midst of God's people, desiring His mercy and the granting of His salvation there never can be peace until you obtain your objective. If you have set out for some goal in life your mind is not at rest until you gain it. The only time you reach a place of peace and real satisfaction is when you have gained your goal. The Psalmist here sets out for a revival, for the mercy and the salvation, of God, and it is impossible for him to be at peace until that takes place; and now he says, "I will hear what God has to say, for when He speaks He will make possible that for which I am asking." It is only as we let God speak into our souls that peace is possible. But you say, "He has spoken peace to me long ago." Yes, but if we are truly saints we are pressing on into a deeper realm, for there is no satisfaction in remaining on the same ground we attained years ago.

That is the wonderful thing about life! When you have a tree you are not satisfied simply to keep it alive; you want it to grow and produce fruit. If that little rose-bush in your garden fails to produce its blossoms you are dissatisfied with it and you ask, "Why doesn't it thrive and produce roses? It is the same with spiritual life. Have you life? Then why do you not grow? Why are you not producing fruit? Is eternal life abiding in you? Why do you not produce something for the Lord's kingdom and grow in Him? Satisfaction can only come as we make progress in the Lord.

Just one more thought which is suggested

(Continued on page 20)

## Pentecostal Outpourings in Three Centuries

*The Holy Ghost Broods Over the "North Country"*

By Ensio Lehtonen, Helsinki, Finland

"Behold, these that go toward the north country have quieted my Spirit in the north country." Zech. 6:8.



I CANNOT assume that the "north country" about which the prophet had that remarkable vision, is just this north land of Finland (that land which has paid its debt to the U. S. A.) but it is well known among us how God's Spirit has brooded upon this people of the far north

through the centuries.

### *Pentecostal Outpouring in 1700*

As in all European countries there was also in Finland a great spiritual dearth. Carelessness and godlessness prevailed among the people; the pastors were hirelings who lived in luxury and the delights of this world. But in the beginning of the Eighteenth Century, at the time when Pietism spread over many places in Europe, there burst out in Finland an extensive and quite unique awakening. At this time God raised up mighty prophets who boldly preached the truth and awoke the sleeping church. They were put in prison and were exiled, but the preachers of the day, the hirelings, could not put out God's fire. The awakening spread among the people. From their midst rose up men who readily and fearlessly preached the truth and established Biblical congregations, who received the Baptism of believers and the fullness of the Holy Ghost. Here and there appeared prophets who, filled with the Holy Ghost, proclaimed the Gospel with judgment and mercy. One of the church pastors became aroused and preached mightily under the anointing as the Holy Ghost gave him utterance.

But all this, as well as the ecstatic awakening of "earlier Pietism," was to open the way for a real Pentecost and outpouring of the Holy Ghost, which happened in July, 1796. The inhabitants of two farm-houses were working in a field at Telpas, in Savo landscape, Iisalmi parish. Suddenly the Holy Ghost descended upon them as a mighty fire, so that they all fell down as dead. They saw wonderful heavenly visions and spoke with new tongues as the Holy Ghost gave them utterance, just as on the first

Pentecost. From there the fire of the Holy Ghost spread quickly over the whole of the north of Finland. The believers, who were filled with the power of the Spirit, were joyful, prophesied, and preached the Gospel of the Lamb of God and His shed blood. The leader of this awakening was only a peasant, *Paavo Ruotsalainen*, but he was used in the great awakening and in the salvation of tens of thousands.

### *The Awakening of 1800*

In the next century the Holy Ghost still brooded over the "North Country." Among the great awakenings of this century must first of all be mentioned the very original and extensive "Laestadio-awakening," which burst out in the Northwestern part of the country, Lapland, and then spread southward. As the instrument of this awakening God used *Lars Lewi Laestadius*, an ordained minister who had been aroused through the so-called "speaking with tongues" movement in the beginning of the century. His sermons were sharp and piercing when he was whipping at sin, but on the other hand divinely sweet when he pointed out the way of life to sorrowing souls. The sign of this awakening was the complete confession of sin to the preacher who then assured them of forgiveness. This conviction of sin and the gentle work of the Holy Spirit caused the believers to become mightily touched; they were filled with joy and in great ecstasy praised the Lord, leaping and dancing that their sins were forgiven. For this reason the believers received much persecution from the world and the professing church, but the movement has until now been kept as a sect.

However, these powerful and Holy Ghost awakenings began to wane and the meetings gradually becoming formal they lost their power and life. Therefore, in the beginning of this Twentieth Century there was in our country a strong desire for another outpouring of the Holy Ghost. It was a matter of prayer and expectancy in all circles.

The news of the wonderful work of the great awakening in Wales and Los Angeles, Calif., came to this country thru the papers and caused us to pray unceasingly and to expect the outpouring of the Spirit in our midst. Then some persons belonging to the *Laestadio-awakening*

traveled to Oslo, where Pastor Barratt who had received the Pentecostal baptism, held his mighty meetings. These persons were amazed and over-joyed in finding there what was so much desired in Finland. They asked Pastor Barratt to visit Finland, which he did in the autumn of 1911. Meetings were held in Helsingki, the capital of our country, and also in other towns. Then God's fire descended; many souls were saved and the sick were healed in large numbers.

However, Pastor Barratt could not stay long in our country, but a brother by the name of Gerhard Smidt from St. Paul, Minnesota, was called to help in the work. He was a mighty instrument in God's hands and in spite of strong opposition the awakening spread, until in 1914 the whole country was aroused to spiritual activity. It has been calculated that there were then about 10,000 persons who had allied themselves with the Movement.

#### *Later Periods of the Pentecostal Awakening*

While the revival was spreading many pastors and preachers of the Gospel joined the work from different circles; for example, from the Methodist and the State churches. From the latter were two ordained ministers, and one missionary who had worked in China. The latter had received the Holy Ghost on the mission field and had thereby been separated from the church missionary society.

Until the year 1920 the Pentecostal awakening had been quite unorganized in our country, but from this time we began to organize local congregations according to the Scriptures. Owing to minor differences of belief several bodies who did not organize, withdrew, but they were comparatively small in number.

#### *The Publishing of Literature*

The spreading of the Full Gospel through the Pentecostal awakening has been greatly helped through the Pentecostal magazines and literature which have been published from the very beginning. Since the year 1912 there has been published a magazine called "*Ristin Voitto*" (The Victory of the Cross), which was first a translation of "*Korsets Sejer*," edited by T. B. Barratt, but from the year 1915 it has been independent, edited by Dr. Aarno Fellman. In 1923 *Ristin Voitto* was approved as the real organ of the Pentecostal congregations, with Rev. Väinö Pfaler as editor. He was succeeded in 1929 by Forrster Eino Manninen. Since 1931 the writer has been editor and in years that followed much progress has been

made, under God, along the publishing line. The circulation of the paper has become larger every year and the total literature published is now about 100 different volumes. Some books written by the editor have been published in other languages, the most important being an escatological study, "*Viimeinen aika*" (The Last Time). A great amount of children's literature has been translated, also. The whole distribution in 1934 was 96,000 copies, and the issue of the Christmas number of *Ristin Voitto* was 22,000 copies.

All is of God's mercy, only mercy, we most humbly confess as we see His mighty works among us. We do not understand why He has blessed us so signally by His Holy Spirit upon this "North Country." We have not earned it, but it is all of His mercy and grace.

One forward step that gives us great joy is that we have been able to send a missionary couple to Manchukuo, and one missionary each to China, Siam, East Africa and the Argentine. Also we have three missionaries in our sister country, Esthonia. In our land there are about 200 preachers and evangelists.

Our greatest congregation is in our capital, Helsinki, where we have a membership of more than 1,000. Forester Eino Manninen is the leader. If the Swedish congregation (on the coasts of Finland there are a number of Swedish-speaking Finnish people) is added to the Finnish one, it means that in Helsinki there are altogether from 2500 to 3,000 people who belong to the Pentecostal Movement. The population of the whole capital is 250,000. The population of the entire country is about three and a half million, and the number of Pentecostal adherents is in the same proportion thruout the country as in the capital city.

These dry statistics cannot alone prove that the Holy Ghost works in the "North Country." But they prove that there has been spiritual life among us, and that God has blessed the work that has been done in weakness. We are still longing for a more powerful manifestation of the Spirit of God in our meetings and in our lives. We do not want to be formal but quickened by the Spirit of God, when Jesus comes for His blood-washed children and calls them, even from the "North country" to the great marriage of the Lamb.

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"TOPICS FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETY" is the title of a book, which will be most helpful to Young People, leaders of Young People's meetings, and workers among young folks in general. The book gives topics, outlines of meetings suggestions for advertising them. Heavy card-board binding, 50 cents each.

## God Schedules a Meeting to Save One Life

*An Atheist Surrenders to Divine Impelling Power*



GO BACK with me to Sept. 3rd, 1933. It was a Saturday and I was at the World's Fair in Chicago. I had entered at the South Gate and passed many buildings until I came to the group of modern homes. Having been working for a few years with a contractor and taken up the study of Architecture myself, also building and selling Real Estate (I was still smarting under some heavy losses which all Real Estate Brokers had experienced by this time) I decided to enter one of these houses and see the improvements, thinking my interest might be aroused, at last, by something new.

But I did not see much of this home. To explain my feelings, for years I had planned a home for myself, where love and happiness should live, but the man with whom I would have shared it, had died some time ago, and I was still wishing to die myself. I found myself outside again, walking, not looking to the right or left, and unable to control my thoughts. My past life! What a search it had been—a search for fulness and knowledge and happiness! a yearning for mental growth, thinking that knowledge would give me a chance to drink deeper of life which is so short at best.

I grew up in an atheistic home; my mother dying when I was 14 years of age, the world was practically my only teacher. Having come to this country at the age of 21, I went to college and took up the study of Pharmacy and Pharmaceutical Chemistry, and graduated in both. With the reading of what we called good books, classic, scientific and educational, and my love for good music, I rounded out my education. Leaving the University I started to work here in Peoria and within four years held, and am still holding, the position of chief chemist in a Chemical Laboratory in this city.

I had accomplished everything I wanted to years ago, but here I was walking in Chicago, blind and deaf to gay scenes and many people, broken in spirit and in health and feeling absolutely alone. I had no longer any interest in anything, no appetite for food, no sleep at night; no memory for a day, for anything; not even wondering anymore about the "why" of life. At my left was a bench, so I sat down and smoked a few cigarettes; yes, they were a habit with me now. When I became conscious of my surroundings I found myself facing the

Building of Religion, and as I pondered I realized that I had tried everything but religion.

With all the puny strength I could muster I expelled my breath thru my nose—otherwise I was too weary to mock. In retrospect I saw the empty churches in Germany where I was born; again I heard the words of derision and sarcasm from the mouth of my father (an Atheist) whom I adored; close to my cheek once more I felt the nauseating breath of a married preacher of America—pretender—how I hated him yet; I should have slapped him harder than I did. That moment I decided to end it all, just as my brother had done five months before. Today I know as well as then, that it was sink or swim for me; I had come to the end of my endurance.

The next day was Labor Day and time for me to return to Peoria. Miss Stumph, of Oak Park, Ill., had promised to spend the last week of September with me in Peoria but an unexplainable something made me urge her to come with me now instead of later. She intended to spend the first three weeks of September in Canada and give me the last one, but realizing the pitiful condition of my health, etc., she gave in and made arrangements to leave for Canada on the following Sunday. So we came to Peoria together on the 4th.

Miss Stumph had been my room-mate at the University and therefore knew me practically from the time I first went to college. I liked her from the beginning and she did not preach much to me. I had to go to the Chemical Laboratory Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, while she read her Bible, and kept house for me. For two years I had lived alone, not wanting to see anyone or anything.

Thursday evening we were sitting on the porch when I opened the evening paper and my eyes happened to fall on the picture of a cowboy. Idly my eyes traveled over the short lines underneath and scornfully I asked Miss Stumph if she knew that we had a Tabernacle in Peoria. I had not known it until this moment but knew that she went to worship in such places in Chicago.

She, too, was surprised and said so. In a sarcastic tone I told her that the preacher there was a cowboy and even dressed like one. To me that was well-nigh impossible. But her interest quickened and she wanted to know if

his name was J. C. Kellogg. So it was, and now she wanted to go and hear his message, as she had done in Chicago.

The more she begged the more I regretted having mentioned the meeting. Never before, while visting me had she decided to go to church—but now above all things a Tabernacle! That Thursday evening I had promised to visit an invalid lady friend of mine. We talked it over for a while and I consented to take her to the Tabernacle if she would go with me first to my friend.

We went there and were kept longer than we thought. My sick friend talked on and on, and gleefully I realized that it was already 9 o'clock. Miss Stumph rose and I went with her. We arrived at the Peoria Trinity Tabernacle just as Evangelist Kellogg made the altar call. I had never been at a religious meeting, and turning around I said to her, "Come, let us get out." I know now how she must have felt; it is hard for me now to tell it but it shows all the more the great miracle of my salvation and the patience of my Saviour, also the battle waged for my soul. But Miss Stumph was still and never mentioned the evening again.

The next evening we searched the paper after supper, but it carried no announcement of a meeting for that night and I thought Rev. Kellogg had left Peoria. Miss Stumph said nothing at all to me about religion; she said later that she realized I was at the end of the rope and did not know what to do. Her hope had been my conversion at the Kellogg meeting—and so she kept on reading her Bible.

Some six years before this some one had given me a Bible and I searched it out that night, after she had retired, to see if I could not find help or comfort from it. I read a few verses here and there; I had no mind to think what they might mean and I had to close the Book; it was sealed to me, and the despair and misery and utter futility of everything overwhelmed me once more. But that night I yearned toward the Unknown: "If there is a God," I cried; "if there is a God—I want to know Him."

The next day, Saturday, she told me that she had to go back Sunday morning. Suddenly I thought that this was the end of it all and I rather suspicioned that she might be glad to leave me. I found myself persuading her to stay on, promising to give her a picnic Sunday and telling her she needed the outdoors, etc. We now learned that Rev. Kellogg would preach three times on Sunday but I wanted her

to forget this. I knew that she would not go to the movies so I tried to bribe her with a day outdoors, knowing how much she liked that. She argued that this would overthrow all her plans and at that the tears came to my eyes which had been dry for so long. We left it at that and I went to work. I marvel how I had been able to do my work till that time but that day I could do nothing. So I went back home.

I had promised to attend the races that Saturday night. When I came home Miss Stumph told me that she had written to Chicago and made arrangements to stay with me till Monday morning. So I planned an all-Sunday picnic and invited a married couple. Miss Stumph refused to go with me to the races, but I started to drive toward the Fair Grounds when she got me to stop the car. She seriously told me that she had not enjoyed her visit with me and that she refused to go any further and that she thought I ought to go with her to the Tabernacle. So I nosed my car around and took her there, in good time.

Two hours later, on my way home she asked me shyly if I had gotten anything out of the message. And I truthfully told her: "Nothing but a big headache." She did not speak to me again, and I drove silently thru the darkness. And because she knew everything that had ever happened to me I decided to make her understand my condition. I told her quietly that I felt as if I were held in a terrible pit which was so deep that I could not even see the light at the top, and so narrow that I could hardly get my breath; I also asked her to forgive me everything. Later she told me that from then on she prayed for me.

Sunday came with a burst of sunshine and heat. We went early to the Lakes and enjoyed the day, even I who had strength for only a few strokes. Suddenly, about 3 o'clock the weather changed. A strong and very cold wind came up and drove everyone away. I asked my friends to end the picnic at my home but they refused and went their way. Miss Stumph made me go to the Tabernacle that night.

Rev. Kellogg spoke about "The Mark of Cain," and after a while I became interested. What he said seemed to be true and I enjoyed the message. I mentioned this to Miss Stumph who left the next morning and promised her to hear Mr. Kellogg again. He was to be here until September 24th. Tuesday, the 12th, I went again.

That night, after my return home, I walked up and down my front-room for a few hours

arguing in my mind with Rev. Kellogg, wishing I could tell him what I thought. I decided not to go again, but went every night, compelled, and anxious and helpless. And every time, back home alone, I would bring all my arguments to the fore to combat his message. In my mind I told him what my father thought of God, I brought forth all the arguments of the infidel, the biologist, and the chemist. I argued to myself that I had been exposed to all kinds of religions and there was nothing to any of them. Had I not been talked to, lightly, yes, by members of almost all creeds known to the white race? Had I not been with Mohammed's children when they unrolled their prayer rugs and fell upon their faces to worship Allah? Had I not personally met Abdul Bahai, the son of the prophet? Had I not been in contact over a year with a minister of the Grace Presbyterian Church here, who had not dared to preach to me?

I had not even heard the word "Evangelist" before and now one in a cowboy suit was succeeding in making me listen to his message every night; a message about *God*. Daily I decided not to go again, but the nearer it came toward evening the more I was compelled to go. Brother Kellogg is widely read in natural sciences and therefore commanded my respect. If he with that knowledge could believe in God, perhaps there was truth in it. The conflict within me grew more still. One evening it dawned upon me that he was really pointing toward Christ, the Son of the Living God. And the one sentence which now began ringing constantly in my mind was: "He that believeth . . . shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."

I tried to use my knowledge of psychology to counteract that sentence, but with no result. And I wondered how I, of all people, could ever believe in a divine conception. That one sentence kept ringing in my ears and so disturbed me that I decided to stay home one morning and rest. I had been out every night and was really ill. That morning I turned on my radio and happened to get the Moody Bible Institute. Mrs. McCord was just saying: "My message this morning will be about 'The Divine Conception'." I listened spellbound to the ready answer to my problem. Today, while I am writing this my throat is constricted with tears of gladness. And I was convinced and believed.

From that moment on I loved Jesus Christ. I began to see in Him all the perfect qualities I had searched for in vain, in mankind. Every further message I heard showed me that every-

one I had ever cared for, had died in a lost condition: my brother and also his wife, and I was tempted also to die lost. But I had heard much that could not be cast aside and so the struggle began again. But I now fully believed that Jesus Christ was the Son of the Living God.

The evening when I realized that I believed this I almost went forward to accept Him as my personal Saviour. But now I know that God willed that my going to the altar was to be a testimony to a certain friend. The next day I felt sure that I could not refuse Him any longer. Something so warm and loving swept over and thru me; I loved Him and I felt too that He loved me. Within me all was excitement and I left home early. Just as I backed the car out of the garage I heard someone calling me. The friend who with her husband had been with us at the picnic, who had been in grade school with me in Germany, stood on the drive. I was in despair thinking she might keep me from attending the meeting. I opened the car door and said: "If you want to see me tonight you will have to go with me to the Tabernacle."

So she went with me, sensing that there was something the matter with me. All the way there she, an infidel herself, marveled and brot to my mind the things I had said, time and again, against any religious belief. But I paid no attention to her. Melted, eager, loving and persuaded I listened intently for the first call, and found myself asking her to come with me to the altar. I hardly realized that I went alone; I was no longer master of myself and know now that I had not been for some days. There I knelt and did not know what to do but I was happy I had come to Him. Soon some one was praying for me. Someone was telling the Lord how sorry I was for my sins. At first resentment rose hot within me; how could any one think of me as a sinner? But in the twinkling of an eye I saw myself differently. I heard no more the prayer but said to Him: "Yes, I am a sinner." Immediately this resentment left me and another spirit took possession, and I was happy. "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are His judgments and His ways past finding out."

To our knowledge here I am the only one converted during this campaign. I learned that Rev. Kellogg was scheduled to hold his meeting during August but was delayed thru illness till

(Continued on page 22)

## The Get Acquainted Page

Conducted by Watson Argue

Presenting the story of Southwestern Bible School, Enid, Oklahoma.  
Written by one of the students.

**S**OUTHWESTERN BIBLE SCHOOL! How these words thrill the hearts of hundreds of young people over this land of ours! What fond memories they hold for many who are today



P. C. Nelson, President

laboring for the Master in distant countries. It is not, as some might suppose, because of majestic buildings planted upon a beautiful campus on the bank of a quietly flowing river that makes the school so precious in the lives of its sons and daughters, for no such beautiful situation belongs to S. B. S. It consists rather of one tall red brick

structure that by its very appearance declares itself the main edifice, also a low L-shaped building, numerous cottages, and apartments, and nearby residences; all of these in the vicinity of a little park.

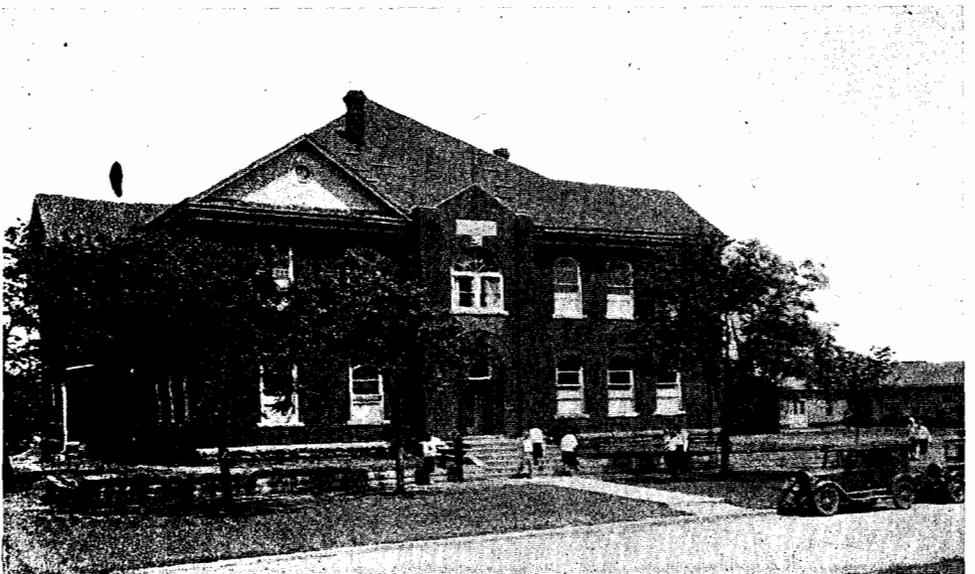
I have said that it is not the location of S.B. S. that makes it live through the years for those who know it, yet it is that very location, spiritually speaking, for this school sits on the borders of Heaven. It stands on the ever green banks, besides the crystal river

of eternal life, and its buildings rear their heads high above the things of this present evil world, casting upon the waters shadows of the mansions Christ has gone to prepare. Hallelujah!

Eight years have come and gone since P. C.

Nelson, a humble servant of God, and Mother Bamford (just a little Mother, she says) realized visions of an institution of learning for boys and girls upon whom God had laid His hand. In these years the executives of the School have watched earnest, and often awkward, blundering youths grow into strong men of God; have seen scores of them, most of them with blameless lives, go forth to a lost and dying world. To "India's coral strand" have they gone, into Africa's darkness, to South America, where persecution abounds, and to every corner of our own great nation, S.B.S. young men and women are giving their very lives in His service royal. Their hearts burn for lost souls and the noon-day prayers of the students at home uphold them in the battle.

The past years have not been easy ones; for unlike many schools, S.B.S. has no great endowment. Upon faith was it founded, the faith of a little man and woman who knew the great "I Am." Honoring their faith, God has graciously kept S.B.S. under His wings. Many



The Main Building of Southwestern Bible School

times has the enemy craftily tried to enter the School, but God has stretched forth His hand, and spoken an authoritative "touch not mine anointed."

With the hardships of the past as stepping

stones, S.B.S. is this year bigger and better than ever. Two hundred and ninety-nine young men and women have found it not only an extraordinary place for training, but a delightful Christian home. The coming year promises an enrollment of from three hundred and fifty to four hundred. "Where shall we put them?" is the cry. But again faith looks beyond the narrow horizon or our limitations to Him for whom nothing is too hard.

Many young people over the land are longing for just such a place as S.B.S., where they can be temporarily sheltered from the world while they grow strong in the Lord. Others are hungry for the love and Christian fellowship they find here, and the same faith that laid the foundations will bring them from the different walks of life to its fold.

The School, with its able faculty, affords a complete course for pastor, evangelist, missionary, or Christian worker. And there are outstations where the knowledge gained can be set to work at once.

Musical ability is encouraged, for S. B. S. believes that good music comes from God and glorifies His name. An orchestra of seventy regular members, with one hundred and twenty more who play instruments testify to this. Some who are limited in their ability to preach are taught to play and sing the gospel to the world.

Several Gospel teams from the school will be traveling through various parts of the United States and Canada this summer. One of them is shown in a picture accompanying this article. The members are: Lester J. McNabb of Zion, Ill., Fay D. Clopine of Franklin, Neb., Elwin Argue of Winnipeg, Canada, and Robert L. McCutchan, leader of the team and one of the faculty of the school.

S.B.S., with its consecrated faculty, splendid student body, and well-planned curriculum, is

very favored, but with all these advantages the School would be a failure without the power of God manifest in each life. To see that each young man and woman has a clear knowledge of Jesus as a personal Saviour, is the one thing above all others for which Southwestern strives. In the routine of the day are scheduled hours for prayer and the prayer-rooms of the adjoining tabernacle are never closed. Besides these is a chapel service, that hallowed hour which every student eagerly awaits. Many times has the writer seen a student attempt to lead a chapel service, only to have the Holy Spirit take



The Music Makers Gospel Team of S. B. S. on a goodwill tour this summer

control and Himself conduct the program. Often has a simple testimony from a pure heart opened the flood-gates of heaven and the blessings of the latter rain have drenched thirsty souls, so that the entire morning has been given over to the workings of the Holy Spirit.

Is it any wonder that the students of S.B.S. love the security of its walls? Without, one comes in contact with the breakers of the world's sin, but inside its doors he is conscious of a peace and a calm that settle over his soul as he enters. The atmosphere is inspiring because of the abiding presence of the Spirit of God, and like one of old felt, it would seem good to dwell upon this mountain-top.—*Delilia Ann Howard, Student from Pratt, Kansas.*



*Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth. (2 Tim. 2:15.)*

## The Sunday School Laboratory

*Some Lessons in Parable*

By S. S. T.

THE DAILY occupations of the common folk of Bible days and the ordinary surroundings and objects seen in His walks through the country, furnished the material for some of the most telling illustrations given by the Master and were the foundation stones for the many parables by which He so often taught a needed lesson. Even so today, experiences from every-day life furnish material for parables that convey some vital truths:

Behold, a child came forth one Sunday morning in search of manna that could satisfy. True, she had heard from many lips, the story of life, but somehow it was always given in such a "grown-up" way that the portions never seemed to be small enough for childish systems to digest. The admonition of the Master, "Feed my sheep," was always faithfully carried out, but the other and equally important injunction, "Feed my lambs," was forgotten by so many that our little searcher for manna began to wonder if anyone cared for the lambs. Now she had been invited to Sunday School and was told that this was a place especially for children. Small wonder that she came running this Sunday, for she trusted that at last she had found one who would break up the manna and present it in such a way as to be palatable even to the lambs.

But this particular teacher was either unfitted for her particular department, or she failed to realize her God-given opportunity, for on this Sunday morning with this little lamb before her, and thirty to forty others, eagerly waiting for the broken manna, she was unprepared to serve the Bread in the proper manner. She talked over the heads of these whom the Great Shepherd of the lambs had given into her care.

*"The bread that comes from heaven  
needs finest breaking."  
Remember this,  
All ye who offer for the children's taking,  
Nor give amiss.  
The desert manna, like the coriander  
With honey taste,  
Was gathered at the word of the  
Commander,  
With cautious haste;  
"A small, round thing," and not  
in loaves for eating,  
The manna fell,  
Each day the wondrous miracle repeating,  
As records tell.*

*So make it small, the bread of God,  
life-giving;  
The child is small,  
Unskilled in all the strange great  
art of living  
That baffles all.  
Be mindful of the little ones,  
and feed them  
With living bread;  
Break it for them as you gently lead them  
To Christ the Head. —ANON.*

Perhaps she had not spent sufficient time praying that she herself might be in that coveted attitude of heart, to which Jesus referred when He said, "Except ye become as a little child ye shall not enter". . . for surely she had failed to enter into the hearts of these lambs. It may be that she had not studied the art of breaking up the heavenly manna so that even the smallest member of her class could digest it, and grow thereby. At the close of that session our little searcher after manna, broken manna, felt akin to the little boy who, when reprimanded upon reaching for something,

asked, "But, isn't there a little boy end to it?" As Church School teachers let us remember that in every truth there is a "little boy end to it" and if we give them the right end, if we give the portions small enough, they will not fail to take and eat.

Still another child went forth—a modern David, this boy, in search of some weapon, perchance but a pebble, that would enable him to slay the giants on his battlefield of life. Long and hard had been the conflict the preceding week as right struggled against the wrong, with wrong conquering in the majority of cases. So in sheer desperation he came early on this morning into the Sunday School room, hoping that even before the regular session he might be privileged to have a little heart-to-heart talk with his teacher, for she might even then place into his hands that for which he was searching. But his teacher—not realizing the value of these priceless moments, moments that might bring life or death, spiritually speaking, to the pupils—came rushing in just in time to escape the fate of the late-comers. In the meantime other members of that class had gathered, and, being

active boys every one, our youthful David in search of the needed weapon, but finding it not, joined them in improving the moments in rude performances and testing their athletic accomplishments over the chairs, etc. Not only did the boy fail in his search but, sadder yet, the teacher failed in implanting any lesson that day; failed in stimulating any reverence for the house of God, or for His Word, because the last vestige of reverence had been flung to the winds in that important pre-session period.



Courtesy of S. S. Times.

But hear ye the parable of another child. Into the Church School came a youth — in search of God. Upon entering the building he

was cheerfully greeted and at once this youth said, “This must be the place where I can find God.” Was it because they had manifested the Spirit of Him who long ago had said, “Suffer the children to come”? Although quite early the youth found his teacher at his post, ready to show his interest in every individual pupil as he arrived. It was here that the teacher made the closest contacts with his boys; it was here that they confided to him their struggles and victories of the week and received most helpful advice. Then came time for the formal opening, and the arrival on the platform of the superintendent was sufficient signal to create perfect order. As the worship period progressed God seemed so very near that one of the smaller children tip-toed to the teacher and said in hushed whispers, “God is right here, isn’t He?” Then as each class gathered to its respective place no time was lost, for while the boys were prone to talk over the happenings of the week the teacher used one of their remarks as an entering wedge for the lesson itself. Remarkable how little this teacher talked; he preferred to have the boys themselves dig out the main truths; discover the vital lessons, and then together, under the direction of the teacher, they made applications which were to prove most beneficial in their daily lives. At the close of that Church School period our youth was fully convinced that he had indeed found the place where God dwelt, longed to have Him as a vital factor in his own life, and to know Him whom to know is life eternal.

### One Missionary’s Burden

WE ASK OUR READERS to pray for Miss Lillian Trasher and her large Orphanage of 650 children at Assiout, Egypt. In another year this Orphanage, which started in the heart of Miss Trasher when she saw the destitution and neglect of the little children of Egypt, and with the blessing of God has grown to a number of institutions, will have been in existence a quarter of a century. Were Miss Trasher able to recount the blessings, the trials, the victories and the tremendous responsibilities of this God-owned work, volumes could be written. It is a faith work, and yet Miss Trasher feels the responsibility and the strain of so large a work, and longs for the prayers of God’s people that she may be sustained and given grace for the heavy duties. The following from her letter will show our readers the need of prayer:

“The Bible tells us to bear one another’s burdens; therefore I want you to join me in special prayer about that which is the greatest burden of my whole life, or has been since we started the plan of not buying anything until we had the money to pay for it. My request is that the Lord will, in answer to prayer, send the money needed for the food at least a day in advance. I doubt if anyone would realize what a difference it would mean to me. The heavy strain has been on me for months and months, of never having a day’s food in advance, and not feeling free to buy on credit. I just can’t see the children go without a meal, and such a large amount of food takes time to have it prepared and cooked, so I always feel crowded for time so as not to have the meals

(Continued on page 20)

## The Christian's Daily Warfare

*Do You Let God Put the Brakes on Your Life*

Evangelist Loren B. Staats in the Stone Church



JESUS CHRIST had a two-fold nature, human and divine. The *divine* came to act out the Word of God. "The Word was with God, and the Word was God." "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us," and "as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name."

Jesus Christ came that He might act out this Word. This Word has been experimented upon but He came to act it out, every phase of it; the sick were healed thru His Word, the dead were raised, the multitudes were fed miraculously. In Luke 17:20, 21, Jesus, the second Person of the Godhead, incarnated in the flesh, told the Pharisees that the kingdom of God was right there in their midst; also that we will be a part of that kingdom when we partake of the Divine nature of Christ. On the Day of Pentecost, the Spirit of God, a Personality just as much as Jesus is a Personality, or as God is a Personality, came into the hearts of the 120 assembled and rested upon them and they became partakers of the Divine nature of the Godhead. It made them not only sons of God thru the dolorous death of Jesus on the cross, but heirs to all He had purchased for them.

Now the question is, Just what takes place when we come into this kingdom? In the first place we must come to God and make a complete surrender. We must realize our need of God, need to have this old nature replaced by a new nature. When we come to God we must give up everything that is detrimental to our Christian growth, all our pride, all our sins, our mean dispositions, and everything that would keep us from the kingdom of God. When we come to the Lord there is a change and we become new creatures in Christ Jesus. Old things have passed away. We have a love for things divine. Then we soon realize that we have a two-fold nature within us. We have been born into the kingdom of God, but this fleshly nature wars against the spiritual nature. I once believed in the eradication of the old nature, but I found out that that teaching didn't work out. The sooner we know ourselves and get on the right track the better we will know how to let the Holy Spirit work in us His divine nature. Do not think for a minute I would be prejudiced

against the theory of eradication. I wish it were so. There are some folks I wish were "dead" so far as the old nature is concerned; we could get along with them more easily, but we are a two-fold nature. Paul himself said, "When I would do good, evil is present with me." He found there was the fleshly nature warring against the spiritual nature, but there is such a thing as letting this inward man control the outward man; to have him so God-like and God-controlled in this temple that the carnal nature will have to obey the inward man.

There are some people who have a shallow experience, seemingly, with the Lord, and the outward has control of the inward, spiritual man. This make-up of ours is a mechanism. The Spirit is in there controlling us just as we control an automobile. I get in an automobile and I control it. When I want to go around a corner I turn the wheel, and when I stop it I put on the brakes. In the same way as I control my machine, God wants the inward man to control the outward, make it speak holy things, and do things that are righteous. Then we can say, "Christ lives in me and has control of my life." When we get this Word of God in us we become not only hearers but *doers* of the Word. You take a man who has the art of driving. He drives down the street and sees a red light. Without any thought whatever he puts on the brakes and stops. He has the art of driving. The minute the green light appears he goes on, without any extra thought. It is the make-up of his life. When we get this Word in us it possesses us, and when we see a "red light" we put on the brakes. Haven't you seen folks facing crises in their lives, and marvelled that they used good judgment? It wasn't hard for them to use good judgment. They had the Spirit of God within them.

We find that some people, instead of living on the Word, live on emotion and manifestation. The Spirit of God is not to be played with; it is to possess us. "*As He is so are we.*" The biggest enemy I have is Loren B. Staats. If I can control him or have the Spirit of God control him I will get along all right.

The mind sometimes thinks on things that are ungodly because the mind is carnal; it is continually warring against the Spirit. For a period of many years you accumulated habits

of thought. Every day you thought in a certain channel until it embedded itself in your mind, and the longer you thought the more it became entrenched in your life. Now you get saved. Your soul is wrapped with the Spirit of God, but here is your mind that is not under subjection. I spent nine years in secret service work for the government. It was my livelihood, and I thought along a certain line for nine years. One day after I received the baptism of the Holy Spirit I was lying upon my couch and all at once certain thoughts took possession of me. I asked the Lord to deliver me from evil thoughts for I knew they would injure my spiritual growth. They still possessed my mind and I jumped up and walked thru the house calling on the Lord for deliverance, and they left me. The first few months of our experience with the baptism of the Spirit are the most crucial in a Christian's experience. There is that conflict with the spiritual and carnal natures. Some do not grow very deep in the Lord, and you wonder what is the trouble. They do not let the Spirit of God dominate their lives.

There come times when you are going thru a nervous strain, especially if you are a preacher who has been pouring out his soul in his work—your nerves are so racked you cannot sleep. I have lain awake all night many a night. There are times when we cannot sleep, and then the devil comes and whispers all sorts of suggestions and tries to discourage us, but if our minds are controlled by God and we are melted before Him we can lie there and commune with Him. That is when I get my best sermons, when I have wakeful nights.

Now there is such a thing as heredity, the things that we come by naturally, and that is what I wish to speak on this afternoon. There are some people who pray two and three hours a day and in five minutes' time they will undo all the prayer they have stored up in their hearts, all because of a temper which they inherited. I inherited a bad temper. When I was a little boy I'd go around and pout two or three days at a time. My mother tried to whip it out of me, but you cannot whip it out. It is the nature. Father tried to talk to me, which did more good than whipping. When I became angry, after I had grown up, I used to go home and pout, and shut the door hard—you know what I mean. Maybe I'd hold the newspaper in front of me and pout. It is worse than a person becoming angry and saying so. You can find out what is the matter with that class. Women

folks have tempers too, and Mrs. Staats was not free from it, and there were times in our home when there would be bitter words flying across the room. But one day wife went to a meeting and got filled with the Holy Ghost and I realized that I had a new wife. She was completely changed. Then I went down to the meeting and got filled with the Holy Ghost and she had a new husband. God took that thing out of me and our home was one grand place in which to live. It was heaven on earth. When things go well in the home it is heaven; and when they go wrong it is hell. It is the devil's business to run these carnal natures of ours and break the unity of the home.

Our home was a very happy one, but one day something happened. When I received the baptism of the Spirit I was like a balloon. I thot I'd never come down, but one day I came down with a thud. The Spirit seemed to leave me and I felt I was standing all alone. I am glad, too, for the coming down experience. It helps us to become rooted and grounded, and enables us to grow. It would not do to float along all the time. God permits these tests that we may help somebody else who is tempted. I talked up to Mrs. Staats and she answered me back, and the first thing that happened I was talking loud. (You will pardon me for talking about my own experience; I do not know yours.) The devil said to me, "Don't you take anything from her. You tell her." But the Lord in that sweet voice said, "This is just like you used to be." I looked at Mrs. Staats and said, "Dear, let us pray." She said, "I am not going to," and I didn't blame her, after what I had said. I fell on my knees, sad of heart, and began to pray. I didn't pray the Lord to help Mrs. Staats, but I said, "Lord, You help *me*." A woman came to me once and said, "Will you pray for my husband and daughter that they will get saved." She herself gave a wonderful testimony, and we prayed earnestly that her folks might get saved. After a time I made an investigation and found that they never even came to church because they didn't see anything of God in the home to induce them to come. So she needed to pray for herself. So I prayed to the Lord to help me get rid of my carnal nature, and when I looked up there were tears running down Mrs. Staats' face, and the next time something went wrong in our home she said, "Let's pray." We prayed, and there is no more congenial couple living than Mrs. Staats and I. We prayed that thing thru. It is a wonderful thing to be clear before the throne of grace.

That is why the Holy Spirit is within us, to crucify the carnal nature. We are in this body of flesh and we must control it. It is blessed indeed to be delivered from the self-life. Had you known me before I began to let God crucify me you would have known a different man. I wouldn't take anything from anybody.

Peter was built on the same order. The Lord called His apostles from every walk of life. John was possessed with a spirit of timidity. He scarcely said anything, yet he was called the son of thunder, and wanted to call down fire from heaven on those who didn't follow them, and destroy them. The Lord called Peter. I want you to notice Peter's nature. All he knew was to wear oil skin. I don't suppose he ever manicured his finger-nails, and seldom shaved, just an old, rough fisherman. He was brought up on that fish-boat and was rough and coarse. I am glad that the Lord called him, for it helps and encourages some of the rest of us poor souls to see how he was used. Luke the physician had that fine, delicate nature, but it doesn't make any difference how you were trained in the world to be cultured, it is the heart that God looks at and deals with. I have admired folks who were quiet and refined and I used to say, "Lord, why couldn't You make me like that?" But I found out that some who are so precise and so punctilious can make more trouble than the rough and coarse ones. If I had my choice I'd rather deal with the latter, for I'd know better how to avoid their sins. The Lord said to Peter, "When thou wast young, thou girdest thyself, and walkest whither thou wouldst: but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldst not," signifying the death he should die. The Lord chose these different characters that He might show the power of the Gospel on any phase of character, and that they might all be conformed to His image. He wants that our natures may be crucified and that He might dwell in these temples and control them, until we can say, "I live, nevertheless not I but Christ liveth in me."

(Continued from page 8)

in the last word of warning, which begins with the word "but": "But let them not turn again to folly." So many times God has spoken into our hearts and we have pressed on for a season; we have begun to seek the face of the Lord and to work for Him in various ways. It seemed God was about to accomplish something thru

us but in a little while we are back in the place from which we came. We become careless and cold and are on the retrograde. He says, "Let them not turn again to folly." Don't go back! It is dangerous. It is much more difficult to pull a person through a disease after he has had a relapse. If you have a relapse after a fever the doctor fears you will not recover. If a person who has pneumonia has relapse after relapse the doctor holds out little hope for him. So, in the Christian life, if we have a spiritual relapse we may never regain the ground we have lost and we will sink into despair and oblivion; out of the picture absolutely as far as God's cause is concerned and perhaps even suffer the loss of eternal life, for it is dangerous to be slipping back. The warning in this Psalm is that if there has been a stirring in our souls let us see to it that there is no relapse; no turning back but instead a constant pressing on. Have we set aside time for prayer? Let us never diminish the time but rather increase it. Let there never be a going back along these lines, no letting the fires grow dim, but let us stir the fires to burn brighter till Jesus comes. Therein lies our hope and our victory. May God help us to press on continually and hear what God the Lord shall speak unto us. He will lead us onward and upward until we shall finally stand complete in His image. May the Lord help us thus to seek His face and to remain in that attitude of listening to what He has to say.

(Continued from page 17)

late. Then when the money does not come in I feel I have to go out and interest the people in the Orphanage, and speak of the needs, which is a tax on my body. I am very tired, the cares of the Orphanage press me, the large mail, the visitors and the personal supervision of the work tax my strength greatly, so I covet your prayers. Only God can undertake."

*Holy Ghost men are serious men. They are burdened. The weight of the burden determines the weight of the preaching. Weeping men are winning men. Souls are saved at the cost of tears. Some have lost that weeping-over-the-lost spirit. Their usefulness is at an end. Burdened men are blessed men. Sighing men are soul savers. Take the burden or leave the pulpit. These are not the hours for religious clowns to sell chaff and chatter.—Anon.*

## Royal Pottery

Miss Birdie Massie



EVERTHELESS the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are his. And, Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity.

But in a great house there are not only vessels of gold and of silver, but also of wood and of earth; and some to honour, and some to dishonour. If a man therefore purge himself from these, he shall be a vessel unto honour, sanctified, and meet for the master's use, and prepared unto every good work." II. Timothy 2:19-21.

Kings and queens of this earth take delight in collecting beautiful china. I have seen some pieces from the Royal pottery of England. One plate about eleven inches in diameter was worth forty-three dollars; a soup tureen was worth two hundred and sixty-five dollars. People are willing to pay great prices for the best.

This china is made from clay taken from a common clay bed—clay the same as is used for making a ten-cent plate. It is in the process of making that it becomes valuable.

The King of kings is preparing vessels to adorn His palace. He also is taking them from the common clay beds of this earth—sons of fallen Adam. He has paid a tremendous price for these treasures—the blood of His only begotten Son.

If we trace the process of making Royal China for earthly kings, we will find many valuable lessons to encourage our hearts. Those of us who have caught a vision of God's thot for this age and have set our hearts on satisfying the Father's desire of preparing a treasure for His Son—a Bride—will be made bold to claim the wonderful and precious promises we find in the Word.

As from the same clay-bed of earth there may be made many ordinary pieces of china, so in God's mansions there will be many blood-bought treasures; but the Bride for His Son is the greatest desire of His heart. Have you caught the vision? Have you realized His desire? Then let us study the process of making earthly vessels unto honor and encourage ourselves as we go through.

The clay is separated from the bed of earth and brought into the pottery. There it is broken very small and put through sieve after sieve; first a coarse burlap, then finer and finer sieves until at last it passes through a very fine silk.

Thus we see our need of separation after separation, first from the world, then from things; but it is worth the price to be a vessel separated unto honor. Of course some of the clay that does not go through these finer sieves can be used for more common vessels, but we have set our hearts on being God's best; so let us press on.

This very fine clay that has gone through the last sieve is mixed with water. Water, more water, and still more water is poured in. At last you think it is thoroughly wet; but let it stand and you will soon find it quite dry again. More and more water must be poured in, until it is about the consistency of milk. In the Word, we find water used as a symbol of the Holy Spirit. It is blessed when we receive the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, but that is not enough to make us vessels unto honor. We must have Him "more and more abundantly" until He has full control of all our lives.

When the potter of earth has the clay so thin that it can be poured from vessel to vessel, he runs it into troughs over which are suspended large magnets. Each magnet attracts a different mineral, thus drawing off all foreign substances, leaving only clay and water after it has passed the last trough. It is absolutely necessary to have all foreign substances drawn out before the clay goes into the last stage of the process, or the vessel would be broken and cast aside. What can these magnets that are so important to the clay, be in our lives? They are the trials and temptations that we would seek to escape, our blessings in disguise. There is something in my nature that I do not see. Perhaps I am even judging someone else for that very fault. Father's eye of love sees it. His heart is set upon making us like His Son. He lets something come that draws that fault to the surface. We see it, we are shocked at our failure. Let us call for the precious Blood, that was shed to redeem us from all sin, to wash away the desire for anything apart from God's will and to conform our natures to the image of Christ. In this way all our trials and temptations are blessings to draw away the self-life and to leave us free for the Holy Spirit to work His will in us.

Now that the earthly clay is free from all that can mar or cause it to break in the later processes, it is poured into large vats and allowed to stand, sometimes for weeks, until it

is settled. Down, down it goes to the bottom, the water coming to the top. When the potter finds it is settled enough he draws the water off and the clay is now ready to mould. What can these times of lying idle in the vat mean in lives? Have you ever seen busy workers for the Lord laid aside by God, or perhaps put aside by man, and wondered why? Many of these are times when the Father is seeking to settle His clay. If we are the one in the vat we are apt to fret and fume or if it is some brother or sister, we think they have failed God. No, brother; no, sister; if your heart still desires God's best at any cost you are only in the process that is absolutely necessary to become a vessel unto honor. Look up. Just nestle a little closer to your Beloved. He will comfort you and you will delight to do the Father's will. Praise Him! He who has led, will lead.

We see our earthly potter take his lump of clay and mould it into the vessel he desires. How carefully he presses it into the shape of his pattern! There must be no flaws. It takes a master-hand to make Royal pottery. Our Heavenly Potter is even more careful in pressing His vessels. He has only one pattern, His Son, the Slain Lamb that stands before His Throne. Can we, will we, go through the process that is necessary to make us the Bride of that Lamb? The earthly clay will not fail because it has allowed the work to be done perfectly. But the clay for heavenly vessels has the God-given power to say, "I will," or "I will not," every step of the way. That is what makes the treasure so precious to Him. That is what makes her like her Bridegroom. Saying, "I will," to God's will makes us like Jesus.

When the vessel is in the shape the potter desires, he puts it in a furnace of moderate heat and bakes it. This is a slow process. The heat comes slowly to a certain temperature and then slowly dies down. But when the vessel has gone through this furnace it can never again return to clay and water. It is one substance now. Perhaps there is a place in our lives if we have truly set our faces to follow the Lamb where we pass the mark of the enemy's power to draw us back. Still we must press on. There is no standing still until we enter the Palace of our King.

It is possible that we all know something of the furnace. Even the common vessels must be baked, but we are following the vessels unto honor. Our cup, we will say, is now glazed and put into a furnace of stronger heat. After this,

it is decorated and for each color that is put on there is a furnace process. At last the gold is applied and this takes a furnace heated seven-fold to burn it in so that it will not wash off. You say, "Furnace after furnace to the end?" Yes, if He sees best. I am sure if the clay could think it would not say that, but it would rejoice each time it goes into a new furnace. It would desire to come out more like the pattern, more beautiful to adorn the palace of the king. It would also rejoice that it is coming nearer to the day when it will be removed from the Pottery to the Palace.

Dear ones, how much decoration are we going to allow the Heavenly Potter to have on His vessels to honor? How much decoration is our Beloved going to be able to put on to adorn the treasure that He paid such a price for, the treasure that He expects to exhibit throughout the ages of eternity as a trophy that He secured from the clay-bed of this old world when He suffered and died?

Each one of us will make our own destiny for the coming ages. Do not say, "I cannot go through those furnaces." He who has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," has also said, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness." "Most gladly therefore will I rejoice in my infirmity that the power of Christ may rest upon me."

*"In the furnace He may try thee  
Thus to bring thee forth more bright;  
But can never cease to love thee,  
Thou art precious in His sight.  
Each 'Amen' becomes an anthem,  
For He surely will fulfil  
All the pleasure of His goodness,  
All the splendors of His will."*

(Continued from page 13)

September. Miss Stumph, the only saved one among my friends, changed the time of her visit too. God guided. Even to this day my tears spring hot from my very soul when I consider my salvation, and in unspeakable love and adoration must I raise my hands to Him with loud praises and worship. Oh, the joy of my salvation!

While I am writing this my heart is almost breaking with something so wonderful that I cannot describe it. Today I realize how great a miracle my salvation was; then I did not even

realize what I was saved from and into what a glorious life full of joy in the Holy Ghost I came. Then I did not even know into what creed or church I had been led; now I praise Him that He in His infinite wisdom, brought me into the Full Gospel. Then the joy of salvation took me out of immediate misery and illness—now I know and tremble with devotion, that I have entered an ever-enlarging, eternal life in the love of my Saviour-Friend. Then I was ill and did not even know the full meaning of salvation but now I have received the three loaves He has for His children: Salvation, Holy Baptism, Healing. I glory in my Saviour now.

I went home that night and wondered, listening to the stillness within me. Having never prayed I simply talked to the Lord. For some unknown reason I addressed myself to the Holy Spirit, and yielded gladly to the love surrounding me. And with all intensity I prayed nothing for days but this: "Oh, loving Spirit of God, don't ever leave me again," over and over. And He has not left me but come into me. I began trusting that gentle hand that began lifting me out of the awful pit. I was such an absolute stranger to the Bible that I dared not hope much comfort from it. But when I did read it, it had life in it, and I feasted upon it.

The following Sunday, they had Holy Communion at the Tabernacle and I partook of it. And then I felt so clean and blessed that out of my soul rose a prayer to Him who had cleansed me from sin that He would take all craving for tobacco out of me. Oh, I glorify the Lord who answers prayer! It was days later that I realized that I had not smoked since and all desire for it had left me. Gone too was all desire to go to theaters and to read the old loved books. To me, reading of philosophy had indeed been a study of delight and now I could not read one page and enjoy it. Many things are changed and still changing. I permit nothing and no one between the Lord and myself. Ten weeks after I was saved I received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. I had never seen anyone receive the experience but He, Jesus made me come to Him, in love. He who has begun the work within me will finish it also.

Today, when I read the Bible the fact stands out that Jesus redeemed us not only from sin but also from the curse of it of which illness is a part. So, with the hand of faith, I have

taken healing for my body and am freed from spasmodic colitis of six years' standing.

*"For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."*

—Elsa Schmidt.

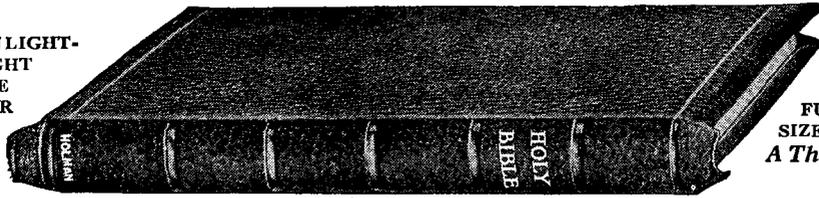


## Home Coming

*Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day (2 Tim. 4:8).* Dr. Morrison told at Winona Lake about his trip around the world, preaching and teaching the Gospel truth. He went on this trip at the same time that Roosevelt went to Africa. Morrison preached the Gospel at every port. "Teddy" went to Africa to do some exploring and shoot big game. When he came back he was accorded a reception such as few living men have had. The governor and the mayor greeted him, the bands played, and countless thousands thronged the wharf to welcome him. Morrison came home. The governor of the state did not come to meet him, nor did the mayor or the police force. The fire department never noticed him. No flags were waving, no whistles blowing. He did not even have a relative waiting for him. In New York Roosevelt boarded a train and had the same sort of reception all over again when he reached his home city. He was lauded and honored all the way. Morrison also boarded a train and went home. He did not have a reception at all. Nobody met him. The only person who recognized him was the old baggage master, and he just said "Hello, there!" in a casual sort of way. Morrison said: "I picked up my heavy grips and started off, all alone. I could not help but contrast the home-coming of Roosevelt with my own. God had privileged me to lead ten thousand souls to Christ on that trip—and yet there I was, without a soul to meet me! Nobody cared. Suddenly I stopped. A new, glorious truth had gripped me. I found myself saying aloud, slowly, exultantly, 'Maybe I'm not home yet! Maybe I'm not home!'"—From *The Moody Church News*.

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*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. 83.

1 John 3. 17.

α Matt. 24. 1.

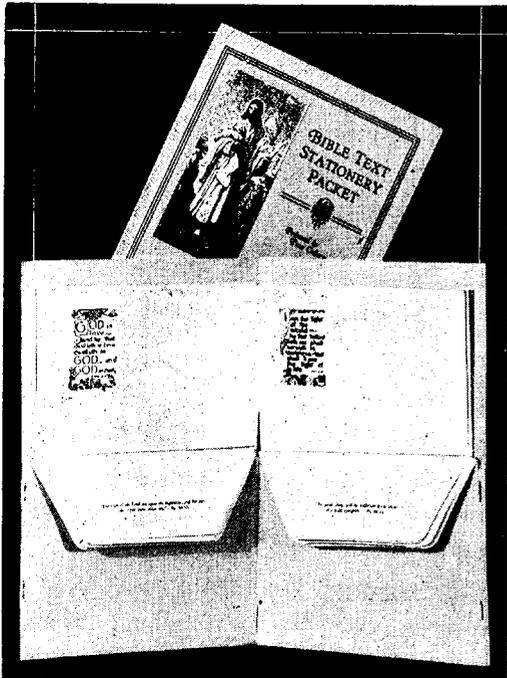
β Luke 19. 44.

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

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