

The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

The Glory of God's Minority

WE PITY ourselves because we are having such a hard time in the living of the church life. Shame on us! We do not know what it is to have a hard time following Christ. Go with me to Sardis—servile, wicked, sinful, unclean, lascivious, persecuting, death-dealing Sardis—where it was worth a man's life to be true, and where men were put to death for no other reason than because they were followers of Jesus; and yet God says, "They have not defiled their garments." When I cannot believe the Book I will get another job. —Thos. Potter.

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

The Latter Rain Evangel

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Table of Contents

GLORY OF GOD'S MINORITY.....*Frontispiece*
 EDITORIAL NOTES..... 2
 THE SIN OF SILENCE..... 3
 MAKING CAPITAL OF CALAMITIES..... 6
 DOUBLE FOR ALL OUR SIN..... 8
 TICKING OFF THE HOURS..... 9
 CARDINAL SINS.....10
 HELP ON THE PILGRIM WAY.....13
 THE GET ACQUAINTED PAGE.....14
 SHOULD MINISTERS MAKE MONEY?.....16
 FIRE—THE CHURCH'S REMEDY.....18
 THE JUDGMENTS OF GOD.....20
 HEALED OF A BROKEN BACK.....21

To Our Subscribers

NOW THAT summer is upon us, and the fact that publishing interests suffer financially during the summer months, we covet the prayers of our readers and their good help, that we may not run behind.

If you have received a notice of your subscription being overdue, we would greatly appreciate your renewal, as we have special need at this time to meet our current bills.

A reader in Pennsylvania writes: "I am pressed in circumstances, yet would not know how to do without the paper, and am lending it to others. They say it is real food for their souls."

We are doing our best to make the paper a spiritual builder, and if our appreciative readers will help us to send it out we know the Lord will reward them. To get *The Evangel* into the hands of *new readers* we will make a special offer of 50c from June to December (7 mos.). Send us a list of friends in whose spiritual welfare you are interested, with remittance to cover, and pray for them as they read the paper. This offer is for new subscribers only. Or, you may send us three subscriptions (one may be your own) for \$3.00 and we will credit all three for a full year. Let us hear from you now.

Chicago Tent Meetings

FOR SEVERAL YEARS it has been the desire of the Stone Church congregation to do some aggressive work in the summer. Some of us remember the Gospel Wagon with its nine meetings a week, conducted by the beloved founder of the church, Wm. Hamner Piper, when thousands on the South Side of Chicago heard the Full Gospel.

This summer we are expecting (D. V.) to have a tent campaign at 69th and Green Sts. Evangelist Watson Argue, who is well-known to our readers through *The Get Acquainted Page*, will be with us during the entire time, from July 26th to August 23rd. Meetings will be held every evening at 8, and on Sundays at 3 and 7:30.

This will be a blessed place to spend the summer evenings. Evangelist Argue has been greatly used of the Lord throughout the States and Canada. His sermons are inspiring and instructive, some being on present-day events in the light of prophecy. Come and pray for a harvest of souls.

The Sin of Silence

EVANGELIST WILLIAM BOOTH-CLIBBORN

*Life is eloquent, life is loud;
Death is silent, corpses are quiet!*



DEATH is the enemy of testimony. 'Dead men don't talk' was the poignant saying of the old Wild West. Even in life's last moments speech is sparse. In the hour of death we are short of breath.

The most potent faculty to evil in natural life is the propensity of speech. Even so the tongue and its testimony is the most precious and important power for good the spiritual life possesses! God Himself has made known unto us His nature and His salvation *by His Word—His speech!*

Just as death is not satisfied until it has stilled the voice of the dying, so Satan is never content until he has silenced the saint! If he can but lay his choking hand on the mouths of Christians, he knows they are stripped of power; for they overcome the devil "by the blood of the Lamb, *and by the word of their testimony*" (Rev. 12:11). God wants witnesses who *cry aloud and spare not*, but Satan is after making them all 'secret disciples.' Consequently the cult of 'the quiet Christian' increases!

Silence is a Sin

Satan does not stop at robbing the individual believer of his voice. He aims higher. He must muzzle the church. To hush the witness of God's people in the last hour, the time of his fastest, most furious activity, is the devil's one desideratum. If he cannot shut up the church, he *mixes her up!* The best of many devious ways he has of making her voice ineffectual is to conflict the issues and so cause her to sound a discordant note.

At no moment should the message of the church be clearer and louder than in this beginning of sorrows and universal perplexity. Groping in the growing end-darkness, millions are on the watch for a word of warning, a

*"Shall I go empty-handed, when at last
My journey done, I reach the goal I sought?
Shall I ascend to Him who gave so much
And own that to my Master I have brought
No gift—no fruit of any toil on earth—
Nothing to show the love that now I claim?
Dare I go empty-handed to my King,
And hope to hear His lips confess my name?"*

definite danger signal; they are straining to hear *the sound of a certain trumpet*. The great deceiver wants every salvation sound suppressed, every fog-siren out of commission, every godly man gagged so as to insure the damnation of the masses.

It was never so sinful for the saint to be silent as *now!* He bears a double responsibility who is a believer today! Not only are the nations in the *final* balances, but every creature's eternal interests are at their *last* stake. The time is so limited! "The night cometh when no man can work." Though the living church cannot stay the hastening judgments, she can, nevertheless, *speak her loudest*. She can raise her voice as a clarion call and so save numberless brands from the fire of Babylon's final burning. The need of the instant is a noisy church, loud in praises and preaching, in song and in witness; a victorious, militant church that can cry in the streets, in the highways and byways and shout her message above the din of a collapsing civilization!

A Voiceless Church is Powerless

The broken, labored phrases of a fast-failing, expiring church will never arrest the attention of a world plunging to destruction. The weak, whispered, weary-words of the dying lack the power to persuade. *The voice of a hesitating heart* is hard to hear. A dying world will not give heed to a dying church. A dying church is worse than a dead one. Better *no fence* on the brink of a precipice than a rotten one. God does not revive dead church systems. He spues them out of His mouth! The living invisible church cannot die, for the gates of hell shall never prevail against it! Church organizations would not be dying had they not deserted the Gospel and denied the faith.

Yet the professing church has a widespread press, makes a great clamour in its conventions, passes resolutions, opinions on politics and pub-

lic morals, yet all its clatter and commotion are like the frantic struggles of a victim of strangulation, like those who die of diphtheria. All that violent uproar goes unheeded. The compromising, decadent, prostrate church can only babble incoherent banalities. Its protests are purely negative. It proposes impossible restrictions and reforms. It has no challenge, it has lost its power and all its pronouncements are only confessions of its fearful failure. Is it not proper to expect confessions at death beds?

The oldest church systems are so long dead that they have ceased to mumble about their past, as the decrepid in their dotage. They no longer mutter in retrospect of their former accomplishments and power. These glory in their graves. Their heresies and idolatries actually adorn their tall ecclesiastical tombs. Their corpses lie *silent* in security incarcerated in their massive cathedrals which serve as immense, memorial mausoleums to a dead faith. Yet how loudly these glorified corpses confess to us!

The First Witnesses

In the Early Church each man and woman was an active witness, telling the story. The cloven tongues signified they *all would* speak. The Holy Ghost had come and had imparted to them the power to be witnesses unto Christ, and their testimony was unanswerable, irresistible! Theirs were not fine-spun sermons, logical syllogisms or clever arguments. The world can parry all such thrusts, but it is confounded when confronted by the convictions created by certainty and the explosive persuasions of experience. They spoke "that which they did know."

No one objected to private piety but when those first Christians persisted in proclaiming their joys abroad, the hottest persecution was kindled to still them. The early churches passed through ten terrible ordeals of fire. Pagan Rome exhausted its energies slaughtering millions in a vain attempt to quench the voice of anointed testimony. With the powers of earth and hell marshalled against them, the saints spilled their blood in rivers, yet "the churches greatly multiplied and grew." In those days to speak for Christ was to be informed against and condemned to death. So the Greek word for witness, '*martur*', came to mean a martyr, one who dies for "the testimony of Jesus."

Oh! for that bold, courageous, individual witnessing today! We are in danger to think that the congregation's collective testimony is

sufficient, forgetting that we have a personal privilege of speaking out to the world.

This is a fallacy! Another, is the pretense that to testify in the assembly is a good substitute for testimony before and to unbelievers. Many testimony services have become a travesty and a curse, deceiving such as take part into thinking this the limit of their obligation. Never! Christ said if we would confess Him before men He would confess us before all the angels of heaven. When it comes to shouting in meeting, and giving us their daily spiritual temperature many are very eloquent, but when it comes to speaking to the world they are like Canadian rivers—frozen at the mouth! We are not only to witness with our lips but with our victorious, jubilant, exultingly-happy lives.

No Noise in a Cemetery

The best medicine for the advocates of tranquil religion is the Book of Psalms. For a complete cure let them read it three times thru. These songs of Israel contain some strong potions. "The dead praise not the Lord, neither any that go down into silence" (115:17). *There is no noise in a cemetery.* The world is one vast graveyard whose sepulchral stillness is never disturbed by the least hosanna sound. The "dead in trespasses and sins" cannot glorify God. When a compromising Christian makes common cause with the unconverted, death's fumes choke his voice; he spiritually declines, and gone is his spirit of praise. The Psalmist asks: "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" (137:4). Once on the world's strange, foreign ground, the child of God is struck dumb.

A happy healthy emotion rings through the pages of the Psalms, "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord!" The redeemed are everywhere called upon to *say so*. They are to speak, praise, shout and sing their joys, for, "Great is the Lord and greatly to be praised" (48:1). All means are to be employed: the voice, the clapping of hands and the dance. Every kind of musical instrument, the trumpet and the timbrel, the psaltry and the high-sounding cymbals, the organ and the harp with stringed instruments are to combine in making "a joyful noise unto the Lord!"

At all times, in every circumstance we are admonished "to make the voice of His praise *to be heard*" (66:8). "The mouth of the redeemed is to be filled with God's praise and honour and to shew forth His righteousness and salvation *all the day*" (71:8, 15). "His

tongue also shall talk of His righteousness all the day long" (71:24). "He shall daily perform his vows" (61:8) in the morning and each night he is to shew (speak forth) God's lovingkindness and faithfulness (92:2). He is even to sing aloud on his bed (149:5).

The New Testament also calls upon the Christian to rejoice evermore (1 Thess. 5:16), to be exceeding glad (Matt. 5:12), to sing and make melody (Col. 3:16), to praise (Rom. 15:11), and never to cease to give thanks for all things (Eph. 5:20), to witness (Acts 1:8), and to speak boldly on every occasion of the hope that is within him (1 Pet. 3:15).

The Words that were Left Unspoken

In the face of these facts how can we explain the prevailing dumbness of those who profess to know God? The winter weather of the foretold "falling away" has descended like a pall upon the church these last days. Faith is frozen, testimony is stifled, inspired singing and rejoicing are silenced!

Let me be personal! How can you imagine that you can keep as mum as an Egyptian mummy, day in and day out, as you go through this life, without committing high treason against the Christian cause? In a thousand incidents and occasions of life your silence is a sinister sin, your quietness becomes a cowardly crime! We hear it so often quoted that "Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment"—but the Christian should be *far more* concerned *about the words he fails to speak*. The sin of omitted testimony will far outweigh the sin of foolish talk. The great gaps of ominous silence will have to be answered for! You saw the evil done and you said nothing. You looked upon the unjust deed and gave no protest and so became party to the wrong. You heard Christ's name blasphemed and failed to reprove. And what shall be said at that day of *the countless opportunities* to witness which slipped past and found you speechless? We shall all have a great deal of omission to answer for!

The devil ever trembles at the living church's preaching and testimony. He offers the saint every inducement to lull him to silence. He cajoles, argues and reasons. He bargains to pay any price to repress the praises. He whispers: "There'll be no opposition if you conceal your convictions. No persecution, criticism or ridicule will come your way if you keep quiet! You're converted—well and good, but please don't make an outcry, don't make it public.

Why appear peculiar? Don't make a fuss, a spectacle, a fool of yourself. Live it but don't be loud about it, be peaceful—still water flows deep! Revivals give you a headache! Too much uproar, too noisy; no good can come of all that clamour and commotion; you must compose yourself!"

So, deceived by the devil, the duped disciple disappears underground. He becomes a member of 'the catacomb club.' He remains as mute as a clam! Jesus said: "The world hates Me *because I testify* that its works are evil" (John 7:7). But the cowardly Christian is afraid to face the hiss and hatred of the world.

Out of the Abundance of the Heart

The Lord Jesus gave us the solution to the whole problem in a sentence: "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh" (Matt. 12:34). This kernal truth implies that a dumb mouth manifests an empty heart. The love of God shed abroad in our hearts is that heat that sets the tongue at liberty. Love loosens the lips. Divine passion is never inarticulate! When the spirit is warm the mouth never wants words! Lips touched with a live coal from off God's altar are eloquent, but it is torture to frost-bitten lips to speak. Besides they are liable to chap and crack!

"If I Had Failed God"

One of our readers tells us of a precious experience when the Holy Spirit led, and the blessed result. How inerrantly the Spirit of God guides when we are in touch with Him!

She writes: One day while in prayer, the Lord said, "Go, work in My vineyard today." I said, "Lord, I am so tied with home work. What can I do?" Then He led me to call at the home of my nearest neighbor who was ill. She had just moved in the neighborhood and I had never been in her home before. I prayed with her and found her soul was hungry. She told me she was fifty-nine years old and no person had ever before talked with her about Jesus. I took her in my own home for a number of weeks and God wonderfully saved her. One day she was suddenly taken very sick and never rose from her bed. She died in a few weeks. All of her unsaved friends were greatly moved to see the remarkable change in her life. What if I had failed God and not spoken to my neighbor at all! There are multitudes who would be saved if we would be burdened for their salvation.

Making Capital of Calamities

Three Ways of Meeting Trouble

GUY SHIELDS

In the Stone Church Convention



AM SPEAKING to you on the rather strange topic of The Art of Capitalizing, or in other words, Making Capital of our Calamities. True, it is a very strange art and yet it is one of the most masterful pieces of work that can be accomplished, for God can help us to get to that place where every calamity and every disaster that come our way may be made stepping stones to a closer, higher, and deeper life with God. Let us learn this art.

In Psalm 119:71 we find these words, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." And one of the translators has put it this way, "It is good for me that I have been in trouble." Strange, is it not, for a man to speak that way? Most people think that trouble is cruel; we look upon our troubles as being unfortunate disasters that have overtaken us, but here is a man who has been through trouble and says it was good for him. There is possibly no man living today who has known the heartaches and troubles that David experienced. If you read his life you will find he was a man weighted down with troubles—a man much beloved but also bitterly hated. Strange as it may seem, it is true that people who are dearly loved are also extremely hated by those who are jealous of them. Jealousy is just what Solomon said it was, as cruel as the grave. Jealousy killed the first man that was murdered and possibly will kill the last man. Good people often unconsciously provoke others to jealousy and outstanding characters whom God is using are hated by those who are envious and critical towards them.

And this was the case with David. He had been chased from place to place by Saul and finally he fled to a cave. His life was full of heartaches. He had been overtaken and committed a sin which haunted him the rest of his life for he said, "My sin is ever before me," and yet in the midst of it all, standing there at the end of a winding trail, and looking down the road of life, he comes out boldly and de-

"It required the fiery furnace victory and glory, the black, terrific lion's den background, to reveal the power and glory of the 'God of Daniel.' It was Peter's imprisonment that called forth the angelic deliverance; the stoning of Paul that made way for his vision of Paradise and for his hearing 'unutterable things.' The solitary Isle of Patmos served as a fitting background for John to obtain the greatest vision of heaven ever revealed to him. It is in the dark and trying circumstances where we get a clearer vision of the goodness of God."

clares, "It is good for me that I have been in trouble. It is the best thing that ever happened to me. It was my trouble that saved me."

Many a man and woman might have gone to hell were it not for their troubles. Yet trouble does not save everyone from falling and what we want to discover is, Why does trouble draw some closer to God while others it drives away from God? We have travelled extensively in this country and I find that humanity is practically all the same; everyone has his troubles. Job said, "Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward." And, "Man who is born of woman is full of trouble." Sorrow may not yet have come to you, but it will come; your day of trouble may not yet have overtaken you but it will. This life is full of sorrow, heartaches and disappointments. Don't build your plans too high because life holds many tragedies. Many air-castles have been built and lived in for a time, only to crumble and fall. Trouble is bound to come sooner or later and what is your trouble today may be mine tomorrow; what is mine today may be yours tomorrow. Trouble comes to every father and mother, to every wife and husband, to every boy and girl. Do not think you will find an avenue in this life whereby you can escape, for you cannot. But since I am sure you will all pass thru these trials I would like to leave with you a recipe whereby you may get out of trouble when you get into it.

Here is an experienced man speaking. David has endured much and now he is old and tottering and coming to the end of life's path. He looks back but not in despair, not with cruel hate and revenge toward his enemies. No, he says it has been good for him. It is a strange art—this art of changing crosses into crowns, pains into notes of praise and making a melody of joy out of grief and despair. But it can be done if we but yield ourselves in the right way.

There are three attitudes that are followed by people who get into trouble and you must take one of these three. The first is that of sur-

render. Many people throw up their hands and say, "I cannot bear it. It is too hard," and they faint and give up. We find thousands along that trail—those who are in despair, and you cannot seem to snap them out of it. Listen! No matter what your trouble may be, God can help you out of it. The greatest sermon that was ever preached to me was given by a dear old man dying with cancer. He was in a most pitiable condition, but we never went to see him when he was not shouting and praising God. It was when I first started in the ministry in company with another young preacher, and in the first place we opened up a work we contacted this dear old man of God. As I watched him and heard him praising God in the midst of his dreadful suffering I wondered how it could be possible. When he was about to die he sent for us as he always called us his "boy preachers." When we reached his room he reached out his hand and pulled each of us to his bedside, saying, "Now boys, I am about to leave you. One of the things and about the only thing I dislike about it is that I am a little afraid I might not be able to keep contact with my boy preachers and see how they are getting along down here." But he admonished us and was very encouraging and then he told us a little story of two Irishmen who were fighting; the one had the other fellow down and beat him, but the fellow who was beaten refused to give up and said, "I am not whipped. You have me down, you beat me up, but I am not whipped." "Now," the dying man said, "the devil may get you down; there may be times in your lives when everything is against you, but remember, you are never whipped till you stop fighting." Those words stuck to me and have been a great stay in my life. It is not how many times the enemy has knocked you down, but have you gotten up again? You can always do so as long as you keep your faith in God. So let us refuse to give up when trouble comes.

But you say, "My health is broken"; "My home is ruined"; "My income is gone"; "I might as well give up." I know how hard it is. Three times I have been down in a total collapse of my nerves. I know what it is to hang between life and death. I never shall forget when a little ante-room was built on our home and I was put out there to be kept away from all others. I was spitting blood, and coughing out my very lungs. It seemed so dark in the natural, with all hope gone, but one morning I got a call from Oklahoma to hold a meeting. I

crawled out of my bed and said, "I am going if I die on the road." As I walked the weary miles with my suitcase I was often compelled to sit down on it to rest. But I went on, coughing out my very life. And so there have been times when we could have given up!

To give up is one of the three avenues out of trouble. It is the line of least resistance but it always leads to complete defeat and disaster. It is the road of surrender where people hoist up the white flag at the first sight of blood and at the first roar of the cannon.

Then there is another avenue you may take when you get into trouble. This also leads to destruction, but it is a brave man's way of dying. It is the road where people become calloused and hard. When trouble seizes them they do not give up, but set their chin and grit their teeth and become as hard as steel. Trouble drives a great many people that way. But that calloused, hard attitude only forms a rock in that heart upon which the person will be dashed to pieces and shattered. That is the brave man's death; he dies hard, dies fighting, but he is sure to die in defeat by travelling on that road. Judas chose the first road. When he realized what he had done he slunked, went out and hanged himself and went to his reward. Many have chosen that way. There is no real victory on that road. It just means grieving out your life, allowing your troubles to eat the very heart out of you and bring you to a premature grave. Will you get hard and fight? It will get you nowhere.

But what shall you do? Capitalize on your trouble! Let it bring some good into your life. Say to yourself, "I am determined to make capital out of this." Remember that there is still hope, and the first step is to believe that it can be done. "All things are possible to him that believeth." Believe that you can overcome; have confidence in God and in yourself as well as in your fellowman.

The second thought is: Don't blame God for everything that takes place. God is blamed for many things He never had anything to do with and so is the devil. Since man is born unto trouble there is no use trying to discover the *where* and the *how* and the *why*. Just leave it all with God. Paul gave us a splendid lesson that time he was put in the jail-house. He was put in there many times and it isn't a very enviable place for a preacher. I wonder what a church would do today were the pastor to be arrested. I fear they would throw up their

hands and say, "Now we are ruined! That is a reproach on our church that we shall never be able to live down. It has been in the headlines of the paper that our pastor has been taken to jail." And no doubt many would suddenly decide to attend a church on the other side of the city or quit altogether. Folks have given up Pentecost because of trouble.

But what attitude did Paul take when he was put in jail? When he wrote a letter to the church he said, "Brethren, I would have you to know that the thing which has happened unto me has fallen out for the furtherance of the Gospel." He didn't try to figure it out; he didn't say, "I don't know whether to blame this on God or on the devil." He didn't even attempt to figure it all out. He just said that it had all fallen out for the furtherance of the Gospel. There are ever so many things you will never be able to understand so you may just as well save yourself the worry and quit trying. The thing to do is to make it all fall out for the furtherance of the Gospel. Regardless of the reproach, regardless of how hopeless it all seems, let us specialize and make it all work out for the advancement of His truth.

Let me give you other examples from Scripture. If ever a man had a right to give up it was Joseph. If he had been put in that dungeon for committing a sin he would have had to say, "Well, I deserve it and I will take my punish-

ment." But he had tried so hard to keep his virtue and suffered for it. And then instead of getting angry at his brethren and seeing how he could get even with them, he retained a forgiving spirit. When the boys came to Egypt he said to them, "You meant it for evil but God meant it for good. It was all good for me." Joseph never could have occupied the important place next to the throne if he had not been schooled in the dungeon. Moses never could have led Israel out of bondage if he had not had forty years of schooling at the backside of the desert. He tried it before but failed. He had the zeal and the consecration but he didn't have the experience.

Now I do not know what your experience has been but let me urge you not to give up. Specialize and capitalize and then go on. The world owes its honors to those who have refused to give up, and to those who have refused to become hard in the time of trial. And it is such a person who can sing,

*"It takes the storm cloud to form the rainbow,
It takes the night time to show the stars,
I takes the crushing to bring forth fragrance..."*

The sweetest people you will ever find are those who have been softened by trouble. Specialize on your troubles. Don't get hard, but stay humble and let God have His way. Yield yourself to Him, trust in Him and He will bring forth the fragrance in your life.

Double for All our Sin

YEARS AGO, Nicholas the First, Czar of Russia, was occasionally in the habit of throwing aside the garb of royalty, attiring himself in the uniform of a lower officer, and going about to find out how things were going with his soldiers. On one occasion he had a favorite, a young man, the son of an intimate friend of his, whom he had given a position in a border fortress in charge of the money used for paying off the soldiers from time to time. This young man fell into bad habits, he took to gambling, and by and by, led on and on by the will-o'-the-wisp that lures the gambler to his doom, had gambled away all his own wealth and then had taken from the government funds entrusted to him. He had taken just a few rubles at a time and had no idea of the amount abstracted. He received notice that the following day an official was coming from the court to examine the records and to count the money he had on hand. He felt he never could face the exposure of that

day and so the night before, closed his door and sat there with his books before him. He opened the safe, took out the pitifully small amount of money, counted it carefully, jotted down the amount on a sheet of paper, made note of the various peculations that he had abstracted, and when he added it, he sat looking at it, and finally wrote under the figures, "A great debt; who can pay?" He knew it was impossible for him ever to settle; he looked at the small amount of money, thought, "What a failure I have been," and he made up his mind that he would not live to face the disgrace of the morrow, he would blow his brains out as the clock struck twelve that night and leave all the papers so that the agent would understand all that had happened. As he sat there reflecting upon the way he had thrown away his opportunity, suddenly he felt himself overpowered with drowsiness and in spite of the horror of his situation, went

(Continued on page 23)

Ticking off the Hours on God's Clock

The riots in Palestine during May filled the people with terror. An English soldier was shot and killed as he was leaving his post of duty. An Armenian policeman was struck across the face with an iron weapon, wounding him seriously. A man entered a cinema and shot five persons, three of whom died. A nominal Christian, an Austrian, was shot early in the morning as he was returning home with some supplies from a near-by Jewish shop. If an Arab would not join the strike the Arab rioters smashed his shop and beat him and his family.

The cause for the riots is that the Jews, who comprise 30 per cent of the population and pay more than 80 per cent of the taxes feel they should have greater voice in ruling the land and refuse to participate in the affairs as they have been governed. They are holding out for full control.

* * *

It has been long known that Italy is jealously eyeing Palestine. Several years ago Mussolini said, "Only toward the east can our pacific expansion occur. We shall go hard with our enemies. Italy is an immense legion which marches under the Fascist symbols toward a greater future. Nobody can stop her."

An Italian organ, *Hierchia*, said, "The Italians are carefully watching Palestine, and should the ominous clouds over the Mediterranean become blacker still, then Italian Fascism has no doubt that it will yet have to deal with this mandated territory, over which the British flag now flies." "The one country in Europe where there is no Anti-Semitism," says *Revelation*, "is Italy." Italy is interesting herself both in the Arabs and the Jews, and is inviting the friendship of each.

* * *

A young Italian, Nicholas Pirollo, who recently visited Italy, writes in *The Pentecostal Evangel* regarding Mussolini's title, "*Vv Il Duce*." "The Pentecostal brethren at Rome took me aside one day and pointed out to me that this in Roman equations equals 666. (By the way, there is an assembly of about 300 Pentecostal people at Rome.) Further, the word 'Duce' literally interpreted from the Italian means 'chief,' 'captain,' 'guide.' *Sommo Duce* means God. When we emphasize the article 'Il' as daily papers do here and everywhere, we are practically giving him the title of God. When millions of Fascist folk cry, '*Vv Il Duce*,' as they continually do, and as I noticed on white, green, black, yellow and all colored papers posted everywhere throughout Italy, they are, literally interpreted, crying, 'Long live our God—666.'"

Concerning *Youthful Fascists*, he quotes from the *London Times*:

"Those young men and women who have been brought up on Fascism, to whom it is a religion, are *avanguardisti*. To them the Duce is a god, and Fascism the future of the world. It is doubtful if it is realized abroad what the Fascist education has been for the last 13 years. This generation has been brought up on the doctrine that might is right, that Italy and Italians are God's own and only people, that their rights or desires are absolutely sacred. It has been

dinned into them in every way unceasingly. Boys of seven are taught that, if you are a 'man' you hit back harder when you are hit; that the glory of the State is everything; and that the greatest honor is to live and die for the Italy of the future, the new Roman Empire which will succeed the British. When about three years ago all university professors had to take the Fascist oath or retire, only 11 in all Italy refused it. It was accepted by most of the strongest anti-Fascists." (Read the 46-page booklet on *The Mark of the Beast*. It will show the growth and extent of the Fascists even in this country.—*Editor*.)

* * *

Herman Becker of the Famine Orphanages and Evangelistic Bands in Chihkiang, Hunan Province, China, writes of the release of one of their missionaries, Mr. Bosshardt, who was held captive by the Communists for *eighteen months*. During the time of his captivity he traveled over 1,200 miles thru Hunan, Kweichow and into Yunnan. Two middlemen, Christian Chinese, went to follow up the Communists, walking thirty miles or more almost every day for over two months. While sometimes quite near they did not reach the army which kept moving on. Mr. Becker describes Mr. Bosshardt's release as related to the missionaries: "On April 11th he was resting beside the road and hiding from bombing planes, when Hsiao Keh, the Communist general who captured him on Oct. 1, 1934, came along and said, 'As you are a citizen of Switzerland which is not imperialistic, and which has no unequal treaties with China, we have decided to let you go.' He invited Mr. Bosshardt to an evening meal with him and told him that at midnight, after the army had gone, he and the Kweichow middlemen would be free. The general gave him \$10 for traveling expenses, and at midnight, Saturday before Easter, he was set free. Next day he and his companion reached Fumin where the military were suspicious that he might be a Russian. Upon learning that it was Mr. Bosshardt, the general not only provided an escort to Yunnanfu and telephoned he was coming, but invited him to come in the morning to a feast. Mr. Bosshardt is now in the hospital there suffering with pleurisy. His feet and legs are so swollen that he cannot walk. Mrs. Bosshardt flew by plane from Shanghai just a few days after his release. That God released our brother without the payment of any ransom is an added cause for thanksgiving."

* * *

The Sunday School Times recently pictured two of the new coins of Palestine, the first currency issued directly for that land in 1900 years. It is significant that on these coins appear in parenthesis the Hebrew letters "Aleph" and "Yod." On the face of each coin the name of the land, "Palestine," is engraved in Hebrew, English and Arabic. The Hebrew letters above mentioned are placed immediately after the Hebrew spelling of the name and represent "Eretz Israel" (the Land of Israel). Thus, as the appointed time draws near, the land is regaining its divinely given name, in anticipation of its re-occupation by the divinely chosen people.—*Prophecy*.

Cardinal Sins

Getting Rid of the Barriers

MINNIE F. ABRAMS



I WANT to speak tonight on covetousness, reading the fifth verse of the fifth chapter of Ephesians: "For ye know that no covetous man who is an idolater hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ."

There are cardinal sins which seem to take in the whole horizon of the sinful nature. There is hatred, which, with all its kindred sins, is comprised in the sixth commandment, and there is uncleanness which with all its attendant sins is comprised in the seventh commandment; there is untruthfulness which is voiced in the eighth and ninth commandment, and covetousness in the tenth commandment. All these cardinal sins may be ferreted out until we find that they originated in one principal sin called *pride*, which is really the exaltation of self against God.

Now there is nothing that keeps us away from God except sin, and there is nothing that hinders us from receiving God's best except some sin in us. I have heard a great many people as I have gone about, saying, "I have done all I can and I am now ready to receive my Pentecost, but for some purpose that I do not understand, God is waiting and in His own good time He will give it to me." Now I do not believe any such doctrine. I believe God is anxious to give us our Pentecost and that there must be some sin left in us or some failure to comprehend God in His greatness and the greatness of His gifts that is hindering us from receiving that which He so desires to bestow upon us.

We are told in this text that the covetous man is an idolater, because if we covet anything we want it badly enough to sin to get it. Covetousness has a great host of sins circling all about it: quarrelling, hatred, lying, stealing, oppression of others, the sweating system, the oppression of the widow, the orphan and the

In the beginning of the Pentecostal Revival one of the strong, spiritual lights of the Movement, both in India and in English-speaking countries, was Miss Minnie Abrams. The Lord used Miss Abrams in the great revival which occurred at Mukti (Pundita Ramabai's) in 1907, when a large number of the 1300 girls in that institution received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit and became flaming witnesses for the Gospel. This sermon given by Miss Abrams in the Stone Church at our first convention (1909) appears in print for the first time, and shows the depth of the Pentecostal revival in those early days, and how the Word of God discerned even to the "joints and marrow" of our Christian life, the Holy Spirit laying His finger on the very thoughts and intents of the heart.

poor; that which pushes every little business to the wall and swells itself up into great proportions; family estrangements because of money and because of division of property, jealousies that arise from one having succeeded better than another—these are all founded on covetousness.

Covetousness leads to Sabbath-breaking, and keeping back from God His portion; it leads a man and a woman to spend so much time seeking the god of this world—money—that they haven't time to read the Word of God, haven't time to pray, or to hear God speak. There is no limit to sins that have their root in covetousness, and it seems to me that when a child of God comes to Him for a clean heart He begins to deal with the outward sins, as it were, that belong to covetousness, the grossest sins, the cheating and the lying, the over-reaching and hatred, the strife and malice. All these sins that are so gross, and so evident on the outside, God deals with first, and when we have repented of them and put them away, then He goes down a little deeper, and shows us a great many things in connection with the sin of covetousness that we have never thought about.

The love of money is the root of all evil. It is not money itself that is evil but the *love* of money. Covetousness is found not simply in the range of money, but in many avenues. We find people coveting that which is not money, that leads them to sin. So God searches our hearts, and if we yield, it shall not be simply a tenth to God, but all that we have; everything that belongs to us will be yielded to Him and held for Him to call for any time that He wishes.

Now if God begins to search our hearts with regard to covetousness He will find out whether or not we are willing to give Him everything we have. He may not take it all. He never does. His commandments are not grievous,

and yet He wants us to trust Him, and put all our plans in His hands in such a way that whenever He calls us, into a business or out of a business, we will be ready to obey; whenever He asks us for a sum of money, for this or that, we will be ready to give it, even though it is our last dollar. We will never lose anything by yielding everything to God.

I shall never forget the day I yielded my plans to the Lord Jesus. It was over in India, and I felt that day as though I did not want a single person in all the world to see me. Sometimes when God's light is shedding upon us we just feel as though we would like to hide away. I went away over among the hills. It is very difficult to go anywhere in India where no one sees you. There are over three million souls in that country, just one-fourth as big as the United States, and I found it hard to get away from the sight of man. But I went away down into a little ravine and hid away behind the rocks, and there I had my battle out. I told the Lord that from that day I would give all my plans into His hands, and I have never had to make any plans since then; I simply have to yield to *His plans*. It is a matter of yielding, and God has from that day led me out into a place of usefulness that I believe will speak throughout eternity. God Himself did it; I never could have done it. But it took a long time of discipline and training to get me to that place. He had brought to me that scripture of not being covetous, over and over again. If we yield to Him the Spirit of God will shed in His light, and He will show us where our spirit of covetousness is leading to disunity in the body of Christ. While we may have been just, perhaps we have been harsh in our dealings; perhaps we have been just a little over-reaching; perhaps we have dealt in justice but not in mercy. There may have been something in our being that has marred our characters so that we could not with ease go and speak to our neighbors about their souls, and seek to lead them to Christ; there is something inside that holds us back. Perhaps a soul that wants to be saved would not come to us because he felt we did not deal justly. God puts His finger on all these things that hinder us in soul saving; that is, if we are pressing on for all the fulness that there is in the Lord Jesus Christ. It takes a long time for a man or a woman to yield all his money matters to the Lord Jesus Christ, and hold everything he has for God, but it pays.

There was a man in this city; I presume

many of you have seen him. His name is William Blackstone; he is called the great Methodist missionary layman. He was a wealthy man once; today he doesn't own a penny. His mother-in-law was a wealthy woman. I have seen ever so many mission stations that they built in the foreign field, and I have seen some among the colored people down in the South. They gave all their money to the Lord, and now Mr. Blackstone is an old man, and last year on the Pacific Coast a syndicate of business men put into his hands two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars and asked him to go over to China and use it to distribute the Bible throughout the land. Now doesn't God know how to do things? and cannot He trust those who trust Him? That is one little example of what God does for those who put everything into His hands. He doesn't call upon everybody to give everything away until he is penniless, but He has special souls that He calls out in that way, and He wants everybody to lay aside covetousness, and put everything at the disposal of the Lord Jesus.

It was the desire for souls that led us to seek so earnestly at the throne of grace for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit over in India. God heard our prayer, but He brought us down low in those times of heart-searching. He dealt first with us workers, with some of us who were the leaders in spiritual things. The world heard very little about it, and the people who were with us knew very little about it, but God was preparing us. I do not remember how many hundreds of rupees it cost me to get ready for God to pour out His Spirit upon us. I thought I was honest, and I was, but there were little things that had to be made right in order to bring about a unity between myself and fellow-workers.

I came home on a furlough a number of years ago, and left a young missionary in charge of my work. She had been brought up in a wealthy home, and hadn't learned to economize as I had, and during the year and four months I was absent, she not only used up the missionary appropriation that had been given for the expenses, but she had overdrawn the money that should have been returned in balances. And when she turned over the finances to me she said, "I do not know just how it happened, but I could not get on without spending that much money." I said, "Well, you know that those balances ought to have been returned, and now if they are not returned the fault will be laid to me, and I think if you do not return those

balances you should report to the treasurer at home that you have not returned them, and that it was your fault." Now God tells us to bear one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ, and He not only wants us to bear one another's burdens, but He wants us to bear blame for others. Now I could just as well, within a year's time, have made up all those balances and put them back, but there was a little hard feeling down in my heart. I loved that missionary; we never had a word with each other; we worked in harmony, but there was pride in my heart, and so I said to her, "I don't think you should lay that blame over on me." She hadn't the money to refund it, neither had she the courage to write to the secretary that she had overdrawn the balances, so she sent to her father and got the money and so reimbursed the treasury.

It was ten years after that happened, that I was seeking the endowment of power for service and to win souls. I was asking the Lord to pour out His Spirit upon our work and upon our people, and He spoke to me about this fellow-missionary of mine—she had married within a few weeks after that and left me. He said to me, "When that missionary came down to Bombay, and you were in Bombay, why didn't you go to see her? You always loved her and got along so well together." And I thought, "Why didn't I? I could have done it so well; it was not convenient for her to come to see me with her little children in the heat. I could have gone to see her but I didn't do it." After all this time the Lord reminded me of it, and I traced my not going back to a feeling I had about that money. The Lord said to me, "You send that money to that missionary and tell her to use it for some comfort for herself or for her children, as she goes about in the villages and preaches the Gospel. I had a hundred rupees in my pocket; I was no longer a missionary getting a salary, but I went back to the old missionary society and got hold of the books to find out how much it was, and the Lord made me pay that all back. It was a good deal more than a hundred rupees, but I paid all I had and when the hot season came I hadn't any money to go to the hills. I had to stay on the plains, and my health suffered through it, but God carried me all through that; it established a feeling of unity between myself and that fellow-missionary, and the things that opened up thru that have shed light upon all my pathway.

Now my friends, I didn't owe that lady that money; I never had received that money but

it was that harsh spirit that God wanted to root out, and He wanted to break the power of disunion between a fellow sister and me in order that the life might flow from the body of Christ, and I had to do it.

Just after I became a missionary without salary it was necessary to have my teeth attended to, and I went to my dentist who was a godly man and loved to help the Lord's people. He had heard in some way that I had given up my salary and was depending upon God. "Now," he said, "you know this is my way of helping. I will look after your teeth and it won't cost you anything." I had the money in my pocket to pay him, and I felt just a little proud about it. I'd a great deal rather have paid for my teeth. He did what he could for them that day and I went home. It was a long journey, thirty-four miles; I had to get up at three o'clock in the morning and spend the whole day. I went in several times, and it seemed he was dilly-dallying over my case, and the devil told me he was doing it because he wasn't getting any pay for it, and so I finally became disgusted and quit going, and consequently lost the tooth. Time went on and when I was seeking this endowment of power and this outpouring of a great revival in our mission, that man was in the same town where I was and he came to the meeting one day at the house where I was stopping. But there was a barrier between us, and the Holy Spirit said to me, "Do you know why there is a barrier between that Christian man and yourself?" Then He took me to that experience I had and He would not let me have peace until I went and paid that dentist's bill which had never been completed. I had the cross to take up of explaining why, and all about it to that man, but in this way God broke the barrier that was between us as Christians. I have been able to witness to him to the power of Pentecost since, and it has been received because he believes in the kind of religion which the Lord gave me at that time.

Now it costs something to set everything right, and if we have within us a spirit of covetousness that exalts itself against the will of God, and that puts a barrier between us and our fellow Christians, and if we are not willing to go down into the dust and suffer shame as our Lord suffered shame for us when He hung upon the cross—if we are not willing to go down, and not willing to expose our sins and break their power over us, we cannot receive God's fulness. Be it covetousness, be it un-

(Continued on page 22)

Experiences which Help on the Pilgrim Way

The Iron Ring Surrendered

DR. F. B. MEYER tells of an incident which revolutionized his life and marked a great epoch in his ministry. It was in connection with the visit of C. T. Studd, the veteran missionary to Africa, whose example of wholehearted surrender and consecration to the Lord was so evident that it never failed to make an impress on his fellow-men, among them Dr. F. B. Meyer. He says:

"Before then my Christian life had been spasmodic and fitful; now flaming up with enthusiasm, and then pacing wearily over leagues of grey ashes and cold cinders. I saw that this young man had something which I had not, but which was within him a constant source of rest and strength and joy. And never shall I forget a scene at seven A. M. in the grey mist of a November morning, as daylight was flickering into the bedroom, paling the glittering candles, which, from an early hour had been lighting up the page of Scripture and revealing the figures of the devoted Bible students. The talk we had then was one of the formative influences of my life.

"'You have been up early,' I said to Charlie Studd.

"'Yes,' said he, 'I got up at four this morning. Christ always knows when I have had sleep enough, and He wakes me to have a good time with Him.'

"'What have you been doing this morning?'

"And he replied, 'You know what the Lord says, "If ye love me, keep my commandments," and I was just looking through all the commandments that I could find that the Lord gave, and putting a check against them if I have kept them.'

"'Well,' I inquired, 'How can I be like you?'

"He replied, 'Have you given yourself to Christ, for Christ to fill you?'

"'Yes,' I said, 'I have done so in a general way, but I don't know that I have done it particularly.'

"He answered, 'You must do it particularly also.'

"I knelt down that night, and thought I could give myself to Christ as easily as possible. I handed Him an iron ring, the iron ring of my

will, with all the keys of my life on it, except one little key that I kept back. And the Master said, 'Are they all here?'

"I said, 'They are all there but one, the key to a tiny closet in my heart, of which I must keep control.' He said, 'If you don't trust me in all, you don't trust me at all.' I tried to make terms; I said, 'Lord, I will be so devoted in everything else, but I can't live without the contents of that closet.'

"I believe now, that my whole life was just hovering in the balance, and if I had kept the key of that closet, and mistrusted Christ, He never would have trusted me with the ministry of His blessed Word.

"He seemed to be receding from me, and I called Him back and said, 'I am not willing, but I am willing to be made willing.' It seemed as though He came near and took that key out of my hand, and went straight for the closet. I knew what He would find there, and He knew too. Within a week from that time He had cleared it right out. But He filled it with something so much better! Why, what a fool I was! He wanted to take away the sham jewels, to give me the real ones. He just took away the thing which was eating out my life, and instead, gave me Himself. Since then I have reckoned on Him to keep; but full consecration is a necessary condition of any experience of His keeping power."

* * *

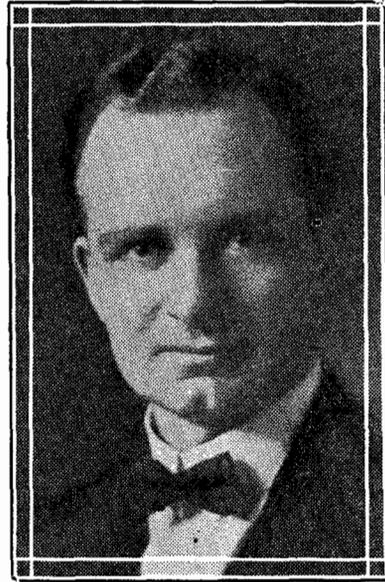
*"Dear Christ, I would give You every key
Of the little house that You know as me.
The porch has been Yours, and You've walked
all through
In the open rooms that the world can view
But today, O Christ, I would have You go
To the secret rooms that I've treasured so;
They are hidden and small, and set apart,
But I want You to own this house, my heart.
And my loved retreats I begin to see
Have been chill and dark, when I kept the key.
So I watch You flood with Your light divine
The remotest nook in this house of mine;
And a joy comes in, never known before,
Since the keys are Yours, to unlock each door."*

The Get Acquainted Page

Conducted by *Watson Argue*

Presenting the story of Bethel Pentecostal Church, Newark, New Jersey.
R. S. Armstrong, Pastor.

THE CITY of Newark, New Jersey, with a population of half a million people, is a part of the great Metropolitan area surrounding New York City. It was in the midst of these



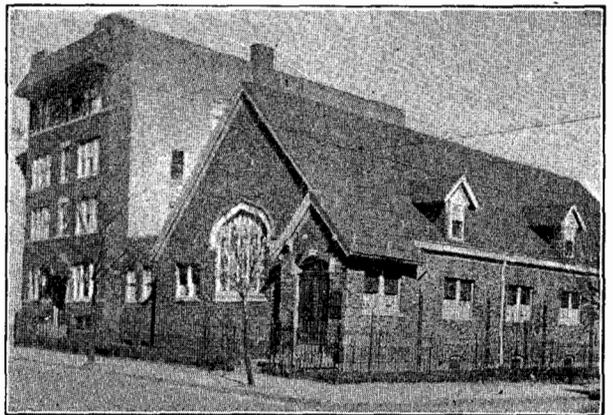
R. S. Armstrong, Pastor.

teeming multitudes that Bethel Pentecostal Church was founded, in the year 1911. A little group of saints who had caught the vision of Pentecost, finding that their testimony was not welcomed in their own church, opened a tent meeting not far from the present site of Bethel, for the purpose of witnessing to the Full Gospel. The tent was destroyed by a storm soon after it was erected, but these faithful soldiers of the cross were not daunted by this setback. They rented a hall on Orange Street and from the very first God honored their faith and poured out His Spirit in a marvelous way. They soon outgrew this place and after moving about for a time, they purchased two houses on Second Street and converted them into a meeting place. Again God's Spirit was poured out and soon those who were hungry for God began coming from far and near, until it became evident that still larger quarters were needed. It was then decided that a church building should be erected with accommodations to hold Pentecostal Conventions, and a large lot was selected on the corner of Fourth and Dickerson Streets. The owner of the property at first refused to sell to the Pentecostal church for fear the shouting would annoy his tenants in nearby houses, but after prayer was made by the church, he came

to them and offered the lot at a lower price than he had first asked for it. In 1913 the corner stone of the new church was laid, and soon a beautiful brick tabernacle adjoined by a four story building to house the convention guests was dedicated to the Lord free of debt.

For a number of years, the Bethel Conventions, of sacred memory to hundreds of God's people throughout the East, were a source of great blessing. Many who came, went home and started prayer meetings from which have grown flourishing churches, while others received the call of God to heathen lands. An outstanding characteristic of these early days was the missionary giving; it was a common thing to receive as much as seven to eight thousand dollars in a single missionary offering.

With the growing number of Assemblies in other cities to care for the spiritual needs of the people, there was not the demand for conventions that there had been in the beginning; however, another thought was in the mind of God yet to be carried out. A great number of young people were offering themselves for the work of the ministry, and a crying need was felt for a school where an adequate training could be secured. Again these stewards of the Lord responded to the challenge, opening Bethel



Bethel Pentecostal Church.

Bible Training School, known for many years as one of the foremost schools of the Pentecostal Movement. Many who are being blessedly used of God today both at home and in foreign lands received their training at Bethel. Among

those who were used of God to make this school a success, were Frank M. Boyd, now pastor of Elim Tabernacle at Rochester, N. Y., and William I. Evans, now dean of Central Bible Institute.

Along with the Convention and Bible School work, there was also a growing congregation of local saints and the present deep, spiritual tone of this church is without doubt due to the good wholesome teaching of the men of God who have pastored this flock in the past. Among these are Brother George Bender, for many years a missionary in South America, Brother Allan A. Swift, the late George Bowie, and Brother Ernest S. Williams, now General Superintendent of the Assemblies of God.

Six years ago Brother R. S. Armstrong, the pastor of the Lighthouse Church in Brooklyn, New York, was called to the pastorate. Brother Armstrong was preparing for ministry in the Methodist Episcopal Church, but during his last year in the Seminary, he received the Baptism in the Holy Spirit, under the ministry of Dr. Charles A. Shreve. Two years later, finding that his testimony was not welcomed by the leaders of his own denomination, he joined the Assemblies of God where he has enjoyed a fruitful ministry for the past eleven years. Since coming to Bethel he has had the pleasure of seeing many saved and filled with the Holy Spirit as well as a steady growth in every department of the church.

The Sunday School has seen real progress under the able leadership of the Superintendent, Brother Swen Johnson, having doubled in membership. The teaching staff during the past six years has grown from eight to twenty-one splendidly-equipped workers. About a year ago the revival fires began to burn in the Sunday School, and during the meetings conducted by Miss Hattie Hammond a great many of the children were saved and filled with the blessed Holy Spirit. Due to the increase in attendance and the reorganization of the classes during the past few years, it has been necessary to construct twelve new class-rooms, and at the present time we are being pressed for still more room.

The Young People's Society is another source of inspiration and blessing to the church. Their fine orchestra and large chorus are a constant help in the meetings. They support two young women of their number as home missionaries in the mountains of Virginia besides partially

supporting a missionary in Africa. They also conduct open-air meetings in two of the downtown parks, and only eternity can tell the results as thousands hear the Gospel each season through their efforts.

The following is the pastor's report of their recent campaign:

At the time of this writing we are drawing near the close of a most blessed Revival Campaign under the leadership of Evangelist Watson Argue. During the four weeks of these meetings the auditorium has been filled night after night with hungry souls, and on many occasions the crowds have taxed every available space. One night many had to be turned away for lack of room. At the present time eighty-five have knelt at the altar seeking to be saved and several have been gloriously filled with the Holy Spirit. Brother Argue has many friends in Bethel both among those who knew him as a student at Bethel and those who have come to know him in these meetings. As he goes from us we pray God's richest blessing to follow him.

One day while Dr. James H. Franklin was seated in a Pullman, a negro porter asked, "Say, boss, is you a preachah?"

"Why, yes," Dr. Franklin replied, "how did you guess that?"

"Oh, I just saw a book in your seat and I thought by the book, you must be a preachah. I was almost a preachah mahself once."

"Why did you give it up?" Dr. Franklin questioned.

"Well, sah, I'se got a brothah and I told him I wanted to be a preachah, but he'd been converted and preached hisself, boss. Well, sah, we talked it all ovah and decided he'd go ahead to college and be a preachah and I'd come back on the road and work and so I did, boss, and every month I sent him money and he went to college."

"And did he finally become a preacher?"

"Yes, sah, in Africa. They call him Bishop Scott."

"Bishop Scott!" exclaimed Dr. Franklin as he gazed at the noble figure before him.

Later Dr. Franklin met Bishop Scott and told him of the incident on the train and asked him whether that negro porter was his brother.

"Yes," said Bishop Scott, "he's my brother and may God bless him. I owe everything to him."—*The O. U. Herald.*

Should Ministers Make Money?



ONEY, Popularity and Fame have rarely served as effective tools towards a God-owned ministry; they have neither fanned into a living flame the embers of deep consecration, nor driven deep the stakes of that utter dependence upon the Lord which speaks so loudly in a Christian's life. May it not be possible that the metallic sound that is evident in laymen and ministers is but the echo of the clink of the filthy lucre to which they have become too much attached?

On the other hand, what a heavenly something is felt and heard and seen in the life of one who has sacrificed earthly wealth for the sake of the Gospel! not by force but voluntarily. Verily they have gained heaven's wealth in return and instead of the metallic sound, needy humanity has heard the majestic music of heaven as it has echoed and re-echoed down the ages. Many a minister has dabbled in stocks and bonds and financial projects, only to find that it has ruined his ministry. Some have learned a bitter lesson, and have profitted by the experience, and it is from one such, Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, that we quote the following:

"Some ten years ago, for reasons that seemed just and honorable, and under the influence of what I believed to be duty, I endeavored to make provision for the future of my own family and others dependent upon me, and also to give certain young men a start in life. In the interest also of a certain other plan, not selfish in nature, I decided to invest a sum of money which I had accumulated as lecturer and writer. I am ashamed to say how much, in view of the wages of working people and the poor.

"Like many others, when I trust I trust completely, and when I give my confidence I give it with all my heart. Those in whom I had most confidence advised me that there could be no doubt of the safety and conservatism of the investment of my funds or the ability and the capacity of those who had charge of them. For several years all went well. Then came the panic of 1907, with later business reversals for some of those to whom I had related myself in connection with these enterprises.

"I awakened suddenly to the discovery that there was doubt as to the real value of some of the property in which I had invested. At my

"For years I have had a growing conviction that a minister has no right to make money, and does his best work without it."

own expense and initiative I sent an expert to examine critically the assets and the actual values and report to me as to the actual values. I became convinced that inaccurate statements had been made. Immediately I set before myself the task of seeing to it that no one suffered any financial loss through confidence in myself or even through any introductions which I had given. Now I am told that I have enough to pay off the last of any indebtedness, so that I hope soon to begin life again, without property indeed, but also without debt. Of late serious complications have arisen, which I shall try to meet according to the light which is given me.

"But for several years I have been increasingly disturbed lest the little influence I may have had upon some students and young ministers was far from my ideal. I have feared lest I was biasing these young men toward the lecture platform, public life and prosperity, instead of toward obscure, gentle, tender Christ-like service. To these young men I owe this statement—that often I have loved my books more than the poor; I have loved position and office and honor, and sometimes I have thought of my own interests, when every drop of my blood and every ounce of my strength and every thought of my mind belonged to. . . . the sick, the friendless, the poor, and to the boys and girls with their eager and hungry minds. Often I have had honors offered to me when I should have chosen solitude and dwelt apart and listened to the voice of God and tried to repent. *For years I have had a growing conviction that a minister has no right to make money, and does his best work without it.* If, therefore, there is anywhere in this wide land a noble boy studying for the Christian ministry who has done me the honor to read my books and sermons, or to listen to my lectures, and who has come to cherish the secular idea of the Christian ministry, let me say to him, I deplore that idea, and that my latest, deepest thought is that there are home missionaries and foreign missionaries and neighborhood visitors whose very shoe latchet I am not worthy to stoop down and unloose."

WESLEY PASSED THE ACID TEST

Christendom has not had very many soul-stirring revivals such as accompanied early Methodism, and neither has it had an over-

abundance of men of the character of its leader, John Wesley. His consecration regarding material wealth passed the acid test, for though his income increased by leaps and bounds, he kept his personal expenses down to the low level which he had when he was but a poor itinerating preacher. It was seldom that Wesley found time for any period, however short, of rest and recreation. Still less would he allow himself any of the luxuries of life, hardly even its comforts. Never was a man with tastes more simple; in a world full of want he could not permit himself wealth and consequently he kept his personal outlay down to twenty-eight Pounds (approximately \$135) a year, though his income rose from fifty to five hundred Pounds. The sale of his books during the later years of his life brought him annually an income of about a thousand Pounds, but he gave it all away. When the officers of the excise once sent him a formal notice to "make due entry" of his plate, he replied, "Sirs, I have two silver spoons here in London, and two in Bristol. This is all I have at present and shall not buy anymore while so many around me want bread." His personal gifts to charity amounted to over thirty thousand Pounds.

D. L. MOODY AND MONEY

Those who were personally acquainted with Dwight L. Moody, have spoken of his unselfishness and conscientiousness in regard to money in his evangelistic campaigns. George C. Stebbins, the composer and singer, who was with him in his meetings, said that on one occasion Mr. Moody was holding a five weeks' meeting in a large city in the Middle West, speaking three times a day. "At the close a representative of the finance committee came to his hotel and handed him a check for \$1,500 for himself and his assistant. He immediately handed it back, saying that it was too much. A day or two afterwards the gentleman went again to the hotel, and not seeing Mr. Moody, left the same check for him. Finding it awaiting him on his return he took it back to the gentleman, who in telling about it afterwards, stated that Mr. Moody told him in very plain terms that he meant what he said when he first returned the check and he would not accept it. A thousand dollars was afterwards given him which he accepted because he then had well under way plans for establishing the Bible Institute in Chicago, and also needed money to carry on his schools at Northfield.

"At the close of another meeting, the com-

mittee handed him a check for \$500 which he accepted, but at the last meeting, when the collection was taken up to pay off the debt of the Y. M. C. A. he contributed the entire amount that had been given him."

A RICH MAN GIVES HIS ALL

Few men there are who have exemplified such a spirit of sacrifice in giving up their *all* as did Chas. T. Studd, first a missionary to China and later on the founder and leader of the Heart of Africa Mission. How easy it is to say, "If I had thousands of dollars I would gladly give to the Lord's work," but actual statistics have sadly proved the truth of the woman's statement when she said, "When I was poor I had the desire to give, but now that I have become rich I have the money but not the desire." But not so with Mr. Studd. Before he sailed for China he was apprised of the fact that at the age of twenty-five he would come into possession of a large fortune, inherited from his father. After making the teachings of Christ a definite study he covenanted with God to turn over to *Him* his entire fortune upon receipt of same. When, two years later, the letter came from his banker in England telling him that his inheritance was now at his disposal, he was true to his covenant and of that day he writes: "Then God made me just ordinarily honest and told me what to do. I went to the Consul, but when he saw the paper, he said, 'I won't sign it.' Finally he said he would give me two weeks to think it over and then, if I still wished it, he would sign. At the end of two weeks I took it back and he signed it and off the stuff went. God has promised to give an hundred fold for everything we give to Him. An hundredfold is a wonderful percentage; it is 10,000 per cent."

His biographer further writes: "So far as he could judge, his inheritance was £29,000. But in order to leave a margin for error, he decided to start by giving £25,000. One memorable day, January 13th, 1887, he sent off four cheques of £5,000 each and five of £1,000. As coolly and deliberately as a business man invests in some gilt-edged securities, as being both safe and yielding good interest, so C. T. Studd invested in the Bank of Heaven. In a few months he was able to discover the exact amount of his inheritance. He then gave some further thousands, leaving another £3,400 in his possession. The next chapters tell of his engagement and marriage. Just before the wedding he presented his bride with this money.

(Continued on page 22)

Fire -- The Church's Remedy Yesterday and Today

Dr. Will H. Houghton at the Founder's Conference



JUST NOW, in this day and age, it is comforting to take a survey of church history and read the story of revivals. May I remind you that this is not the only time in the history of the Christian Church when there has been declension; this is not the only time when there have been unbelievers. There was a day, a hundred years ago, when the most rabid modernistic teaching invaded this land of ours, when there were very few young men who retained their faith in the Bible.

I wish we might get rid of our spirit of defeatedness; so many Christians sit down and say, "This is not the day of awakening; we cannot have a revival again." I heard a man who was a leader in orthodoxy say, "These are only the days of gleaning. There was a time when I sat on the platform and there was such power that I expected to see fifteen to twenty-five come forward but now I do not expect to see anything like that for these are the days of gleaning only and not harvest days." We are too easily satisfied. We are spiritually lazy; we do not care. We sit back and say, "There is no use of our doing anything." A man said to me, "The whole thing is going to the 'bow wows' and we can't do anything about it." Well, his attitude was one reason why things were going to the 'bow wows.'

I do not know just where we are. If you drew a picture of the ages by way of church history you would have to draw a line of hills and valleys; some valleys would be lower and some higher, and the hills would be the same, but we cannot tell assuredly from God's Word that we are on the last hill. There have been other days of darkness and other periods of declension. I say again, let us get rid of our spirit of defeatedness. The fact that Russia has voted God out of existence has not put God off the throne; the fact that God has been swept out of many parts of China is no reason for believing that God has ceased to work. Our God still lives, and God—our God—is one who speaks by fire.

The remedy for depression in other days has been this element which we sum up in the word "fire." In other periods of declension the unbelief of the church was met not because some master of logic had come upon the scene; but

it was met in other days because God spoke in supernatural vision and by way of that inexplorable thing—a revival. Wouldn't it be wonderful if God in our day would refute the materialism that is abroad, the modernism and skepticism, the infidelity and professionalism and every other kind of *ism* by way of revival?

He has done so in the past. God makes use of fire very often for His purposes. In 1679, our Puritan fathers who lived in a section of Massachusetts discovered that the church had fallen into decay. This is what they discovered as to the state of the church: "There was a decaying of godliness, pride and extravagance in dress"—Would you like to see the extravagance in dress of this day of ours exceeded? Reading further, "Profanity, absence of Sabbath observance and lack of family worship; backbiting, reviling, litigation between church members"—I want to remind you that I am not reading a modern document but of something that was abroad in 1679; you may have thought I was describing conditions in the church of today. Oh no! Reading again, "Intemperance, idolatry, dancing, gaming, immodesty and love of the world." If you could write a better description of church history of the day in which we live I wish you would do so. This company of men concerned gathered together and said, "Things must be different. We are powerless, we are defeated." But they fell on their knees before God and He answered by fire, and a revival swept through that section of the State.

In the year 1770 a great awakening came out of a doctrinal contention. Jonathan Edwards, raised up of God, brought the old time Gospel; he was opposed and criticised from all quarters; they considered him a fanatic but some of the church leaders got down before God and a revival came. The years from 1850 to 1854 were years of great scepticism in this land but a revival broke out and in a little more than a year one hundred thousand were born again and added to the church.

How shall we settle the doctrinal questions of this hour in which we live? Shall we meet them by power of argument? Shall we settle them by gathering in a convention and opposing others gathered in another convention? No. We can settle them by way of a revival and in

no other way. How shall we meet the problems of man? Revival will do it. How can the flood of apostasy that is sweeping through the church be stopped? By way of revival! How shall we rescue our young people from materialism? *By way of revival!* How can we take an advanced step for the proclamation of the Gospel? We have been sending out missionaries for years and we had thought we were about reaching the day when the whole world would be evangelized but now we are recalling five to every one we are sending out. China in many parts is too dangerous for missionaries to enter; Russia is closed to the Gospel. Other lands are closing. A group of missionaries to Ethiopia have been refused passage this very day by our government at Washington. They were refused passports. It is perfectly all right for newspaper men to go to Ethiopia but wrong for missionaries to go there. With the return of missionaries, with the army of the church of which we used to sing,

"Like a mighty army moves the church of God"

—with the army, I say, turned around and marching back home, how are we to regain the progress that has been lost? By way of revival.

A church loses its sense of sin when there is no revival. If you want to be unpopular in any congregation, preach on sin. I have had some interesting experiences in the last few months, for there is growing upon me more and more a conviction that we must preach on sin. There is no salvation for sinners until they know they are sinners. There has not been a single soul saved without the realization of sin. There cannot be. But today we have lost this sense of sin. You preach an evangelistic message and give the invitation and sometimes there is a response from a few who will come tripping down the aisle. They do most anything you ask them to do and you can tell by their manner that they think they are doing God a favor. They are not coming as broken-hearted sinners under the conviction that they are resting under the wrath of God and deserving of hell. But we recover all this in time of revival.

A church in its decay loses the joy but recovers it again in time of revival. I don't mean that worked up thing that is pumped up and which is about as intelligent as the expressions of joy that come from a baby when you dangle a rattle in front of him. No, I mean the joy of the Lord that abides day by day whatever the experiences of the hour will bring.

We lose our concern for souls in time of decay. I cannot decide just which precedes the other—whether the concern comes first or the revival. Some people say the revival must come before we can have concern and others say these things bring the revival. I do not know but perhaps they come together; at any rate, I know that when the fire of the Lord falls they are here.

Another sign of decay is that the preaching becomes general instead of personal but in revival preaching becomes personal. Just now there is great emphasis put on a social Gospel and congregations gather to hear a preacher give a message, supposed to be a sermon but he speaks on world conditions and how the nations should settle their differences by some means other than war. The congregation agrees with him and goes out and does nothing about it because, of course, there is nothing they can do. It is all too general and has no application to the individual.

There are a number of things that fire will do. Fire consumes. When they heard the Word of God at Ephesus they gathered together their books—those books on sorcery and witchcraft—and they burned them up. There will be some things that will burn when revival comes—some of the books and magazines in your home that have sex stories and reading with which a Christian should never pollute his mind. Fire destroys and fire purifies. You remember that after some deadly plagues had swept over Central Europe, they would burn entire towns in order to rid the country of the plague and purify conditions. Then fire fuses and makes for unity. There is no place for splits and divisions in a church that is on fire and has a revival in progress. Fire also convinces and gives evidence of reality and fire gives power and life to our testimony.

INTER-STATE CAMP MEETING

Eureka Springs, Arkansas, August 27 to Sept. 7. This Camp Meeting is sponsored by five District Councils: Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Southern Missouri and Arkansas-Louisiana. Ernest Williams, General Supt. and W. T. Gaston will be the main speakers. A number of other ministers and missionaries will be present and speak during the Camp.

Fred Vogler, Chairman, Wichita, Kansas
E. J. Bruton, Secy., Pine Bluff, Arkansas.

The Judgments of God

C. B. Hurlbut

GOD HAS NAMED both the wind and the whirlwind as a means of special judgment upon His people. It was a great wind sent of God into the sea that intercepted apostate Jonah. In Jeremiah 23 God pronounces woe upon the pastors; and Jeremiah further states, "Mine heart within me is broken because of the prophets," verse 9; in the context we are told how miserably these prophets had failed to bring forth the "words of His (God's) holiness." He further states in verses 19 to 21, "Behold a whirlwind of the Lord is gone forth in fury, even a grievous whirlwind; it shall fall grievously upon the head of the wicked. The anger of the Lord shall not return, until He have executed, and till He have performed the thoughts of His heart; in the latter days ye shall consider it perfectly. I have not sent these prophets, yet they ran; I have not spoken to them, yet they prophesied."

Again God has a controversy with His prophets in Ezekiel 13:10. He says, "Because, even because they have seduced my people, saying, Peace; and there was no peace; and one built up a wall, and, lo, others daubed it with untempered mortar." God further warns in verse 13, "I will even rend it with a stormy wind in My fury."

The writer was privileged to view the havoc wrought by a tornado which swept through a section of North Dakota on July 1st, last year, a section where such destructive tornadoes are practically unknown. The storm traveled some fifty to seventy-five miles through a sparsely settled farming country, leaving a path of death and destruction which beggars description. Almost unbelievable was the fury and power of this tornado. To illustrate: a Model A Ford was picked up and torn in two in the middle, its steel frame torn apart as though made of paper. At another farm house a tractor was in like manner torn in two. One peculiarity about this storm was, that after travelling such a distance it quickly subsided after it had completely demolished a lone Protestant church built on a hill in the country. It was a good substantial church building with its tall spire pointing heavenward, a land-mark that was seen for many miles. The wind lifted this church many feet into the air; then literally tore it into bits

of kindling, to the extent that it is claimed that not enough lumber could be found to build a chicken coop.

It would be straining a point to say that this particular church had become a mark for God's judgment according to Ezek. 13:13. Yet, as a news item of some prophetic significance it may be worthy of attention. Especially does the incident become of interest when we study the deep meaning of Ezekiel 13:10. The Hebrew word for "wall" is "chayits," and is another form of the word "chuwts" which means to "separate": separation is always God's requirement for His people. Then further, the word for "untempered mortar" with which this wall had been daubed, is "*taphel*," the figurative meaning of which is "frivolity, foolish things, unsavory, untempered." In this last day of apostasy the church function which attracts its membership is its "supper room," wherein all manner of frivolity and lightness is practiced instead of prayer and giving attention to the unseen realities of eternal things. The Word instructs, "Judgment must begin at the house of God." Should we not therefore judge ourselves that we should not be judged? Those who have been longest in the white light of this Latter Rain Pentecostal Movement know that there is evidence of this same spirit of frivolity and lightness. Twenty years ago it was a custom for the saints to drop on their knees on entering the house of worship for a season of prayer before service. Now, this is rarely seen, but rather, there is visiting and light conversation. Are we commencing to plaster our walls of separation with the untempered mortar of lightness and frivolity? If we are, might we not profit by giving heed to the warning of Ezekiel 13; and fear, lest the "sound from heaven, as of a rushing mighty wind" of the day of Pentecost, become a wind of judgment upon a people whom God has signally blessed with the mighty baptism of the Holy Spirit?

The time is almost here when God's sharp sickle will be thrust into the earth and its harvest reaped. He must surely be looking forward to a glorious harvest of the fruitage of the Spirit in the lives of His baptized saints. Will He be disappointed?

Healed of a Broken Back

I AM SENDING in my testimony for the glory of God, of a wonderful healing I received six months ago.

On October 19th, while at work in an apartment house, I fell down a basement stairway, a distance of 12 feet, landing with my back across the bottom step, and my head hitting a post. A doctor was called and I was at once rushed to the hospital, and placed under the X-ray. This was between four and five o'clock P. M. I was on the X-ray table until after eight o'clock. My husband called our pastor, H. A. Baines, as soon as I was hurt and they at once prayed for me. Sister Baines and daughter, Eleanor, came to the hospital, and they, with my daughter, prayed continuously by my side, holding on to God for deliverance. Praise God for children and friends who know how to pray. The X-ray showed my back broken, one vertebrae crushed and spine out of line. The muscles and ligaments were all torn loose.

I have known God as my Healer for twenty years and realized that there was no help for me but in God and begged to be taken home from the hospital. I refused to take a hypodermic, which the doctor ordered, because I wanted to get home where there would be freedom to pray. The doctor told my husband that he feared my head was so badly injured I would pass out very soon from a cerebral hemorrhage. Because I would not go to bed and continued to beg to be taken home, they took me home at 10 o'clock that night. The pain in my back was so terrible no tongue can ever tell what I suffered.

The next morning the blood from the injury to my head, instead of settling on my brain, came down and settled in the loose tissues around my left eye until my eye was as large as an egg and blood red. (God knew a safe place to direct that blood where it could do no harm and was reabsorbed without any trouble whatever.) Bless His Name forever, Hallelujah! My head injury was not near my eye, but on top of my head, but God performed this miracle.

At first the doctors planned to send me to the hospital at Ann Arbor, then decided I would not be able to make such a trip. But they decided to put me in a cast here. I was hurt on Saturday and all day Sunday the doctor was anxious to do the very best for me and wanted

to have me back in the hospital but being a Christian man and not opposed to healing, since I was determined to trust God, he could do nothing. Sunday evening at 9:30 I had a sinking spell, and all night faced death. The doctor had said that if I lived, I would be paralyzed from my arms down, have no control whatever of my body; be cared for like a baby, and never walk again. Yet, with this fact facing me, I had faith in God, and told the doctors that I would walk again, for God would heal me.

In the morning I was very weak and knew I was going unless God undertook for me. My family also knew only God could help me. One of my neighbors came in and asked me if I could see or hear her, and something in her voice told me that she considered me dying.

While in this condition our pastor came in and asked me, "Are you still determined to trust God?" I told him, "I have no other thought." He knelt and prayed, and where all night I had had a sensation of going down, down, lower and lower, growing weaker and weaker, I now began to come back up. I knew that the great God and Creator of all things had touched me and I was healed. Bless His Holy Name! In an hour I was laughing and testifying that I was healed. Many people came to see me and each time I testified I felt new strength come into my body. Many times the room was full of people who came to see if it could be true.

The doctor continued his calls and tried to persuade me to be put into a cast, but I insisted God had healed me and I would be well and walking again.

On Wednesday the doctor who had been with me through it all, had to leave town, and sent another doctor over. This new doctor came on Thursday, was much more insistent on a cast, but found I was just as insistent on *no cast*, but that God had healed me and I would walk again. He called the nurse into the living room and told her that he didn't dare oppose me anymore because I thought something had been done for me and if I was agitated it might be most disastrous. He said, "She is much worse than she knows, but I will leave her to think it over and will not return for three days, unless she calls for me. By that time she will have found out how she is and will welcome a cast."

When he returned again I had been walking and was sitting up in bed combing my hair.

He threw up his hands and said, "Why—why, what does this mean?"

Both doctors have called to see me since I am well. A druggist said that he would not believe, but when he was calling at the hospital he asked to see the X-ray pictures and said he could hardly believe his eyes, when he saw the actual condition of the broken spine, but he no longer doubted.

I am well, praise God, and although 58 years old I find myself throwing my shoulders back and enjoying long walks.

My back was broken on Saturday, October 19th, and I was prayed for and healed on October 21st, and up walking on October 28th. No medicine or opiates, but just the touch of the Great Physician. Praise God forever! The week spent in bed after I was healed was a most happy time. I shall never forget how I was filled with joy and laughter. My answer to all enquiries as to my condition was to tell everyone, "Oh, He maketh me to lie down in green pastures."

Petoskey, Mich.

Mrs. Levi Genereaux.

(Continued from page 17)

She, not to be outdone, said, 'Charlie, what did the Lord tell the rich young man to do?' 'Sell all.' 'Well then, we will start clear with the Lord at our wedding.'

On July 3, 1888, a letter was written, enclosing a check to one in the Lord's work and we quote from it the following: "Besides this I am instructing our Bankers, Messrs. Coutts and Co., to sell out our last earthly investment of £1,400, Consols, and send what they realize to you. Henceforth our bank is in heaven. You see we are rather afraid—notwithstanding the great earthly safety of Messrs. Coutts and Co. and the Bank of England—we are, I say, rather afraid that they may both break on the Judgment Day."

* * *

One writer has caught a new glimpse of heaven's value of the gold which so dazzles humanity down here and we close by giving his befitting words: "So incessantly and so highly do we think of gold that it is as if we made of the precious metal the very vault of our heaven and surrounded ourselves with gold as with a glittering wall. But when a vision of the heavenly city was granted to John, the apostle saw gold there degraded to paving-stones. The inhabitants no longer dreamed of it—they trod upon it."

A glorious illustration of heavenly values. A splendid foregleam of the coming time when eternal verities will have their rightful place. Why not get ready for the heavenly city now? Why not walk on gold today? Why not chase out of our mind the longing for trivial and transient wealth, and live for the true and abiding riches?—*R.M.*

(Continued from page 12)

truthfulness, be it uncleanness, or whatsoever it may be, we must come down in the dust before God. Everything that exalts itself against God and against the knowledge of God, everything that is based on pride, or self-will, must come down; otherwise God cannot use us, and we cannot have power to win souls. We have got to see what sinful creatures we are. We know that from the crown of our head to the soles of our feet we are nothing but vileness and uncleanness, and we cannot stand in the sight of God, only as we stand in the merits of the blessed Lord and Savior. When once we get a glimpse of ourselves and the iniquity within us, even though the Spirit of God has applied the precious blood and cleansed it all away, it is then we can sit down beside the sinner without that spirit that says, "I am better than thou," and it is then that God can give us the power to touch the vile sinner with a fellow-feeling and lead him into the way of the Lord Jesus.

It is a battle, and it is fought only by a yielded spirit and a seeking after light. The promise is, "Sin shall not have dominion over you." God alone can break the power of sin if we are willing to humble ourselves; then it shall not have dominion over us.

The Third Annual Campmeeting of the Wisconsin & Northern Michigan Assemblies of God will be held at Camp Byron, Wisconsin (10 miles south of Fond du Lac) Aug. 6 - 16, 1936.

The principal speakers at this camp will be John Wright Follette, nationally known Bible teacher and preacher, Len. J. Jones of Sydney, Australia, and Paul B. Peterson, President of the Russian & Eastern European Mission. A large number of ministers and missionaries will be present and participate in the meetings. Scores of musicians and singers will take part in this great meeting. Rooms in Dormitory and cottages at reasonable rates. Meals, cafeteria style. For reservation or information write, Rev. David M. Carlson, Shawano, Wisc.

(Continued from page 8)

off to sleep. It happened that night the Czar Nicholas, attired as a lower officer of the guard, entered the gate of that fortress by giving the proper password and moved down through the halls. Every light should have been out according to regulations but as he came down the main hall he saw the light shining under a door. He went up to the door and listened but there was not a sound. He tried the knob, the door opened; he looked inside and saw the sleeping officer and then the money and the open safe, the papers, the books, and he wondered what it meant. He tiptoed in and stood behind the man, and looking over his shoulder, read the paper before him. The whole thing became clear in a moment. The young man had been stealing systematically for months. The Czar's first thought was to put his hand on his shoulder and tell him that he was under arrest. The next moment his heart went out to him in compassion; he remembered his boyhood; he remembered the father, how broken hearted he would be if the son should be arrested. Then he happened to see that pitiful question, "A great debt; who can pay?" and moved by a generous impulse he reached over, picked up the pen that had fallen from the hand of the sleeping man, wrote just one word under that line, tiptoed out, and closed the door. For an hour or so the man slept and then wakened suddenly and saw it was long past midnight. He sprang to his feet and picked up his revolver, put it to his forehead, and was just about to pull the trigger when his eye caught sight of that one word on the sheet of paper which he knew was not there when he went to sleep. It was the name, Nicholas. Dropping his gun, he said, "Can it be?" He went to one of his files and got hold of some documents that had the genuine signature of the Czar and compared them with the one word written under the line, "A great debt; who can pay?" It was the real signature of the Czar, and he said, "The Czar has been here tonight, he knows all my guilt and yet he has undertaken to pay my debt, I need not die." And so instead of taking his life, he rested upon the word of the Czar as indicated by that name written upon the paper, and he was not surprised when early the next morning a messenger came from the royal palace bringing a sack of gold which he counted and found to be exactly the amount of the missing money. He placed it in the safe and when the inspector came and went over the

books, everything was found to be all right. Nicholas had payed "the double."

It is only a human illustration but it pictures what the Lord Jesus Christ has done.

*"Jesus paid all my debt, Oh wondrous love;
Widest extreme He met, Oh wondrous love.
Justice is satisfied, God now is glorified,
Heaven's gate thrown open wide, Oh wondrous love."*

One word spoke peace to that man's heart—"Nicholas." One Word has spoken peace to my heart, the name, "Jesus." For through Him and His work upon the cross I have received of the Lord's hand "the double" for all my sins. And for you, there is the same salvation, the same absolution, the same pardon, the same forgiveness, for "God hath made Him to be sin for us, Who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."

—H. A. Ironside in "Revelation."

When the Emperor of Constantinople arrested Chrysostom and thought of trying to make him recant, he slowly shook his head. The Emperor said to his attendants, "Put him in prison."

"No," said one of them, "he will be glad to go, for he delights in the presence of his God in quiet."

"Well then, let us execute him," said the Emperor.

"He will be glad to die," said the attendant, "for he wants to go to heaven. I heard him say so the other day. There is only one thing that can give Chrysostom pain, and that is, to make him sin; he said he was afraid of nothing but sin. If you can make him sin, you will make him unhappy."

Oh that God would make us like Chrysostom, rather die than sin!

Once an Indian came to the Lord and began to give Him all he had. He said, "Lord, here's my horse, here's my saddle and blankets, here are my bow and arrow, here is everything I have." But he didn't get the victory. Then he said, "Lord, here's the Indian too." — And he got the victory because God accepted the gift.—E. L. N.

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CHAPTER 3.

2 Milk is fit for children. 11 Christ the only foundation. 16 Men are the temples of God.

AND I, brethren, could not speak unto you as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal, even as unto babes in Christ.

2 I have fed you with milk, and not with meat: for hitherto ye were not able to bear it, neither yet now are ye able.

5 shall.
Ps. 25. 14.
John 15. 15.
a Heb. 5. 13.
1 Pet. 2. 2.
1 Or. factions.
2 according to man.
b Rom. 12. 3.
c Acts 18. 4.
d Acts 19. 1.
e Isa. 55. 10.
f Pa. 62. 12.
Rom. 2. 6.

19 F. foolish ten, of craftin
20 Ar the tr are va
21 T. men.
22 W Cē'phs Jeath come,

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