

# The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

## The Search

I SOUGHT *Him* where my logic led.  
 "This friend is always sure and right,  
 His lantern is sufficient light—  
 I need no Star," I said.

I SOUGHT *Him* in the city square.  
 Logic and I went up and down  
 The market place of many a town,  
 And He was never there.

I TRACKED *Him* to the Mind's far rim.  
 The valiant Intellect went forth  
 To east and west and south and north,  
 And found no trace of Him!

WE walked the world from sun to sun,  
 Logic and I, with little faith,  
 But never came to Nazareth,  
 Or found the Holy One.

I SOUGHT in vain. And finally  
 Back to the heart's small house I crept,  
 And fell upon my knees and wept,  
 And lo—He came to me!

—Sara Henderson Hay.

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

The Latter Rain Evangel

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

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

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Solving Your Christmas Problems

AS THE TIME draws near when a large number of subscriptions to *The Latter Rain Evangel* fall due, we urge our subscribers to put forth an extra effort to renew. We know many have gone thru great tests because of unemployment. Every mail brings notes of regret from some who are unable to renew on account of lack of work and financial losses. We are deeply touched by the following letter from one of our old subscribers in Canada:

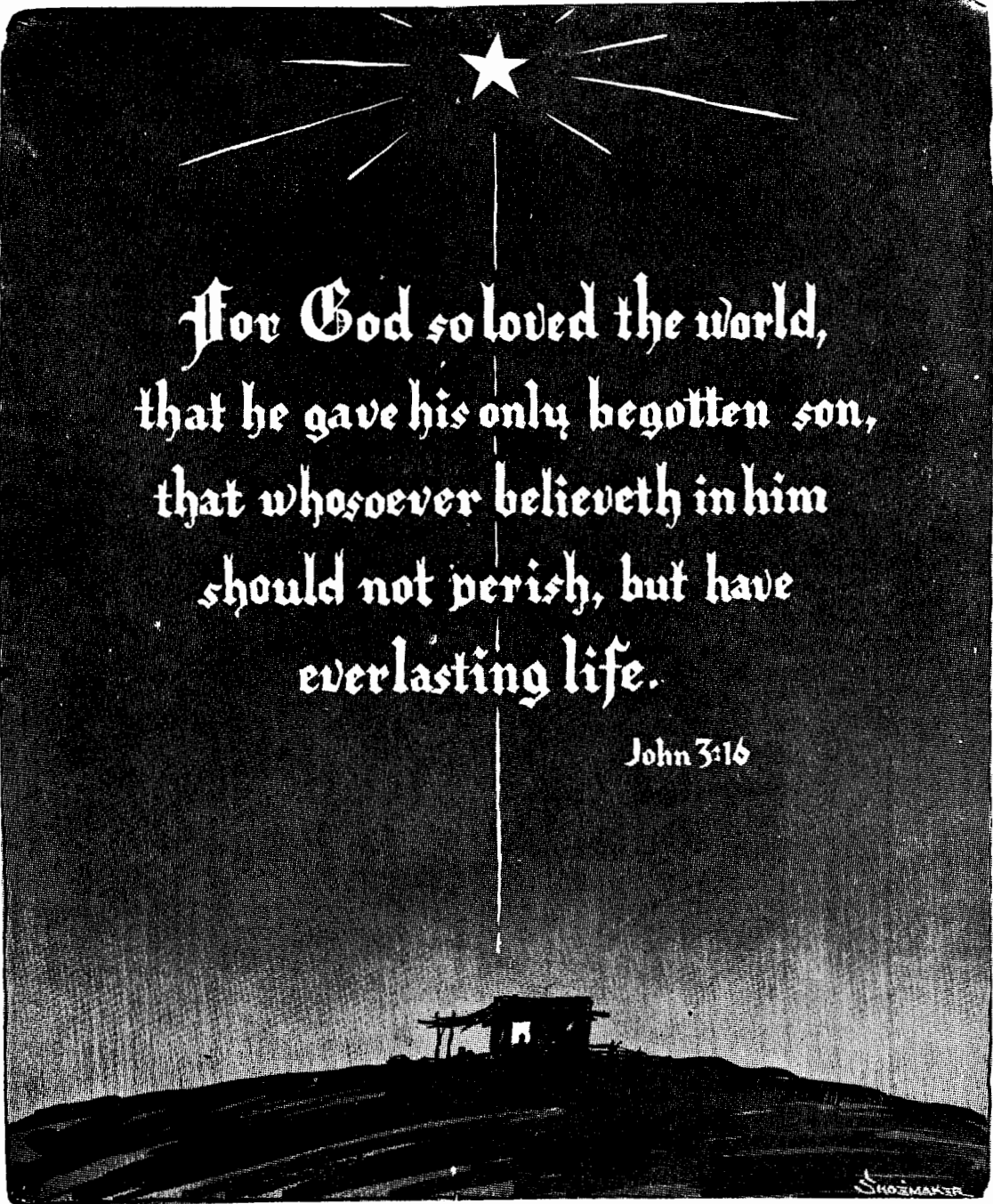
"I am enclosing post office order for my renewal for one year and also for a former subscriber. She, like myself, is in very straightened circumstances, but I sold an old gold ring which will pay for your precious paper to both of us, and a little extra for postage. I haven't a dollar coming in now, and get my board for caring for a sister who is mentally ill, though it is almost more than I can do as I am in my 79th year."

May God bless this dear child of His and verify His Word to her, "As thy days so shall thy strength be." Our letters are filled with expressions of appreciation of the paper, and we believe if our readers would send in at least one extra subscription beside their own, they would help us to reach many thousands and be the means of carrying to them untold spiritual blessing. Send it to an unsaved friend, and pray that it may be used in his conversion. These are days when God is doing the unusual and it is not too much to expect Him to save

people through the printed page. More than once one has written in: "My husband does not go to church but he reads *The Evangel* every month." When a sermon is given under the power of the Holy Spirit, we believe it carries the same touch of the Spirit when printed and is just as powerful for the salvation of souls as when it is spoken. One of our new subscribers writes that she wept and shouted alternately as she read her first copy, and regretted what she had missed all these years. Will you help us get *The Latter Rain Evangel* into new homes?

What better Christmas gift could possibly be given than a monthly paper of this kind which will make its twelve regular visits throughout the year! Better than a gift of a beautiful warm cloak will be *The Latter Rain Evangel* which will bring warmth to the soul; better than a lamp to lighten the home, will be this paper which will throw a flood of light on the spiritual journey for every member of the home. Such a gift will easily solve your Christmas gift worries, for all you need to do is to send us your list of friends and we take care of the wrapping and the mailing. A beautiful Christmas card will be sent to each friend, informing him of your gift, and the first issue will be mailed so as to reach them by Christmas. Send us your list at once and throughout the year pray that this gift shall bring returns for all eternity.

The First Christmas Gift



For God so loved the world,  
that he gave his only begotten son,  
that whosoever believeth in him  
should not perish, but have  
everlasting life.

John 3:16

Courtesy of The Chicago Daily News

## The Inn That Missed Its Chance

(The Landlord Speaks—A. D. 28.)

WHAT could be done? The inn was full of folk:  
 His Honor, Marcus Lucius, and his scribes  
 Who made the census; honorable men  
 From farthest Galilee come hitherward  
 To be enrolled; high ladies and their lords;  
 The rich, the rabbis—such a noble throng  
 As Bethlehem had never seen before,  
 And may not see again. And there they were,  
 Close herded with the servants, till the inn  
 Was like a hive at swarming-time, and I  
 Was fairly crazed among them.

Could I know  
 That they were so important? Just the two;  
 No servants, just a workman sort of man  
 Leading a donkey, and his wife thereon,  
 Drooping and pale. I saw them not myself.  
 My servants must have driven them away;  
 But, had I seen them, how was I to know?  
 Were inns to welcome strangers, up and down  
 In all our towns from Beer-sheba to Dan,  
 Till He should come? And how were men to know?

There was a sign, they say, a heavenly light  
 Resplendent; but I had no time for stars.  
 And there were songs of angels in the air  
 And on the hills; but how was I to hear  
 Amid the thousand clamors of an inn?

Of course, if I had known them who they were,  
 And who was He who should be born that night—  
 For now I learn that they will make Him King,  
 A second David who will ransom us  
 From these Philistine Romans—who but He  
 That feeds an army with a loaf of bread,  
 And, if a soldier falls, He touches him  
 And up he leaps, uninjured? Had I known,  
 I would have turned the whole inn upside down,  
 His Honor, Marcus Lucius, and the rest,  
 And sent them all to stables—had I known.

So you have seen Him, stranger, and perhaps  
 Again will see Him. Prithee, say for me  
 I did not know; and if He comes again,  
 As He will surely come, with retinue  
 And banners and an army, tell my Lord  
 That all my inn is His to make amends.

Alas! alas! to miss a chance like that!  
 This inn that might be chief among them all,  
 The birth place of Messiah—had I known!

—Amos R. Wells.



## Our Christmas Pilgrimage

*"Let Us Go Even Now to Bethlehem"*



WHAT a pilgrimage is this! Once a year we—millions of us—gather about our hearthstone or sacred altar to listen again to Luke's haunting and heartening story of that Pilgrimage of the shepherds, and then we, too, say, "Let us go now even unto Bethlehem." The world grows old, but the heart is new. No longer do we need a choir of the heavenly host to call us to this annual pilgrimage. We feel a call of good cheer, weeks and weeks before. Few men can resist the spirit, so universal and so irresistible. Its source is deeper and more divine.

It is true that many in the jostling crowds of weary shoppers and in the merry groups of carefree youth are unmindful of the origin and meaning of this pilgrimage; but it was so of old. If we walk in the Shepherd's footsteps we, too, find the market jammed with traders and the Inn teeming with revelers, heedless of the destiny of the hour. Christmas came to Bethlehem and they knew it not. He had come who was to lift the name of that little village to the pinnacle of sacred fame, but they knew it not. They were not heartless, but heedless. How often we go our wonted way, with spirits stunned and starved, because we choose to be mere tradesmen and revelers when we might be pilgrims.

Recently I read the Inn-Keeper's story, as told by one with an artist's pen and a poet's heart. The Inn-Keeper said he "regretted the incident." He would gladly have made room in the Inn for such a distinguished guest, IF HE HAD ONLY KNOWN. "How should I know that there were angel voices in the sky? The noise and confusion of the Inn filled my ears." That is the pathos of it! The Inn-Keeper's tribe is greatly increased. How should they be expected to hear angel voices or music! Always what a man sees depends on what a man is. What we humans hear determines the wavelength of our souls. Maybe we have heard the clatter of material things so long that we are no longer sensitive to heavenly voices. Perhaps we have gazed so long and so intently on things we ourselves have made that we are unable to recognize the splendor of the star which stands over the Christ Child.

But what a pilgrimage was that for the common man! That wondrous night the world

turned a corner and the common man came into his own. As those shepherd-folk entered Bethlehem by the reddening dawn of Christmas they walked in the light of a new day—a day which was to attune men's hearts to a new music. It seems to me there are some things that men cannot do on Christmas Day. While I was at the Seminary, a young friend who had a preaching appointment about 160 miles from the Campus was returning home the night before Christmas. He had had a delightful day in his church; the boys and girls had presented a concert, the older folk had sung Christmas carols, and his soul was vibrant with music about the Christ Child. It was a bitter cold night and the radiator of his car had frozen up, so he was forced to stop at a wayside garage. As he entered the room where the night attendant was to be found, a cloud of cigarette smoke met him; a radio was pouring forth volumes of screechy, screaming jazz. Six men sat around a table playing cards. He approached a man, who arose saying, "What can I do for you?" Before my friend could get a chance to explain his difficulty the whole atmosphere was suddenly changed as the words of that beautiful German hymn, "Silent Night, Holy Night," filled the room. The men dropped their cards on the table and sat motionless. It seemed like a voice from heaven. He said, "As the words of the old hymn broke in over the ether I journeyed in my mind to the chorus of angels which sang over the Christ Child 1900 years ago."

Why did those men drop their cards and sit silently with bowed heads? Are there not some things that men cannot do on Christmas as there is reechoed across the land the cantata of the Christ? There is something noble in the souls of men, something which awakens at the sound of heavenly music. They cry out within themselves, "Oh, that I might keep that music in my soul!" If our Christmas pilgrimage is to be complete, we shall go even unto Bethlehem.

It is a pilgrimage of faith, heavenly voices call us, the Star of God leads us, but we must go to Bethlehem for ourselves and kneel beside the Christ Child. Matthew tells us that the wise men, after they had been to Bethlehem and had seen Jesus, returned home by another route; "And being warned of God in a dream that they

*(Continued on page 17)*

## When God Talked on Christmas Day

"The Word Became Flesh"

Dr. H. A. Ironside before a Group of Sunday School Teachers



YOU will find my text in the 14th verse of the first chapter of John's Gospel and in connection with this verse we will also notice the 18th verse of the same chapter, "No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him." It seems to me that within these verses we have the very essence of the Christmas message, for after all, it is a message from heaven. It is not simply a story, as some people call it—the Christmas story, for they may use that word, "Story" whether they actually believe in it or not. We might say, "Well, there are certain moral lessons of value in the Christmas story whether it be true or not," but the Christmas *message* is another thing; it is a message from heaven which must of necessity, be absolutely true and we have the heart of that message right here: "The Word became flesh."

Strictly speaking, our blessed Lord was never "made" anything; it was all voluntary with Him. He left the glory of His own free will and came down into this world and assumed a human body, a human soul and spirit in order that He might make God known to mankind and that He might redeem us from sin. The Word became flesh and tabernacled amongst us. He brought the tabernacle of flesh down here, and just as the Shekinah glory of old dwelt in the tabernacle amidst the tents of Israel, so the glory of God dwelt in the body which Christ assumed in His humiliation. That is what the Apostle meant when he said, "No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son . . . He hath declared Him."

You will notice three things in this 14th verse: First, it suggests the pre-existence of our Lord Jesus Christ. The Lord did not *begin* to live when He was born here on earth. You and I, when we came into existence here, had a beginning, but not so with Him. He came from another sphere. We read, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God." The Word *was*. He was there to bring everything into existence. Second, we see His distinct personality in the God-head: "*The Word was with God.*" You may have difficulty understanding the mystery of the Holy Trinity but let me say that it is set forth in the Book,

and when I realize that I myself am, in a certain sense, a trinity, I do not need to be troubled about the God-head. I am spirit, soul and body, and if I understand the teaching of the Word aright, the spirit is the highest part of my being, that by which I am able to hold communion with God. The soul is the seat of all the natural instincts of my mind and then the body is my connection with the lower creation. I cannot always distinguish between the three, and yet every little while something comes up to make me know that I am three. I like to illustrate it like this: Suppose it is prayer-meeting night and I am just getting ready to attend the prayer service when the telephone rings and a neighbor says, "What are you doing tonight?"

"I am going to prayer-meeting."

"Oh you can go to prayer-meeting any time. We have some friends visiting us and we are to have a very pleasant evening of music and we want you to come and enjoy it with us."

While I am hesitating a little the door-bell rings and another neighbor says, "What are you doing tonight? We have a lovely large water-melon on ice and want you to come over and share it with us."

It is a warm evening and I stand there uncertain for a moment or two. My body says, "Go for the water-melon." My soul says, "Go for the music," but my spirit says, "Go to the prayer-meeting." And whether I admit it or not, I find I am three—a triune personality. If I am the kind of a Christian I ought to be I thank my friends for the invitation, for the melon and for the music, but I go off to the prayer-meeting. And when I do that my spirit is refreshed, my soul is fed and my body is rested.

So God has revealed Himself as Father, Son and Holy Spirit, and here we read of the Word as the Eternal Son. "The Word was with God." There was blessed fellowship with the Father before He came to earth.

The third thing is His absolute deity: "*The Word was God.*" Nothing else than God. We also have His unchanging personality throughout the ages. "The same was in the beginning with God." The Apostle tells us in Hebrews that "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday (in the past eternities), today (that is in time), and



forever (and that is in the eternities to come)."

Yes, this is the glorious One of whom John spake when he said, "The Word became flesh and tabernacled among us." How do you make known what is in your heart? Through your word. How did God make known to us what was in His heart when He wanted to communicate with mankind? Through His blessed Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, for this was His Word to tell forth what was in the heart of God the Father. How else could He make Himself known except by becoming incarnate; and therein lies the whole wonderful mystery of the virgin birth. I know some people are troubled about miracles but forty-five years ago I was the subject of the greatest of all miracles when my nature was changed and I was brought into the glorious light of the Gospel of Christ; and the God who could bring about a miracle of that kind can bring other miracles to pass. I cannot conceive of any other way of God Himself coming into this world excepting as a virgin born Son of the eternal Father.

I have a friend in India, a very well-educated man who was for years a professor in one of the large universities. He had examined all the different philosophies of India, and you know, India is the land of philosophies. He had investigated Hinduism, Mohammedanism, Buddhism and many other various false cults, but his spirit remained unsatisfied and unhappy. His heart was yearning for something. By and by he came in contact with some Christian missionaries. He was rather shy of them at first for he didn't want to be converted to their teaching. But little by little he was impressed by the joy that they showed and their humility and grace. Finally he went to them voluntarily and asked them to explain something of the religion which they had come to make known. They began with the Christmas message, the story of the Incarnation, how God became Man for our redemption, but his soul shrank from that. He said, "Oh no, no! I couldn't accept that!" The idea that God became man, that the infinitely pure and holy One linked Himself up with flesh and blood was repulsive to him. No, he couldn't accept that. As a Buddhist he thought of the body as the seat of all evil; he believed that he had been born into this world over and over again, and he was trying all the time so to behave himself that eventually he might escape from this endless cycle of re-birth and death, of re-birth and death, and finally get away from this body. So he said, "I want to get out of this

body and I cannot believe that a Holy God came into a body," and yet somehow he couldn't dismiss the thought. One day he was strolling in the field and near the road-side he saw a large ant-hill so went near it to examine the ants. Being an entomologist, he sat down at a little distance to watch them, and you know how wonderfully orderly they work together. It is significant that the Bible, which never makes any mistake, says, "The ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the summer." How marvelously they work together! One of them will find something, perhaps a little bug, and knowing that the others will all be interested in that, he runs off to some other worker and that worker goes off to still another worker and after talking together, it is but a short time till there is a whole trail of ants going after that one object. They fall upon it and tear it to pieces, then carry it away down into the ground and put it away in cold storage for the winter. This man became so interested in them that he moved over to get a closer view of the ants and in doing so he came between the ants and the sun. Now they say that ants are blind tho I have never studied them sufficiently to know this but at any rate they can tell when the light is shut off from their view. So these ants showed every evidence of being alarmed and they quickly scattered. He stepped back and as the light of the sun again shone on them they started out once more on their errand. Again he moved up and got between them and the sun and again they were alarmed. But by and by they seemed to become used to the shadow or to the great tall being and they went about their work as before. As he stood and looked at them he said to himself, "I wish I could make you little creatures understand how I feel towards you. Evidently you are afraid of me; you fear that I might trample you under foot. But I am a Buddhist and as a Buddhist I wouldn't wilfully kill any living thing." You know holy men among the Buddhists just make a lunch counter out of their arms for some of these little creatures for they do not believe in killing any insect. And so he said, "I wouldn't destroy you for anything, and yet you are afraid of me. I wish I could make you know how I, as a man, feel towards you."

Suddenly, with that came the thought, "How could I do that? Only as I could perform a miracle. If it were possible for me to link my mind with the body and brain of an ant so I could move around as an ant among you, only

in that way could I ever explain what was in the heart of man; then, because I would be both man and ant I could make you understand." At that moment another thought came into his mind and he said, "Now I see it. That is the mystery of the Incarnation. God wanted to make Himself known to man and the only way He could do it was by uniting His deity with the body, soul and spirit of man, and by going about among men to make Himself known."

That is what Jesus is: the manifestation of God in flesh, going in and out among men, and therefore the Apostle said, "No man hath seen God at any time; but the only begotten Son, He hath declared Him,"—hath told us of Him. Have you ever said, "I wish I could understand God better"? "I wish I knew how He looked"? Listen, God is exactly like Jesus, for Jesus is God manifest in the flesh. The love of Jesus is the love of God and the hatred of Jesus is the hatred of God. But you say, "Did Jesus ever hate anything?" Yes, He hated sin with a perfect hatred. The compassion of Jesus was the compassion of God and the interest which Jesus had in mankind was the interest that God has. As Jesus moved round about among men He was telling out the Father's love towards a needy world, and when at last He went to the Cross and gave Himself a ransom, it was but God taking upon Himself our sins and iniquities and bearing our judgment.

I cannot conceive of any more wonderful story than this to bring to boys and girls, to men and women, that God deigned Himself to become a Man for our salvation.

It has been said that He might have come into the world as a full grown man. I am somewhat afraid of these speculations, but at any rate, we will suppose that this might have been possible. How much we would have lost! But when He came He came as a little Babe. Everybody loves a baby and no one is afraid of a baby. Our hearts always go out to a babe and when God became man, He said, as it were, "Now I am coming in weakness; I am coming in babyhood and will trust myself to them." They tried to kill Him when He was a Babe but the Father preserved that Babe to grow up to manhood, then to go voluntarily to the cross.

You have perhaps heard of the missionaries who decided, after having labored among a large tribe on one side of a lake, that they would cross over to another side and work among a savage tribe. The missionary put his wife, with their little babe, into a dug-out canoe and

with a helper or two, they started across to the other side. As they drew near to the village on the opposite shore they noticed a crowd of savages. They had seen these missionaries approaching their shore and lined up, threateningly held up their spears and warned the missionary to stay away. They didn't want a missionary and didn't want his message and they clearly indicated that if they did come they would destroy them. They waited for some time but the savages were determined that they should not land. Finally the missionary said to his wife, "Dear, will you trust the baby to me?" Tremblingly, the wife asked, "What are you going to do?" "Well, will you trust the baby to me?" again asked the husband.

"My dear," she said, "the baby is yours as much as mine," and handed the baby to him. He took it into his arms and then carefully stepped out of the boat, for he had noticed that the water was but waist deep. With the babe in his arms he began to wade toward the shore. The savages looked on in wonderment and amazement and suddenly one after the other dropped his spear and then they all came rushing forward to gaze upon the little white baby face, and with one consent they gave evidence that they were ready to receive the missionaries, for they knew that a man coming with a baby was not coming to injure them.

When God came to earth He came as a Babe to let us know how deeply interested He was in us. What a blessed story it is to those who have opened their hearts to receive Him! And it is as we tell this story that God uses it to draw men and women, boys and girls, to Himself.

It is worth remembering that Christmas is the birthday of Jesus, the Man who never gave the world a dollar. He bestowed upon mankind not a solitary material gift. He carved no statue, painted no picture, wrote no poem, composed no song, fashioned no piece of jewelry, built no edifice, founded no city, erected no triumphal arch; but He stands in history as the great Giver. Silver and gold He had none, but such as He had, He gave to men—the gentle touch of a sympathetic hand, the golden glow of a genial mind, the healing love of a generous heart, the bracing energy of a courageous spirit. Paul calls Him God's "Unspeakable Gift." The best thing God is able to give us is not gold or silver, or costly stones, but Himself.—*Unknown*



## What Manner of Man Is This?

JESUS CHRIST was born in the meanest of circumstances, but the air above was filled with the hallelujahs of the heavenly host. His lodging was a cattle pen, but a star drew distinguished visitants from afar to do Him homage.

His birth was contrary to the laws of life. His death was contrary to the laws of death. No miracle is so inexplicable as His life and teaching.

He had no cornfields or fisheries, but He could spread a table for 5,000 and have bread and fish to spare. He walked on no beautiful carpets, but He walked on the waters and they supported Him.

His crucifixion was the crime of crimes, but, on God's side, no lower price than His infinite agony could have made possible our redemption. When He died few men mourned, but a black crepe was hung over the sun. Though men trembled not for their sins, the earth shook under the load. All nature honored Him; sinners alone rejected Him.

Sin never touched Him. Corruption could not get hold of His body. The soil that had been reddened with His blood could not claim His dust.

Three years He preached His Gospel. He wrote no book, built no church, had no money back of Him. After 1,900 years, He is the one central character of human history, the perpetual theme of all preaching, the pivot around which the events of the age revolve, the only Regenerator of the human race.

Was it merely the son of Joseph and Mary who crossed the world's horizon 1,900 years ago? Was it merely human blood that was spilled on Calvary's hill for the redemption of sinners and which has worked such wonders in men and nations through the centuries?

What thinking man can keep from exclaiming: "My Lord and my God!"

—Keith L. Brooks.



## The Magi

THEN

*O scholars and sages and seers of old,  
You followed a star at the East's far rim,  
You followed, you found Him, you knelt at last  
In a low dark stable to worship Him.*

*The Light of the World, the Shining Way,  
The Fountain of Life, and the Daily Bread.  
You sought Him with burning eyes, you laid  
Your myrrh and gold at a manger bed.*

*And little children have kept the faith;  
Their lifted eyes have followed a star.  
Their eager footsteps have found the way  
That leads where the mother and baby are.*

NOW

*O scholars and sages and men called "wise,"  
What have you done to Him? What will you do?  
Did you lose the way? Did you fail to see  
The high white star that was leading you?*

*Would you darken the face of a little child,  
The light in his eyes as a lamp blown out?  
O scholars and sages and men called "wise,"  
If you could—would you darken the world  
with doubt? —GRACE NOLL CROWELL.*



## Bethlehem

It is curiously significant that both Nazareth and Bethlehem are now Christian communities. Bethlehem has 8,000 Christians, 400 Moslems, and no Jews. Thus Israel, by a careful withdrawal, completely cuts the entail of her own prophecy, and makes impossible even the alleged birth of a future Jewish Messiah; for so (Matt. 2:5) do her own Rabbis expound, Mic. v. 2: "Thou Bethlehem Ephrathah, out of thee shall one come forth whose goings forth are from of old FROM EVERLASTING."—*Dawn*.

### SPECIAL OFFER FOR DECEMBER

*Anyone sending in two or more subscriptions besides his own at \$1.00 each will receive any one of the following books: THE WAY HOME, by D. L. Moody, "AND PETER," by J. W. Chapman, MOODY'S STORIES; For Children: CHRISTIE'S OLD ORGAN, WHITER THAN SNOW. Please state which one is wanted.*

## Hast Thou Not Known the Great "I Am"?

*Some Lessons on Waiting on the Lord*

Sermon by N. P. Thomsen in the Stone Church

THIS was God's message to His beloved people. They had entered into doubt and unbelief. Sin and backsliding had marred their fellowship with their God. The miracle at the Red Sea was far behind, and the Pillar of Cloud and of Fire that had so signally led them had long since faded away. The feeding of the manna, the gushing waters from the rock were not even memories; they belonged to another generation. The parting of the Jordan and the falling of the walls of Jericho were historic incidents. They believed them, but a miracle-working God was in the past. For the present, their God had fainted, their God had lost His power. So Israel thought, and so, no doubt, the heathen nations round about were beginning to believe. In the early days the heathen had feared their God, but not now. In Isaiah's day the heathen felt they could match Israel in battle any day and overpower them. Israel's doubt and unbelief had weakened her hands and stripped her of power.

And we are living in times when people are trying to tell us much the same thing today; that the Early Church was one church and the church today is quite another; that God wrought miraculously in the Early Church, but He isn't the same God today. He has lost some of that power. His power will not be revealed in His people in the same way today. That is the way they speak until we get to believing that way in our hearts, and act that way, and begin to lay our plans along that line. We begin to measure our experience accordingly, and lower our standards.

But when Israel lapsed God drew near to His people. Here are self-evident facts. If they wanted to know them they could; if they wanted to see them, they might. God is speaking: "Hast thou not known? Hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth" — notice the names He takes here. God never uses words to fill up pages. His names have a distinct meaning in

*Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? There is no searching of his understanding. He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall: But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint.*

—ISAIAH 40: 28-31.

the place where they are used. When God uses the term "Everlasting God" it is because He aims to impress upon His auditors the fact that He is an "everlasting God," the God from the beginning, even unto the end; that He is the One who never changes. At the time when Abraham passed thru his great test with the kings of Sodom and Gomorrah and the four kings all allied in a great battle and wanting him to take his share out of that portion of spoils, God said to Abraham, "I am the God of all the earth." He wanted Abraham to know that He was able to supply all his needs, and he should not be dependent upon help from worldly kings. God takes a name because He wants to reveal unto His people a certain truth concerning Himself at that time. So when speaking to the Jews at a time of their discouragement, their time of falling away and unbelief, He tells them that He is the Everlasting God, the Lord Jehovah, the One who has been with them from the beginning, the One who is Ruler over them, *the* Lord, not a lord; the Creator of the ends of the earth! Oh what a mighty God they had! A God who could never fail them if they put their trust in Him.

They had begun to fear. They had seen the heathen in their power. They had seen various situations arise and they rather felt that other gods might help them. And so some of the kings in their unbelief tried to bring in other gods. Baal worship was set up by Ahab. Another king went down to Damascus and saw a beautiful altar and he brought up that altar or one like unto it and put it into the house of the Lord. Why? Because they began to feel their God was not sufficient for the situation. They had seen other gods seemingly arise to a higher place. But God comes on the scene and says, "I am the Creator of the whole earth. If you want to know power and might look unto Me." If they had only believed it their history might have been changed and we would not be reading the terrible things of them that we are reading today. But they did not believe it. We are

told that God faints not. Do we believe it? We believe it in theory, but do we believe it in practice? Oh that these truths might sink deep down in our hearts, for we are living in days when we will be sorely tried! I sometimes wonder if you and I will see the power of God settle down as easily as it has in days gone by. There will be more opposition from the powers of the world and it will not be as easy for us to yield ourselves to God and fall in with His plans. The pressure from the enemy will be strong against it, and you and I will have to rise up to higher heights in God and get to the place where we will believe Him more than ever before, in order to withstand the pressure of the enemy in these last days, and come through with the power of God resting upon us.

The prophet Isaiah says, "There is no searching of His understanding." People try to search out God in a material way. They make large telescopes and try to fathom His handiwork by scanning the universe to its utmost bounds. They have their microscopes, powerfully made, and look at the infinitesimal bits of animal and plant life, trying to understand God's power in creation, but God has never yet been fully discovered. In the Psalms we read, "Great is our Lord, and of great power. His understanding is infinite." Finite man cannot search it out. Paul in writing to the Romans exclaims, "His judgments are unsearchable and His ways are past finding out."

I believe a truth that God wants to bring to us is this: It is not for you and me always to discover God's "whys" and "wherefores." We are asked to believe Him but we are not to question His wisdom or His dealings. When God asks us to do something, let us never ask Him, "Why should I do that?" My little girl is not very big, but there is a word she learned early, and that is "Why?" I sometimes think we are like children when God asks us to do something and we say, "Why, Lord?" We would like to have a little bit to say in His counsels as to whether it is worth while to do it or not. Friends, God has asked us to believe Him, not to question Him; not to search out His understanding.

And here are some of the things that we cannot understand: "He gives power to the faint." That is altogether different from what men do. Men pick out a strong man, one with leadership in him, a man who has a personality and authority and they give him more power. They say, "That is our man; we will heap

power and authority on him." The world cannot understand that God takes a "nobody," one who is altogether helpless, with no natural ability, and gives him strength and power, but He does. Have you experienced that? entering into a place in the Lord when your soul is fainting? Are we faint enough for God to give us power? I doubt if He gives power to anyone else but the faint. Just as long as you have power in yourself God has none for you. You do not need power from Him if you have it yourself. Jesus said, "I came not to heal those who are well. They have no need of a physician, but I came to heal those who are sick." And if you are strong you do not need strength from God. He gives strength to those who have none. "And to those who have *no might* He increaseth strength."

I know it is a hard thing for us to acknowledge that we have *no might*, that we are faint, that we cannot do anything for ourselves, and yet God cannot help us until we get to the place where we have no might, where we fall faint at His feet and say, "Lord Jesus, do Thou give of Thy strength and Thy might."

God has blessed in the past. He has done many mighty works in our midst. And though our theory and our doctrine that Jesus must do it all, and we can do nothing, remains the same, yet in our hearts there is the thought, "We can do a little bit." When we lie humbly at His feet, when there is nothing of self protruding and revealing itself, then *only* can God come forth in mighty power as the Creator of the ends of the earth, and reveal to us that He is not fainting, that His power is still the same. Oh that we might let Him have His way in our hearts and lives!

We read, "The youths shall faint and be weary." How often we hear, "Oh, I am young! I have strength! We are able to do this and that," in the exuberance of life, but we read here, "Even the youths shall faint and be weary and the young men shall utterly fall." I do not know what your experience has been, but I rather think it has been much the same as mine, and mine a bit the same as a brother minister told us. When he comes out to a meeting, if he feels fine and able to do something, the meeting is flat. Nothing happens. If he feels he is nothing and relies on the Lord, the Lord gets credit and souls are saved. How many of us have experienced just that! When you feel utterly helpless, suddenly God floods your soul and it runs over and touches somebody else.

He is blessed and God receives the glory. When we go forth in our own strength we will "utterly fall: But"—I am glad for some of God's "buts." There are some "buts" that rebound, but here is one I like: "*But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.*" Oh that the full significance of these words might be realized! What does it mean to wait upon the Lord. Does it mean just to pray? Not only that, but it will include that, for you cannot wait upon God without praying. It means much to wait upon God! Not to run ahead and do things because we think they ought to be done, but to wait until God gives orders to do them. One of the hardest things for God's children to do is to wait. It is comparatively easy to pack up and go to the ends of the earth. It is comparatively easy to go down into the slums. It is sometimes easier to do the most menial kinds of work for the Master than to sit and wait for the Master's orders. We are like Peter, too impetuous. He just could not wait in his love—for he did it out of love—out came his sword and off came the ear of Malchus. But the Lord put it on again. Wait, Peter! Oh the hard days of waiting! Then fifty days more of waiting until the power came, but it was good for Peter to wait. If impetuous Peter had been sent out in his youth, he never would have made the man that he was. Peter would have utterly failed; and so would all the rest if they had not waited on God.

Here was a Roman Centurion off in Caesarea. He had learned to wait on God. He had to wait three or four days while he sent a messenger to Peter. And Peter also awaited God's message. He went up on the house-top to pray while they were getting dinner ready instead of picking up the newspaper. If we would wait for what God has to say at such times there would be results for Him. If Peter hadn't gone up on the house-top, Cornelius would probably have never heard the Gospel of Jesus Christ; or He would have had to go a round-about way to get the message to him. People are in such a hurry these days they don't take time to wait on God, and hence do not renew their strength. Are you faint today? Do you confess your weakness? Ah, we are all confessing that! We are all saying we are weak, but here is God's remedy: "*They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.*" God doesn't say you *may*, but you *shall* renew your strength. Have you ever known it to fail? To what extent will He renew your strength?

He gives us three phases of our life here; not necessarily consecutive phases, but I believe they are three phases of our life we meet with every day. He speaks first about our winged life—that is, our life on the wing. We have such a life, a life that dwells in the heavenlies in Christ Jesus. He brings before us a picture of the eagle: They that wait upon the Lord—"shall mount up with wings as eagles." Praise the Lord, for the life up there in God's new heavens above the clouds. See the eagle mounting up higher and higher until it reaches the highest crags, until it is above the place of depression. We read in the weather reports that the drought covers a certain area. If the eagle could read that he would say, "I will rise a little higher." There is one distinct feature about the eagle mounting up that is different from other birds, vultures, kites, and birds of the scavenger type. They never mount up straight, but in circles, always hovering over the same place, but the eagle never varies from her course, but flies straight up into the heavens. When you find Christians cutting circles, one day having a little victory and the next down in the dumps, they are not living the eagle life. Oh to mount up with wings as eagles, into the sunlight of God's favor, far above the clouds of depression!

Then He tells us we shall run and not be weary. God has messages for us to carry. He wants us to run His errands. How are we to do it without wearing out? We have a little errand to do for the Lord and the first thing we know we are tired and in a little while we are back in the same old place and all tired out. What is the cause? We haven't waited on the Lord. There is no work so tiresome as God's work if you do not wait upon Him. God doesn't want you to drag your feet along, saying, "I wish I didn't have to go to the hospital this afternoon, but if I don't they will think I am backslidden. I may just as well do it anyway." It would be well if you didn't do it if your feet are heavy. God never intended that. But they that wait upon the Lord "shall run and not be weary."

As a young boy I worked hard on the farm, with long hours. Later on I took up other work, but still worked hard, but one of my greatest joys was the prayer-meeting. And I can remember going to the jail at 12 o'clock in the morning and the street-meeting at night, dealing with souls. Those were wonderful days in

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## The Indians' Christmas

WHEN a child my family lived in the northern part of Texas where we visited back and forth with our neighbors who were also pioneer settlers.

I especially liked to visit at the Weems home with my chum Mabel Weems. She and I frequently spent the night in each other's home in real country fashion. I especially liked to hear Grandmother Weems relate her experiences of the early days of Texas when neighbors were few and Indian raids were frequent.

One of her favorite stories that she would tell only when the snow came and it was bitter cold is what she called the Indian Christmases:

"That was a hard year for our family which consisted of Father and Mother Wymore, and us three children, Raymond fifteen years old, Ben seven and myself twelve. We had heard rumors of Indians, how a band had attacked a family and took all their provisions, even their cow. Our crop was small but mother helped out with the spinning wheel and loom, making our own clothes and sometimes trading cloth at the store for yarn and shoes.

"The store was twenty miles from home and we did not go often for trade. I early learned to knit and kept myself supplied with stockings and sometimes a pair for Ben. This Christmas we had made preparation for Christmas and our home-made gifts detracted nothing from our happiness. We did not have candles for the tree but the popped corn on long strings added a touch that was beautiful. It was bitter cold and the snow about an inch deep. We had a big fire that warmed and lit up the big room, and the fire-light danced in flickering shadows all over the tree.

"After an early supper and the chores were done we were to have our celebration. We had family prayer as usual, and tonight it seemed that the Lord's gracious presence had completely filled the room as father read the ninety-first Psalm and prayed for our protection and His guidance in commemoration of what the Christmas Day meant to all mankind. Then we all joined in singing a hymn, but before we had finished singing there came a loud knocking at the door. Father opened the door and there stood Big Blue Face, his squaw with her papoose and a little girl about my size. They were shivering with cold and as father invited them in, they came and squatted before the fire with grunts of approval. I helped mother pre-

pare a meal for them, and hungry!—they were simply famished! Ben and I gave them cookies and popcorn from the tree and finally the baby and little girl smiled at us.

"Big Blue Face kept looking at the open Bible that father had read from and asked to see it. He examined it carefully and wanted it! And of course, father gave it to him. What else could he do?

"The little girl wanted the doll that mother had made for me and mother took it from the tree and gave it to her, and also Ben's red cap and mittens. Pretty soon the baby and little girl, with the doll held fast in her arms, were asleep, but Big Blue Face and his squaw still squatted before the fire. We children were sent to bed but father and mother remained up all night. About three o'clock Blue Face gave a significant grunt, got up and walked out without a backward glance. His squaw picked up the papoose, shook the sleeping girl and followed him.

"Yes, mother made me another doll and Ben some more mittens and a cap. A few days later a neighbor reported having seen a small band of Indians going south, no doubt in search of a warmer climate.

"The next year we celebrated Christmas in much the same way but on the door step the next morning there were two pairs of moccasins, one for mother and one for me. They were beautiful, soft as the softest skin and trimmed with beads as only an Indian can make. Not a word of any kind accompanied them, but we knew from whom they came.

"Not for twenty years did I know the sequel of that Indian call in the firelight, and then, almost by accident. After I had married, Father Weems and I crossed the Indian Territory on our way back to the States. One of our horses became lame and we stopped at a group of Indian huts to seek aid. We selected the largest and also the closest of the cabins and asked the man if he had anything that would benefit the horse. While he and Father Weems were doctoring the animal I entered the cabin to rest and noticed a much worn Bible on the shelf. My curiosity and interest were aroused and I lifted the book and to my surprise saw my father's own name in his own handwriting. I asked the lady of the house about

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**The Get Acquainted Page**

*Conducted by Watson Argue*

Presenting the story of the remarkable growth of the work at Bethel Temple, St. Louis, Mo.  
Henry Hoar, Pastor

**I**N 1922 Rev. Chas. A. Shreve, by invitation from the pastor, came to hold special meetings in Scruggs Memorial Methodist Church, at which time the Pentecostal message was preached in its fulness. A number of the mem-



Henry Hoar, Pastor

bers accepted this "Wonderful News" and tarried until they were endued with power from on high. Feeling constrained to follow the Pentecostal teaching, a little band led by the pastor, Rev. Markley, left the Methodist Church, and from this nucleus has developed the present Bethel Temple Congregation. Not

having a definite church home we met in various places for worship and it was not until after the present pastor, Rev. Henry Hoar, came to us in the year 1926 that we moved into the building we now occupy. This building was made possible by one of the members, Mrs. Bertha Kohring, who was led by God to erect and lease it to us. The hard, wilderness experience seemed, in a measure, to be over, for from the very first meeting God's blessing was upon us.

Under Brother Hoar's able ministry the church has

grown until the membership now numbers over seven hundred. God has also blessed in a financial way, enabling us to meet all our obligations, but we especially praise Him for what He has done for us spiritually. It would be impossible to enumerate the wonderful things which have

been accomplished. Great numbers have been saved and turned from the paths of sin to follow in the footsteps of the One who gives to us all good things. Not only have souls been saved but the baptism of the Holy Spirit has descended upon many who never before knew "that closer fellowship with God." Many suffering from tumors, cancers and various diseases have been healed; the blind have been made to see; the deaf to hear, and the lame to walk.



Vera Spencer, Asst. Pastor

While the church has had to face many problems, we thank God that our pastor has proved a real shepherd, and in spite of the testing times has led his flock into a deeper walk with the Lord. The Bethel Temple Congregation feel that Brother Hoar was really sent to us by God and we want to do all we can to uphold him in carrying on this blessed work. The young people, as well as the older ones, appreciate Brother and Sister Hoar's helpful

ministry and if Jesus tarries we are looking forward to greater things this next year.

Because of the growth of the church and the increasing demands upon the

pastor, his daughter, Sister Vera Spencer, was this last year made Assistant Pastor. Under her leadership the Young People have been organized for definite service in the church. She also has charge of our Radio Program which is broadcast each Sunday evening from



A scene in the recent Tent Campaign conducted by Brother and Sister Watson Argue.



10:30 to 11:00 over Station W T M V. The Gospel messages over the radio as well as the musical numbers have been greatly appreciated by the radio audience. We trust these broadcasts may be the means of bringing souls to Jesus Christ.

Our Sunday School which now has an attendance of three hundred to three hundred fifty has from the beginning been under the guidance and direction of Brother Alfred G. Mason. As Superintendent he has been successful in solving the difficulties which arise in a growing Sunday School. We are expecting our Sunday School to double in attendance as soon as we have room to take care of them.

In addition to an earnest group of about one hundred twenty-five senior Christ's Ambassadors we also have Intermediate and Junior Christ's Ambassadors organizations.

Twenty-two young men and women have gone out from Bethel Temple, either as pastors or evangelists. One young girl who was saved in Bethel Temple and went through Bible School is now in India spreading the Glad Tidings that Jesus saves, heals, and baptizes with the Holy Ghost. At the present time we have eight in Bible School preparing for some special work for Him.

Five years ago we held our first tent meeting

where hundreds gathered night after night to hear God's message. Sister Edith Pennington was the Evangelist, and the spirit of that meeting has lived on until now.

This last year Evangelist and Mrs. Watson Argue came to us to conduct the summer tent meeting. God blessed in a marked way. Night after night the tent was filled to overflowing and many, hungry to hear the Word, stood throughout the service. As many as two thousand would often be found in and around the tent. A good number were healed physically as well as spiritually and all felt that refreshing of spirit that comes from a fellowship meeting where God's power is manifested. The music in this meeting was especially helpful.

Mrs. Argue organized a Sunshine Choir of one hundred fifty children whose Friday evening singing proved not only a delight to the children but a blessing to the meeting as a whole. Brother and Sister Argue were also deeply interested in the Sunday School. Under their enthusiastic leadership the Sunday School reached an attendance of 516.

We thank God for Brother and Sister Argue, and for all the evangelists that it has been our privilege to have. Surely, God has been good to us and we give Him all the praise.

—Secretary.

## The Kentucky Mountain Work

THROUGHOUT the past year the Lord has continued to bless in the Kentucky Mountain work. New workers have been added to the group until now they number seventy-five. These are distributed in seven counties. We have our own cabins in fifteen of the twenty-one Stations and in seven communities we have our own Church Buildings. There is continued increased interest on every hand, for which we thank God.

Our most recent undertaking is the opening of a Bible School for the benefit of the Mountain people who are unable to attend our General Council Bible Schools because of the lack of finances. This school, which has created a great interest among the mountain people, will be opened on November 18, 1935, at Rocky Branch, about three miles from Campton, Kentucky, the county seat of Wolfe County, and will be operated for four months through the winter season. The reason for this is because the young people are occupied on their farms during the spring and summer months. While we do not have adequate facilities at the present time, yet we are making this move with the expectation that in due time, as God prospers the work, we shall have better equipment. Our teaching staff will

be comprised of workers chosen from our own missionary group. There are no registration fees nor do we charge the students any tuition. The effort is purely missionary in character.

The State of Kentucky was formerly included in two other Districts but at the General Council meeting held at Dallas, Texas, Sept. 12-19, it was decided by the General Presbytery that Kentucky should be made a District by itself. On October 29-31 a special meeting was called at the Assembly of God Church at Race-land, Ky., for the purpose of setting this District in order. Our beloved General Superintendent, E. S. Williams, was present and presided at this meeting. The Constitution and By-Laws were adopted and officers elected.

From the time of its origin, six years ago, up to the present time, the Kentucky Mountain Missionary work has been sponsored by O. E. Nash, Pastor of the Christian Assembly, Pentecostal, 1224 Race Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, in co-operation with the General Council of the Assemblies of God but now has been brought into the fellowship of this newly formed District. While the Mountain work continues as a

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## God's Stars Pointing the Way

A STAR in the night—watchmen of the stars—a journey, and then the final scene of worship and adoration and the bestowal of gifts—these the principal factors of the drama enacted by the wise men nineteen centuries ago. So familiar is the story that we need but fill in the minor details to make the picture live again before our very eyes. All the world delights in reviewing that first Christmas pageant, and every year programs innumerable depict those first wise men who were guided by the star, the scene of adoration and the presentation of gifts. And yet all around us, in tiny hamlet as well as in the great metropolis, the same scene is being enacted in actual life, and that drama with the star, the watchmen, the journey and the adoration is being played over and over again on the stage of life.

A star in the night! What a fascination it has, not only for the wise men of this world, the astrologers, but also for the tiny toddler who with wondering eyes looks up to the starry heavens, lisping the age-long question,

*"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
How I wonder what you are!  
Up above the world so high,  
Like a diamond in the sky."*

That child is but typical of a great host of questioning mortals, children of a larger growth, who peer into the great firmament of humanity wherein sparkle His stars. And having seen, but not understood they, too, ponder in their hearts and say, "How I wonder what you are!"

It was of John the Baptist, that great luminary, that the questions of "What?" and "Who?" were so often asked, and though it may never have been answered satisfactorily to the inquirers, yet he just kept on shining and guiding men and women to Him who was the Bright and Morning Star. Concerning early disciples, unlearned and yet so mighty in their drawing power, men marvelled. Coming down to more modern times, stand with me amidst the crowd of onlookers as John Knox moves

along as another great luminary and exerts such an influence over an entire nation that Queen Mary said of him, "I fear the prayers of John Knox more than an army of soldiers." And then across the firmament of humanity come Chas. G. Finney, D. L. Moody and Charles Haddon Spurgeon; all of them stars in the night, pointing out the road to Bethlehem to the watchmen of the stars.

One backward glance reveals the fact that God has always had *His stars* pointing the way even in the darkest of nights, great luminaries as well as stars of lesser strength. Hence in the pilgrimage of countless men and women God has sent a guiding star across the pathway,

and the beams of this star have ever pointed down the road to Bethlehem, to the place where Christ may be found. Let us follow one or two of these watchmen of the stars.

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*The voice that cried in Bethlehem  
Still sounds through all the passing years.  
And do we like the wise men stand,  
Alert, with ever-listening ears?*

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There, near a most gruesome scene, back in the days of the early church, one of God's stars cast its beams across the pathway of one of earth's wise men. For as Stephen kneels there, the victim of pelting stones and curses, his face is illuminated with a heavenly light and one standing near, Saul by name, catches its beams. Methinks that in the days that followed, in the days of his harsh treatment of the Christians, the beams that he caught on the day of Stephen's martyrdom fairly haunted him. In vain he blinked his spiritual eyes as he endeavored to dismiss the scene from his mind, for one day God so increased its strength that it blinded him and there on the Damascus Road he, too, bowed in submission, wise man that he was, to the One born in Bethlehem. Yes, in Paul's life it was the drama of the wise men all over again—a spiritual night—a star, a journey, and then the final scene of bowing before his new-born King and presenting unto Him the adoration of his heart.

Stars shine in queer places and are no respecters of places. On a clear wintry night, walk where you will and you will find the stars shining over the hovels of the poor as well as over

the palaces of the rich; tramp over the lurk-some paths where crimes are perpetrated and the stars above twinkle as brightly as they do right over the steepled churches. Even so, God's stars shine in the human firmament, and if truly placed there by Him, they will shine just as brightly amidst the haunts of evil men as they do in the cloistered retreats where men have forsaken all to follow Him.

It was down in one of the vilest places of South London, said to be "the largest area of unbroken poverty in the world," and a socially submerged place with hardly a parallel, that one of His stars appeared on the horizon amidst that lowest strata of society. So deep was their degradation in that slum section that men and women had become more like animals than human beings and so dark was the night in which they were groping that they scarcely cast an upward glance to see if perchance there might be any star shining. But one night a little mission was opened and there appeared on the horizon a star of wondrous beauty, all the brighter because of the surrounding dense darkness. Night after night this messenger of light pointed to the road that led *even unto Bethlehem*, and while few there were who heeded the message, there was one who caught the beams, and these beams somehow scattered the darkness in his own life. Scarcely realizing what it was all about, he followed the star and in his quest for better things his evil habits dropped off one by one; gambling and drink lost their grip on him. On and on he journeyed, guided by the star till eventually he, too, bowed in adoration at the feet of the Babe of Bethlehem. His former associates were looking on; they watched him in his spiritual travel on the Road to Bethlehem but neither they nor he fully realized the significance of that journey. All that "Bill" knew was that Someone else was walking along by his side and one day when his friends tried to lure him into the old familiar places of sin and vice he answered,

"I can't. I've Somebody with me."

"Fetch 'im in, too," they said.

But Bill answered, "Oh He wouldn't come. They call Him Jesus Christ. He sticks to me and I'm going to stick to Him."

Someone has said that "In God's guide book for human life, the stars often point to queer places — a manger — a cross — and a deserted grave, and only the people who have been there know why." And while the skeptics look on with stolid indifference and ridicule, the man,

the woman, the boy or the girl who has followed *His star*, followed it to the manger, the cross and the deserted grave, he truly is a wise man.

He, together with the innumerable host of the wise men of all ages, will join in that great and final act of this human drama, by casting their gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh at the feet of Him who came as a Babe in the Manger, and throughout the eternal ages sing the song of adoration and praise because they "have seen His star and are come to worship Him."—*R. M.*

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should not return to Herod they departed into their own country another way." The way of life is never the same again after we have found Jesus. We return to our country and our friends by a different way.

Bethlehem may stand for the place where souls are born. How beautiful it would be if we associated the birthplace of Jesus with the birth of our souls! It is there in the cradle of the Christ that new life begins. If when we have knelt at the cradle of the Christ there has not been born in us the life which is the life indeed, then it were better that we make our pilgrimage back to Bethlehem again this Christmas season. All the thought of the ages had a new birth at Bethlehem, all the vision and vistas of men were given a new birth of interpretation and insight. There was born at Bethlehem the song men may keep in their souls. "Let us then go even unto Bethlehem."—*H. John Murchie in Weekly News Letter.*

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missionary project yet it is an integral part of the new Kentucky State District. O. E. Nash was appointed as the first District Superintendent at Dallas and this appointment was confirmed unanimously at the Raceland Council meeting. T. E. Gannon of Raceland, Ky., was elected Secretary-Treasurer. There was a blessed spirit of unity in this meeting and the blessing of God rested upon us throughout the Council.

Much of the new District is of a pioneer nature. We covet your prayers and continued co-operation. Anyone desiring further information please communicate with the District Superintendent, O. E. Nash, 2525 Gilbert Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

## Holding Up the Torch in Heathen Lands



As the Christmas season draws near we need to remember before the throne the great army of consecrated missionaries who are working in the hard places of the earth. But for the grace of God the isolated missionary would feel the loneliness very keenly at this season of the year, as thoughts of home and friends crowd in upon mind and heart. Let us remember them with our prayers and gifts because of God's unspeakable Gift to us.

**M**ISS MARIE JUERGENSEN writes from Tokio, Japan, of the blessing of the Lord on their efforts for Him in that land. God has given them souls in their evangelistic services in all four stations. They recently had two baptismal services, first eleven and then ten were baptized in water. They went out to a river and on the bank held an open-air service. She writes: "It would have done you good to have seen the 'great cloud of witnesses' who came to see what was going on. All traffic on the bridge above us stopped! We are sure they had never heard or seen the like before. It was a great testimony for Christ!

"Mrs. Koyama was so blessed at the baptismal service. It is four years since she was saved and never before had the courage to take the step because of her husband. Then she received the baptism of the Holy Spirit and all was changed. Both her son and daughter have recently come to the Lord, and we are praying for her husband's conversion. The most of the others baptized are the only Christians in their families. Pray that their lights may shine brightly in the darkness. A few days ago the mother and then the father of one of the young women baptized came to our Evangelistic services, so we know her light has been shining for Him.

"In the past weeks at least seven in our Takinogawa Church have received the baptism of the Spirit. It is wonderful to hear the praises roll from their lips and see their faces shine. One was a little lady who graduated from a Methodist Mission school, and thought she was a Christian. At first she could not utter a word in prayer or raise her head. Now she is filled to overflowing, singing in the Spirit. In one of our services Mr. Furuta gave his first testimony: 'On May 22nd I came to this church

and heard the Gospel for the first time. My friend, who is an earnest Christian, urged me to go to several meetings with him, but when I heard of sin I mocked in my heart. Then one day God opened my eyes and I saw I was a sinner. On June 25th I was converted. Just recently three of us went out into the country to pray and wait on God for two days and two nights and I received the Holy Spirit. The next day in prayer God healed my body. Then God gave me faith to pray for my wife who is very ill. The next morning she was better and could not understand it. I want to lead her to Christ but I realize I must do it by prayer and not by argument.'

"Bible School has opened again. The students have a blessed ministry in tract distribution from door to door, going into thousands of homes, and giving the Bread of Life in the street service to hundreds. Pray that every financial need will be met."

\* \* \*

The following is a little peep into the busy life of a missionary in East Africa, Mrs. Marion Keller:

"This year we have about 300 candidates for baptism. It was impossible to have them all in one class for special Bible instructions which they receive for a year or more to establish them in the faith before baptizing them, so we divided them into three groups. This led me to realize that it was necessary for the native pastors to have Topical Bible Lessons to help them teach these classes. I immediately went to work (about three months ago) at this task, making out and translating into Kiswahili and putting into book form lessons on the Atonement, Salvation, Divine Healing, Second Coming, Baptism of the Spirit, etc., etc. In all I completed 42 lessons, often working past midnight. My, how I did wish for a Mimeograph to save me the tedious task of so much typing. However, my own heart was so richly blessed while searching His Word and picking out the rich nuggets of truth that often I did not know I was in the body. This had to be done apart from my routine work, and if the native pastors and students get as great a blessing from these lessons as I have received, I shall feel well repaid. Pray that it be so.

"During the month of May we did not have our regular school going here on the main

station, but we had a sort of Refreshers' Course for all of our native workers (about 45) and gave them special Bible teaching, methods of teaching, church and school management, and other subjects that they needed to make them better workers in His Vineyard. This proved a great time of blessing to all. Oh how the Lord did unite their hearts and give them a new zeal and courage to labor for Him! I gave them instructions how to build up a Sunday School in all the branch churches, and we have been greatly pleased with the results."

#### When the Holy Spirit Worked

From Mr. and Mrs. Carl Graves, Ceylon, we have the following items about their new work in another part of the island:

"Since the little church was opened, July 24th, a few souls have been saved and three received the precious baptism of the Holy Spirit. The first to receive was a Sinhalese young man who knows only Sinhalese and English, and he spoke in Hindustani. At the close of that tarrying service a woman who had been saved only about four months, arose from her knees and with tears in her eyes said that the message was for her. She was the only one in the meeting who knew Hindustani. She then explained that only the evening before someone had been telling her that there was nothing to this Holy Spirit baptism. She had not had much opportunity to learn about it, but she prayed and asked God to show her if it was real; so when she heard the young man speak in a language which she understood and knowing that he had no knowledge of Hindustani, she felt that God had spoken directly to her heart.

"In a service that night a number of children came to the altar for salvation, among them her eldest daughter, a girl of thirteen. This girl had had some difficulty with her father, and we had advised her to acknowledge her fault and tell him that she was sorry, but she had not done it. That evening she came to the service reluctantly, but after the altar service promised to acknowledge her fault. But her courage failed her and she went to bed, but not being able to sleep she finally went to her father and confessed her wrong. The next afternoon the Lord baptized her in the Spirit and she, too, spoke in Hindustani, as well as other languages. This made the mother very hungry for God and on Saturday evening as we waited on the Lord, the prayer of intercession rolled from her in another tongue. She first had a burden for her family; then people of other lands passed before

her and she prayed for them, and while interceding she began to pray in tongues.

"Our Sunday School has numbered 99 the last two Sundays. 65 or more of these are children of Buddhists and we are very desirous that the Word of God may get into their hearts and lives. Four of our five teachers are Spirit-baptized. The Lord graciously enabled us to make a double payment on our church building, for which we praise Him."

\* \* \*

Miss Mattie Brann, Wei Hsien, North China, writes of wonderful blessings that have followed the preaching of the Word by evangelists in a tour of the outstations. Seven have just returned with joy because sinners turned to the Lord. In the first station more than 80 confessed their sins and were saved. 30 men and women were baptized and the body of believers revived. At the second outstation visited, Pei Chang tai, there were 50 saved in five days' meetings. At the third outstation, Hsiao Hsin, 60 people confessed sin and were saved, and many filled with the Spirit. What a record for seven evangelists in seven weeks, 160 souls snatched from the powers of darkness and born into the kingdom of God!

\* \* \*

Mrs. Adolph Blattner writes from Coro, Venezuela, that one of their workers visited a woman in La Vela, and found her almost insane with sorrow, grief and jealousy. The worker looked in at her door and told her he had a remedy for her ills. She said there was no help, but he gave her a short message on Luke 4:18 and left. To his joy, on returning some days later he found her delivered, well and happy. She is now full of joy as she tells what God's Word has done for her. Her husband is interested, and thankful for the great change in his wife.

The priest tried to get a list of signatures to put them out of town, but was informed that the law gave them liberty to preach, and they are rejoicing that the persecution has somewhat lessened. The day has gone by when there is complete domination of the Government by the priests, in this city where the Gospel had been unknown until the Blattners entered that virgin territory. They are already reaping the fruit of their labors.

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## The Bethlehem Road

BETHLEHEM! The end of the Star Road! Our pulse quickened as we neared the little town. How did the Shepherds feel on that natal night when they obeyed the angel voice, and found in the city of David a Savior which is Christ the Lord? How did the Wise Men feel a long time after when they turned their backs upon Jerusalem and approached the humble city where they were to see with their eyes "Him who is called the King of the Jews"? We cannot know; we may only guess. I do know how we felt—how our hearts were hushed and our eyes brimmed with tears. Yonder was the town in which was born the Hope of the Ages. Echoing across the centuries came the shepherds' words: "Let us *now* go even unto Bethlehem." "Let *us* go..."

That dear, familiar invitation was very personal and circumscribed in its original meaning, yet I am sure those keepers of the sheep would be glad to have us join their company on such a tender pilgrimage.

We have been shamefully guilty of commercializing the men of the Star Road, and all the sacred implications of their journey. Somehow or other we have got Bethlehem all tangled up with the tinsel and the tawdry. The only manger we know is on a postcard; the only Christ we know is an artist's idea snuggling in the folds of a woman's robe; and the only Christmas we know is a day of gift-swapping when much that we give is just to save our face.

Bethlehem! "Little among the thousands of Judah," yet birthplace of sweet memories. Yes, even apart from its crowning honor, Bethlehem is worthy of a visit because of its beauty and traditions. Like many another village geographically unimportant—Erfurt, Weimar, Epworth, Valley Forge—Bethlehem has gained immortal distinction. In fact, through this little hamlet nestling in the Judean hills ran the human line of Jesus. Unless Bethlehem be included we may not read His ancestral story. 'Twas there that Jacob buried Rachel. There Ruth and Boaz kept tryst. It was the "city of David," where Jesse's son played his pranks and sang his songs.

But most of all, it was the birthplace of the world's Redeemer. There was first heard His weak baby cry, for to save a world Omnipotence started with a helpless Babe and ended with Deity crashing through the bonds of the tomb.

*Bethlehem teaches us that God can use ciphers to overcome bulking magnitudes, weak things to confound the mighty. No longer can we undervalue the small, the humble, the unpretentious. Trifles may prove tremendous.*

The widow's mite may count more in heavenly mathematics than the lavish gifts of the wealthy. The broken box of alabaster ointment may send its delightful fragrance across the centuries after marble mausoleums crumble to the dust. The Lord of Glory will found a hell-defying church with a demon-possessed woman, a lying disciple with oath-scorched lips, a dying thief, a doubting Thomas, a blaspheming Pharisee. In the science of God one shall chase a thousand; two shall put ten thousand to flight; two in agreement will insure the aid of Jehovah. The might of the small! Today millions live to bless the hour when Bethlehem the Little gave to earth Jesus the Great.

As we left the quiet brightness of the Star Road with its crowding inspirations, we were certain of this: never again would we overlook mangers in search of the divine, for Christ evidently prefers mangers to mansions, and peasants to potentates. Any day the Lord might pass by some dazzling Jerusalem to visit the Bethlehem where we make our home, for—

*It isn't far to Bethlehem town!  
It's anywhere that Christ comes down  
And finds in people's smiling face  
A loving and abiding place.  
The road to Bethlehem runs right thru  
The homes of folks like me and you!*

—W. A. McIntyre in *The War Cry*.

(Continued from page 12)

the Free Church when God was blessing, and we would go home singing, "Oh that every day in the week was Sunday!" Friends, there is a place in God where we can carry on His work day after day and year after year and not become weary in His service, if we wait before Him. My soul thrills with joy as I realize we have such a mighty God! He promises us we shall never be weary if we wait on Him. May we learn the secret when we are tired and weary, just to look up to Him and spend a season of waiting on Him.

There is still another phase of our spiritual life, and it is all-important: Those who wait



on the Lord "shall walk and not faint." I suppose one of our hardest tasks is simply to walk with God every day, never side-step, never look to the right-hand or the left, our faces set upon Him. You ask, "How can it be done?" Enoch walked with God three hundred years. Noah walked with God many, many years, and other saints of old, and you will find they were men and women who had set their pace with God. Friends, God has called us to walk with Him. But we ask, "How is it possible that God is able to keep me steady where my pace may compare with His? where my course may be in the same direction as His, never turning aside for things that will distract?" It is gloriously possible if we wait upon Him. He will give you the eagle experience, power that will not faint or grow weary. You will not be lagging behind. Your whole being will be on a stretch for God. You won't be found among the wayside people. Wayside people are stumbling. We see them scattered here and there along the wayside as we pass along. I know it is impossible for the soul who continues to wait upon God to fail to go thru. I know he will gloriously and victoriously win the race. It must be so. Let us not fail God in this hour of the world's great need. Let us learn anew the lesson of waiting upon Him. Though He tarry long, yet we will

wait for Him. Let us hold steady and He will reveal Himself as the Mighty One, the Creator of the ends of the earth.

(Continued from page 13)

the Book and she answered in fairly good English:

"Blue Face die happy, like sleep, smile all time. Squaw die happy, like Blue Face. Papoose die long time before. I happy, my man happy, good Book."

"She was much surprised and almost overwhelmed to learn that I was the same little girl whose father had given the Bible to her father and she insisted that we remain over night and rest our team and ourselves.

"I never enjoyed a visit more than that stay in that Indian home that night. They spared neither themselves nor food in making our stay delightful and restful. The next morning as we resumed our journey they waved farewell with their faces all lit up with smiles and the glory of Jesus. Let me tell you, my children, those Indians were grateful for the Bible and really loved it. When on my return, I related the incident to my father, the tears welled up into his eyes and he said, 'It pays to serve God. His Word never returns to Him void.'"

—Mrs. Overstreet.

## Dan's Christmas

**D**AN was the smallest newsboy on the street. He seemed such a little fellow to be selling papers! But he had the grit to do it.

"I can paddle my own canoe," he said to himself, bravely swallowing a troublesome lump that threatened to choke him. "Dad said I'd have to, an' I can."

Poor little Dan! My heart goes out to him. His mother dead and his ne'er-do-well father had forsaken him, his parting words had been: "You kin paddle your own canoe, yer plenty big enough."

Dan was only twelve years old, and very small for his age. If he had been born under happier circumstances he would have been considered a handsome boy, but his hair was always tangled, his face always more or less grimy, and his clothing quite ragged. The money that should have gone for food and clothing was spent on liquor. It took a lot to buy liquor these days, so he heard folks say, but he knew his

father got it somehow. "Why was such stuff made, and what had he done that he should have to suffer so?" he said to himself over and over again.

While Dan's father lived he was accustomed to abusive words and blows, and often to hunger and cold. But now since he had "cleared out" and the boy left to "paddle his own canoe," it was not so hard. He shared a room with several newsboys, and went to bed early to keep warm. He was up as early as the other boys and out after the early travelers. He did the best he could in the race, but all he could do was to keep body and soul together. He paid his small share of rent for the room, but he was always hungry and tired. One stormy November day, just after he had sold most of his papers and had started for "Old Ma'am Rose's shop for a bite of lunch," something occurred that changed his whole life.

A nurse leading a child across the street became confused in the noise and ran off, leaving

the child to the mercy of an approaching trolley and an automobile. Dan saw the whole thing—the trolley on the one side, the auto on the other, the child in her perilous position, and then—and then—I do not know how it was done, but there he was right in the center of the picture. He was just in time. Something clear and sweet rang in his soul, making him glad, for he had pushed the child out of danger. Then suddenly came a great pain, ending in darkness. When he awoke from that darkness he was in a white bed, and there was a sweet-faced, white-capped nurse near him.

"How'd I get here? An' where be I?" he asked wonderingly.

"You're in the hospital. They brought you here in an ambulance. You got hurt saving Mrs. Swift's little girl."

A light came into Dan's eyes.

"Oh," he cried, "I'm glad I saved her. I was afraid maybe I couldn't but I did. I was just in time."

The nurse's eyes filled with tears.

"You were a little hero," she said, "that's what they all said, but it's too bad you were hurt—too bad."

"I'm glad I saved her," he repeated. "She's got a mother, hasn't she?"

"Yes," the nurse said, "a lovely one."

The light deepened in Dan's eyes.

"Then she's glad, too. She'd a felt awful if her child had been killed. She wasn't even hurt—was she?"

"No, she wasn't hurt the least bit. I'm sorry you were hurt."

"Somebody had to be, an' it's lucky 'twas me. I ain't got no mother to feel bad about me, an' if dad knew I was hurt he wouldn't care. I don't care myself—only—only—"

A spasm of pain made him gasp for breath, and the light faded out of his eyes, then, suddenly, with a great effort he finished his sentence, "only it must be nice to hev a mother to care."

The nurse could not answer.

"What's the matter with my leg?" the boy asked. "I can't move it."

"It's broken, but it will be all right after a week or two."

"But how about my papers? I've got to sell 'em—you know."

"You can't sell them now. You'll just have to stay here and be as patient as you can until you get well."

The light came into his eyes again.

"It's nice here," he said. "I'd like to stay if I'm not too much trouble. I've never been in such a white place before, an' it's so clean!"

"Don't talk any more just now," the nurse said gently, "perhaps if you keep quiet you will go to sleep again."

He wondered why she wanted him to go to sleep again, and while wondering fell asleep. When he awoke again a beautiful young woman was sitting beside him. A great bouquet of red carnations on a small stand near his bedside breathed their fragrance over him. Dan looked at the visitor questioningly and she in answer stooped and kissed his forehead.

"I'm the little girl's mother, Dan," she said, gently stroking the thin hand that rested on the white spread.

"Oh," he cried out; "Oh!" his face becoming radiant.

"How glad she must be!" was his thought. "And how glad I am that I saved her baby. She kissed me, oh, oh, she kissed me!"

It was the first kiss in his remembrance—the first kiss.

"You dear boy" (it was the baby's mother speaking) "you little hero! It makes my heart ache to know that you got hurt saving my baby."

"It's all right, ma'am, don't you fret. You see, I ain't got any folks to feel bad. I'm just Dan." He was trying his best to comfort her because she said it made her heart ache that he was hurt. He spoke cheerfully and smiled, but her only answer was tears that rained down her face.

\* \* \*

Christmas, glad Christmas, had come. Dan had not walked yet, but the doctor at the hospital had assured him that he "would soon be running around as well as ever." He sat on a great cushioned chair in Mrs. Swift's living room. The lovely child whom he had saved was running about, approaching him now and then with a smile of delight, holding up her new Christmas dolly for him to admire. Sometimes she would shyly put her arm around him and look into his sad face as if she wanted to love some sunshine into his lonely heart and life. There never was anyone he loved as he did this child. But he had saved her. And there never was anyone he thought so beautiful as her mother.

"Dan," she said that morning, "how would you like me for a Christmas gift?"

"You?" he questioned wonderingly.

"Yes," she said, "if it had not been for you I would have been childless this Christmas Day, and so I think you ought not to be motherless. I will be a mother to you, if you will have me, Dan."

She put her arms around him and drew him close to her. It was pathetic to see the boy's face then; his cup of joy was full to overflowing. All that he could say at that wonderful moment was, "Oh! Oh!" but the glow that came into his soul had come to stay. Ah, what a gulf lay between today and the old days! Rest and joy had transformed the drawn and torn face, which was now fair and clean. There were no tangles in the curly hair that waved over his forehead. Caesar, an old colored servant, appeared on the scene.

"De Christmas dinner am served," he said with a broad grin.

Dan took a long breath of delight.

The delicious aroma from the roast turkey was wafted to him from the dining room. He folded his hands when the blessing was asked and said, silently, his face aglow: "You are so good, dear God, an' I am so awfully happy."

—John 3:16

## God Answers Prayer for a Furnace

WE WERE in need of a new furnace for the Church. In fact, we should have bought one long ago, but the depression was here and, like a great many others, we made that an excuse for muddling through a little longer.

We needed a furnace and something must be done right away. An agent for furnaces looked the building over and promised to install a furnace which could take care of all our needs, and for which we could pay in small monthly installments. This was fine, and we felt our problem was settled.

After weeks of experimenting, the firm which had installed the furnace finally decided that the furnace could not do the work promised, and they had better remove it.

You can imagine how embarrassing this was, for we had given away our old furnace. This would leave us with no furnace, in the middle of winter and with a growing congregation and an increasing Sunday School.

We remembered how God had helped us in the past eighteen months, enabling us to build a new foundation under the Church, redecorate the entire interior, and install new lights, besides building new Sunday School rooms, etc.

Why not ask our Heavenly Father for a furnace, or the money with which to buy one? As the work belonged to Him, we were convinced that He was

more interested in it than we were, and we soon discovered that He was.

I telephoned the firm and gave them permission to remove the furnace, and that afternoon when returning from a funeral, a man in the car asked me what I would do for a furnace. I told him we were trusting the Lord and He would help us in some way. The undertaker, who had heard the remarks, apologized for intruding in our conversation, and said they were fitting their parlors with a new heating system and would have a large furnace to dispose of.

We looked at this furnace and it was just what we needed. It cost nine hundred dollars to install eight years ago, and our other furnace was a toy compared with it.

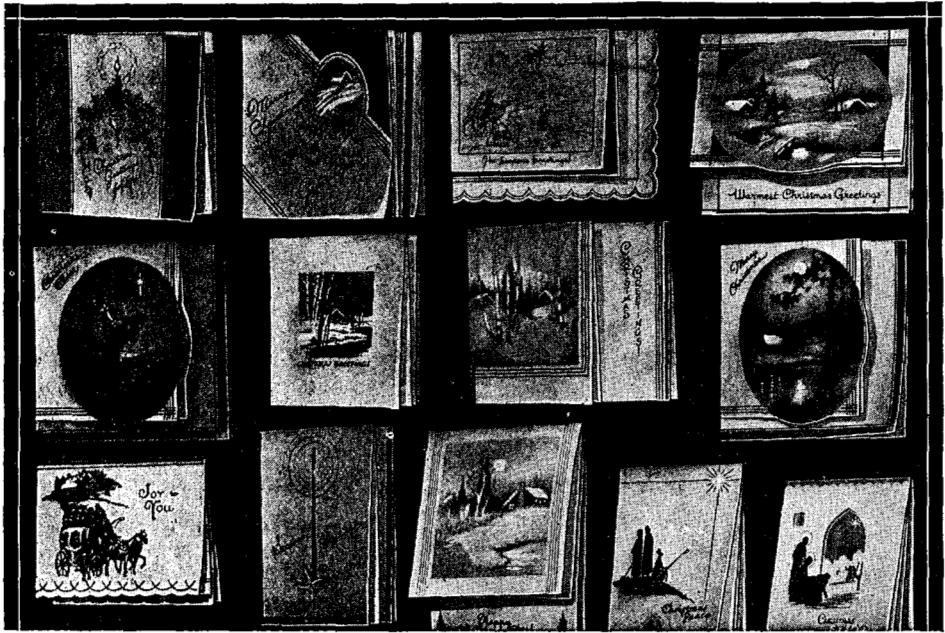
The question was—could we afford to buy this furnace *now*? Even the small sum asked for it seemed large to us at that time.

However, as God had led so far, why not go to Him again and ask Him to undertake? This we did, and at our prayer service we definitely and earnestly took the matter to the Lord, and later that same night the senior member of the undertaking firm was awakened with the thought of the furnace in mind, and after thinking it over, decided they could not sell the furnace but that we *must accept it as a gift*. This, to us, was a definite answer to prayer, and is but an added proof that He is anxious to move on our behalf if we only dare to trust Him. It has also convinced us that there is no depression with God.—David Wellard in "The Pentecostal Testimony".

## Young People's Rally

ONE of the great promoters of unity and growth among the Pentecostal Assemblies in Chicago and vicinity is the Young People's Fellowship Meeting which is held monthly and comprises Young People from every assembly. It is an inspiring sight to see hundreds of consecrated young people full of zeal, meet together in fellowship and in the love of the Spirit—wielding an influence which is far-reaching.

The next monthly meeting, which is to be a Missionary Rally, will be held Dec. 7th at Bethel Temple. Paul Peterson, the President of the Russian & Eastern European Missionary Society, who has just returned from an extensive trip to Eastern Europe, will be the principal speaker, and will tell how God has signally poured out His Spirit in those lands. This meeting will be followed by another at the same place on Dec. 9th, at which time Brother Peterson will show motion pictures of the work in Eastern Europe. Come and invite your friends to these meetings which will be outstanding ones of the Young People's Fellowship. We promise our readers a report of Brother Peterson's trip to Eastern Europe.

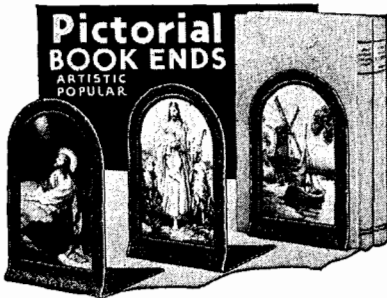


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