

# The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

## Lincoln

IN DAYS when souls were tried by fire  
God sent a man to earth;  
He came by way of muck and mire,  
But he had wondrous worth.  
Tho famed for his humility,  
His people said, A king is he,  
This man of lowly birth.

The poorest brought to him their woes  
And strong men loved his name;  
His kindness dismayed his foes,  
And when the crowning came  
For this brave knight of tenderness,  
The nations wept, but who could guess  
The splendor of his fame.

The years are many since he died  
Who counseled love for hate;  
Alas, how few could stand beside  
Our king! The halls of state  
Which heard him pleading for the slave  
Are empty since the quiet grave  
Received him consecrate.

—Thomas Curtis Clark

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

The Latter Rain Evangel

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The Great Moment

Quite suddenly—it may be as I tread the busy street, Strong to endure life's stress and strain, its every call to meet, That through the roar of traffic, a trumpet, silvery clear, Shall stir my startled senses and proclaim His coming near.

Quite suddenly—it may be as I lie in dreamless sleep, God's gift to many a sorrowing heart, with no more tears to weep— A call shall break my slumber and a Voice sound in my ear; "Rise up, My love, and come away; behold, the Bridegroom's here!"—Anon.

Little Sins

Henry M. Stanley tells us that when he was passing thru the forests of Africa, the most formidable foes he encountered, those that caused the greatest loss of life to his caravan and came near defeating his expedition, were

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the Wambutti dwarfs. These diminutive men had only little bows and arrows for weapons, so small that they looked like children's playthings; but upon the tip of each tiny arrow was a drop of poison, which would kill an elephant or a man as surely and quickly as a rifle. Their defence was by means of poison and traps. They would steal thru the dense forest, and, waiting in ambush, let fly their arrows before they could be discovered. They dug ditches and carefully covered them over with sticks and leaves. They fixed spikes in the ground and tipped them with poison. Into these ditches and on these spikes man and beast would fall or step to their death. One of the strangest things about it was that their poison was made of honey. It is thus that Satan wages his destructive warfare against God's people. Stealthily, under cover of darkness, by treachery, with weapons seemingly harmless, thru the sweets of life, he comes clothed as "an angel of light." Yet how deadly are the little honey-coated sins which he administers, how sure the destruction of him who is deceived into wandering from the straight and narrow way.

—New York Observer.

## The Significance of the Jew Returning to Palestine

*Planting Vineyards and Building in his own Land*

Charles S. Peters in the Stone Church, Jan. 12, 1936



OUR last trip to Palestine was the second, for we went there the first time over nine years ago. I remember when we were leaving for that first trip a brother who is present today put his arms around me and said, "I don't believe we will meet again on this earth, for Christ will come before you get back from Jerusalem." But Jesus has tarried and we know that our "Lord delayeth His coming" only because He is not willing that any should perish. He yet delayeth His coming in order that the remaining members of His body may be added. However, we believe that body will soon be complete and we are looking for Him to come momentarily, for "unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation."

There are signs all about us that point to His coming much more plainly than nine years ago; signs in the political world, signs in the religious world, in the social world and in the financial world; but the greatest sign of all, I believe, is *the Jew*. Our Lord said, "Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled." Now, the "times of the Gentiles" certainly began with the scattering of the Jews (Israel) throughout all nations, and just so certainly are "the times of the Gentiles" ending with the gathering back of Israel into Palestine. In Deut. 28:64 God said to Israel (before ever they got into the promised land) that if they did not hearken to His voice and observe to do all His commandments, He would scatter them among all people from one end of the earth unto the other. He further said that among these nations they should have no ease, no rest, but "a trembling heart, sorrow of mind," and fear for their lives. All this has certainly been fulfilled to the letter. And just so certainly is Jer. 31:10 being fulfilled right now: "He that scattered Israel shall also gather him and keep him as a shepherd doth his flock." Just so certainly the "times of the Gentiles" are almost fulfilled, the Gentile age is fast slipping away, and soon our Lord, the King of the Jews, will come to set up His Millennial Kingdom, and the Jews will be re-commissioned as God's evangelists in the earth.

Now I know you are interested in the mission field in Palestine, and we are glad to bring you

greetings from the Bible Evangelistic Mission there, and to tell you just a little about the work. We have a mission hall, mission home, and Bible depot in Jerusalem, where Miss Laura Radford, head missionary, is stationed, assisted by Miss Vera Swarztrauber, Miss Kate Newson, Mrs. Grace Malcolm and Mr. John Watts.

Then there is a mission station in Amman, the Capital of Trans-Jordan, Mr. and Mrs. Roy F. Whitman in charge. We have a mission station and school in Es Salt, said to be the old city of refuge, Ramoth Gilead, in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Saul Benjamin. And lastly we have a new mission station in Haifa, one of the finest ports in the Mediterranean, a new harbor having been completed there recently. Haifa is growing very rapidly and should prove to be a very fruitful mission field.

We had a wonderful year in Jerusalem; no sweeping revival, but a certain, sure growth in grace and an evident deepening in the Lord on the part of the saints in our assembly there, while some others were saved and some received definite healings. In Es Salt there was a sweeping revival a few years ago, a revival that began in the school and touched every family in that part of the city where our school and mission are located. Earnest prayer is being offered for another similar revival there. Amman is the place where Madam Kawar (Um Saleem) lives, who had that marvelous visitation from God, the mark of blood on her forehead, and wonderful prophecy in the Holy Ghost. God has done wonderful things for many members of that family and we were glad to come to know them and to have Christian fellowship with them, especially with two sons, Ialeem and Ibrihim, who are not only earnest Christians but eager soul winners. We rejoice with Brother and Sister Whitman over what God has been able to do in a hard field. Please pray for the work in all these mission stations and in Ramalleh and other villages that are calling for workers.

Now I think you may be interested in some of the wonderful things we saw in Palestine. I was thinking just this morning of how, on feast days, we would see old Jewish men, with their long flowing robes, broad-brimmed fur hats, long beards, a long curl of hair hanging down from their temples on either side, making

their way to the synagogues. There was a synagogue right near our mission and many times we noticed that as they came near to this place of worship they would suddenly start to run. We thought they were late in getting to the service but found later that they were hastening to get to prayer in accordance with Zech. 8:21, "Let us go speedily to pray before the Lord." I was looking up this scripture this morning, and read again that whole eighth chapter of Zechariah which concerns the restoration of Israel to their own land, Palestine. In the fourth and fifth verses of this chapter you will find a faithful picture of present-day elderly Jews in Jerusalem, and of boys and girls playing in the streets of Jerusalem, after so many centuries during which the land was desolate and cities waste. Some people laugh at the idea (as they call it) of the small land of Palestine being able to sustain all the eighteen million Jews of the world. But the 'promised land' includes not only Palestine as it is today, but all of Trans-Jordan, which is several times as large, also at least half of Syria, and in fact "the land from the river of Egypt unto the great river Euphrates," which takes in quite a bit of territory. There is plenty of room for all the Jews that want to go back. Maybe absolutely all will not want to go, but assuredly the vast majority will go. In fact they are returning now just as fast as the mandatory power, England, will let them. Their return is limited by an immigration schedule which the government puts out each six-month period in accordance with what is believed to be the "absorptive capacity" of the country. At the close of the great war there were only a few thousand Jews in Palestine, mostly dependent on help from other lands. During the years immediately following the war there began a trickle of immigration which has in the last two or three years swollen to a great stream. During the last Jewish year (5695, ending in Sept.) according to the Jewish Agency for Palestine, over 60,000 Jews entered Palestine. These figures are confirmed by the British government's immigration figures which give the number of Jews immigrating into Palestine during the calendar year 1935 as over 61,000. There are now 350,000 Jews in Palestine, nearly 30% of the total population. Of course, this stream of immigration may be checked somewhat in the next few months, on account of the tense situation in the Mediterranean, due to the trouble between Italy and Ethiopia. But even now there is a move on

foot to send a committee from England, headed by Sir Herbert Samuels, the first High Commissioner of Palestine, to raise money in America to finance the transfer of all the remaining Jews in Germany to Palestine. If these plans mature, that will mean the return of several hundred thousand in the next three or four years.

I have been told that one of the Chicago dailies recently had an item to the effect that the German Ambassador was asking England to remove the ban limiting the quota of Jews to enter Palestine, in order that the half million Jews in Germany might go back. Germany would agree to pay them for their property in German goods which they would have to dispose of to the different countries. England, it was suggested, should take some of these goods.

Referring again to the thirty-first chapter of Jeremiah, we find in the eighth verse, "Behold, I will bring them from the north country and gather them from the coasts of the earth." Russia is one of the north countries, and for a long time immigration of Jews from Russia was very heavy, with the result that Palestine took on a Russian appearance. The dress and manner of speech were Russian. Then a little later immigration became heaviest from Poland, another north country, and is still very heavy, for during 1935, 25,000 Jews entered Palestine from Poland. Of late, as you know, Jews have poured into Palestine from Germany, still another of the 'north' countries. How faithfully present-day conditions were pictured in the Word of God thousands of years ago! In Jer. 31:4 they are pictured as making merry in the dance. We saw this fulfilled during the Feast of Tabernacles. Groups of elderly Jews joining hands and circling about, dancing in the synagogues, dancing in open spaces outside, dancing the Hora, rejoicing in deliverance from ancient Pharaoh and modern Hitler. In the next verse we find, "Thou shalt yet plant vines in the mountains of Samaria," which is being fulfilled today.

In Ezekiel 28, verses 25 and 26 we read, "When I shall have gathered the house of Israel from the people among whom they are scattered . . . they shall dwell in their land safely and shall build houses and plant vineyards." That is exactly what they are doing today, building houses and planting vineyards. Many of the returning Jews go into the cities, Tel Aviv, Jerusalem, Haifa, Tiberias, and build factories, hotels, homes. Many others join the more than

180 Jewish agricultural colonies, plant orange groves and vineyards, drain swamps and irrigate desert places. Folks have said that the Jew would not do such things, that he is a trader, and that if he could not have a store or a bank he would not do anything. They should see these young, strong Jews doing heavy work, pioneer work, breaking up stony land, removing rocks, digging and draining swamps, irrigating dry places.

Tel Aviv has doubled in about two years, having now over 125,000 population. When we were there nine years ago it was just a small town and most of what is Tel Aviv today was then only a wide strip of sand along the Mediterranean. When we visited Tel Aviv in 1934 we were utterly amazed to see entire city-blocks of buildings half finished, miles of buildings in process of construction to provide homes for the ever-increasing population. In the old city of Jerusalem, within the walls, there are no new, fine buildings, but in the new city outside of the walls there are very many beautiful buildings. The new Y.M.C.A. building is the finest building of that sort in the world, and the King David Hotel is as fine a hotel building as you will find anywhere. There are fine hospitals, colleges, universities, store buildings, palatial homes. In contrast with the poor inhabitants in the days of the World War, the Jews who are coming now are creating their own businesses, farming their own lands, growing orange groves, building hospitals, establishing schools and universities, developing their own culture and national life, caring for the health of their children, building houses and planting vineyards.

It is a startling fact that in Bethlehem, where Christ was born, there are no Jewish communities, no Jewish families. This must be a cause for wonder to Jewish Rabbis who are expecting their Messiah to come soon, many of them believing no doubt that he is alive today. And yet they declare that he will be a Jew and that he must be born in Bethlehem, according to Micah 5:2, "But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah . . . out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel." The only living Jew that was born in Bethlehem is our Lord Jesus Christ.

I wish there were time to tell you about the hydro-electric power stations on the Jordan, producing power and light for nearly all of Palestine, about the new harbor at Haifa, the great oil pipe line from Iraq, the Nesher Ce-

ment Works, the Ithemen Oil Works, the Palestine Potash Co. at the Dead Sea. Many people ask us about the riches of the Dead Sea and I just want to say that there is surely untold wealth in that sea, the only problem being to get the potash, the bromine, and various other mineral salts out in a commercially profitable way. They are pumping the water from 175 feet below the surface into shallow basins at the north end of the Sea where the potash works are located, and the water is evaporated by the intense heat of the sun and the salts precipitated. These chemicals are then gathered up, further refined in the factory, loaded on to trucks, hauled up steep mountain grades to Jerusalem, then hauled by railroad to ports at Haifa and Port Said. The Palestine Potash Co. declares that they have been able to market all the chemicals they can produce and at a profit. There is a report that the government will build a new automobile and truck highway from the Dead Sea to Okaba on the Red Sea, Solomon's port in olden times. If this project is carried out, the long haul up the mountains to Jerusalem, the railroad haul to the ports, and the Suez Canal dues on that which goes south through the Red Sea will all be saved, and this concession will become even more profitable.

All of these developments should be of the greatest encouragement to the faith of every Christian who is looking for the coming of the Lord, for after all the reason for our being so interested in these developments in Palestine is that they are certain signs of His soon coming. A man living near us in Pasadena said a short time ago, "Do you take these prophecies about the return of the Jews and the return of the Lord literally?" I said, "How else could you take them but literally?" He replied, "I always thought they were to be taken figuratively, or spiritually." I said, "Well, we saw the Jews coming back in large numbers, and they were not figurative Jews, but real flesh and blood Jews. And they were certainly not spiritual Jews—they are going back in unbelief. But soon they will look on 'Him whom they have pierced.'"

For about a year Jerusalem has been governed by a board of councillors consisting of six Jews, four Moslems, and two Christians. Gentile domination of Jerusalem is fading away. Yet a little while and "He that shall come will come and will not tarry." Let us look up, for our Redemption draweth nigh. Let us occupy

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## A Passion for Souls, the Evidence of the Holy Spirit

*How Long Since You Wept Over the Unsaved?*

Sermon by Pastor N. P. Thomsen, Jan. 5, 1936

**B**EFORE we gather around the table of the Lord, there to remember His suffering and shedding His precious blood, I wish to speak on the subject of Soul Winning, a Duty. The reason for His suffering was that souls might be saved and hence soul winning becomes not only a privilege, but a duty to every Christian. It is not something that we may take up or leave as we choose, and still please God, but this is a duty incumbent upon every Christian, without performing which he cannot please God fully.

The passage in John's Gospel 1:35-51 is tremendously interesting since it is a record of the response to the call of Jesus to discipleship; the testimony of John the Baptist and the responding of the first disciples, those who later were to be in the group of Apostles. It is interesting to see the effect that their acceptance of Jesus had upon their lives. What was the first thing they did? We notice that scarcely had they found out who Jesus was, ere they were out telling someone else of Him. It was just impossible to keep still about this wondrous Person whom they had met, but immediately went out and witnessed, and it would seem from the record, they told the first person they met.

There is one little interesting side-light in the Gospels which I have thought of considerably. Jesus frequently had words of rebuke for disobedience but there is one disobedience in the Gospels that received no rebuke. You remember when the leper came to Jesus. After he was healed Jesus said he was to go and tell no man; in fact He gave strict command that he say nothing about it. But the man broke the command and started telling everyone he met what Jesus had done for him. That was one disobedience Jesus did not rebuke.

There is one thing that pleases the Lord and that is to have folk telling others about Him. John said, "Behold the Lamb of God!" and it was not long until two started out to follow Jesus. As these witnessed, still others joined the ranks and the company grew steadily until He had a group around Him who had accepted Him as their Savior.

Let us make one observation: the Spirit of the Lord is a soul-winning Spirit. That is His purpose here. "When He is come He shall re-

prove the world of sin and of righteousness, and of judgment. . . . He shall receive of mine, and shall shew it unto you." We have so frequently taken that to mean that we are to go alone into our closets and get some revelation that we ourselves might rejoice over. There is a truth there but I do not believe it ends there for I am persuaded that God's purpose in revealing Christ unto us by His Spirit is not only that there be a revelation direct to our hearts, but that He might take of the things of Christ and through us reveal them to others. In other words that His Spirit shall so possess us that we shall be soul-winners for Him.

How does God convict the world of sin, and of righteousness and of judgment? Does He speak through some loud speaker? No. Neither does He do it by means of smoke-writing in the skies, nor does He thunder down the message into people's hearts. If the Gospel could be proclaimed like that the missionaries could stay at home. God knows the languages better than a missionary ever can know them; He is familiar with the customs and He could go into those heathen lands and have far better success than we. But no! The Lord sends His Holy Spirit to convict of sin and of righteousness and of judgment, and His people who are possessed of His Spirit become His witnesses. It is through their testimony expressed by their words and their lives that the world is convicted. Do you mean to say that you have no part in that? That it is only for preachers and missionaries, and possibly some of the deacons and Christian workers? None are excluded. It is impossible to believe that we can have the Holy Spirit without having a passion for souls and I would like to state that we may measure the depths of the fulness of the Holy Spirit in our lives by the depth of our passion for lost souls. We speak about being filled with the Holy Spirit, but what is the evidence? "Oh," you say, "the Lord filled me and I spoke in tongues." That is no evidence that you have Him today. The evidence of His abiding presence is a passion for lost souls. And I make bold to say that if we do not have a burden in our hearts for the lost, our place is at the altar until He fills us with Himself, until we realize afresh the value of a soul and are willing to take our places

as soul winners in the church of Jesus Christ.

*How long since you wept over some unsaved one? How long since you dealt with some person about his soul? How long since you went out of your way and made some special effort to reach an unsaved one?* Sometimes we go for weeks and months and years, sometimes thru a whole Christian experience until the day the Lord calls us higher and we haven't spoken to a soul, nor led one to Jesus Christ. How will we face Him? How will we stand in His presence? These are serious questions for meditation. The greatest joys I have ever known in my life have been the times when I have spoken to souls and seen them yield, when together we have prayed through to the Lord. I have failed often and missed many precious opportunities but there is one desire above every other in my heart and that is to win souls for Jesus Christ.

Are we doing anything concerning this great question and if not, can we honestly say that we are fulfilling our mission? If we are not doing anything about it can we yet hold up our head and say, like a Pharisee, "Lord, I thank Thee that Thou hast done so much for me"?

You remember that Jesus said to His disciples, "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you and ye shall be my witnesses." These two "shalls" stand side by side and the one "shall" is not without the other. "Ye shall receive power . . . and ye shall be witnesses." I dare say it is impossible to receive the power without becoming a witness as a result; at least it is impossible to *keep* that power without being a witness.

Now I find that many get discouraged because not everyone they speak to yields to the Lord and so they say they do not have the gift of dealing with souls and are inclined to sit down and let someone else do it. Let me say for the encouragement of such, that Jesus never

said you would see everyone saved to whom you spoke, but He did say that you should be His witness and your business is to witness whether you see anyone saved or not. If that pressure of a burden for the lost is not on you, if the testimony ceases to be as a fire burning in your bones, then there is something wrong.

The life of Jesus is an example of the Spirit-filled life. What was His ambition? He had just one. "Wist ye not," said He to the doctors of the law when He met with them at only twelve years of age, "that I must be about my

Father's business?" What was His Father's business? We can determine *that* by finding out what the business of Jesus was. Let me refer you to John 5:17, 6:44 and 12:32. The Father's business was that of drawing men unto Jesus. That was His occupation and the whole purpose of Jesus Christ, the supreme reason for His suffering and death. What then is our business? Drawing all men unto Jesus, pointing the lost to Him. I know of no greater occupation nor any more glorious.

In a short time the country will be flooded with men who will gather at luncheons and banquets and on countless other occasions, and from va-

rious platforms and stands they will be drawing men and women to certain men; their whole purpose and object will be to draw us unto their particular choice. They will be pointing out the good points and show the benefits that we will receive from that person. It would be a very difficult task to preach Sunday after Sunday about some political man or to draw men and women to some candidate for the presidency. But it makes it very easy when we have Jesus to talk about. What an opportunity is ours of everywhere and all the time saying, "Come with us and we will do thee good. Line up with Jesus." Surely testifying is not difficult when we have such an One as Jesus to whom to point.

#### HOW MUCH WOULD YOU DO FOR YOUR MASTER?

Replying to the question, "Why are the socialists in Milwaukee so successful?" Victor Berger, the leader of the party in that city, replied, "Because we put nine-tenths of our campaign funds into literature, and because we have three hundred men who are pledged to get up every Sunday morning at 5 o'clock for the purpose of placing socialistic literature, printed in various languages, into the Sunday morning newspapers found upon the front door steps."

*Would it be possible to secure three hundred churchmen in any city in America to pledge themselves to arise every Sunday in the year at 5 o'clock for the purpose of placing Christian literature upon the door steps of the people living in their communities, because they felt that the message contained in Christianity was a more vital message than that contained in socialism?—Quoted in Onward.*

Now the disciples had that as their all-consuming desire. They started out at once. Andrew got hold of his brother, Peter, saying, "We have found the Messiah." Nathaniel, who was rather argumentative, said, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" and they answered, "Come and see." You will notice that none of them could withhold the testimony. Then I want you to notice something else. Three and a half years later they were gathered in an Upper Room. This Jesus had been taken away, had been caught up to sit at the right hand of His Father. He was up there, looking upon the scene and He had sent forth His Holy Spirit upon them. I can see this company as the Holy Spirit descends; this company of soul winners, this company that had experienced the blessing of testifying for the Lord. The Holy Spirit descends and we see them coming out of that Upper Room—a new company altogether. They are the same in features and form but everyone knew that a great change had been wrought. What had taken place? Their passion for souls had become intensified, emphasized, till it became the burning passion of their lives, and as they went forth their testimony was so convincing that people on the right and on the left were believing on this Jesus.

If the Holy Spirit does not do the same for you there is something lacking. You may say what you will about experiences, but if you do not have this passion for souls you have lost out and need to come back to Calvary! need again to look into His face and see His hands stretched out and saying, "Come unto Me!" You need again to catch the vision of a perishing world, on its way to destruction. If you saw someone coming down the street not noticing an open man-hole, would you care whether he were a stranger or not? Would you care if he were high or low? whether dressed in rags or in silk? Would it make any difference to you if you seemed abrupt in warning him of his danger and stopping him from that pitfall? No, you would quickly save him from the danger, saying, "Don't go on! Stop, there is danger!" Have not our eyes been opened to see the condition of a lost and dying world? Do we fail to see souls facing eternal destruction? Can we withhold our warning, whether it be on the train, in the street car, at the office desk or wherever we are? Will we not tell them that they are on the way to danger? Will we not point them to the path of safety? Shall we do less for a person's *soul* which is eternal and

will either enjoy the presence of God for eternity or suffer eternal loss, than we do for the *body* which is only temporal and goes back to dust?

Oh that our eyes may be opened to see the real need of a soul-winning church and to realize that we are individually responsible! We are guilty before God if we fail to warn them; we are guilty if we fail to testify. Read Ezekiel, chapters 3 and 33, and find out what God has to say to those who fail to warn and what He has to say regarding faithfulness in warning and it will encourage our hearts afresh to go forth and testify of a Savior who can save to the uttermost. Oh that this desire may fill our hearts! In view of the fact that our Lord shall soon return, which may be before many days, in the light of the shortness of the time and the fewness of the opportunities that remain, shall we not then grasp every one of them and ask God for grace to become soul-winners in these last days? Cry aloud and spare not. Whisper it in their ears, shout it over the back fence; tell it to them in the store or wherever you meet souls, that there is a Savior who can save. And let us be men and women with the fire burning in our souls, revealing that we have what we profess. Let us go forth in the name of the Lord and not restrain or hold back, but tell the Gospel story far and wide.

There is one joy I look forward to, and that is to see souls over yonder to whom I have witnessed. I fear there will be some who will stand up to accuse me for not having told them when the opportunity was given me, but oh the joy when we see those gathering around, to whom we have told the blessed story! The Lord will put each soul down to our credit. Not because we saved them but because we were faithful in the small matter of testifying. The message was given, the heart was convicted and a soul brought to the Lord. That will be heaven indeed. You may have everything else in heaven; the golden streets, the ivory palaces and all else that heaven possesses, but to stand at the side of my Lord with some precious souls that have been won through my testimony, will be joy supreme and eternal. Let us be soul winners. Whatever you do, win souls. "He that winneth souls is wise." Many folk are called wise by the world but the Scripture concedes that none is wise except he that winneth souls. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of understanding." That is the primary grade. But the winning of souls is advanced education

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## Kicking Against the Bricks

*The Futile Struggle Against the Forces of Prayer*

By Lee Krupnick

*When Mr. and Mrs. Watson Argue conducted a campaign in Tulsa, Okla., a young Jew was induced to attend the services on Easter Sunday. The Evangelist was preaching on the Resurrection, and the power and presence of God were so in evidence that the sermon was never finished. Under the conviction of the Holy Spirit, the young Jew, Lee Krupnick, world photographer and official representative of two of the largest News Syndicates in America, rushed to the altar sobbing, and made a full surrender to the Lord Jesus Christ. The first instalment of his unusual story follows:*



**I**N TELLING the story of my remarkable conversion I am not seeking publicity or to glorify myself because I have been truly saved by the Lord Jesus Christ, but I trust that by so doing it might encourage others to see the light. I have a burden on my heart that those who cannot hear my voice might know how wonderful it is to belong to the Lord Jesus Christ.

My whole purpose in telling this story is to glorify the Lord. It is one thing to seek glory in the business world, but in the work of God I want to stay in the path of humility. Up to this time I refrained from writing my testimony fearing that I might be accused of seeking notoriety, but because of pressure from my brothers and sisters in Christ and in the hope that some unsaved soul may learn to know the Lord Jesus Christ I am indeed happy to send it forth.

My dear mother and father, who have both passed away, were well learned in the Orthodox Jewish faith. They were deeply religious, tried to keep all the commandments and taught their children to live as Orthodox Jews. We observed all the big Jewish holidays, and were taught not to write, ride on the street car or even touch money on Saturdays, but to go to the synagogue. We were also limited to certain foods on the Jewish Sabbath.

I truly loved my parents and was very proud of them, but I could not enjoy these religious observances in which they asked me to participate. As a boy I was taught the Jewish language by a Rabbi; my parents spent many dollars on me for this purpose, but I could not become interested as there were many things about it I could not understand. I lived among Gentiles who were not particularly fond of Jews, and this, of course, had its influence upon me.

At the age of thirteen I became a full-fledged Jew. I had a wonderful *Bal-mitz-va* in a large

synagogue. A great crowd was present and father spent hundreds of dollars on a big feast. My parents meant well, but I could not understand what it was all about. Everything was done in the Jewish language. I was made to pray in Hebrew, but I never knew the meaning of the words although I tried my utmost to understand them. I stealthily entered the Jewish synagogue not wanting my Gentile friends to see me as they made fun of me and cursed me. My heart was torn because I was being condemned for doing something I did not understand or care about. I was taught to *Leg Twillum*—that is, to wrap a strap around my hand, put a little square black box on my forehead, a *tallus* on my shoulder, and pray every day, which was very hard to do, not knowing what I was saying. My dear mother passed away in 1912, and for 23 years I have attended a synagogue once a year to say a prayer in Hebrew that sons say in commemoration of their parents who have passed away.

The years passed by. Once I went to a dance and met a beautiful girl who later became my wife. She was a Gentile and for a year I was deathly afraid to let my father know I had married a Gentile. One day, with trembling fingers I summoned courage to write him, but I knew, beyond words to express that my father was broken-hearted because I did not marry a Jewess. When we became the happy parents of a baby girl I wrote my father again, but did not hear from him until our baby was three years old. Finally he wrote me saying he could stay away no longer, and came to Tulsa, Oklahoma, from St. Louis, Mo., to see our little family. Although his heart was torn, he came, and as he held the little baby in his arms there was a sad expression on his face. He wanted to love this grandchild, but his heart was heavy, though he tried to forget that her mother was not a Jewess.

As we sat at the table to partake of the food, our baby daughter asked the blessing over the food, and he cried like a baby when he heard this child ask God to bless the food. He could scarcely believe his ears to hear her, and he wept for joy to hear his very own grandchild, who had a Gentile mother, thanking God for the food. It was not I that taught this little daughter this prayer, for I was not even going to church, but my dear Gentile wife. At night when the baby was ready for bed, she would get upon her knees and bow her head and ask God to watch over her. It made my father very happy to realize that this Gentile girl was doing all this. He knew I had drifted away from God and even though he believed it was wrong for me to marry a Gentile girl, he learned to love her because she had something in her heart that was from God.

For three years my wife attended the big Christian churches without me, and when she would discuss Christ to me I would become very furious. I called my little baby aside and told her not to say "Jesus Christ" but to say "God." If we invited Jewish people to dinner I would be deathly afraid that she might use the word "Christ" in her prayer.

I had many friends in the business world through the fact that I was the official representative of two of the largest news syndicates in America, and I was also the manager of the photographic department of *The Tulsa Daily World*. Realizing that it was necessary to keep up with the people with whom I did business, I decided that I had better start going to church, which I did, attending one of the big, influential churches. I became a church-goer—a Sunday Christian. I went every Sunday, but I never got any more out of going to the big churches than I did going to a Jewish synagogue. Everything was in perfect order: the singing was beautiful, the stories and everything were to the minute, but there was nothing to show reality. The influential leaders of the city attended these churches, and although, contrary to attending the Jewish synagogue, I understood what was being said, yet there was nothing to make me desire to continue.

My wife and I never had any disagreements in regard to religion when we attended these impressive Christian churches. At the same time we went to shows, dances, night clubs, horse-races and the like. We bet on horse-races and also bet on dogs at the dog-races. We attended card parties and also went to plays at

the big churches, as well as banquets and dances. We got along fine—were good scouts among our church friends. My wife still said her prayers, and I didn't quarrel with her because her actions in going to church were no different from going to worldly amusements. I never complained because she discussed worldly pleasures and never a word about Jesus.

When our daughter was old enough to start school we moved to an apartment that was just a half block from the school, and next to our apartment lived a woman who attended a Pentecostal Church. One day on invitation my wife went to church with her. A very short time after that I noticed a great change come over her. Never in my life did I see such a change in anyone. She was as different as night is from day. She had no desire to attend shows, dances, wrestling matches or anything of the kind, and to top it all she discontinued wearing any make-up on her face. Finally I asked her what this all meant and she told me that she had truly found God at that Pentecostal church, that the things she had been doing were sinful in the sight of God, and that she now realized that true love for Jesus had to do with the heart and not with outward actions only, and that she was determined to please God and not men.

I told her that she had gone crazy over religion. Many times after coming home from church she would stay up and read her Bible until twelve and one o'clock. To me that was foolishness and I would yell, "Please turn off the light and come to bed. I want to go to sleep." I went to the husband of the woman who started my wife going to the Pentecostal church, and I warned him to keep my wife out of his apartment and that he should keep his wife out of mine. He was highly pleased because he never went to church himself.

That night my wife went to church and I stayed home with the baby. At 9:30 she had not yet come home. So I lay down on the bed and fell asleep. I awoke and found it was 12:30 A. M., and my wife still not at home. I became frightened so ran downstairs to the house of our neighbor and knocked at her door. When she saw me she was frightened, so I shouted at her, "Where is Bonnie Jean?" She answered in a low voice that she left her at church.

I called up the church on the phone and asked for Mrs. Lee Krupnick. They called her to the phone and she talked to me in a peculiar tongue. I could not understand what she was

saying. I screamed out, "What is the matter with you? Are you crazy? Get on home as quickly as you can. If I have to come down there I'll split that preacher's head in two. I'll bust that church to pieces. Everybody in this town knows me, and they will all take up for me if I kill that crazy preacher of yours. If you are not home in twenty minutes I am coming down." It seems as though someone was restraining me from evil. If I had gone down there instead of calling up I am sure I would have killed the pastor because I was insanely mad. My wife came home in a few minutes and said she had received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. I said, "What in the world are you talking about?" She didn't answer, but went to bed.

Matters became pretty bad at our home. I didn't know what to do. My wife wouldn't go anywhere with me. I went to a show or a dance and she went to church. I told her, "It is a disgrace that two people should live under the same roof and live two different kinds of lives. When we married we were supposed to be companions. You are wrecking my life, my pleasures, my joys." She said, "Honey, you can go to the shows, the dances and the ball games if you want to, although I wish you wouldn't, but I shall continue to go to church. I would not give up Jesus for all the worldly pleasures and all the world's riches." I told her I would go to any church she would name excepting "that kind (Pentecostal) of a church," but she said she would never go to any other church.

Finally I could stand it no longer. Regardless of all inducements and promises made to my wife she refused to give up the Pentecostal faith. I sought help from the teacher of a Sunday School class of a church I formerly attended, a church that had the biggest membership in all Oklahoma. This teacher was greatly loved by everybody in that church. I have a most high regard for her even today. I went to her in my distress and weepingly said I was afraid of losing my wife, that she would not go anywhere with me and refused to go anywhere but to the Pentecostal Church. This dear woman said to me, "Lee, I'll tell you, those folks that go to that church where your wife goes are fanatical and it is just too bad." That was the encouragement I received from this godly woman who was a leader and an inspiration to the young people in that large church. I left her office with more determination than

ever to stop my wife from going to that "fanatical" church.

I then asked advice of my friends at the newspaper office and they told me I should watch out, for my wife was getting "too much religion." I was frantic and knew not which way to turn. I hated that Pentecostal church with a furious hatred. One night when I went home I started quarreling with my wife and told her that my friends, and even this good woman of God said her church was fanatical, and that I would leave her and take the baby with me. She said, "Honey, I love you dearly, but I love Jesus more than I love you. He is first in my heart." I said, "Well, let Jesus support you from now on." She said, "He is able to do so and will take care of me. Jesus never fails." I told her I would not leave my baby with a crazy woman. The baby started crying, "Daddy, I don't know what to do, whether to go with you or stay with mother." Her little heart was broken. Over and over again she cried, "I don't know whether to go with you or stay with mother." My wife said nothing but just wept. So I packed up and left, thinking my wife would run after me, but to my surprise she didn't. I returned because I loved her and the baby. I could not stay away from them.

The next day my wife went to a special prayer service they hold every Thursday, though I asked her not to go. I went to my office and while there a terrific hatred for that church burned in my very soul. So I jumped into my car and drove over. I peeped in the door to see if my wife was there, and when the people saw me they became alarmed for they knew how furiously angry I was. They notified my wife I was there and she came to the door. I started to upbraid her and told her to leave those "nutty" people and come home. She calmly said she would stay until the service was over, and I left.

A few nights later my little girl said, "Daddy, mother had the people pray for you to be saved." I flared up again at my wife, saying, "What do you mean by 'saved'? There isn't anything wrong with me. I pay my bills. I don't talk about anyone. I attend to my own business. You had better get some of those people at that church saved, and tell them to quit worrying about me." And so I raved on. She said, "Honey, you've got to be saved—you must be born again." That was too much for me. I yelled, "Bonnie Jean, you've gone crazy. Anyone so silly as to tell me to be born again! How

can I be born again?" She said, "By giving your heart to Jesus and confessing your sins to Him. Jesus will cleanse you of your sins with His precious blood. He is the Way, the Truth, and the Life." I said to her, "You want me to give my heart to a dead Jew? That man has been dead for 1900 years." Then she said, "Jesus arose from the dead and is alive forevermore, and sits on the right hand of God. The only way you can enter heaven is through the Lord Jesus Christ." I screamed out, "Don't you dare to mention the word 'Jesus' to me again," and with that I left the house.

A few days later she said, "There is a Jewish evangelist at the church holding a revival. Will you go to hear him?" I said, "I certainly will not. That man ought to be ashamed of himself. He will always be a Jew. Nothing but a rotten Jew would give up his religion, and as for his saying he is a Christian, he can never be that. They will always call him a Jew. So that man is neither a good Jew nor a Christian, and do not ever mention his name to me again."

My determination was not to listen to anybody connected with churches. I couldn't stand anything about religion and especially about Jesus. But I did love to gamble, and that is one thing I threw myself into—gambling. I started playing cards in a poker game one Sunday morning after taking my wife to her church at nine o'clock. I lost heavily, and it was about 3:30 the next morning while the game was still in progress that a boy came and told me that the police and my wife were looking for me; that my wife had become scared because she had not heard from me all day and all night and reported it to the police department. I quit playing and told him not to say anything about my gambling, but I continued to gamble on horses, baseball games, dice, cards, etc., though I never told my wife.

In spite of the fact that I loved gambling I felt miserable away from my wife and baby all day and most of the night, gambling away my money and neglecting my family, and I tried to find some excuse to quarrel with my wife, but I could not find *one thing* that she did that was wrong.

One Sunday morning we were in the car driving down town. Noticing that it was time for Sunday School I asked her to go to an influential church with me but she refused, saying, "No church but the Pentecostal Church for me." I became so angry because she re-

fused to go to any other church that I stopped my car right down town, got out and left. My fury knew no bounds. I walked block after block in a daze. In some strange way I found myself in front of that Pentecostal Church that my wife was attending. Then, if possible, I became more furious than ever, and I hunted around until I found my car, and put a note on the wheel of the car saying, "Goodbye forever. You'll never hear from me again unless you give up this kind of religion."

After leaving the note I started walking and walked block after block with an overwhelming hatred growing in my heart for the church and the people there. I seemed to be in a trance, and truly believe that if I had met the pastor or any of the church members I would have killed them. That is how hard and hateful my heart was at the time. About midnight I made up my mind I would not let those fanatical, religious people at that Pentecostal Church destroy my home, and I went home, finding my wife and baby there. The first thing I did was to start persecuting my wife. I hollered so loud it woke the baby, and my wife asked me to lower my voice so as not to disturb the neighbors. I hollered out, "D—the neighbors and everybody that goes to your crazy church. You are crazy yourself. You are losing your mind. Do you think I want my friends to tell me that my wife has gone crazy? Do you think for one minute that God put us to live on this earth and not to go to shows, dances, ball-games or have any good times together? Why Bonnie Jean, you know you are losing your mind! God doesn't mean us to stay on this earth and never have any pleasure."

Never a word from my wife during all this explosion. I was like a raving maniac, walking from one room to another, hollering louder and louder, not caring who heard me. I felt I was about to explode. I was determined to stop her from going to that church by some means or other, but the thing that angered me more than anything else was the fact that my wife would not say a word. I would have given anything had she talked back, but she only wept. When I finally quieted down and she could endure no more she said, "Honey, go ahead and condemn me, persecute me and say what you want about me. My Lord Jesus Christ stood persecution far more severe than this, and if Jesus could stand it I surely can."

(To be continued.)

## The Get Acquainted Page

Conducted by Watson Argue

Presenting the story of the Pentecostal Tabernacle of Buffalo, N. Y. Wilfred A. Brown, Pastor

**T**HE Pentecostal Tabernacle located at East Delavan Avenue and Chelsea Place in Buffalo, is a definite proof to many that God still answers prayer. Just a few years ago the con-

gregation numbered only about nine and under the leadership of Bro. Ernest Tunmore they worshipped in various halls.

These people longed for a church of their own, but for so few to try either to buy one or build seemed almost out of the question.

In 1928 Bro. Walter I. Palmer, now pastor at Lancaster,

Pa., was called to shepherd this small group, and under his leadership the Lord encouraged the people to launch out in faith and build a tabernacle. But, where was the money to come from?

A man in Buffalo owed one of the members about \$3000 and from all appearances this was a bad debt. In the natural there was little hope of the money ever being paid. This brother promised the Lord that if He would come to the rescue and

help him collect the money, half of it should be used for the new building. The Lord took him at his word and soon the money was paid. The brother kept his promise and shortly a lot in a very suitable location was purchased.

This same brother was a contractor and supervised the building of the new tabernacle. Ground was broken in September, 1928, and in December, as soon as the heating plant was installed, services were held in the building. Days of real testing on financial lines followed, but God was always faithful to supply the need. Once when the situation was desperate, the Lord laid it on the heart of a friend to make a loan of \$1,000.

The building is a real credit to the Assembly and they are very grateful to God for giving them this substantial church home, for making a way when there was no way. It is built of stone, is nicely carpeted and is well equipped with individual seats, a baptistry, a grand piano and a neon electric sign in the form of a cross. This sign is controlled by an electric clock and goes on and off automatically. It is illuminated each night from five P.M. till midnight.

A seven-room parsonage was built at the back of the church, providing a comfortable home for the pastor and his family.

From 1930 to 1934 Brother Harold J. Snelgrove pastored the work. God richly blessed

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Wilfred A. Brown, Pastor



Some of the young people in front of the Pentecostal Tabernacle.

## Sanctification

### As Set Forth in the Word

WM. I. EVANS

Dean of  
Central Bible Institute

(Continued from last issue)



**W**E BELIEVE, according to the teaching of the Word of God, that when Jesus died upon the cross He was punished for our sins; and because He was smitten with God's judgment against sin He forgave our sins, and we sing,

They are all taken away, away,  
They are all taken away.  
My sins are all taken away.

We rejoice in sins forgiven, through the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. But this chapter tells us that Jesus did something more than take away our sins on the cross of Calvary. This scripture tells us that when Jesus died God nailed in crucifixion there to that cross, God smote to death there on that cross, your old life and my old life—put it to death. He destroyed it there upon that cross. That is God's language. Our old man was crucified with Him that the body of sin might be destroyed, so that upon the cross of Calvary Jesus not only wiped away the score of transgressions, of committed sins, but Jesus there took care of the cause of sin in human life. The body of sin was destroyed.

Let us illustrate this on the material plane. Here is a factory in town putting on the market a product which the authorities consider harmful to the welfare of the people. The entire police force is commissioned to go throughout the town and countryside round about, into all the retail stores. They are to search the shelves and the closets, and gather all that product together to destroy it. And so the policemen go faithfully about their duty. They go into every store and shop where perchance this product may be, they take the product off the shelves and out of the closets, gather it into their trucks and carry it to some point where they destroy it all. Then they go back and report to headquarters, "We have accumulated all the product of that factory and we have destroyed it all. Now we will have no more trouble." They all sit down with a sense of satisfaction. But the chief of police says, "What about the fac-

*"Christ does not bring us into a position where it is impossible to sin—but where it is possible not to sin. Sin in the case of a true believer should be only analagous to a railway accident, and never according to time-table."*

tory? Is the machinery still intact that produced that article?" They say, "Oh, we had not thought of that." "Well, go and smash that machinery. Go, smash it!" And until the machinery is smashed the trouble is not ended, the product could be turned out by the thousands and sold, and still give trouble. But if the machinery is destroyed then the product is not so likely to be put on the market again.

Sin in act springs from sin inherent in the nature, and when Jesus Christ went to the cross of Calvary He not only dealt with sin in the act but He dealt with sin in the nature inherent. If I thought that the gospel of Jesus Christ provided only for my acts of sin, and left me to go the rest of my life with a sin factory on the inside of me to try to crush and suppress, I would quit preaching the gospel right now. Thank God, the gospel is more than that.

I am not preaching eradication and I am not preaching suppression; I am preaching death and resurrection. Here is another illustration touching that point. A little girl used to like to water the flowers around the house. She would take a pitcher full of water, go out, and pour water on the flowers. Her mother said, "Darling, mother does not want you to pour water on those flowers when the sun is shining on them. Don't do that." She said, "All right, Mamma. I won't do it." The next day she got the pitcher, filled it up with water, went and poured water on the flowers. The mother said, "Daughter, didn't I tell you not to do that? You have done it again." She said, "Mamma, I won't do it any more." The mother said, "All right. If you do it again I shall have to punish you." The next day came. She got safely through the day, and in the evening came smiling to her mother. She said, "Mother, I did not water those flowers today while the sun was shining on them." The mother said, "Daughter, how is it you didn't do it again?" "O Mamma," she said, "I just smashed that old pitcher."

We will read the 7th verse again, "For he that is dead is freed from sin." Because He died on the cross of Calvary, by that death we are freed from sin, and now we are alive, walk-

ing in the newness of life. "Our old man was crucified"—mark you, it does not say that our old man is being crucified. Some folk talk about "dying daily." They are having a long drawn out suffering time of it, but I feel so sympathetically disposed toward them that I endeavor to set forth in the Word a quick and painless demise for them all! "He that is dead is freed from sin. Now if we be dead with Christ, we believe that we shall also live with him: knowing that Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over him. For in that he died, he died unto sin once: but in that he liveth, he liveth unto God." Isn't that wonderful! Can language be clearer, simpler?

Now this wonderful 11th verse, "Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord." "Reckon" does not mean to pretend something that you do not believe, putting on a bold front of imitation when you know there is nothing behind it to back it up. "Reckon" is an old English word. It applies to mathematics. If you sit down to a column of figures, to add them, total them up—that is reckoning. Figures do not lie; 10 and 10 and 5 reckoned up make 25—cannot be anything else. Now He says, "You count this thing up, you reckon this; you put the fact down exactly as it is, not as you consider it *should* be but as it *is*." "Likewise"—in the same fashion, in the same manner—"reckon ye *also*." Why? Somebody has already done some counting. God has! God reckoned on that cross of Calvary. God saw you crucified to that cross, you child of God down here in the end of time. He saw you crucified on that cross. When the nails were driven, when struck the divine wrath upon His innocent head, when He was made the victim, God said, "That saint is stricken, crucified by the outpoured expression of My wrath against sin."

"Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin." Not to be in the process of crucifixion, not to be in the process of *dying* daily to sin. There is not a thing in the Book from lid to lid that tells you that. It commands, "Reckon ye also yourselves to be *dead* indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Sanctification is not dying. No! No! Sanctification is living—*living*! I went to a Pentecostal convention years ago where a man was preaching, night after night, on death. He had

everything silenced in the house. Just occasionally you could hear a faint groan from some poor saint trying to die. One night he said he wished he had an altar long enough for all the Pentecostal preachers; he would have them all dying. He preached death until the place smelled like a charnel house. When it got so bad that the poor saints looked as if they could not endure any more of it, the Spirit of the Lord came upon one who sprang to his feet worshipping the living Christ. "I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore." Hallelujah! "I am come that ye might have life, and have it more abundantly." "Reckon ye also yourselves to be *dead* indeed unto sin, but *alive* unto God. He that is dead is *freed from sin*."

Beloved people of God, there is no other cure for sin but the *Cross* and the *Blood* of Jesus Christ, and when anybody tells you that as your business for the rest of your life you have to fight sin in your heart, tell him he is dishonoring the Blood and the Cross of Jesus. When they tell you that you are to carry a sin manufactory in your heart the rest of your life, struggling, doing the best you can to suppress it and keep it from expressing itself in overt acts, with the hope that you are gradually—gradually—gradually dying to it, tell them about Jesus on the cross. Tell them that He shed His blood to cleanse His people from all unrighteousness. "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins"—overt acts—"and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness"—inherent sin. 1 John 1:9.

Let us now examine a concrete case recorded in the New Testament that confirms this teaching of the 6th chapter of Romans. It is in the 15th chapter of Acts. The apostles and brethren are gathered at Jerusalem to decide a question as to which there is dispute. In the 7th verse we read, "And when there had been much disputing, Peter rose up, and said unto them, Men and brethren, ye know how that a good while ago God made choice among us, that the Gentiles by my mouth should hear the word of the gospel, and believe. And God, which knoweth the hearts, bare them witness, giving them the Holy Ghost." As a climax to the situation they received the Baptism with the Holy Ghost, speaking in tongues.

But Peter added something to help us understand sanctification. He did not stop with the words "giving them the Holy Ghost," but continued "even as he did unto us; and put no

difference between us and them"—they received the Baptism just as the disciples did in the upper room, speaking in other tongues. Then Peter adds, "purifying their hearts by faith." By a long process, by gradually getting rid of sin in their hearts? It would appear from this apostolic assertion that the so-called progressive aspect of sanctification has been much over-emphasized. In the grammar class we are required to do what is called "comparing adjectives"—positive, red; comparative, redder; superlative, reddest. Well, that would apply grammatically to this—positive, pure; comparative, purer; superlative, purest. But with due respect to English grammar, when the blood of Jesus Christ purifies the heart it cannot be made purer, because *the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all unrighteousness*. "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creation: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." 2 Cor. 5:17. "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." 1 John 1:7.

"What if I feel defilement in my heart?—feel the sense of sin in my heart?" Obey the Word, confess it, and He will cleanse it; and when He has cleansed it, it is clean.—It is true that in the cross sin was taken care of, our old man was crucified with Him that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin, and he that is dead is freed from sin. Reckon yourselves alive unto God in newness of life, a new creation, with the heart purified. Oh, hallelujah! It is wonderful.

"But what about this dying daily then? Paul was the chief of the apostles, and he gave it as his testimony that he died daily, then is it not presumptuous, to teach something different from the standard the chief of the apostles set up for us? He said he died daily."

If you are hiding behind the post of "dying daily," you will never, never be able to hide behind it again. Do you know what it is, that post of "dying daily"? It is an excuse to sin a little every day, because if you are "dying daily" you are going right on sinning daily. Of course, you are hoping that the measure of your sinning is decreasing, that you are dying.

Let us look at the passage in the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians. Brace yourselves, you daily diers! The Apostle Paul is talking about the bodily resurrection in this chapter. The resurrection of this physical, mortal body. He says he believes thoroughly in the resurrection of the body—this physical form. In the 29th verse

he says, "Else what shall they do which are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all? why are they then baptized for the dead?" Evidently they had some form, that when a person died without water baptism somebody else was immersed by proxy for him. They had faith that the body they laid away in the ground would come up again in the resurrection, and so they had somebody else go through the ceremony of water baptism for the person who had died without it.

"And why stand we in jeopardy every hour?" In preaching the gospel Paul faced physical death practically every minute of his life. "I protest by your rejoicing which I have in Christ Jesus our Lord, I die daily." "When I go out in the morning to preach the gospel in the next town, there is liable to be somebody outside the door ready to end my physical life." That would be the end of Paul physically; but "I believe in the resurrection," he says, "and I submit myself to that every day." He went to one town where they threw stones at him until he appeared to be dead. Presumably he was dead. But the brethren gathered around him and through the power of God he arose again, physically alive, and went on to the next town preaching the gospel. In so doing he felt the possibility, almost the certainty, of being smitten down again and of dying a physical death; and so he said, "I face it every day. I die daily. I am ready to die any minute when preaching the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Now let me tell you, dear friend, if your preaching of the gospel of Jesus Christ brings you face to face with physical death every day of your life as you venture forth to tell the story of Jesus and His love; if you are liable to get a sword thrust through your heart or a shower of stones to crush your skull, then you face physical death and you have a right to say "I die daily." But if preaching does not mean that to you, you have no right to say it.

This "dying daily" that Paul is talking about, is his likelihood to die any day, any minute, in preaching the gospel; but he is absolutely sure that up out of the very grave where his body is turned into dust will rise a new body by the power of the Holy Ghost on the morning of the resurrection. Praise the Lord! He is not talking about sin; there is no thought of sin in his heart and life when he says, "I die daily." Now you see that post is gone. You cannot hide behind it. If you sin every day, there is a

(Continued on page 23)

## The Coming of the Light

MISS ETHEL BINGEMAN

*in the Stone Church, Jan. 5, 1936*



PRAISE the Lord for the privilege of being again in the Stone Church. I cannot but think of the years between my last visit and this, and how God has guided and blessed. It is cause for special praise when one sees what He has wrought in heathen darkness. I have been working on the Liberian mission field, and a very fruitful field it has been for souls. Many people know about Ethiopia these days. It is one self-governing nation in Africa, and Liberia is another. Liberia is a Republic, governed altogether by colored people, the descendants of the freed slaves who went over there years ago. They govern the heathen of Liberia, who live back in the Interior. Our work is altogether in the Interior; not among the English-speaking people. Many of these people never heard the Gospel story until we, the Pentecostal missionaries, went there.

As I looked to the Lord about this meeting He seemed to speak to me these words from the first chapter of Genesis, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. . . . And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters, and God said, Let there be light, and there was light." As I pondered these words my mind turned to the first chapter of John, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. . . . In Him was life; and the life was the light of men." Such a joy came into my heart as I thought of the light that came down from heaven into this dark world of sin, and how God made light not only in the beginning and caused the sun, the moon and the stars to revolve in their courses, but He sent Jesus Christ from heaven to be the Light of the world. And then He called you and me to be light-bearers, not only to those about us, that they might see our good works and glorify our Heavenly Father, but I believe we are to be light bearers unto the uttermost parts of the earth. As I sat here facing this congregation, my mind wandered over to heathen Africa where thousands are still in darkness. I have seen thousands of people who have heard the Gospel message only once, as we passed through their towns, but every one under the sound of my voice can in



Miss Bingeman and the Bible School.

one way or another be a light-bearer into the dark places of the earth.

One day Miss Martin and I were traveling in Liberia and we came to a heathen village in which we had never before been. As we entered all was silent, the huts were closed and the paths were empty. But as we passed along to the center of the town we found the people gathered in an open space, the men on one side and the women on the other with the children. There was a young man there who had been down to the Coast, and he had said that he was able to make a medicine that could discover any witch in the town. We sat down to see what would be the outcome. It seemed that someone had died and no one could find out the reason of his death, so they concluded that he was bewitched.

The young man said that the night before three white crows had sat on his door-step and told him who was the witch. I never saw a white crow, although the crows in Africa have a white ring around their necks. He proceeded to make a certain medicine: he got a little chicken and killed it with some red-hot skewers. He pulled off a few of the feathers and put the whole chicken into a pot of boiling water. Then they proceeded to make an immense pot of rice and a pot of soup and took a gourd of water to drink out of and set all in the center of the crowd. Every man came up and took a handful of rice and a bit of the soup; then a drink of water and spewed it out on the ground and said, "If I have bewitched anybody let me also be bewitched." After the men had come, then the women came. The thing that touched my heart was the women bringing their little children. They made them put their little hands into the rice and the soup and the water and in little,

baby accents say, "If I have bewitched anybody let me also be bewitched."

A witch is supposed to work secretly to bring sickness or death, or cast an evil spell upon someone. The devil doctor holds a trial by ordeal, and the suspected one must drink poison. If innocent, it is not supposed to hurt them. One day I visited a town where a woman accused of witchcraft had been made to take the poison sasswood. Though very ill and weak her accusers forced her to walk about the town while they proclaimed her a witch. As I went up to her she looked sadly into my face and said, "White woman, I am not a witch." In half an hour she was dead and her body thrown into the forest to be eaten of wild animals, as a witch is unworthy of burial.

That afternoon we had a little talk with those people; then we went into a little hut close by and there they had built an arch. This arch was covered with small axes. When I asked what this was they said, "This is our ju-ju, our god lives in here, and any of us who has done anything that might vex this ju-ju has brought an axe and hung it here to show the ju-ju he is sorry for what he has done, and begs his forgiveness." I tell you this little story that you might know what it means to be born and live in heathen darkness.

A few hours journey from there was the town of Feloka. We went there because the people were so anxious for a missionary they had put up a little mud church before the missionary came. We asked the people if they would bring up our things and they said they would gladly do so if we would only come and start a training school, which we did. For a few weeks I lived in a mud hut, about half the size of this platform. They brought everything until the hut was piled full. Miss Martin stayed at the other station until all the goods were brought up.

Night after night I could hear the dancing and the beating of the tom-toms. I went on a little errand and I saw a young man beating a drum to call the people together. His face was blackened artificially. I asked who he was and they told me it was Matthew. He was the one boy in the town who could read a little English. He had come up from the Coast and he was the leader of the dancing. Night after night they would gather to dance; the women, the children and the men would all take their turns. Miss Martin came up and we started to have prayer-meetings in the huts. Just a fire in the corner

of the low, bare, mud huts. The people would sit on the ground or sometimes bring a stick to sit on. Night after night we held prayer-meetings and services in the church on Sunday. Many thought that the church service was just for the chief people; the others had their own religion, but these prayer-meetings created an interest. One night I shall never forget! The power of God was present as we started to sing and talk to them about the Lord. Many of these heathen hearts were touched, for the light shone right down into their hearts that night, and from that time on the people began to fill our little church. Some men were saved those first few months, among them Matthew, who afterwards became a native teacher. Then the women began to come in. Women in Africa are bought and sold like cattle. At first they will tell you that women do not have a soul, that they do not have immortality. But after they are saved, all is different.

One night we gave an altar call for the women. We asked them if they would not like to come up on the platform and seek the Lord (they could not kneel with the men) and every woman moved up and started to pray as hard as she could. Three of those women were saved that night and rejoiced that Jesus could save even an African woman. A few Sundays after that the wife of a chief was saved and filled with joy. The rain was coming down in sheets outside, and our native worker's wife thought this woman was making a little too much noise; so she gently led her outside as was their custom, and there she was in the pouring rain with her hands uplifted to heaven, praising the Lord. A few days after she came down and told us that she had been a very wicked woman, and had ill feelings against one woman especially, having run after her with a stick burning with fire. She said to us, "Now God has come into my heart and I do not have to have palaver with anybody. I must have peace. I went to that woman's house and she will not listen to me. So I came here to ask you to come down and pray that God will touch that woman's heart, that she and I may have peace."

Oh when the light comes in, how it searches out all the dark corners! When we left Feloka our little church was filled; the children had to crowd around our feet on the mud platform. Instead of coming up to partake of the devil sacrifices, they would come and bring their offerings unto the Lord: rice, a penny, and even a six pence. The little children loved to come

and lay a sweet potato down for the Lord. It was marvelous to see the change in the town and the contrast with the heathen towns round about us. The Gospel light had transformed it from a devil town into a Christian town. Instead of seeking palavers with their neighbors, instead of rejoicing in trouble, they endeavored to make peace. A man was ashamed if he and his wife were at variance. They wanted to settle things peaceably. The Christians stood for peace and quietness, not for having their own way about things. They wanted things to be done according to the Word of God. Many a time they would come to us and ask us to tell them how their disputes might be settled according to the Word of God.

Of late years we have changed our methods of work in Liberia. We used to have our mission schools half a mile from the heathen town and there we would have our church and the people who became saved would come outside the town to live, feeling that they could not live in the heathen town and be Christians, but as we searched the Word we concluded that if we asked them to stand in their own town, a light to their own people, they would be stronger Christians. As we changed to that method in the last few years God wonderfully blessed. Thirty towns have built churches and called for workers from our Bible School. They teach the children and the older ones, too, to read the Word of God. Before I came home many of the men would come every morning before they went to the bush to have us teach them to read in the primer. Women would come and learn a Bible verse and hide that Word in their hearts and talk about it to someone else.

Miss Erickson was working a short distance from us in the District of Hooyah. The last letter she wrote from the field said, "We are opening our twelfth church and there is not one devil doctor in the District. All have been saved." Miss Martin has just returned to Africa. I wish you would pray that God may keep her and protect her as she works back in the interior. Miss Nygaard is living absolutely alone, three days from any other missionary.

While Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Morrison were with us I took a little trip down to the Coast. It was a five days' journey and I passed thru many towns and a number of tribes that had no missionary. In each place they asked me to stay and be their missionary. There was a man by the name of John Nokolu, a paramount chief, and he sent word he wanted a missionary. From

town to town we received a message from him that he wanted a missionary. I found I wasn't passing through his town, but a little to the left of it, and I sent word I would try to pass his town on our return. As we entered one town a man came running in, out of breath and sat down beside one of my hammock carriers. He began to speak to him and the hammock man said to me, "This is the paramount chief. He heard you were not coming, and he ran all the way to see you." I had a little talk with him, and as I sat there he said, "White woman, I want you to stay here in this town." I told him we had a work back in the Interior and I had to return as the missionaries there were soon leaving. He said, "White woman, all around me the light is beginning to come, but my people still sit in darkness." As he said that, the sad look in his face spoke more than words. That look has never left me. I have often thought of John Nokolu. He brought his only son, little Edward, and two other boys and put their hands in mine and said, "You cannot stay but you take these three boys to your mission and train them, and perhaps some day they can come and teach my people." Edward was saved in the mission. He is now one of the young men who goes out to help preach part of the year and comes back into the Mission for further training. There are many towns lying near-by—those who have not the light. Let us send the blessed Gospel light, that it may shine from shore to shore, till it lights the world forevermore. The Sun of Righteousness is soon coming, and then every dark spot will have the light, but in the meantime we want to do our utmost to give the Gospel to those who have never heard, so that we shall not be ashamed to stand before Him.

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(Continued from page 8)

—that is wisdom. Do you want to be wise? Then win souls.

"The wise shall shine as the stars in the firmament forever and ever." Do you want a place in the firmament? Do you want to join that galaxy of stars over yonder? Win souls.

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(Continued from page 5)

till He come; let us watch and be sober, "looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ."

## The Sign Post With Two Arms

*Visualizing the Happenings in the Upper Room in the Light of the East*

Mr. J. Politeyan



IN HEBREWS 10:1 are the words, "The law having a shadow of good things to come." God in His wonderful mercy and love has given us His revelation in sundry places and in divers methods, sometimes in parables, in similes, and sometimes in types. Those sacrifices and feasts of the Old Testament are a kind of prophecy to be fulfilled in Christ. Therefore God, in His wonderful love, first gives the shadow, then the Reality—Christ Himself.

Our Lord, like His oriental compatriots, taught by parables, but in the Upper Room He adopted a more picturesque form of teaching. This was an acted parable, a more powerful means of impressing the minds and hearts of His hearers with the inner meaning of the Feast. There is so much erroneous teaching at the present time about the Lord's Supper, but the lessons of the Upper Room should rectify these errors.

Let us go back in imagination to Palestine two thousand years ago, and observe how the Jews kept their Passover. The Passover was pre-eminently a home gathering, not a service held in church or temple. The advent of the Feast was a coming together of the nation as a united family. Thousands and thousands of Jews came from every part of the world, just as on the Day of Pentecost.

The Feast of the Passover came always in the spring, in "the month of flowers," somewhere in March or April. But then this "month of flowers" came after the stormy weather, and, therefore, in the month of Adar, *thousands of laborers were sent out to prepare the way for these Jews who came from every part of the world*, for after very heavy rains there were no proper roads. *There is a reference to it in Isaiah 62:10, "Go through, go through the gates; prepare ye the way of the people; cast up, cast up the highway; gather out the stones."* Almost that same thought comes in the New Testament: "Prepare ye the way"—not this time "of the people," but—"of the Lord," because the way is made crooked by the storms.

Having prepared the way of the people, four days beforehand every family of Jews had to procure a lamb, and Jerusalem was simply crowded from all parts of the world. *It is a*

*remarkable thing that two thousand years ago on that day it happened to be Palm Sunday, and on that Sunday thousands of lambs are brought from all parts of the country. You can almost visualize them coming down the valley of Kedron, going inside the sacred enclosure, within the Temple market-place, to be bought by the faithful. You see the type and the anti-type; the Paschal Lamb was an important type of Christ. "Behold the Lamb of God." On Palm Sunday when these sacrificial lambs were coming in, our Divine Saviour walked down with them side by side—type and anti-type.*

In that sacred enclosure these thousands of lambs were gathered, but when each faithful one came to buy a lamb, he had to be very careful. In Exodus 12 we are told that the lamb had to be fit for sacrifice; it must be under a certain age, *free from all blemish!* The Rabbis taught the people that a lamb may suffer from twenty or thirty diseases, but that no lamb was fit for sacrifice unless it was free from all blemishes. If, for example, I had gone to the market-place where there were those thousands of lambs, to buy a lamb for my family, I would have no real knowledge of these lambs, and I could not tell if there was any blemish in a particular one. But there were certain experts who had stayed eighteen months or two years in farmhouses and learned all about these lambs. I would say to the expert, "Will you examine this lamb very carefully and see that it is free from all blemishes?" He would examine that lamb. I would give him his charge of twopence, and he would take a large seal which had only one word on it, meaning, "*Wholly without blemish,*" so signifying that the lamb was fit for sacrifice.

A passage in John 6:27 may refer to it: "Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of Man shall give unto you: for Him hath God the Father sealed." *When, two thousand years ago, our Saviour was brought before human judges, Pilate and the others could find no fault in Him, but He was pronounced by God Himself to be sinless. All these thousands of years the Jews, as these lambs were sealed, were looking forward to a*

*Lamb of God without sin, who would become a fit sacrifice for every one of us.* As St. Paul puts it, "Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us." His atoning blood brought to us salvation, joy and hope. "Him hath God the Father sealed."

These lambs, having been sealed, were sent for four days to certain fields under special guardians — Temple shepherds — who had the care and charge of the sacrificial lambs, and also of sacrificial animals all through the year. Please visualize it. You are listening today to someone who was born in the Bible lands, where we talk in pictures like an object lesson. Come with me down near Bethlehem, where two thousand years ago there was a "tower of the flocks" — a tower of the Temple shepherds, who had the charge of the sacrificial animals. While these sacrificial lambs were kept there, close by, Christ the Lamb of God was born, and prophecy was literally fulfilled. That is why the first message was given not to the high priest in Jerusalem, but to the shepherds. *At Bethlehem the real Lamb of God came, so that these lambs were "a shadow of good things to come."* It is a most remarkable picture—again the type and the anti-type.

Now we must come back to Jerusalem. The Passover is the feast of home, and therefore home must be purified, so the day before the Passover the head of the family went round with a broom and a lamp and searched for leaven. Sometimes the little sons out of mischief strewed a few crumbs of leavened bread in the way, but all must be found and put on the fire and burnt.

If you want to realize the atoning blood of Christ, if you would accept Him as your Lord and Master, there must be cleansing. "Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us: therefore let us keep the feast, not with old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness; but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth" (1 Cor. 5:7, 8). Leaven in the Bible is always a symbol of sin. The Feast of Redemption could not be celebrated with any disturbing element of corruption. The hearts must be cleansed and the "leaven" destroyed. In the Jewish home it is the work of the father to find and destroy the leaven. Sometimes it is so little that it can hardly be seen. In the prophecy of Zephaniah, Jehovah as Father of His people says, "I will search Jerusalem with candles." It is God's prerogative to search, and therefore if we want fully to realize what the Lord has

done for us on the Cross, we must let God Himself turn upon us the searchlight of the Holy Spirit and find out all that defiles. His search is wonderful and thorough, and He will remove those doubts that are hindering us from living the beautiful life to which Christ has called us. He will destroy even the microscopic sins and shortcomings which hinder blessing.

The Passover lambs were killed about three o'clock in the afternoon. Each was kept whole, and not a single bone was broken. The sacrificial lambs were killed in the Temple, but not by the priest. The head of the family killed his own lamb, and the priest caught its blood in a golden bowl, and jerked it in one jet at the base of the altar. Then the lamb was skinned and prepared and was brought whole to the house, where there was a wonderful family reunion. The Upper Room two thousand years ago was a large room covered with a carpet, but without chairs. A mattress-like divan eight inches in thickness, and thirty in width, encircled the room. The only table used in the Upper Room might have been a large, round wooden one: there was also a brass or wooden tray placed on a round stool about eighteen inches high, and sometimes a leather table-cloth was spread on the ground. The guests first washed their hands, as they used their fingers for eating, and therefore always washed their hands before and after. But the Jews had also, besides this washing for cleanliness, a ceremonial washing, as they were highly superstitious, and they thought the room might be full of evil spirits and so on; and they hoped by ceremonial washing to drive all these horrible things away. If I were washing in the ceremonial way in my native dress, I would put my sleeves up and hold my hands over an ewer, dipping the hand and forearm into the water. The Pharisees accused Christ's disciples of not washing their hands before taking meat, meaning that they had washed their hands like everybody else in the East, but being free from superstition they had not made a ceremonial washing like the Pharisees.

The head, the father, always sat against a cushion in the middle of the divan, and the rest reclined on their left side. The highest position or place of honor was on the right or left-hand side. Those places were reverently coveted by the mother of Zebedee's sons when she said, "Grant that these my two sons may sit, the one on Thy right hand, and the other on the left, in Thy kingdom." St. John sat on the right-

hand side of the Master, next to the Lord; naturally his head would just touch the bosom of Christ. It is a wonderful picture. You remember how once the poor man by the gate, after feeding on crumbs dropped from the rich man's table, in Heaven sat on the right-hand (or in the bosom) of the patriarch Abraham.

On the table would be four cups of wine. I have been asked whether the wine was fermented. In the Bible wherever you have "wine" it is wine, and this wine must be fermented, but Palestine wine is not as strong as English cider. It is the pure juice of the grape, with nothing put into it. Of course, the juice of fruit cannot remain long without fermentation. The Jews of the Bible lands are all teetotalers: they never touch a drop of even Palestine wine, except on the Passover Day, when every Jew must drink the four cups of wine, not at once, but at certain stages.

Again we are talking in pictures, so those four cups of wine remind the Jew of God's four promises, which you will find in Exodus 6: 6, 7, expressed in the Hebrew Bible in four words. God said to Israel at the exodus from the land of Egypt, "I will bring you out," "I will rid you," "I will redeem you," "I will take you to Me for a people." At the Feast of Redemption, God's successive promises are remembered, typified by the four cups of wine.

These cups are drunk at different stages. The first cup is called the cup of Redemption, or, cup of the Feast. As it is drunk, these words are said: "Blessed art Thou, O God, King of the universe, who bringeth forth bread from earth, who createth the fruit of the vine." There are also three loaves—like water biscuits, but much larger. The host takes the middle loaf and breaks it in two, wraps the one half in a pure white linen cloth and hides it under a cushion until the end of the feast, when it is eaten as dessert. Then he takes the other part of the loaf and says, "This is the bread of affliction which our fathers ate in Egypt." This formula was used two thousand years ago, and is used now. Our Saviour was a Jew. He knew the formula, and He said as He took the bread: "This is My body. Henceforth let this bread remind you of My broken body, of My sacrifice on the Cross." It is not the very body of Christ, but it stands for and reminds us of it.

At this junction occurs what is called the "showing forth." First of all the youngest son in the family says to the father: "Why do we have today this unleavened bread and these cups

of wine?" Here comes the home sermon: On the Passover Day the father relates how the Lord brought His people out of Egypt with a mighty hand and with the blood of the Lamb sprinkled on the door-post. All repeat the salient points of the Passover story, using the first person singular. "I was in bondage in the land of Egypt," (not "we were"). "The Lord brought me out of Egypt," and so on. This is called the "*Haggadah*."

Each time that we come to the Lord's Supper and take the bread and the wine, we proclaim what the Lord has done for us. "I was a sinner, but He died for me." St. Paul says in 1 Cor. 11: 26: "As often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew" (*Haggadah*) "the Lord's death till He come."

There is a wonderful sermon or lesson in the Lord's Supper. It is a sign-post with two arms—the past and the future. The past points back to the death of the Lamb of God on the Cross, when He took away my sin; but the other arm points to the wonderful, glorious future—when He comes. The world is full of superstition, unbelief and doubts, but this earth of ours will be filled—not only with the knowledge of, but with the glory (*Shekinah*) of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.

After the *Haggadah* the second cup is taken and the "Hallelujah" Psalms are chanted; then the lamb is eaten. Let me remind you that the "Home Service" is a supper—never taken in the morning, always in the evening. In Palestine only two meals a day are taken, the first about 11 o'clock, and the big meal in the evening, which is called supper.

At the end of the supper comes the Cup of Blessing—the third cup—with the words: "We will bless God of whose bounty we have been satisfied." Everyone takes the cup and says, "Blessed be our God." It was this cup that our Lord gave to His disciples, saying, "This cup is the new testament in My blood, which is shed for you." God had promised in the Old Testament that He would make a "new covenant" and a "new testament." His cup is a "last will." The cup is the pledge and symbol of the blood of Jesus, shed for the remission of sins. "I will put My law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts; and will be their God, and they shall be My people. . . . For I will forgive their iniquity."

The barrier, placed by sin, between God and ourselves is removed, and through the precious

blood of Jesus, we can approach the Throne of Grace, crying, "Abba, Father."

Some people, when they hear the words, "Take, eat: this is My body," think that the actual body of Christ is meant. They do not understand our Eastern metaphorical way of speaking. Philo used to say, "The Messiah is the good of the soul," and in the same way the words of Christ must not be taken in a literal way. Thank God, He comes into our hearts—He lives there.

If only people could visualize the happenings in the "Upper Room" in the light of the East, there would be no misunderstanding of the Lord's Supper, but its help and its joy would be fully valued.

(Continued from page 13)

his ministry and under his leadership the church made much progress. It was largely through Brother Snelgrove's efforts that the Western New York camp-meeting, held each summer at Ebenezer, N. Y., just a few miles from Buffalo, was instituted.

In 1934 Brother Snelgrove left to pastor an assembly in St. Johns, Newfoundland and Bro. Wilfred A. Brown of Atlantic City, N. J., was called. Under his ministry the work continues to make splendid progress.

The present membership is about 175. They have an orchestra of fifteen pieces and the Sunday School has grown so that it is necessary to use the parsonage to accommodate some of the classes.

Brother and Sister Watson Argue were here for a three weeks' campaign just before Christmas and greatly enjoyed working with Brother and Sister Brown and their fine people.

(Continued from page 16)

remedy; but it is not God's plan for His people to sin every day. "These things write I unto you, that ye sin not." 1 John 2: 1. God forbid that we should continue in sin. Thank God, the blood cleanses from sin. When God cleanses the heart from sin it is purified. A cleansed Christian is not a man or woman going around with a load of sin in the heart.

"Well," somebody says, "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?"

A heart cannot be deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked, and at the same time

be purified by the blood of Jesus Christ. If it is desperately wicked it is not purified. If it is purified it is not desperately wicked. Thank God, the blood of Jesus Christ purifies.

—*The Pentecostal Evangel.*

(To be continued)

## The Jew

The "Jewish Hope" supplies interesting information regarding the Jews in America:

"DO YOU KNOW—

That a Jew financed the first expedition of Columbus when he discovered America?

That it was a Jew who provided the maps and astronomical tables which Columbus used on his first voyage?

That a Jew invented the quadrant and sextant by which he was able to sail the high seas?

That five Jews joined him in his great adventure, one of whom was the first to set foot on American soil?

That a Jew was the first to receive a message from Columbus, announcing that he had discovered a new world?

That the first Jewish colony was established in New York in 1654?

That that colony has now become the largest Jewish community in the world, or in history—nearly 2,000,000?

That America has now the largest Jewish population of any country in the world—4,500,000?

That many Jews are dissatisfied with the ancient faith and are drifting into atheism and unbelief?

That thousands of Jews today are seeking spiritual satisfaction in modern cults, and are open to consider the claims of Christ?"

A lady who has a sick sister, would like to sell some new hand-made quilts to help pay expenses. The quilts are at the following prices: \$6, \$8 and \$10. Crazy pieced comforter for \$7 and a hand-knitted bedspread for \$50. If these quilts are sold, one tenth will go for the Missionary cause.

Anyone who is interested please write to Mrs. May Walley, Bruin, Pa.

Beginning Feb, 9th the Stone Church (70th and Stewart Ave.) will have Miss Mattie Howard, a converted gangstress, to hold evangelistic services for three weeks or longer. Miss Howard spent seven years in the Missouri Penitentiary, at Jefferson City, and was known in her sordid years as the Queen of Gangland. After serving her term in prison she was living under an assumed name and was converted through hearing a sermon over the radio. She went to the church that broadcasted the message and gave her heart to God. She was later called to preach the Gospel and has been in the evangelistic field for several years. The meetings will be held every evening at 8 excepting Monday night. Sundays, 11, 3 and 7:30.

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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]?  
Se'-lah.

Ps. 12.2; 81.6,18; 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.

(Facsimile of type showing corrected renderings in brackets and references after each verse.)

## Price List

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