

# The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

In the beginning of time when Adam fell—and God came down into the Garden in the cool of the day, calling, “Adam, where art thou?” the first missionary enterprise began. God came seeking man who had turned away from his Creator, and all down through the ages God has been seeking to bring man back to Himself.

—Noel Perkin

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

**The Latter Rain Evangel**

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

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**Table of Contents**

"HITHERTO" ..... 2

THE LEADERSHIP OF THE EARLY  
 CHURCH SETS THE STANDARD..... 3

FILLED WITH THE HOLY GHOST AC-  
 CORDING TO THE PATTERN..... 6

THE JEW FIRST ..... 10

THE GET ACQUAINTED PAGE..... 12

THE MESSAGE AND POWER OF THE  
 OLD TESTAMENT PROPHETS..... 14

WITH GOD AT BYRON CAMP..... 17

THE HOLY BOLDNESS OF A CONSECRATED  
 LIFE ..... 19

HEALED OF A BROKEN BACK..... 21

SUFFERING IN RUSSIA..... 23

**"Hitherto"**

THIS issue of *The Latter Rain Evangel* completes the twenty-sixth year of its existence, and as we close this volume we humbly say, "*Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.*" The paper is a trust committed to us by the founder of *The Stone Church*, William Hamner Piper, who, for his works' sake is held in sacred memory by the church to this day. His dying words, "*Go on with the paper,*" together with a conviction and the call of the Lord, have been the motive power that has enabled us to continue thru the years. When many papers have been obliged to discontinue because of lack of financial support, we praise God that He has kept this paper going thru the years when it has been difficult to keep going because of unemployment.

The following from one of our subscribers tells the story of many who are loyally standing by today: "We really cannot afford to renew the paper, but far less can we afford to be without it." Another writes, "I'd rather do without some of my meals than the spiritual food it brings."

From a reader in New York state: "I had thought I could not subscribe for the paper this year. However, we have decided we had better sacrifice in some other way, for if ever we

needed the strength and encouragement *The Evangel* brings, it is during these trying times." And we can say, If ever we needed the help of our subscribers it is "in times like these."

A subscriber from Oregon writes: "We are always glad when *The Evangel* comes. My youngest daughter says it seems so long between. She always reads it and would surely miss it were it not here. It seems a household necessity with us. I thank God for such literature as it has been such a help to me for many years."

Almost every mail brings encouragement from someone and makes us to feel that we have made no mistake in carrying on. It has been our daily prayer that God will enable us to make the paper so helpful and so needful to our readers that they will indeed feel it is "a necessity."

If the Lord so leads we would appreciate some extra subscriptions. Send the paper to a friend in whose salvation you are vitally interested. Then follow it up with a personal note calling attention to some special article which might touch the heart. Friends have done that with the July number, asking the Lord to make real the incident that occurred in the prayer-room at the Lake Geneva Camp,

(Continued on page 11)

## The Leadership of the Early Church Sets the Standard

*One Meeting That Decided Our Eternal Destiny*

William I. Evans at the Byron Camp



OUR lesson this morning is taken from the 13th chapter of The Acts of the Apostles where we find the leaders of the church at Antioch assembled together. This passage gives us a record of their procedure in directing church affairs, and if I mistake not this order is to be accepted as the standard of procedure for the people of God in all this Holy Ghost dispensation.

Here they are, men of energy and enthusiasm, for certainly they could not be called indolent or indifferent or unconcerned regarding the things of God in that dispensation into which they had been ushered by the coming of the Holy Spirit. Let us get a good look at them. The second verse tells us what they were doing: "As they ministered to the Lord, and fasted, the Holy Ghost said, Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them." There we have the picture—the leadership of the church gathered together to minister unto the Lord. Their occupation was rigidly limited to one particular thing—they were ministering to the Lord. I would like us to keep uppermost in our minds as we look at this picture, the fact that this is the *leadership* of the church. They are setting an example for us.

They are ministering to the Lord. We used to think a great deal more about this sort of ministry than we do today. Someone has said that in prayer we are occupied with our need, in praise we are occupied with our blessing but in worship we are occupied with the Lord Himself. These men, representing the spiritual leadership of the church, were gathered together to be occupied with the Lord Himself; they were not there to draw something from God for themselves but they were sending up something—ministering to the Lord. There is considerable difference. This ministry was of such a quality and took on such proportions that when meal-time came their occupation of ministering to the Lord eclipsed all natural consideration and thought and they went right on ministering to the Lord instead of stopping to take care of their material needs. That is what I consider ideal fasting. There is a kind of fasting that is planned beforehand and then sometimes all the while you are trying to pray, your stomach is just longing for something to eat and you wish you had not decided on fast-

ing. But this fasting grew out of a pre-occupation; they were so occupied in ministering to the Lord, so delighted, so satisfied to be in His presence, recognizing His sovereignty that they just stayed right on.

"Ministering to the Lord and fasting"—this is almost a lost art today. We come to the Lord but uppermost in our minds is our own need and we come to ask Him for something. That has its place we know for even Jesus Himself went to the Garden to pour out His heart "in strong crying and tears" and there is a place for agonizing and laying hold on God to fight our way through the powers of darkness, but that should not be all. There is a place in the center of His presence where we are occupied only with ministering to the Lord. You know in the whirling, swirling motion of a great fly-wheel on an engine there is an absolute dead center where everything is perfectly still. Away out in the circumference it is whirling around at a terrific speed but in the dead center it is absolutely still. And you can get into a place in God, right in that center where all is perfectly calm and there is nothing to disturb the communion of your soul with God. You forget your need, you forget even to think about your loneliness, your aspirations and desires. Somehow they are all forgotten as you are lost in ministering to the Lord.

Now if it be true that the nearer we get to God the more the devil seeks in his subtle way to tempt us, then these men were surely his peculiar objects. Look at the background of this picture. Here they are, ministering to the Lord and fasting. They have just begun the tremendous task to which Jesus has assigned them. He has gone away and the Holy Ghost has come; they are filled with power. Miracles have been accomplished and towns and cities have been turned upside down by the power of God. Jerusalem has been shaken from center to circumference, persecution has been stirred up and the disciples have been scattered everywhere and are preaching the Word, and now a church has been established at Antioch and the work of God is moving on. It is growing by leaps and bounds and the most natural temptation would be to say, "Now we cannot spend so much time waiting on God; there are so many doors open, so many new districts to possess

for God that we cannot afford to sit here this way."

I can imagine one of the brethren having that thought come to him. Perhaps he goes over to one of the brethren and says, "Say, while we are all gathered together now, this is a good time to settle some things and to decide on some important matters. There is that situation down in Jerusalem; the Jewish believers are being scattered thru pressure brought to bear upon them by the Jewish hierarchy. They are going back into Judaism." Some were going back to the temple worship, denying Christ, going back into the world, headed for perdition. So this brother says, "We surely ought to do something about that situation. We have waited on the Lord long enough and we cannot pray *all* the time. We need to get up and do something. What we need is a man to handle that situation in Jerusalem; a man who is thoroughly acquainted with that Jewish problem, who can hold together those saints who have been saved and are now turning back. And we have the man right here in this prayer meeting today. It is Saul of Tarsus. He is a Hebrew of the Hebrews, sat at the feet of Gamaliel and is educated in the law."

Now just suppose that they had turned that prayer meeting into a time of discussion to decide who was the right man to send down to Jerusalem and had decided upon Saul of Tarsus. He was the logical man and was qualified in every way. He had shown such fervor and zeal that they could not have decided on anyone better.

But thank God they didn't do that. If they had, you and I might not be here this morning. A whole chain of circumstances that determined the spread of the Gospel to Europe and the West and eventually to America—to you and me, bringing us into this marvelous fellowship, all depended on what took place in that room that day where those men were simple and humble enough in their own estimation, to keep on ministering to the Lord. Oh that we might be simple enough to recognize our own ignorance sufficiently to stay under His control and let Him move! They didn't know enough to get up and carry on a business meeting and decide this and that of themselves. Sometimes we know too much. They ministered to the Lord and fasted, and during the time they continued in this ministry, the Holy Ghost made plain the will of God. There is a vital relationship between our ministering to the Lord and God doing things.

But we feel we don't have time to sit in the Lord's presence anymore. We say we have too much to do. What a temptation these men must have had in that regard! Here they had just gotten started and the whole world was waiting for the Gospel; men were going down into utter darkness and Jesus was not known except in a very small area. The whole situation demanded that they get out and do something. But instead they were sitting here *ministering to the Lord*. Well, if He is Lord then it is His business and before I can really grasp the situation, before my little weak brain can get any conception of what it is all about, I must get close enough to Him in His sovereignty as Leader to find where I fit into the situation.

So it was as they ministered to the Lord and fasted that God fulfilled His part. "Seeking" time is never wasted time. When people seek the Baptism of the Holy Spirit they get discouraged because they fail to receive, but *seeking* time is the most valuable time in all our lives. The hours we spend opening up our being before God are the most precious in our lives, for God is doing something all the time we are seeking Him. We may not be conscious of it but as the days lengthen into weeks, the weeks into months, and months into years, our spiritual lives are being matured and ripened. We look back and see what has transpired during those days of seeking and say with astonishment, "I never realized that God was doing all this!" We have simply been giving God an opportunity to adjust our lives. There is so much in us that needs to be straightened out but we fail to give Him an opportunity to work. I suppose God could work in us while we are on the run but He doesn't choose to do it that way. But as we wait on the Lord these little souls of ours begin to open up like the petals of a flower in the sunshine.

Now this procedure recorded in the thirteenth chapter of The Acts was necessary. Every effect must have a sufficient cause. As I look at the structure of this tabernacle I realize that this is an effect and the only sufficient cause for this effect is the contractor together with skilled workmen and the proper materials. I take my watch from my pocket and see an instrument that tells me the time. It is a product. And the only sufficient cause for this instrument is a man with intelligence enough to put these wheels and parts together in such a balanced fashion that when it is finished I have a watch that tells me the correct time twenty-four hours a day." The effect that follows in this chapter

in Acts must have a related cause, and the only sufficient cause is that men brought themselves under the control of the Lord Jesus Christ. "As they ministered to the Lord and fasted"—that is the cause. The effect follows—"The Holy Ghost said, Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them." Here is ministry. They might have decided to send Paul down to Jerusalem. He might have gone and become bishop of that city. He might have rounded up that scattered crowd of Jewish believers and made for himself a great name and a reputation, but all this would have been contrary to that which the Lord had designed for him to do.

Many people are like square pegs in round holes, trying to do something that God never intended they should do. There is only one way to be certain and that is to get related to your Head. There are diversities of ministries but the same God. To some He gives the ministry of being a Sunday School teacher, to some that of an Evangelist, to some He gives the vision of going to call on their neighbors and bearing testimony to them in such a way that they will want this Christ and be joined to the living church of God. To others He gives Pastoral and Missionary ministries.

"And as they ministered to the Lord and fasted" He said, "Now here is the work for Barnabas and Saul." It was not the work that these brethren ever would have supposed they were called to do, but the Lord called them to it. Then we read that as they continued in this ministry they laid their hands on them and prayed. When God calls individuals and those individuals are faithful in the place of testing He will witness to other hearts that they are called. If God has called you to China today that doesn't mean you are ready to go to China at once, but it means that God wants an opportunity to test you to see if you are fit to go to China, and the thing for you to do is not to go around and pester the board of elders in your church by saying, "Send me to China. I must go to China at once," but bury your face in your hands and get as low before the Lord as possible; stay in His presence and watch Him open the door. By and by, when God has tested you He will show the brethren that you are called to China.

He said, "Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them." Paul and Barnabas did not have to persuade the brethren that they were called. They let God work the thing out. And how much more

beautiful when God works than when we push our way and say, "These folks ought to get behind me and send me out." I have met some people who acted as though the church owed them a place. They say, "I am called of God and no one gives me a place." Love "seeketh not her own" and if you will submit to the Lord Jesus He will show the pastor and the spiritual folk in the assembly that you are chosen of God; He will speak to those who can hear the voice of God and say, "My hand is on that boy," or "My hand is on that girl."

Then after God had revealed His will they fasted and prayed further; then they laid hands on them and sent them away, and we read, "So they, being sent forth by the Holy Ghost, departed." They went and they haven't stopped yet.

Now those leaders could have cut short that time of tarrying and waiting in the presence of God but they would not have generated enough energy to keep them going very long. They would have come up against a stone wall and then said, "Oh we had better turn back!" but "being sent forth by the Holy Ghost" they went and kept going. Their bodies are lying in the grave today but they are nevertheless still going on and you and I today are saved because they went in the power of the Holy Ghost. Europe was visited with salvation and the Gospel leaped across the Atlantic to America, and this mighty world-wide Movement is sweeping on in every nation today because *they went*. That is the effect. The cause was that they ministered to the Lord and fasted. Yes, the work is still going on; the Pentecostal fellowship and the Spirit of God moving upon us is just the momentum of that thing that took place away back there when they ministered to the Lord and fasted. How I wish we could have some more of that! I wish we had more folk putting everything else aside and refusing to listen to the demands of any material needs, shutting themselves up with God long enough to get perfectly adjusted to the will of God and presenting their bodies living sacrifices, allowing the transformation to go on by the renewing of their minds until they come to the place where these folk were, having a ministry that cannot be destroyed but goes on and on.

"As they ministered to the Lord and fasted the Holy Ghost said, Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them. And when they had fasted and prayed, and laid their hands on them, they sent them

(Continued on page 21)

## Filled With the Holy Ghost According to the Pattern

When the "Mighty" Took Lessons from the Lowly

Loren B. Staats at the Byron Camp

SCRIPTURE LESSON: ACTS 18:24; 19:7



IN THIS 18th chapter of The Acts we read concerning a man named Apollos, who, twenty-one years prior to this time, went down along the banks of the Jordan to hear that lion-hearted preacher, John the Baptist. And after hearing him sending forth his pungent message he, himself, was inspired to enter the ministry. I want you to note with me, some of his characteristics. This passage tells us that he was a Jew from Alexandria and *that* in itself gave him prestige for the people from Alexandria were of a high caste and to say you came from Alexandria in that day was something like saying that you come from Yale or Harvard today. He came with a good backing. Then we read that he was an eloquent man and mighty in the Scriptures. That word "mighty" means that he was able to take the Scriptures and link them together. I know of nothing so powerful and mighty as the Word of God; it finds its way into the human heart and never returns void.

Then the Word tells us that Apollos came to Ephesus and his purpose in going there was that he might hold a revival; he was a pioneer preacher and went about establishing churches and holding revivals. We are told also that he was instructed in the ways of the Lord. No man can lead his people closer to God than he himself is, and no congregation ever rises higher than the teaching from the pulpit brings them. Where the shepherd is, there you will find the sheep. No doubt this man who was mighty in the Scriptures was able to show forth the work of the Lord. We also read that he was fervent in spirit, and Webster tells us this means "red hot"—not standing up and reading a sermon indifferently, but red hot; he had some "get up" about him. Then "he spake and taught *diligently*"—he knew whereof he spake and weighed every word and every sentence, feeling that the statements he was giving forth were facts; therefore everyone had the utmost confidence in his integrity. He gave the truth to the people. Then it says of him that he knew "only the baptism of John." Evidently he was a Baptist preacher.

I am sure that if this man were living in our day, having all these characteristics and all these qualities for the ministry he would have after

his name all sorts of titles and degrees, but owing to the fact that the Bible eliminates these degrees he is just plain Apollos, the servant of the Lord. Then we read that he spoke boldly in the synagogue. Why certainly—any man with all those qualities could speak boldly—that inferiority complex was not hovering around him. He was not fearful, because he had the goods to deliver and therefore he could stand before the great audience that came to hear him. What a wonderful character he must have been!

Now we read of some who became interested in him, Aquila and Priscilla, whom when they had heard, "they took him unto them, and expounded unto him the way of God more perfectly." In the natural one would hardly expect two laymen to be able to teach a man of his ability, but now true it is even today, we have laymen who have more of the Word of God hidden away in their hearts than many of our theologians have. Let us find who these two, Aquila and Priscilla might be, this couple who undertook to set this man right. If you will read the 2nd verse of this same chapter you will find that Aquila was a Jew, having come from Italy because of an uprising against the Jews. These uprisings against the Jews have occurred all th-u the centuries. Claudius Caesar expelled the Jews from Italy and confiscated their goods; so being without anything they left Italy and went down to Corinth. They were tent-makers and in this way they met the Apostle Paul. It was his purpose to establish a Pentecostal work down in Corinth and as there was no one to support him he went to making tents—working at his trade during the week and preaching on Sunday. It so happened that he worked right alongside of this couple, Aquila and Priscilla.

Now we have a tradition handed down to us that Paul was so filled with the Spirit and the power of God that they had to change soldiers who were on guard every two hours, for if they didn't they would fall down before him and get converted. So you can imagine what took place when this couple worked with him twelve hours a day. They got saved and filled with the Holy Spirit. Perhaps Paul went to room in their home also. But finally Paul went to Macedonia and this couple went to Ephesus,

and when they got there they saw advertisements all over the city announcing a revival being held by Apollos and they decided to go to the meeting. I thank God for Spirit-filled people—they always go to church and when they go to another town the first thing they do is to find a place of worship to attend. That is just what this couple did. I can just see them sitting in the audience and I can hear Priscilla saying to Aquila, "My, isn't he a power! Just look how fervent he is! Wouldn't he be a wonder if he were filled with the Holy Ghost? Just see how mighty he is in the Scriptures. Say, if he had the anointing of the Holy Ghost what wouldn't he do around here!" So after the meeting they went to the front to congratulate the preacher on his discourse and asked him for an interview. No doubt Apollos thought it was someone who wanted to have the Scriptures explained more perfectly but to his surprise he found himself face to face with two Spirit-filled saints of God who were concerned about *his* spiritual condition. No doubt they said, "If you were just filled with the Spirit you would be a greater power for God." Now I am glad that Apollos was not too high-headed to listen to a couple of lay-people telling him more about God. This biased spirit is the most detrimental thing that will keep us from God's best. It pulls the blinds down over our souls. But this man was open for more of God.

It was the prayers of two saintly women that were the means of making D. L. Moody the mighty power he was. They were burdened for Mr. Moody and one day at church they asked to speak to him. He said, "I haven't time now, I have to preach," but they told him that the Lord had revealed to them that he needed the Holy Ghost, and they were praying to that end. Mr. Moody asked, "I need the Holy Ghost?" "Yes," said the women. He went to the platform and all he could hear ringing in his ears was, "You need the Holy Ghost." That was the turning point in Mr. Moody's life, for thru the prayers of these two women he became a changed man. The Lord took him to England and as he stood before that great crowd where even the royalty came to hear him—a man who had only had a third grade education and many words he could not even pronounce, yet when he had finished preaching, great crowds were down weeping before God—all because two women were faithful to God. And thank God, Moody was willing to humble himself.

There is nothing we need more today than Holy Ghost power, convicting, converting

power. We have brilliant men who are capable of handling great audiences and if they were only anointed by the Spirit of God what mighty power there would be in the church today! We could put all the red-light districts out of business, could free the country of its hell-holes and have an outpouring on our boys and girls so that they wouldn't be going to places that will send them to hell.

This man Apollos listened to what these people had to tell him. Now let us see what it did for him. Read Acts 18:27, 28. He had twelve disciples at Ephesus, whom he had won by his influence and personality, and they were hungry for more of God. When he went away only Aquila and Priscilla were left with them. Now no Holy Ghost preacher is satisfied long with only twelve people. Folk who don't possess much of the Lord may be satisfied with coming together for an oyster stew or to sew garments for the poor but when they get filled with the Spirit they want something more than that. No doubt the one said to the other, "If we only had Paul here, he would help these folk." We all have a special love for the one whom God used to bring us into the light. The preacher who convinced me about the Spirit-filled life has a special place in my heart. He isn't any great preacher but I think he is wonderful. So their desire to have Paul was perfectly natural. He found the twelve brethren and no doubt looked them over and listened to their singing. You know you can tell whether folk are filled with God by the way they sing. The thing that convinced me of the reality in this Movement was the singing. I tried to keep up with it but found it impossible and I said to myself, "I sound like an old brass band compared to them and I need something more than I now have to sing with this group."

Paul listened and looked them over and said, "Have you folk received the Holy Ghost since you believed?" Thank God for their honesty. They said, "We haven't as much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost." "Unto what then were ye baptized?" asked Paul, and they said, "Unto John's baptism." So Paul told them that John baptized with the baptism of repentance but now they were eligible for another blessing if they would only believe; and he laid his hands on them and prayed and soon heard them speaking in other tongues, as the Spirit gave utterance. Paul took these twelve and a revival broke out in their midst to such an extent that they brought handkerchiefs and aprons that he might touch them and the sick

were healed and then the people cleaned out their homes and brought out books teaching magic and false philosophies and they had a bon-fire and burned up fifty thousand dollars' worth of books. When you are filled with this power of the Holy Ghost you will clean out your libraries and get rid of atheistic literature. It will all go in the stove and you will feast on the Word of God. It is an evident fact that a person is saved to see him go down the street with a Bible in his hand.

Now let us see why Paul ministered in this way to these people. There is a reason for him coming out with this four-fold ministry. If we turn to the 2nd chapter of Acts, we will see how the Holy Spirit was poured out on the Early Church. We find the one hundred and twenty were of *one accord*. I have spent thirty-three years of my life in the church of Jesus Christ and in all my experience I have never seen the Holy Ghost in discord but He always brings folk into unity and every true child of God who comes in contact with His workings knows this is real. You may be here tonight convinced that this is real and yet something holds you back.

I wish we might all be in unity today but, sad to say, one preacher goes down the line of science, another down the avenue of religion and still another will get all tangled up in some sectarian ideas and hence our words often fall at our feet due to the resistance and the powers of darkness, but how the power comes down when people are in one accord.

Now let us go to the bureau of standards in regards to this experience of the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. When I was in Washington, D.C. I had the privilege of going to the Bureau of Standards where they have weights and measures. All the manufacturers of weights and measures in the country take them there to compare theirs with that perfect one. I noticed when the guide took one of these scales that it was wrapped in cotton batten and he put it on a table which was heated by electricity to a certain heat. The reason they take such good care of it is because it is the standard for all measurements; all the leading nations have a scale exactly like that. Whenever a manufacturing plant produces some scale they have to compare it with this and the new one is scrutinized and compared with the standard scale and if it doesn't come up to the standard it is marked "no good." They have a standard scale which is so accurate that it weighs a line marked with ink. When a scale is brought in they com-

pare the two to see if the new one is perfectly accurate and they use weights so small that they can scarcely be seen with the natural eye. Can you lay your baptism down on Acts 2:4 and have it stand the test? That is the bureau of standards for our experience and if yours doesn't measure up with Acts 2:4 let me tell you, it doesn't meet the conditions of God's Word. I like to lay mine up against that given us in the bureau of standards. Some folk compare theirs with that of John Wesley and some line theirs up with the experience of the Free Methodists or the Nazarenes but when we want to apply God's test we must go back to that of the Early Church as given in the Book of Acts.

I was saved in the Methodist Church at the age of fourteen and I can remember how real God became to us in those early days. It seemed that God was so close to us that the angels came down to join in our singing. We had revelations from God and Jesus was real in our lives and we thought we had the Baptism of the Holy Ghost; and if someone had told us we didn't have it we became riled up. I had the Spirit in a measure but I did not have the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. I needed the fullness of power to do effectual work for God. You can bring me one hundred denominational preachers and then put one Spirit-filled, baptized preacher with them and have them all pray and I could pick out the one who was filled with the Spirit. Why? There is a difference; his soul is like a watered garden and then, too, the Spirit bears witness with our spirits.

"Oh," you say, "I am hungry for this experience but what about my friends? And my pastor will point his finger at me." I will grant you that they may point the finger of scorn at you but I will guarantee that they will eventually let you alone. When I entered this Pentecostal Movement I had a host of friends—good men they were, men who had laid their hands on the Bible and taken an oath that they would live godly lives and hold to the standard given. When I was in Secret Service work I had a host of friends there, men who had character and were well thought of. We did a great deal of entertaining and my dear wife would have wonderful feasts. One day a sister came and got acquainted with my wife and asked her to come down to the Full Gospel church. My wife went once and then kept on going for several weeks and one day when I came home for dinner she was not there. Finally I said, "Where in the world are you spending your time that you cannot even be at home and have

dinner ready?" She said, "I have been going over to the Full Gospel Church and they are speaking in tongues down there." "Oh," said I, "surely you haven't gotten into fanaticism! I am afraid you are getting into error."

"No," said my wife, "I am not in any fanaticism but let me tell you a few things." Now I thought I was a Bible student but that day she told me things I never knew before. She went on to tell me what Peter had said of this experience and of Joel's prophecy and she kept quoting scriptures until I was amazed and said, "Are you sure that is in the Bible?" and told her to get my New Testament. I began to read the Book of Acts and before I finished I was almost persuaded. That night I went with my wife to the church and when we got in they were singing the praises of God, and to my surprise I began to recognize a few of them. One brother was there who used to argue with me, and then I noticed a sister there who had formerly been in our church. I was deeply stirred as the preacher, under the anointing, walked up and down that platform for an hour and a quarter, the words just rolling out of him. You know it used to take a minister a whole week to get a sermon. He would read every book he could get and then he would go over it, timing himself by the watch and if there was not enough to keep him going thirty minutes he would have to get some more material. But here this man was preaching without notes, under the unction of the Holy Spirit and when he finished he did not have to sing and beg the people to the altar but they simply ran. To me that was marvelous! All the ladies were going to the ladies' prayer room so my wife left me alone and went in with the rest. I moved towards the front and there was a man kneeling at the altar who was a business man in town. He had his hands up and was trembling under the power and soon he fell over right at my feet and it wasn't long till he was speaking in tongues and I looking right down on him.

Just about that time a woman came and said, "Your wife is in the prayer room and she is getting the Baptism. Don't you want to come and see her?" I went in and could hardly recognize my wife. Her face was radiant with the glory of God and as I listened to her speaking in other tongues I said, "Oh God, You have separated us forever! I'll never be able even to talk to her, and we can never go to the show again." I felt we were just as good as divorced but I waited around there until twelve o'clock and still she was lost in the Lord. I was getting

nervous but at last, about two o'clock she arose, came over to where I was sitting and hugged me and cried and talked in tongues. I didn't know what to do with her. At last I got her into the car and as we were driving home she threw up her hands and began praising the Lord, singing one of those wonderful spiritual songs that only the Spirit of God can sing. We got her home and took her upstairs and a neighbor lady, hearing us, said, "What is going on there?" All I said was, "Come over and see." It was about three o'clock in the morning but she came and peeped into the room and after one glance at Mrs. Staats she said, "Fanaticism! You had better get a doctor. You have been over to that bunch of holy rollers." I said, "You get out of here!" for I was not going to allow anyone to say anything against my wife.

The next day was Saturday and every time I went into the room I found Mrs. Staats busy reading the book of Joel. She was so engrossed in it that she forgot to lay in any supplies for Sunday and I never thought of getting them either. When night came she said, "You will take me over to church, won't you?" I said I would. That night the preacher preached right at me; when the altar call was given I was so under conviction that I started to run out of the building but when I got to the door the Lord held me and I suddenly stopped. I have thanked God a hundred times for stopping me at that threshold for I might have turned against this truth; the enemy might have gotten hold of me and made me blaspheme this precious experience but thank God, He stopped me. There I stood, trembling, and finally I said, "Get somebody to pray for me; I am dying." One man said, "Pray through yourself." But I was so under conviction that I was not offended. Others began to pray for me and someone told me to put up my hands. I did, and then just relaxed and soon fell over under the power and suddenly I began to speak in tongues as the Spirit gave utterance. In vision I saw my Lord hanging on Calvary and it broke me up so that I wept and wept. I saw the Holy City. Then the joy came and how I praised the Lord! I went home filled with the Holy Ghost and sang and praised God all night.

The next morning, Sunday, some of our friends came to see us, and one fellow sat down and started to smoke a cigarette. I said, "Pardon me, friend, but would you mind me asking you not to smoke?" "Why what is the matter with you?" he asked. "Well, we got saved here

(Continued on page 22)

## The Jew First

*"Pray for the peace of Jerusalem. They shall prosper that love thee" (Psa. 122:6).*



IN THE latter part of 1929, after returning to China from furlough, I was talking with a Shanghai missionary concerning the blessing that had been following her work, both spiritually and temporally. She made the following comment: "Yes, the Lord has blessed us, and I believe it is because we have for years made it a habit in our Church to give the entire offering on the first Sunday of each month toward Christian work among the Jews. Even our Chinese have the vision and give liberally toward this, and frequently our offering for this particular Sunday exceeds that of others where the money is used for our own Chinese work."

Here was an entirely new thought to me. I had given a dollar here or there toward this purpose, and once in a while two dollars and at the very most, once or twice, five dollars toward work among the Jews, but never had the thought of systematic giving in this direction crossed my mind. The thought came: "If this is something that so pleases the Lord I want to adopt it also." So then and there the resolution was made that the entire tithe of the first month of each year would be given for Christian work among His chosen people.

Before returning to China I had undertaken some heavy obligations and upon reaching Shanghai found that exchange had become so unfavorable that one American Dollar required about three of our Shanghai dollars, and payments in gold back home at the above rate gave me a vision of months of "grinding out" money. It loomed large in the horizon. However, the very first time I made the offering for the Gospel among the Jews, that month word came that some funds which had been tied up for years were available to me. It was some hundreds of dollars, and it very materially helped the financial burden at that time. I was duly impressed.

The next year, January and February passed and it was not until March that the offering again went forward for Jewish work. In May I received notification that the Home Office of the British and Foreign Bible Society had given authority for increase of my salary. Good news to me, coming unexpectedly as it did, but I only

thought of it as beginning with that month. However, when the extra amount was given it included the increase from the month of March onward, the very month in which my word to the Lord concerning this matter had been kept. Again I was impressed.

The third year there was some delay due to lack of understanding on the part of others about passing the money on, and a necessary month or two passed before the money reached its destination. However, about the very day that it was started on its way a dear one in California sent me a special personal gift of money, which came at a very opportune time.

To be sure one does not follow methods simply for the blessing they bring, but, knowing in such ways as these how He regards our gifts—so much so that He loves to bless in return—how good it is to have intimation of something which specially pleases Him!

Upon relating to the friends who had opened my eyes to this point the results which had followed, they were arrested by the sudden realization that they themselves had, for months, dropped their former practice because of adverse exchange. It seemed difficult to use three times the amount of Shanghai money to send one gold dollar on its way, and they had temporarily dropped the Jewish offerings. Meanwhile, the financial wheels had been dragging heavily; difficulties had come; money was tied up. Quickly they returned to their former practice in spite of exchange, and again the smile of God seemed to be upon them, the blessing of the Lord again flowed, and the year ended triumphantly in the matter of finances.

Recently a young business girl in Shanghai, impressed by the above account, decided to adopt this regular giving for the spread of the Gospel among His chosen people. Just a few weeks after her first special gift, she was called into her employer's office and told that her monthly salary had been increased. Wonderingly, she recognized God's special sanction upon her decision. Testimony after testimony from friends here and elsewhere have come in to strengthen our own.

During the present year here in Shanghai, in the absence of my husband on a long missionary tour, a serious mission difficulty arose in one of the small chapels. A very bad Chinese, bent on troubling and hindering the Lord's work, did everything possible to make it hard for us.

He had been reprov'd for his bad and unsavory life and because of this "loss of face" (reputation) no rent would he pay. (He occupied rooms upstairs in the chapel building). His very presence in the building was a dishonor to the name of Christ among the surrounding unbelievers. Even the officers and police seemed afraid to do anything drastic, for he was a man to be feared. Rents would not be paid; meetings could not be held; collections could not be taken; others who would have taken over the building and altered it for another character of Christian work, could not gain access because this man still held sway in his room and resisted everyone.

In January the title for that month again found its way to Jewish work. A few days after that a dear Chinese brother—one of our Christians—after another conference with the owner of the above building (a Chinese) came back and said, "Mrs. Mussen, the Lord has certainly favored you, for the owner says that if you find it necessary to move from the chapel for the present you have his permission to go ahead and take out all the benches, the pulpit-stand and other belongings and he will forgive all the past rent that is due." This, in the intervening months, had climbed up to almost two hundred dollars. I wondered at the gracious consideration of an unconverted Chinese; my heart was made very tender toward the Lord, and tears of gratitude flowed. Again, His special blessing had been given in this first month of the year. Quietly the Lord brought to my remembrance Psalm 122:6.

Need such instances be multiplied? It is certain that "He who keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep," and His heart is set upon the fulfillment of all His great promises to the chosen people. He who overrules disasters and used the Great World War to accomplish His first great step toward their restoration is watchful of each of our small contributions (whether by prayer or gift) toward that great purpose established in the Heavens.

For months the Spirit of the Lord has urged me to write about this matter. So I am passing it on for the consideration of others. Perhaps we have unconsciously reversed the Scriptures, making them read, "To the Gentile first and also to the Jew." Perhaps much may hinge upon our timely response to that which may be one of His last pressing thoughts in connection with the spread of the Gospel among the Jews, who are later to be the great evangelizers of the world.

May He lead each one of us to pray and consider the matter in the light of His Word.

—Zella Reynolds Mussen, Shanghai.

### Hoarding Money

When I was in Cambridge, Mass., waiting on the Lord for the afternoon message, God told me that I should preach on Tithing. I meditated over the message for quite awhile and then fell asleep. In my sleep God gave me a vision. I saw a vast pile of money, gold and silver, topped off with a huge pile of bills of all denominations. I looked wonderingly at that pile of money, and said, "Oh if I could only get some of that money, what would I not do with it!" As I was meditating I saw two claw-like hands come out and begin to lift up whole piles of it. I saw no body, just the two hands, and the moment I saw those hands a shudder went thru me and I felt it was something evil. The hands were diving down to that pile of money and letting it run back, and I said, "Oh God! What does this mean?" And God said, "That pile of money that you see there is the money which my people have hoarded away, as they think, for a rainy day. Millions and billions of dollars my people have put away, thinking they would save it for a rainy day instead of giving it to my cause." And I said, "But Lord, what are those two hands that went out and seized it?" He answered, "Those are the hands of the Antichrist who will handle that money. Instead of my people giving it for the cause of the true Christ, the Antichrist will get it." When Jesus comes to catch away His Bride there will be many, many thousands of dollars left in the banks and in stockings and hoarded coffers, which will be left for the Antichrist and his kind.—Jack Saunders in Lake Geneva Camp.

(Continued from page 2)

when a young woman had that remarkable vision of our being at the very close of the 11th hour of the coming of the Lord.

We carry a number of missionaries on our list, which means quite an item with the extra postage, and we would be very glad for help on this outlay. Would you like to have a part in helping to send the paper to some lonely, toiling missionary? Any help along this line will be gratefully received. One single article coming to a minister in a time of crisis was the means of establishing him in God. We ask our readers to pray that the paper will increasingly be a blessing to thousands.

**The Get Acquainted Page**

Conducted by *Watson Argue*

He walks by faith—not by sight! Such is the experience of Fred Henry, musician-evangelist of Tulsa, Okla.

AS PEOPLE gradually fill the church a man and his wife enter and quickly ascend the steps leading to the rostrum. The man seats himself at the piano and eager, sensitive fingers are on the keys—we hear the bugle call—then in thundering tones—

“Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war,  
With the cross of Jesus going on before.”

Then swinging from this militant song, the musician plays as a prayer—  
“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.”

Can our frail bark stand in the hour of storm?  
The sweet notes answer—

“As a mother stills her child,  
Thou canst hush the ocean wild.”

Our hearts are touched and we seem to get a fresh glimpse of our Savior as the piano sends forth the strains of “Ivory Palaces.”

“But who is the pianist?” you ask.

Up in the mountains of Tennessee, a baby boy came to the home of Mr. and Mrs. George

Henry. How happy they were—how proud of their first born—a son. But alas! An epidemic swept the country—a terrible fever known as Dengue fever. It seized this baby in its clutches. Children were left hopeless cripples as a result of the malady. Prayerfully, Mother Henry watched her baby. The battle raged, days lengthened into weeks and still the baby suffered. At last the fever cooled—he would not

be crippled. Joyfully his mother received this message. But it was soon discovered that he was *blind*. “No hope for his eyes,” the doctor said. What agony filled the hearts of the parents! Their baby—their boy, *never to see again*.

While Fred was still a tiny baby, the Henry family moved to Tulsa, Oklahoma, in what was then a wild, untamed Indian territory. Mr. Henry went into business and through the years has made Tulsa his home. The family became active members of the Methodist Church and early in life Fred learned to love the old hymns.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry went almost everywhere with their baby, consulting specialists. “No hope,” was the inevitable reply. Unable to find help for her little one, Mrs. Henry’s health was fast breaking. At last she sought rest in a secluded hotel in the mountains. Weeds and mountain grasses grew unhindered and a little stream sang

merrily near by. Across the stream was a small pavilion.

Late one afternoon little Fred heard the piano at the pavilion. He had passed his second birthday only a few months before, but already he was thrilled by the notes as they pealed through the mountain air. Through the high grass and across the stream he followed the sound. Near the piano he sat down to listen.



Fred Henry, the blind musician.

Frantically his mother and others searched until they found him there.

"Why did you go away?" his mother asked. "I hear music," he told her. After this incident his interest in music increased rapidly. At the age of five he played hymns on an old-fashioned organ in the Methodist Church.

When he was seven, he was singing in his home one day when Grant Colfax Tullar, a composer of hymns, passed with a friend, Dr. C. W. Kerr, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Tulsa. Attracted by the sweetness and rich qualities in the boy's voice, the composer asked to whom it belonged. "That is Fred Henry, a blind boy," Dr. Kerr told him. Mr. Tullar asked to meet the boy and they visited the Henry home. Charmed by the boy's musical ability and unique personality, Mr. Tullar asked that he be allowed the privilege of becoming guardian for him and of entering him in the State Line School for the Blind at Jacksonville, Illinois. After some consideration the parents consented.

Fred entered school and his teachers were well pleased with his work. Here he developed some real musical talent. At eight he composed words and music for his first song, "When We Meet With Joyful Song By and By." This was a sacred song.

At this time Mr. Tullar had a mission in the slum district of Chicago. One day he took Fred there and he sang Tullar's "Face to Face." Sweetly the boy's voice rang thru the building. Eyes filled with tears and hearts were touched.

Completing his course at Jacksonville, Fred attended a School for the Blind at Nashville, Tennessee, afterward taking a post-graduate course in music at Fort Gibson, Oklahoma. His teacher here asked, "Fred, why are you here? You know more music now than I do."

Fred had passed his eighteenth birthday now and was offered prominent positions. One concert singer asked him to go with her as an accompanist, promising one hundred and fifty dollars a week. He declined all offers, later going into concert work alone. After this he entered vaudeville work for a few months, but during his life among the vaudeville troupes, his thoughts often turned to God and sacred songs. Coming home he devoted all his talents to religious services.

About this time Miss Etta Barnett came to Tulsa for a visit. "You must hear the blind boy," a friend told her. The next day they visited the Henry home and a warm friendship followed. To Miss Barnett there was some-

thing irresistible about this blind man. Finding in her a sweetness, a sympathetic understanding, he enjoyed her companionship. All too soon the vacation days ended, but typing had been one of Fred's subjects at Fort Gibson and now he used it. Letters passed frequently and in May, 1915, they were married.

In 1917 their first baby came, a little girl with black curls and brown eyes. They named her Virginia. With their baby they went to Port O'Conner, on the Gulf coast to manage a pavilion. Here as a result of an accident and a storm, their thoughts were turned Godward and soon after they returned home.

The second baby—a boy—Nevin, came.

In a Nazarene revival Fred gave his life anew to the Lord, and henceforth devoted all his life to religious services, playing in revival meetings. He first heard the Full Gospel message in Wichita, Kansas. Later he played in the Raymond T. Richey campaign in Tulsa. It was during this campaign that Hilton Tullar, the third baby came. On Christmas Eve, December 24, 1924, the Lord gave Fred a precious Christmas gift, the Holy Spirit.

Besides being an exceptional pianist, Brother Henry plays the trombone and piano-accordion and sings. He and his wife and two children form a mixed quartet. The Henry family recently held special services for Pastor A. A. Wilson in Kansas City, Mo. This past summer they provided the special music for three camp-meetings in Kansas. They assisted Brother and Sister Watson Argue in their recent campaign at Tulsa and were made a blessing in that meeting.

There is no hint of weakness about the firm grip of Brother Henry's hand or the straight carriage and sure step as he walks. Neither are all his abilities along musical lines. Mrs. Henry steers, but he assists in operating their car. On one occasion while driving at night with several other men, there was a puncture. No one had a flashlight and it was very dark. "Who needs a light?" asked Brother Henry, and to the amazement of his friends he proceeded to change the tire. He does electric wiring and can tune a piano with speed and accuracy. He does the repairing on his car, grinds the valves and keeps the motor in excellent condition.

Afflicted, did some one say? Yet Fred Henry in spite of his blindness is accomplishing things for God. What are you doing? Are your talents consecrated? "Freely ye have received, freely give."

# The Message and Power of the Old Testament Prophets

*A Prophetic Ministry the Need of the Church Today*

Meyer Pearlman at the Lake Geneva Camp

JAMES 5:10; II. PETER 1:20, 21.



MY SUBJECT is, The Message and the Power of the Old Testament Prophets. I refer to them as speakers for God, because that is the simplest way of describing those wonderful men who had a contact with God and who possessed a secret of spiritual power that it would be well for all of us to possess and learn.

In the Old Testament there are three main divisions: History, Poetry and Prophecy. In History we learn what Israel did. In the Poetical books we learn how they felt. In the Prophetical books we learn what was preached in those days.

This morning we want to study about the evangelists of Israel. I am sure they will become more real to us if we think of the Old Testament prophets as the anointed evangelists of Israel. There were two forms of ministry in those days: The Prophetic and the Priestly ministry. Both were needed. The Priesthood represented organized religion, the daily performing of the services of God in the sanctuary. It was a systematic routine that was necessary. On the other hand the Prophet represented the free movings of the Spirit of God, but was not limited to system or routine. He spoke and acted as the Spirit of the Living God moved him. In order to be a priest one had to belong to the tribe of Levi and to a certain family, the family of Aaron; and to a certain sex, but there was only one qualification for belonging to the prophetic order, and that was that the Spirit of Jehovah should rest upon the person.

There is another distinction: The priest had more or less a pastoral ministry, and generally speaking, the people went to him. On the other hand, the prophet had an evangelistic message, and instead of waiting for the people to come to him, he went after them. I am sure if Isaiah and Jeremiah had waited for the people to come to them they would have waited a long time. The priests led the people to God, thru their sacrifices, their intercession and their ritual, but the prophet took God to the people. The pastor combines both forms of ministry. When your pastor stands behind the pulpit and takes your petitions before the presence of God, he is acting as a priest; when he opens his Bible

and begins to preach he is exercising the ministry of the prophet. The priest is a man of the altar and the prophet is a man of the pulpit.

One more introductory word: When we mention the word "prophet" most people get the picture of a wierd, unearthly-looking individual who spends all his time looking into the future; but I would like to remind you that the prophets of Israel were men of like passions as we are, ordinary human beings, but who became *extraordinary* when the Spirit of God came upon them. Very often they went from Mt. Carmel to the juniper tree and showed how frail they were in their own strength. While the prophets predicted the future they had a message also in relation to the present and the past.

Looking into the future was just part of the prophet's ministry. The prophetic message pointed in three directions. First of all he had a ministry in relation to the past; then he had a relation to the present and stirred the people to a sense of their responsibility. Third, he had a message in relation to the future. He saw the coming of the day of Jehovah, the time of judgment and the coming of the kingdom of Jehovah when Messiah's rule shall be extended over all the earth. Now in our circles when we speak of prophecy what we really mean is predictive prophecy. In the widest sense, prophecy is any utterance relating to the past, or the present, or the future that is directly inspired by God. Any utterance, no matter to what subject it refers, if it is directly inspired by the Spirit of the Living God, is prophecy, and in that sense the entire Bible is prophecy.

Now we come to the main part of our message. We want to have a fellowship meeting with the prophets and find out what kind of men they were. We want to find the secret of their power, what kind of experiences they had so you and I may get some encouragement and inspiration. First of all, let us notice that prophets were Spirit-inspired men who spake by a power that was not their own. No Old Testament prophet gave his private opinion. When he said, "Thus saith the Lord," he was always conscious of bringing a message that didn't come from his own mind. Jeremiah distinguishes between ordinary preaching and that which is called *prophecy*, that which is

directly inspired by the Spirit of Jehovah (23: 30-32). Very often the message the prophets speak is against their own will and inclination, and it has been with reluctance and fear and trembling that they have gone forth to preach the word of Jehovah. When you read the writings of the prophets you look in vain for words like these, "Perhaps"; "It is my opinion"; "I think that possibly this may come to pass," etc. Did you ever read anything like that? You do not find such expressions in the prophetic writings, but you read, "*Thus saith the Lord!*" They spoke not as men who would reason out by reflection, by study, or even by observation, but as the Spirit of God came upon them.

Incidentally, in the teachings of Jesus did you ever know Him to say, "It is my opinion that Jerusalem will be destroyed"? Or, "I think it may be the mind of God to do this"? Did you ever read this expression, "I am not quite sure and I will not be dogmatic"? "I am not a prophet but maybe thus and thus will happen"? No. Jesus spoke with authority, and with the authority of God Almighty.

Some might think the prophets of Israel stood alone and supreme in the estimation of the people, but that is not the case. Study the Old Testament and you will notice that beside the true prophets of Jehovah there was a class of people known as "false prophets," preachers who carried favor with the people and who met the demand which said, "Prophecy unto us smooth things"; prophets who fell in with the popular crowd, who refused to hear the messages of judgment but sought to paint bright pictures. Where are the writings of the false prophets? Are they here today? They are gone. What has been the influence of the false prophet? *Nil*. The true prophecies remain, the prophecies of the men who can say like Micah, "But truly I am full of power by the Spirit of the Lord, and of judgment, and of might, to declare unto Jacob his transgression, and to Israel his sin." Those words that are written with the finger of God and the inspiration of the Holy Spirit endure forever and forever. "Heaven and earth shall pass away but my words shall not pass away."

The prophets were Spirit-filled men. It is interesting to note that the word "prophet" in the Hebrew means "to bubble up." Why is it that the prophets were called "bubblers"? When the priests spoke they were very dry, legal, ritualistic, but when the prophet spoke you could see he wasn't speaking of himself. He didn't take time to look at his notes. You and I do

that and it is in divine order, but every one of us who have stood in the pulpit know what the prophetic touch is. Time and time again we have been moved out of the track of our outline; we have said things we had not planned, and after the service we have taken our pencils and added a little touch to our outline.

So in the beginning the men who spoke eloquently as a mighty, living stream were called "prophets." Further, the word for "prophecy" in the Hebrew has two meanings; one is *to prophesy* and the other *to rave like a mad man*. Here is a prophet: He is dead in earnest, wrought upon by the Spirit of God; not delivering an essay but speaking under the anointing of the Spirit of God in his own words. They come from his heart and from the place where the Spirit of God makes that mighty impact upon the spirit of man. He is trembling and the words are going forth, leaping one after another like a mighty stream. The scoffers look at him and say, "He is crazy," just as they said of Paul, "Paul, much learning hath made thee mad." But Paul said, "I am not crazy. It is the love of Christ that constrains me." So even the Old Testament prophets, because of their peculiar anointing were very often considered crazy. This has been true of Spirit-anointed men thruout the ages who, because of their earnestness and the impact of the Divine upon them, have been considered crazy. It was the same on the Day of Pentecost, only they didn't say they were crazy, but drunk.

I wish to quote from Louis Browne, now a popular Jewish writer, once a Rabbi. He is one of the most brilliant writers I have ever read. This man is a rationalist. He doesn't believe in the supernatural or in a personal God, but he is very honest and frank, and when he sees things he cannot understand he will freely admit it. In one of his books he refers to Amos, that farmer who was attending his sheep and gathering sycamore fruit, heavily burdened. While he was looking after his sheep the Word of Jehovah came unto him. Amos, the farmer, was without education, without preparation, without culture. In fact he tells us he wasn't a prophet nor the son of a prophet (the son of a prophet means a Bible student). Louis Browne looks at this man—he opens his writings, reads his messages in surprise and admiration and says, "How a humble laborer was able to conceive them or even made the resolve or mustered the courage must ever remain an insoluble mystery." Where did he get the courage to go to the very capital of the North-

ern Kingdom and stand there and say, in effect, "Thus saith Jehovah: The sword of Jehovah shall rise against this kingdom and sweep it from the earth"? We understand it. Here is the explanation: "Then Peter, filled with the Holy Ghost. . . ." Again Browne is speaking about the prophets and the sons of the prophets in the time of Samael; and here may I incidentally say, Samuel was the founder of a new, spiritual movement in Israel. Moses I might describe as the first spiritual builder. Moses was a prophet, an organizer under God. Samuel stands in the scriptures as the second builder of Israel, a restorer. In the time of Samuel there was begun a new spiritual movement. It was the beginning of a revival after the confusion and lawlessness of the time of the Judges. In the time of Samuel you first of all hear of the "sons of the prophets," young Israelites gathered together from all parts of the land to study the laws of Jehovah, to pray and to learn the mysteries of the inspiration of the Spirit of God. We might say that Elijah was the third builder, then John the Baptist, and finally the Lord Jesus Christ—spiritual builders of God's people Israel. We need some today. To my mind one of the great needs of the church today is Christian prophets, men and women with a vision of the need of these days, men and women who have a message from God, men and women who can stir the people.

Louis Browne says, "In those days there were to be found in all the Hebrew tribes bands of religious zealots who went up and down the country singing excitedly about the glories of their God, Jehovah." Methinks there was a modern touch about the Bible students of Samuel's school. We read (1 Sam. 10) that they were going to a village to hold a meeting. They went in bands, and as their custom was they testified and preached, and the power fell. A young stranger, a farmer, joined himself to them and listened to their testimonies, and the power of God fell upon him and he began to prophesy. That young man was Saul, and when the neighbors heard about it, from farmhouse to farmhouse they asked, "Has Saul joined that crowd? We thought he was such a steady young man." I believe that young David belonged to the school of the prophets. He was a musician. I like to think that when the school of the prophets held a meeting they would call on David the sweet Psalmist of Israel to speak and sing. There are some things that never change. Language, customs and sur-

roundings change, but there is that which is timeless, unchangeable, unaffected by the conditions of history. The Spirit of God is unaffected by conditions, and that is why we can always have a spiritual revival.

Mr. Browne continues: "The holy rollers and evangelists carry on in much the same manner." Thank you, Mr. Browne! We are in good company! To continue the quotation: "Most good Hebrew farmers probably thought these shouters a little crazy, but nevertheless they stood in awe of them. The prophets were supposed to possess all sorts of magic power. They could hypnotize people." Do you remember how they hypnotized that fine young fellow they called Saul, and he was never the same afterwards! Samuel, speaking in the Name of Jehovah, said, "The Spirit of the Lord shall come upon thee and thou shalt be turned into another man." Saul was never the same man after that. A new power was in his life, and Saul, instead of being a simple, country boy, was in heart and in power the King of Israel. Why? Because of the anointing of Jehovah. We are never the same after the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, and though a person backslide and slip away and remain away from God I am convinced that upon his soul there will be a mark that will remain throughout eternity. That seal or mark of the Holy Ghost will be upon us in eternity, either in heaven as a blessed memory or it will be upon men's souls as a baneful memory.

(To be continued)

An old man clambered from a sinister-looking junk in China, and said to the colporteur: "I am a pirate. Three days ago, on the Whangpoo, I took over the contents of a sampan. In it I found a little book like the ones you are selling. I want more of them."

"Why so?" asked the colporteur.

"Not for myself, I'm too old; but for my children. I was born in that boat. I have never slept a single night on shore. My father was a river pirate, and my grandfather was feared the entire length of the Grand Canal. But a new day is coming. This book will bring it. I have heard many speak of this Book, and now that I have seen it I understand. There will be no room for us pirates any more. My sons must make a new life for themselves, and they can do it best with the help of this Book."

—*The Bible Record.*

## With God at Byron Camp

**M**EN TRAVEL great distances to view God's handiwork in nature or to partake of the healing properties of some famous mineral spring; humanity, weary and worn from the year's arduous labors seeks for some sheltered retreat, away from the haunts of men, there to find rest, while some cross oceans and traverse continents to see strange sights and to collect souvenirs and trophies from the far-flung corners of the globe, from oriental kingdoms and occidental climes.

But there are men, and women too, whose faces are set towards another kingdom, not of this earth, whose ambition it is to see God's handiwork in a human soul, carving and shaping and molding till a vile sinner is changed into the likeness of God Himself; there are those who pay great prices in the coinage of sacrifice and surrender of all things earthly, thereby to gain the treasures of heaven, keepsakes to adorn the inward man. And it was a group with aspirations such as these that gathered for the Second Annual Camp held by the Wisconsin and Northern Michigan District of the Assemblies of God, at Byron, Wisconsin, August 4th to 14th.

And how beautiful to behold was the handiwork of God! How copiously did the rivers of living water flow and how generously did He bestow upon waiting hearts the priceless treasures of that kingdom which is from above! From the very first meeting, thru the closing night, His Spirit preciously hovered over the Camp. "For years I have been participating in campmeetings for the various districts," said the evangelist, Loren B. Staats, "but I must say that never have I begun one where the blessing of the Lord has broken upon us in such a precious way as it did here in the very first meeting"; and as the days went on, without abatement of this glorious, all pervading presence of God, one asked of another, "What is the secret of it all?" "Wherein lies the success?"

Did the secret lie in some outstanding, high-powered and influential men at the head? Said one who knew, in every-day vernacular, "Perhaps it is because we do not have any 'big bugs' here." And perchance some of the secret of the success did lie in the simplicity manifested, the humble spirit possessed by the men in charge and in their readiness to lay aside important business, that they might seek God, whether in the early hours of the morning or the late hours of the night.

Did the secret lie in a well-organized and pre-arranged program? Time and again it was evident to all that a higher Leadership than that which sat on the platform, had charge,

until the superintendent, Bro. R. L. Sharnick, was made to comment that "God is always keeping us just a little ahead of our program." There was that service, when in song, the C.B.I. Quartette were pleading, "*For a new touch of fire on our souls,*" and the answer came ere the song was ever finished and they who were to minister could not "*because of the cloud.*" Now it was as the vibrations of the consecrated violins swept over the audience that the heavenly harmony was set in motion and praises ascended to God from men and women throughout the tabernacle. Again it was some pungent message that cut as a sword, cleaving asunder ties that had hitherto held men fast; it was just such a message that sent a convicted Baptist minister "down into the hollow" after the midnight hour, there to pour out his convictions to one of the spiritual leaders, which finally led him, ere the camp closed, to sever his connections with his former church and line up with the Pentecostal brethren.

No, the secret was not in natural ability, neither in a rigid program, nor in any natural attractions. But had you chanced in the small hours of the night or in the early morning hours to walk softly over to the tabernacle and seen the ministering brethren, the presbytery of the district, kneeling together with the congregation, humbly beseeching His presence, the question concerning the secret might have been forever answered. Indeed, the predominant note throughout those eleven camp days might be expressed in two words, "*God first,*" and there seemed to be a holy fear upon the people to walk carefully lest anything should enter to mar the sacredness of it all.

The instructive messages from the Word, given by Bro. Wm. I. Evans of Springfield, Missouri, could not but leave a lasting impress on that assemblage, and doubtless they worked in many a life some of those inward graces that adorn the Christian. The nightly sermons by Evangelist Loren B. Staats brought tremendous conviction and the altar services that followed bespoke the deep work accomplished. Without singing or urging they came to the front by the hundreds, or knelt wherever they found room in the straw. Several times these altar services continued through the night and without a break, merged into the seven o'clock prayer service. Not one night passed but that numbers were saved and received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. On one occasion a group reluctantly left for home but His Spirit did not leave them and so mightily was He upon them that they stopped their car and there, along the roadside, they had a meeting with God and His

Spirit came in to abide. What rejoicing there was as they reached their home assembly just at the close of the night service and reported the good news! And so it was throughout the camp grounds; at all hours of the night this one and that one came to his room or tent with the testimony, "I received the Baptism tonight."

Then there were the dedication and ordination services, long to be remembered. Of special mention a precious dedication service which followed a stirring missionary message given by Noel Perkin, Missionary Secretary of the Assemblies of God. It was here that two of God's chosen children were set apart by the Presbytery, and dedicated for the work of the Lord in distant lands; the scene was one of special import for here were the first two spiritual children to be sent by this newly-formed district: Mr. James Modder, who with his wife (not present at the camp) will be sailing for India in another month, and Miss Ida Beck, bound for Palestine. Still later, on the final day of the camp, there took place a great ordination service when nine were ordained to the ministry, two received into the district fellowship from other organizations, twelve were given license certificates and another twelve taken in as Christian workers. As the Superintendent gave to these the commission, we thought of a long ago day when the Master Himself gave the great commission to His chosen twelve.

This newly formed district, just one year old, was showing a healthy growth, not only by its added force of workers who would carry the good news into the neglected parts, but also by its increasing number of assemblies throughout the two States. Great sacrifice had been entailed, but what mattered that when souls were at stake! Late hours, arduous trips on the part of the superintendent and local ministers and pioneers, all were a part of the price that produced the remarkable growth, during one year, of *nine new assemblies opened, eight churches organized and five tabernacles dedicated.*

\* \* \* \*

But with all their efforts and growth in the home field, the keen edge of missionary interest was not dulled and during camp days, renewed efforts were fostered along this line, both in business sessions and in the public services. In the ranks of the presbyters was one especially who had learned from experience that God always honored missionary giving, and even the most fearful heart could not but be encouraged to step out in faith and test God as Mr. Wannenmacher told of his experiences in the early days of his pastoral ministry. Due to conditions in his particular locality he did not feel free to take any collections but had a box in the

rear of the mission, leaving the people free to put in whatever they chose, and from that he had to meet the monthly rent of \$60 besides the personal support for himself and family. However, when missionary day came around he unselfishly urged the people to give liberally, and these offerings invariably amounted to \$30 and \$35 per month. But the contents in the little box in the rear showed a striking contrast for that generally amounted to but 10 or 15 cents. Most of us would have felt justified in murmuring about that time and behind closed doors words such as these might have been heard, "How in the world do they expect a pastor to live! See what they give to missions and practically nothing for our expenses!" But not so with *this* pastor; instead, he held the 10c in his hand and gave thanks to God, never allowing it to disturb his trust in his Heavenly Father. And God never let him be confounded, for on Monday morning someone would come around with a \$5 bill, another with a \$10 bill, and others came with more or less till all expenses were met for mission and family.

The testimony of a pastor and evangelist was also enlightening and will be an encouragement to others in these days of testing. Said he, "In my evangelistic work I could generally gage the missionary vision of a church by the offering I received. If it was not a missionary church my offering was invariably small. I found the same true in my pastoral work. I have learned that every church which has the missionary vision is a prosperous church and the pastor is well taken care of; no pastor ever suffers if he encourages his people to give towards the missionary cause."

And before the camp closed that company of people had ample opportunity to put this challenge to a test when in the closing missionary rally they were faced with meeting the support of a missionary together with her fare. It was a time of doing real business for God, a time when love for Him and zeal for missions could be spelled by *sacrifice*. As the need was presented, one woman put into the collection plate her ring, another offered her diamond ring, while still another, devoid of material possessions, arose and said, "I have no diamonds or rings, but I have two hands that can do washing and as long as I have a strong body I will make a pledge for missions."

And thus it went, whether for the work at home or abroad, all given lovingly and enthusiastically. And perhaps here lay another secret of the success of the Camp—for every cent taken in above the actual expenses went right into the work for spreading the Gospel either in the District or in foreign lands. How could

(Continued on page 23)

## The Holy Boldness of a Consecrated Life

*Zeal and Devotion of Christians in Eastern Europe*

Jos. Wannemacher in the Fellowship Meeting at Zion, Ill.



THANK GOD for His wonderful presence in this meeting. When I hear of the victory and the reality of walking with Jesus it always puts my heart in tune with Him. Eighteen years ago Jesus Christ laid His hands on me when I was dying of bone-consumption. His touch, when there was no hope, was so real that I dropped my musical career and went to work for Him. I thank God He has given me the consecration to obey Him. Once in the city of Chicago I was preaching in the loop. The Holy Spirit gave me a little work to do and the first thing I found myself preaching on the street. You know what an audience you get on the busy corners. I stood there for five minutes and the crowd was so great everything had to stop. The street cars were held up, and along came a detective and took me by the arm. The blue wagon came along and he said, "Step up!" and I stepped up into that nice blue wagon. There were five policemen in it but I was praising the Lord, so happy, I felt I was in heaven. I began to preach to the policemen and the one next to me looked at me very sheepishly. The one on the other side said, "Ask him what seminary he went to." I found out the one was an ex-Methodist minister, and I had the opportunity of witnessing to him. At the station I had sixteen policemen to preach to, and then they put me in a little cage but I was as happy as a bird. I sang and had a good time.

One of the men came and called me out and said, "What did you do?" I said, "Nothing." The truth of the matter was I was standing on the street corner and there was a blind man trying to play a violin. I took that blind man's fiddle and played it and took up a collection for him, and then I preached to the crowd. The policemen said, "You were reported of stealing the blind man's fiddle." I said, "I didn't want the blind man's fiddle. I was taking up a collection for him." They dismissed me and said, "Don't stop anywhere in Chicago."

I played once outside of a shoe-factory, played my violin and sang. It was at the noon hour, and there were about two hundred giddy girls there and they laughed and joked about the young man, but there was one soul, a young girl sitting in the window, who did not laugh. That soul got saved, just one in all that crowd,

and she is today working for the Lord; and as a result of her salvation other members of the family were saved. One brother is today pastor of the Polish work in Milwaukee.

For some time last year I was burdened for the people in Eastern Europe. The hunger of the people there just pulls the Word out of you. The carelessness and indifference in America, and especially in the large cities, makes one long to minister to places where there is such a ready response. When we were having our meeting in reference to the Camp at Byron last year I felt impressed I was to get my passport, and I said, "Lord, if You want me to get a passport send me ten dollars by Thursday." On Thursday morning a letter came with a check for \$10. It didn't come from any member of my church or from anybody who attends a Pentecostal church. It came from a sister who heard me play a violin solo at her mother's funeral, and I knew that that was the money for my passport.

At the close of our wonderful Camp last year I went to Oshkosh, and while there I received a long distance call to attend a Board meeting of the Russian & Eastern European Mission. While we were in session they said, "Brother Wannemacher, we believe God wants you to go to Europe." I *knew* it, and God preciously confirmed the impression He had given me.

On the boat I walked around with my Bible and witnessed to the saving grace of God wherever I had a chance. We had many doctors, students and professional men on board, the most of them Jews going to Europe to study, some in France and some in Austria. I preached Christ to those Jewish professors and students and the Lord graciously helped me. There was a fine pianist who belonged to the boat and he was enticed with my playing, so for his enjoyment I had to play every evening for an hour, with the public listening to me. I knew what music those Jews wanted, and the next day I preached to them. In the evening I played again and got those high spirits down. The following day I again preached. I had a most blessed experience. I proved to one that we know the Christ by his Jewish Bible. One doctor said, "I cut people to pieces and I haven't found a soul yet." "Of course not," I said, "the soul has already gone."

I had a conference with the brethren in Eng-

land and then went on to the Continent, spent a few days in Switzerland and Germany and then on to Danzig where we had a conference with the brethren for three days. Each day was sweeter than the other. I spoke in German in the Danzig Assembly and there came a great conviction and confession upon that audience. The next evening it was the same, and again the third evening. There was a real revival spirit, but I had to go on.

I went to Hungary where I was born. When I came to Budapest I was amazed at their zeal. The Hungarians are a most fiery people. You speak about the Russian Cossacks being fiery, but they do not compare with the Hungarians. In the War they wore red coats and fought like tigers and were called red devils. When I came to the Budapest Assembly I found them equally on fire for God. They sat before me with open mouths. I made no effort to preach; they drew everything out of me, and when I gave the altar call they fell under the power of the Holy Ghost. My soul was so deeply moved I felt the Lord would come while I was speaking. "Surely," I thought, "the Lord will rend the heavens and come down!" His presence was so real. It was there God gave me a miraculous vision and it came to pass as He revealed it to me.

I went to another town where they had a large hall seating six or eight hundred people. Such earnestness and intensity of soul one never sees in America! They told me of a revival having broken out 80 kilometers away and I went there. I found the Lord baptizing Evangelicals, Baptists, Lutherans, and Catholics. When the priests and the ministers found there was a church assembled, meeting every night, they came to stop it but they couldn't. They took me out in the country to a farm home and there the women came, carrying their leather slippers and walking bare-foot to save their slippers. They stayed the whole day until 11:30 at night, and one of the Evangelical ministers received the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

There is a tremendous need of workers to shepherd these people. God has brought them from every denomination and they need teaching. Let me tell you of a man the Lord is using. In three years he traveled over 21,000 kilometers on a bicycle, with his wife sitting in the back and his luggage in front, though the roads were very bad. He has honeycombed Hungary with Bibles furnished by the British & Foreign Bible Society. This dear man was a blacksmith. He belonged to the Baptist Church, and a

brother came from Detroit and preached the full Gospel and he accepted it. The Lord baptized him with the Holy Ghost and that Baptist was set on fire. He could not contain the blessing.

I saw there were great possibilities in him and I said, "My God! Is there no one to send that man out into your harvest field?" I said to my people in Milwaukee, "Listen, ladies! Have you a diamond ring? Have you gold or something valuable that can be turned into money to be used in spreading the Gospel?" After the service a sister came to me, "Brother, I have a ring my husband bought for me for \$500. Pray that he will let me sell it." I promised to pray. One day she said to her husband, "Henry, you know I am a Christian. I do not wear this diamond ring. I'd like to give it to the Lord." "Well," Henry said, "it is your ring; you can do with it as you please." She gave me the diamond ring. Then she got around Henry, "Henry, you do not wear your diamond ring. Why not give it to the Lord?" He gave it. Do you know we started those missionaries out and supported them for 14 months with that money. The last letter he wrote of holding a meeting in a certain place. They prayed all night, and the next morning six were baptized in the Holy Ghost. When I arrived in Hungary we fell on each other's necks and wept for joy. He said to me, "Brother, I cannot ride my old bicycle any longer. I cannot stand it." I said, "When I get back to America, God helping me, I will get him a motorcycle." Friends, he has the motorcycle.

In Roumania one is forbidden to preach the Gospel because the Roumanian government is Greek Catholic. You dear people in America do not realize the privileges you enjoy in freedom of speech. And how those privileges are misused! When I arrived I aimed to go to a town where I went in my youth. As a Catholic child I went a number of times to this town. Every year the Catholics make pilgrimages there. There was a large church there of the Benedictine order, and I remember seeing the halt, the lame and the blind standing on the street begging. To do penance I walked, with my sore foot, until I could walk no further. I had to cross a bridge, and I remember as a child how I wished I could be Jesus so I could heal the poor cripples. Listen! Right across the bridge is the Headquarters of the Assemblies of God in Roumania. These Roumanian believers have had a very hard time. They are obliged to meet in secret. But there is a solemn

nity in their meetings that we in America know nothing about. When they kneel they raise their hands and there is a sob and a prayer going up to God that almost breaks the heart.

A brother in Akron, Ohio, was asked to send a pamphlet on Divine Healing, because he wrote to someone in Roumania that God was healing His people. The wife of the head of the Assemblies of God had been sick for two years, so this man in Akron sent them in a letter the teaching on Divine Healing. The man and his wife, after reading it, knelt down and prayed and the woman was healed. Then the man in Akron sat down and wrote the whole teaching of the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. These two people in Roumania knelt down and prayed, and they prayed until they received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. Then they began to write to others. Wherever they wrote the recipients of the letters knelt down and received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. Inside of five years they have in Roumania over 400 assemblies. But they have gone thru much persecution. Women have been beaten like dogs when their husbands find them in a meeting. Just before I reached there they had beaten a man and two weeks after he died.

The Roumanians are simple, humble, poor people. They work for 3c an hour—ten hours for 30c, hard labor with pick and shovel. When the War came they were crushed and stripped of everything they had. Everything was taken because of the war taxes. They even took the pillows from their heads. They make barley bread. A sister showed it to me. It tasted like alum. She and her husband had to go and gather the barley and the weeds together. They are in great poverty, but when these people find the Lord they have an exuberance of joy which is blessed to see. Eastern Europe is a fruitful field. Some workers were out in Jugoslavia, and they started with eight people. Now they have over 600. Pray for these poor, stricken people that the Word of God may continue to enter hearts.

(Continued from page 5)

away. So they, being sent forth by the Holy Ghost, departed." Wouldn't you like to have that millionaire feeling that you were actually walking where God was sending you? Would you not like the luxury that comes with the consciousness of doing the will of God? Just happy to be under the control of the Lord of the whole earth, doing those things that you

know were ordained for you from all eternity? There is nothing to compare with it in all the earth. Are you a candidate for that kind of consecration that brings you under the control of the Lord of all the earth?

### Healed of a Broken Back

*Lake Geneva Camp has a record for its inspiring music. Talented Bible School students have contributed their best to "make His praise glorious," and every meeting was marked for its worshipful music. The leader of the orchestra and choir was L. Wesley Jaeger, who is called "the living miracle" because of a miraculous healing he received from the hand of the Lord. The following is his story:*

IT WAS in the year 1927 that I finished Bible School and went back to work at my trade. I was called to work for God but I refused because I wanted to make money. I was accustomed to making from \$12 to \$20 a day, and while I hoped to work for God sometime, I kept delaying. My godly mother encouraged me to launch out, but I continued to put off breaking away from my work. I said, "On the first of October I will go out into the work," and when the 1st came I said I would wait until the 5th, but then I refused to stop work, and on the morning of the 5th I had my back broken in three places; at the second, fourth and fifth lumbar vertebrae of the spine; also my right ankle was broken in six places. I received internal injuries and was paralyzed from my waist down. I was working on the scaffold of a three-story building, and as the scaffolding swung back and forth the braces became loose and the plank on which I was standing came off and I dropped down the height of three stories. The mortar-board with three hods of mortar struck me in the back, which caused my back to be broken.

The doctors said there was absolutely no hope for me at all, but much prayer went up to God for me. The entire Glad Tidings Bible Institute prayed constantly for three days and the church in San Jose prayed unceasingly. When the doctors saw that I would live they told my folks that I would be paralyzed, which I was from my waist down. About two weeks after my injury, on a Sunday evening, I was alone in my room in the hospital. The churches had said they would pray for me, but my suffering was so great I felt I could stand it no longer. It was about 8:15 that I cried to God, and a feeling of warmth went all over my body from

the crown of my head to the soles of my feet. For the first time since my injury I was able to move my big toe, which made me to know that the Lord had touched me. From that time on I never had any pain. For the remaining days in the hospital, it seemed as tho I was lying on a feather-bed, altho I was in a cast. There was not even a red spot on my back, but I was compelled to stay there four months on account of working for the state.

When I arose from my bed there were 23 doctors and 21 nurses who witnessed the scene, all saying that I would walk only a few feet and then drop on account of my broken back. But I was able to walk with ease.

I went out into the ministry. God opened up doors and I had wonderful meetings. Many souls were saved and filled with the Holy Ghost, but jealousy arose from those whom you would least expect, and I became discouraged. I quit the ministry and refused to preach. Then there came a growth on my back where it was injured and I was put back into the hospital again. They operated on my back, and they said my back-bone was so loose that they could rattle it. They marveled that I ever walked at all but it was only because I walked in the will of the Lord.

I had a bone-graft from my leg to my back and I suffered greatly. God put me thru a hard trial and I prayed many times for Him to take me home. I lay on the operating table from 8 A.M. until 2 P.M., and the doctors gave me no hope at all. Dear Brother Cooksey came in from Glad Tidings, San Francisco, and looked at me, but could not say a word. He walked around the bed and his face turned white. He went back to the school and told them they need never expect to see me again. They prayed in the church and school, but it was about ten days before I had any relief at all.

The pain was so intense I could not sleep five minutes and they filled me full of dope to ease the pain. Folks would come in and say, "Why do you not work for the Lord as He called you to do?" It was like a dagger piercing my heart, for I knew my disobedience was what brought me to that condition. When the Lord would neither take me home nor ease the pain, I asked Him, "Lord, what is the trouble?" And He showed me that I was not wanting to do the work He had chosen for me, and when I said "Yes" to Him again He touched my body, and I increased in health and strength. I went into the Lord's work and the power of the Lord came down wherever I went, God strengthening

my body as I worked for Him. For two years I labored thru California, Oregon and Washington, and the Lord gave me souls.

In the year 1931 I was working with others in a tent meeting and a little difficulty arose, and I withdrew from the work. Again the Lord dealt with me in a very drastic way and took me thru a school of suffering which I shall never forget. I would be afraid to turn back again from God's call. My back is a sort of a thermometer. When I get out of God's will my back becomes weak, and when I keep step with Him and work for Him I have no trouble with it. I admonish all who read these words to make a full surrender to the Lord. No one can do the work He has mapped out for us.

(Continued from page 9)

and don't care to have any smoking in our home." Instead of feeding them on chicken we fed them on the Word of God and let me tell you, we were never bothered with them after that, for they never showed up again. When they saw us coming down the street they would go on the other side to avoid having to speak to us. But God has given us a host of friends from one end of this country to the other and they are the best people in all the world, far more faithful than those we used to feed on chicken.

Now I hear someone saying, "Do you mean to tell me that God could take a wicked, licentious sinner like I am and make a saint out of me, a vessel fit for the Spirit of God to dwell in?" I was down in Jacksonville, Florida, and out from the city some distance was an old cesspool where all the sewerage of the city was dumped. As I looked it over, to my amazement I saw a most beautiful lily growing thereon. The sun had shone down on that old filthy cesspool and had pulled out of that water a most beautiful white water lily. I could imagine Christ looking over the battlements of heaven and saying, "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." I care not what sort of a wicked sinner you are, if you let God come into your life the Sun of righteousness will shine on you and bring forth all that is beautiful until the angels will look down and say, "Never a lily that was fairer than this."

#### SHILOH BIBLE INSTITUTE ANNOUNCEMENT

All persons expecting to attend Shiloh Bible Institute in Zion, Ill., are urged to fill out and send in application blanks at once. This will help the management to determine how much equipment will be necessary for the first year.

## Suffering in Russia

ROBERT L. RIPLEY, the well-known author of "Believe It or Not" cartoons, speaking on his trip to Russia a year ago, said that the Russian government caused the death of four million (some estimate eight million) peasants by starvation in the Ukraine in 1932-33 "by robbing the farmers of their grain in order to sell it in foreign countries and acquire foreign currency."

He said that he had no food for two days after crossing the Russian border from Persia: "The average salary of a working man in Russia was about 150 paper rubles a month, from which the following deductions were compulsory: 22 rubles to the government, 15 for assessments and taxes, 2 for union dues, and 25 for rent.

"From the balance of 86 rubles the Russian must buy food and clothing at the following prices: 30 rubles for a shirt, 175 for a suit, 15 for women's cotton stockings, 20 rubles for a pound of butter, 2½ for a quart of milk, 1½ for a loaf of bread, 10 rubles for a dozen eggs and 5 for a pound of rice.

"The Communists delight in appealing to the unemployed of America, by telling them there are no unemployed in Russia. Believe it or not, neither are there any unemployed in a penitentiary! Everybody in Russia is a prisoner of the government. The working man has no choice about his work, where he lives, or how much he is paid. He has no religion, no home life and no privacy.

"He has no freedom of speech. You might remember this the next time you hear one of our many soap-box orators spouting forth, and bear in mind that if he attempted to open his mouth in Communist Russia he would wake up to find himself either dead or on his way to Siberia.

"His freedom of movement is denied him. He cannot go from one village to another. He cannot quit his job. He cannot even take a day off. Without warning he is liable to be arrested, torn from his family, herded into a freight car and sent thousands of miles away where he is forced to labor under inhuman conditions in some concentration camp of Northern Russia.

"In case of death, the clothing and shoes are removed from his body. His teeth are extracted, and any gold or silver fillings are melted down and confiscated by the government.

"Never under the old Czarist regime were the people as miserable and oppressed as they are now. A thousand times more people are being exiled to the frozen wastes of Siberia today than at any time under the rule of the Czars.

"In 1923, for example, the Red Army moved into the Ukraine and loaded 80,000 families into freight cars and sent them to far-off Yakutsk in eastern Siberia, where they were literally dumped out on the ice in a country where the thermometer seldom rises above

zero. Out of the 80,000 families (about 300,000 people) it is estimated today that not more than 5,000 remain alive."

## The Jews' Refuge

A dispatch from Berlin, Germany (Aug. 6) says that 400 Jewish guests fled from Toelz, Bavaria, in panic, after the mayor's orders for all Jews to clear out within 24 hours. Toelz is a health resort and many of the Jews were aged and ill. One of the best hotels, owned by a Jew, was closed by order of the police. Signs reading, "Death to Jews," were painted on side-walks, and 200 uniformed guards marched thru the streets with anti-Jewish banners, one reading, "The Jew is a monster. Throw him out."

The Anti-Semite feeling is growing among the nations, and the prosperity in Palestine is beckoning the persecuted Jew to his land. The Jewish population of Palestine is now almost a half million and continually increasing. It is the only land where there is no unemployment—in fact there is a shortage of laborers. In the natural the Jews would not leave a thriving business and plenty of money, but the time has come for them to be in their land: "And it shall come to pass . . . that the Lord shall set His hand again the second time to recover the remnant of His people" (Isa. 11:11).

The estimate of government revenue for the year will be over twenty-seven million dollars, two million more than projected, which will leave the government a surplus and make the Holy Land independent of foreign loans.

The government is sending to its officials notice that the pay cuts introduced during the crisis of 1930 are to be restored from April 1st of this year. There is such prosperity in the country that the authorities do not feel they need to be so parsimonious as heretofore.

(Continued from page 18)

it be otherwise than that God would honor a program such as this!

Somehow as the camp closed there was a kindred feeling with a disciple of old, who wanted to build tabernacles on the Mount of Transfiguration. But there was much work to be done for the Master, untouched fields to possess for God, and sheaves to be gathered in; so down from the Mount of Blessing we came, but not without trophies, not without those souvenirs of eternal value, yea, some rare carvings from the hand of God, and a freshly-anointed service. Truly the eleven days spent at Camp Byron were days of viewing His handiwork, days spent 'neath living springs, days when hundreds found a hiding place, a safe retreat in the heart of God.—R. M.



# New Analytical Bible

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**PSALMS 4:2**

2 O ye sons of men, how long will ye turn my glory into shame? how long will ye love vanity, and seek after leasing [falsehood]?  
Sē'-lāh.

Ps. 12:2; 31:8,18; 69:7-10.

**PSALMS 88:13**

13 But unto thee have I cried, O LORD; and in the morning shall my prayer prevent [come before] thee.

Ps. 5:3; 119:147.

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