

The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

OUT FROM that record of triumph and threat the quiet question God put to the disheartened Elijah leaps straight at ourselves in these distracted times. "What doest thou here, Elijah?" The unspoken answer for many of us, as for the prophet, is: Away from the place of duty; down from the level of past gladness and service; distant from the old fearless confidence in God's faithfulness; and, because of all this, in great peril of soul, useless, joyless, doing nothing, good for nothing.

Then and there that servant of God had to learn, and did, that not anything or everything God had done for him or with him in the past, not even the climaxing triumph on Mt. Carmel, answered for the needs of the following days. He discovered, even as you and I, that not yesterday's or last year's experience with God and God's partnership, but only today's touch with Him, meets our need for the present hour.

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

The Latter Rain Evangel

Published Monthly by
 THE EVANGEL PUBLISHING HOUSE
 18 W. 74th St., Chicago

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Entered as second-class matter, April 8, 1909, at the Postoffice, Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Price

TO ANY PART \$1.25 (5/8) per year in advance
 OF THE WORLD 65c (3s) six months in advance

Special rates to Assemblies ordering twelve or more copies. Write for terms. Send drafts, express money orders payable to The Evangel Publishing House. Foreign Countries send international money orders. Do not send personal checks unless 10 cts. is added for exchange.

Contemporaries wishing to copy any article from this paper will kindly quote "*Latter Rain Evangel*."

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

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

Bread Cast on the Water

T WAS a sweltering day in July, thirteen years ago, that we might have seen a young man trudging down the dusty road, suit-case in hand, perspiration freely trickling down his face and feet literally bleeding from the arduous walk. The new recruit in the Master's service had received a call to hold meetings in the little town of Seagraves, Texas, near the New Mexico border—virgin territory for the Pentecostal message.

Circumstances prevented him from traveling a more comfortable way for he had no money for train fare, but he did manage to enlist the help of a man, going his direction, who kindly drove him to within twenty-five miles of his destination. And this distance he vainly tried to cover in order to be present at the opening service that night. Finding this to be impossible he besought the help of a farmer whose old Ford he saw standing in the farm-yard. After a laborious cranking they started off and reached the little town just in time that night. The school house was crowded with eager listeners and the Lord graciously blessed the message. For three weeks the power fell like rain and

Table of Contents

Special Section — OUR YOUTHS' WORKSHOP

THE NOISY SEVEN 3

ADVENTURING IN FAITH'S SCHOOLS 4

THE CHILD—THE GREATEST CHALLENGE 7

BRIDGE TO WORLD MISSIONS 9

WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS IN D.V.B.S. 11

BREAD CAST ON THE WATER 2

HELP ON THE PILGRIM WAY 13

THE GET ACQUAINTED PAGE 14

JUDAS, AND HOW HE FELL 15

FROM WORLD WAR TRENCHES TO
 WESTERN CHINA 18

TICKING OFF THE HOURS 22

the hungry people drank in the truth, so new to them. Fifty were saved and received the Baptism of the Spirit during the campaign and as a result a permanent work was established there.

Just thirteen years later the same evangelist was entertained for breakfast in the home of one who had been won for the Lord during that campaign to which he had walked with bleeding feet. The evangelist was then on his way to transact an important business deal in connection with one of the schools. It was a crisis time, financially. Little did he dream that the fruit he won for the Lord thirteen years previously was now to bring forth fruit. Thus God works, for, over the breakfast table that morning she handed her spiritual father a check for \$2,000 in appreciation for all God had done for her. Bread cast upon the waters . . . shall return . . . after many days.

Is it any wonder that the young evangelist who had been schooled in such a life of faith, that one who had been faithful in the trying process, should later be deemed worthy of God to establish schools of faith for countless boys and girls, young men and women? This remarkable story is found on page 4.

The Sunday School Laboratory
- and -
Our Youths' Workshop

CONTENTS

Adventuring with God into Faith Schools
The Child—the Greatest Challenge to the Church
The Sunday School the Human Bridge to World Missions
Working with our Boys and Girls in the Stone Church D. V. B. S.

The Noisy Seven

*I wonder if he remembers,
That good old man in Heaven—
The class in the old red school-house
Known as the 'noisy seven.'*

*I wonder if he remembers
How restless we used to be,
Or thinks we forgot the lesson
Of Christ and Gethsemane.*

*I wish I could tell the story
As he used to tell it then,
I'm sure that with Heaven's blessing
I could reach the hearts of men.*

*I often wish I could tell him,
Tho we caused him so much pain
By our thoughtless, boyish frolic,
His lessons were not in vain.*

*I'd like to tell him how Harry,
The merriest of us all,
From the Christian field of battle
Went home at the Master's call.*

*I'd like to tell how Stephen,
So brimming with mirth and fun,
Now tells the heathen in China
The tale of the Crucified One.*

*I'd like to tell him how Joseph
And Philip and Jack and Jay
Are honored among the churches,
The foremost men of their day.*

*I'd like, yes, I'd like to tell him
What his lesson did for me,
And how I'm trying to follow
The Christ of Gethsemane.*

*Perhaps he knows it already,
For Harry has told, maybe,
That we are all treading our pathway
Thru Christ of Gethsemane.*

*How many beside I know not
Will gather at last in Heaven,
The fruit of the faithful sowing—
But the sheaves are surely seven.*

AS I LOOK BACK into the days of my youth I think of one person who influenced my life perhaps more than any other. I heard him testify, I saw his life. He was my Sunday School teacher when I was but a small boy. This man would say some strange things while teaching the lesson. Being in grammar school, days when I was learning the use of the English language, I understood very well that this man was breaking every law of the king's English much of the time. But when he talked to the boys, as he often did to me, I was convinced that he was a man of God. I knew there was reality in what he said even though some of his sentences were strange and in spite of the fact that after Sunday School we boys often got together and laughed over some of the things he had said and the way he said them. There was a bit of fire in what he said—that unexplainable thing called fire. You remember that on the Day of Pentecost they tried to explain it but they couldn't. That Sunday School teacher of mine had much more to do with the making of this life than many preachers under whom I sat those days. I am not discrediting them but I cannot remember the face of any of them, yet I can remember the face of my Sunday School teacher. It was because the fire of God was on his life.

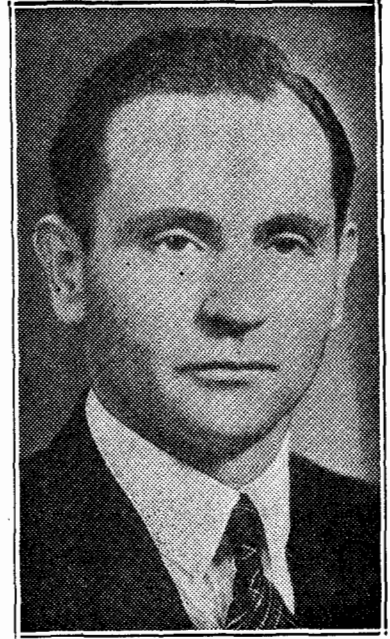
—Dr. Houghton.

A Vision A Burden A Reality

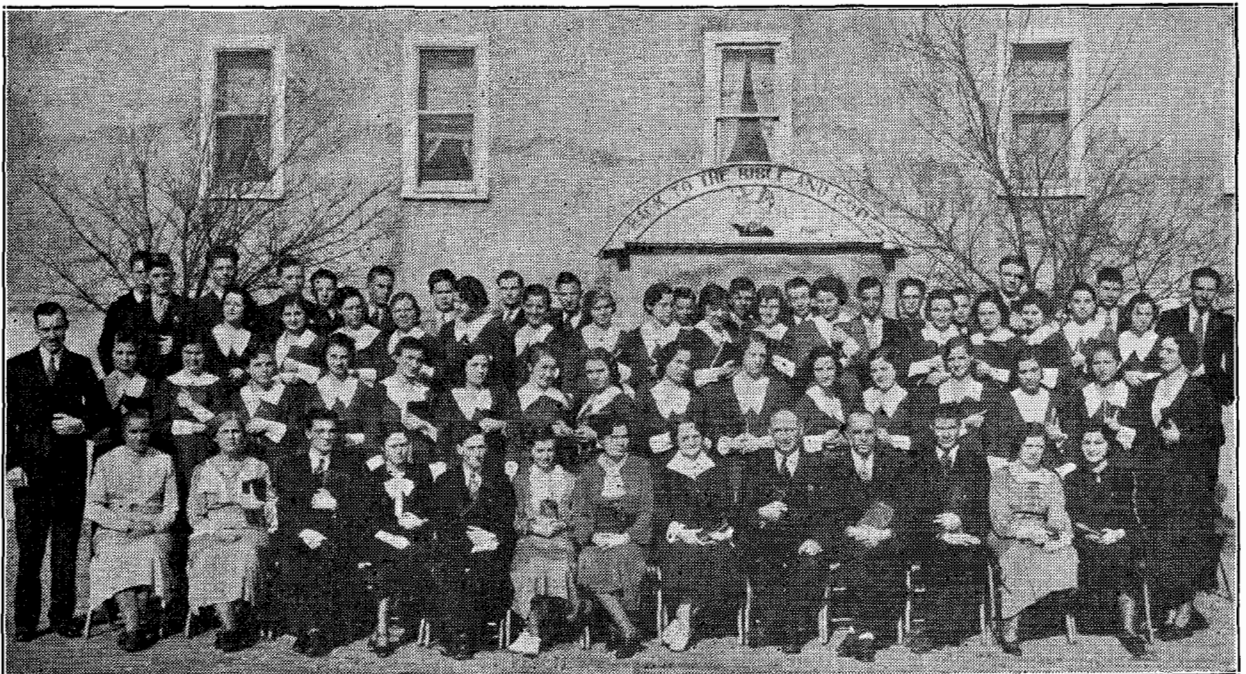
The Shield of Faith Bible Schools

GUY SHIELDS

FROM the earliest days of my ministry I have had a great burden on my heart to mould the lives of our children and young people, and especially to shield their faith from the doubts and unbelief that are instilled into so many in early life. While in pastoral work I always took great pains with the children, teaching them Bible courses and telling Bible stories, for I was thoroughly convinced that there were great possibilities in planting the Word of God in the hearts of the young. As I grew older this burden became one of the consuming passions of my life. I had seen so many children who had been wonderfully saved and filled with the Holy Spirit gradually lose interest in the things of God during their school days, especially when they became as advanced as high school, and this caused me to cry out in earnest prayer that the Lord might enable us to do something to shield and protect them during those crises years.



Unburdening my heart to some of the workers connected with me in the church as well as in the district work, I found them very ready to join me in prayer for this need and it wasn't long till God revealed to us the need of a unique Pentecostal school where children might be taught their regular literary subjects under the tutorship of Spirit-filled teachers and where they might also have the Bible taught as well as experiencing the blessing of regular chapel worship and a training in sacred music. The vision was made very definite and forceful but the problem of how to establish such an insti-



Faculty and Student body of the Shield of Faith High School, Amarillo, Texas.

tution loomed up and being without financial backing, it all seemed quite impossible. But God spoke to us that we were to take a step of faith. I had had some marvelous lessons in the faith life but just how we were to build a school of this nature with no money whatsoever to start with, how to secure accredited teachers and operate a place such as this looked like a tremendous task. But trusting in God who does the impossible, I announced one day what we were planning to do and I remember how many of my friends were astonished and said, "Brother Shields, it is a wonderful vision, but it cannot be done." However, there were others who had prayed through and they said, "We feel this is of God and we will stand by you." This would inspire my faith anew and one day, without a dime in money, without any agreement of teachers, with no land in sight for such a project, we publicly announced from the platform of the Amarillo Church, as well as other places, and through our little paper, then known as *The Pentecostal Latter Rain*, that on September 15th we would open *The Shield of Faith Bible and Literary School*, and that it was open for children from Kindergarten age right through High School age.

There was no question in my mind but that God would see us through some way although in the natural it seemed utterly impossible. Directly across the street from our church was a very suitable piece of property with an eight-room house, and somehow we felt God leading

us to build on to that. The property was valued at \$3,000 and negotiations began with the owner for the purchase of the property, though we were still without money. The trade was closed by faith for there was absolutely no money to close the transaction and immediately God began to move upon teachers and workers from various parts of the country to come and offer their services. My faithful secretary went to her typewriter where until the wee hours of the morning she was busy pounding out letters to announce the opening of the school on Sept. 15th, and writing to those who might be interested in such a project.

I have always believed that faith was an act and that before God would move in our behalf He expected us to take some action; consequently, having secured the building site I felt God would have us start even though we had nothing with which to build. Hence, as pastor of the church and promoter of the school, I took the lead, and with other volunteer workers, we took shovels and with our own hands began the excavation. People seeing our determination were greatly moved and the first donor was a Nazarene brother, not a member of our church at all, who gave a gift of \$100. Soon after, I was enabled to make a deal, trading a lot which I personally owned, for some lumber for building material. A little later an oil man gave a check for \$500 and another party, more than 150 miles away, sent me word that he had a half section of land to donate to the school.



Faculty and Student body of the Shield of Faith Bible Institute, Ft. Worth, Texas.

Everybody was ready and willing to do his part to help the work along; some who had no money donated many days of labor which proved of great value to us in the construction of the building, and teachers and office helpers gladly gave their services; still others sent in supplies of groceries and meat. One church sent us 3000 pounds of Pento beans, another sent a truck for a distance of 750 miles, loaded with 4,000 pounds of potatoes and groceries, and all the way from Fresno, California, came a ton of raisens; other truck loads of supplies came from Kansas, from Colorado and from Nebraska.

Again and again when bills would come due and we had not one penny in the treasury, the faithful workers would hold on in prayer and God answered by sending money through the postman or some other medium. And it seemed whenever we had some special work to be done God always sent along some workmen experienced in that line. In all these ways He proved to us that we were moving in His will. Thus we have been building little by little for the past five years and while our buildings are still far from being complete, it is marvelous to note the progress.

As an outgrowth of this step of faith in Amarillo, I was called to hold a camp meeting in Alabama two years ago and there we were asked to tell something of the way God had led. After telling of the God-given vision, the burden and the step of faith, it seemed a wave of inspiration swept over the congregation and in just a few moments more than a thousand dollars was collected to start a Shield of Faith Bible School in Alabama as well. After some months of testing relative to securing the proper location, a High School building with five acres of truck farmland was purchased for the small sum of \$2500 in Brockton, Alabama. The remaining \$1250 needed, came in from everywhere and the payment was made and the school organized. The school operated very successfully thereafter, having outgrown our Bible and High School combined.

Later on we were peculiarly moved to change the school either to Ft. Worth or Dallas, Texas, provided that the Lord would open a door. After some counselling and prayer we went to Ft. Worth to look over a location. Arriving on the train at 8 o'clock in the morning I immediately contacted some brethren who were advocating such a move and we learned that the All Saints' Catholic Academy was for sale. We went to look this place over and as we stepped

on the grounds the glory of God came down upon us and I was moved to weeping as we walked over the two acres of ground. Then as we looked over the buildings we found them to be exactly what we needed. The buildings alone had cost \$16,000 and there were the two acres of land beside. I turned to the four brethren with me and said, "God has said in His Word that where two or three shall agree as touching any one thing, it shall be done, and we need this for His glory, to train our boys and girls for the service of God. Since there is no selfish motive behind it I feel we have a right to ask God to give us this property." Then taking hold of hands and forming a circle like five little school boys, we knelt on the floor and prayed that the Lord would make it possible, and immediately we found our hands raised to heaven and we were praising God for the building. We then went to the Real Estate office which informed us that the property could be purchased from the Catholic sisters for \$2,100 cash. We told him we had no complaint to make on the marvelous offer but we wondered if they would advance the price for an institution of this kind, as we knew when others had tried to buy it they had asked from seven to fifteen thousand for it. He assured us that was the rate, but our trial was that we had no cash on hand. He then asked if I could make some sort of an offer that he could present to the Mother Superior and I was moved to offer him \$200 cash and \$400 to be paid within a short time and \$400 more the first of January.

He said he would notify me by eight o'clock that night as to whether or not the offer was accepted. Now mind you, when I offered him the \$200 I did not have a dime in sight and really had no idea where it was coming from. But I stepped over to the telephone and called up my office girl in Amarillo to ask if anything had come in and she informed me that \$200.35 had come in in the afternoon mail from the State of Ohio. Just enough to close the deal and make the down payment. The offer was accepted and the school has been operating there in fine shape.

One of the greatest miracles of faith in connection with the school was how God answered prayer for a man to supervise the work. We have had many splendid workers but we have felt the need of a man with greater experience in supervising such an institution. While I was holding a campaign in a campmeeting my faithful workers in the school united with other

(Continued on page 23)

The Child --

the Greatest Challenge to the Church

DR. A. J. HARMS
in *Roseland S. S. Convention*



VER 1900 years ago, in the little city of Nazareth, one day a young Man laid down His carpenter's tools upon the work bench, and leaving the carpenter shop He said, "I am the way, the truth and the life. No man cometh unto the Father but by Me." Some who heard Him said He was beside Himself and others remarked that He had a devil, but some there were who believed on Him and followed Him.

For three years He gave Himself to the great ministry of teaching. He healed the sick and raised the dead; He presented the Gospel. And then one day pernicious, jealous men captured Him, indicted Him and then condemned Him. They nailed Him to the tree, and after He was dead and buried His enemies gathered together to celebrate His death. Their Trouble-maker was gone, they said. The cross had silenced Him at last—but the story does not end here. He rose from the dead. His disciples said so; His disciples saw Him and when they had seen Him, then were "their hearts filled with laughter and their mouths with singing," and they said, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." Not so very long after that, the risen and glorified Christ met with His disciples upon the Mount of Olives and there, presently, the power of gravitation relinquished its hold upon Him and a cloud received Him out of their sight. He was translated from the realm of the visible to the realm of the invisible. But before He left them He gave to them His last command. They remembered it. How could they ever forget it! Just this—"Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the age."

Christian Religious Education *begins* with Christ, it *leads* to Christ and it *centers* in Christ. It was commanded by Christ, exemplified by Christ; it will be rewarded by Christ, for the teacher shall shine as the brightness of the firm-

The race moves upward or downward on the feet of childhood.—HERBERT HOOVER.

ament and they that bring many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever.

Notice then, that the curriculum of Christian Education comes from Christ who said, "*Teaching them to observe all things, whatsoever I have commanded you.*" Its methods are derived from the example of Christ, concerning whom we read, "He taught them as one having authority and not as the scribes." Its motives come from the heart of Christ of whom we read, "He had compassion upon the multitude for they were as sheep without a shepherd." Its program is derived from the vision of Christ who said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," and its objectives are derived from the mission of Christ who said, "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which is lost." Now when the curriculum and the methods, the motives and the program and the objectives center in and lead to the Lord Jesus Christ, then religious education is Christian.

Let me remark, that we stand in need of a program of Christian religious education today that will make the transformation of life central. Jesus Christ conceived that human nature would not be what it should be or might be; Jesus Christ conceived that human nature can and must be changed and when it was changed the child of sin would become worthy of being called a child of God. He said, "I am come that they might have life and have it more abundantly." So at the heart of Christian religious education stands Jesus Christ who is interested in the transformation of human nature, interested in men and women, boys and girls. There is not a heartache over failure, not a desire for a better life, but what Jesus knows and understands. In the program of Christian Religious Education I find room for none other than Jesus Christ Himself.

For a number of years I have been connected with one of our seminaries and during this time I have had opportunity to deal with hundreds of Sunday School teachers, and I have found them a loyal band indeed. They have labored for years without any reward; some have worked for many years without any token of gratitude and I find some have become discouraged; there have been some misgivings as to whether it is worth all the work. What is my answer

to the Sunday School teacher who is discouraged thus, and comes to his pastor with the request that his resignation be accepted? Just this. Oh you pastors, take those Sunday School teachers and imbue them afresh with the spirit of evangelism! Show them the glory and the thrill there are in the transformation of a life given to God! Tell them those soul-stirring stories. Tell them about that young man who was selling boots and shoes in a Chicago shoe-store and when he had found the Christ, went and presented himself as a teacher for a class in the Sunday School. But they saw so little in him that they pointed to the street and said, "If you wish to teach you will have to go out and find one in the street," and he went and found his class. His name is D. L. Moody. And Moody put one hand upon America and another hand upon Great Britain and moved them towards the cross of Christ.

Tell those tired and discouraged Sunday School teachers of the little girl who one day brought her father into the Sunday School; a man uncouth and unkempt, and without Christ but with a great heart longing for reality. And there in that Sunday School, brought in by his own little daughter, Christ, the mighty Transformer, transformed that rough and ready horse-trader to become one of the greatest Sunday School missionaries in the Mississippi Valley. He traveled over 100,000 miles from the Lakes to the Rockies, through swollen rivers and over trackless prairie, from the lakes to the gulf, into the torrid heat of the summer and the frozen cold of the winter, and even there he was gathering in the boys from the prairies into Sunday School classes. And when he fell asleep the record showed that he had existed on a salary of \$30 a month for many, many years, that he won 83,405 scholars to Christ and that he founded 1,314 Sunday Schools.

What a great task is this work of Christian religious education when it is inspired by the transformation of life! The brightest pages of Sunday School literature are adorned with the names of men who were interested in this transformation of life. In this our day the multitudes are crumbling under a pile of modern skepticism and men and women have lost their faith in God. What greater or better work can the Sunday School do than to help a soul find Christ. Let us put the transformation of life central in our task and we shall never regret the work; nor need we ever to worry about the consequences.

We have a growing atheism in our land today, but let me say that our youth is no worse than its leaders, for the older ones condition the life of the youth. In one of our High Schools in the city of Chicago we discovered that 50 per cent of the young people came from homes that were agnostic. I am not speaking about Russia but about a High School in the city of Chicago and this is only typical of many others in the land.

I fear that religion today does not challenge the life of our young people. We will never win them by nagging or by criticising them but I believe we need to remind ourselves of the words of Jesus when He said, "The children of this world are wiser than the children of light." Youth will always be appealed to by a winning cause and what we need to do today is to call the attention of our youth to the fact that Jesus Christ is on the winning side, going forth conquering and to conquer; that the day will come when every knee shall bow and confess that Jesus Christ is Lord. We need to call their attention to the fact that Jesus Christ will be triumphant, and the time is coming when every crown shall be cast at His feet. He who was crowned with the crown of thorns is coming again, this time to be crowned with many crowns. If you and I can somehow impart the conviction to our young people that Jesus Christ is not representing a losing cause but that He is marching on to victory and that sooner or later the enemies of the Cross will be trampled beneath His feet and that Jesus will win, then we have touched the heart strings that will challenge them and capture their attention.

You will remember an experience that Napoleon had when fighting the enemy years and years ago. How presently, when a rising stream was cutting off a part of the army, he called upon his drummer boy to beat a retreat. And the drummer boy, looking up into the face of the great general, said, "I do not know how to sound a retreat. My master has never taught me how to beat a retreat." And Napoleon, not knowing what to do, looked in consternation upon the young lad, and just then the boy said, "I can sound an advance that the soldiers will hear. It will bring courage to their hearts." "Then sound the advance and beat your drum so that all the soldiers will hear." And that drummer boy beat his drum as never before, sounding the signal of advance. And that night when the sun set, the victory belonged to the

(Continued on page 23)

The Sunday School the Human Bridge to the Mission Field

REV. THEO. SCHAAP
in Roseland S. S. Convention



IF I WERE to choose a text I believe I should turn to Joshua 13:1, where we read, "There remaineth yet much land to be possessed."

The day of the long Western caravan is passed; the ox-team and the covered wagon are no more; only the axle remains to tell the tale of the trail into the wild unknown, and where once the caravans passed there now rise steeples and towers from our sky-scrapers. Looking upon this scene of continental conquest you say, "The day of the rugged pioneer is no more," but is it true? Possibly the rugged pioneer has come to his last frontier of our continent, but there are new frontiers and more modern pioneers—pioneers who look through their giant telescopes and see new stars. Yes, there are new pioneers in the field of science, in the field of astronomy and many other fields. But this afternoon I am thinking of another type of *pioneer* who is pioneering in a conquest which is to stand the test of eternity. I refer to him who pioneers with and for Jesus Christ. He goes out into the wilds of human nature wherever it may be found.

He does not make a clearing for cottage or for corn but he makes the rough places smooth and by the grace of God, he causes the desert to blossom as the rose. What a vast field for conquest! Into a thousand dark cities, into hundreds of thousands of streets where the name of Christ is not known; into villages and hamlets where His love has never been made manifest; into our schools and colleges and everywhere where unregenerate nature may be found. How needy the world is for such a type of pioneer!

Man cannot live by bread alone. Man at last grows tired of ships and airplanes, grows tired of civilization and all that it brings, for men and women at last must satisfy the hunger of the human heart with that which is found in Christ alone, found in His more abundant life. We need more pioneers, who, like the Apostle Paul and Silas, it is said, turned the world upside down. They did indeed turn it upside down; mental and physical conditions were revolutionized by the atoning work of Jesus

Christ. Customs and traditions which had held good for centuries were overthrown in a moment as Christ mounted the citadel of power in the human heart. Yet these were only the outworkings of a life which is dedicated to God. For such a life, Carey pushed out into disease-eaten India; for such a life, Judson hurried into Burmah; for such a life, this afternoon thirty thousand are living lives of great privation, enduring the extreme heat of the tropical sun and the loneliness of a foreign land, with oceans between them and home.

Now, in this great enterprise which Jesus Christ has given to the church, what place has the Sunday School? What place shall missions have in our Sunday Schools? I would like to say, at the very outset, that missions should have a pungent and foremost place in every Sunday School that honors Christ as Lord and Savior. There are certain reasons why the Sunday School, as an institution, is under heavy obligation to make it a missionary enterprise, and I purpose to give just a few. The first reason is that the Sunday School as an organization can most effectively present facts about missions because it ministers to minds and hearts that are very impressionable. Solomon already understood this great psychological fact when he said, "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." Charles Jefferson said, "With all her failures and crimson stains the church of Rome goes on her conquering way because she knows the value of a child." Then there is that statement made by Xavier which we have heard since childhood—"Give me the children until they are seven years old and you can have them the rest of their lives." Let us think of these facts in connection with missions.

The future of missions depends upon the impressions that we make upon the children and the young people in our Sunday School classes. If we expect to see a great missionary enterprise I am confident that we can do so only as we inculcate the facts and the tremendous responsibility concerning missions into the hearts and minds of those who are young.

Some time ago in my church I preached a

sermon on the Last Judgment. I was very solemn that afternoon because it was a solemn message and God's presence was very marked. The next day three of the young people who had attended that previous service, came to me and confessed Christ as their Lord and Savior. I asked them why it was that they came and they said that since the judgment was ahead of them and since Jesus Christ could rescue them from that fearful judgment, they had come to confess Him before it was too late. As they left me I said to myself, "Why is it that the men and the women of my church who are twenty years of age and over and have not yet confessed Christ as their Lord and Savior, were not affected by that sermon?" My friends, I think we must arrive at the same conclusion, that we can do far more with the impressionable minds and hearts than we can with those who have become calloused and hard. The same principle holds true for missions.

Then the Sunday School affords all kinds of opportunities to bring missionaries to the platform and the lessons which deal directly with apostolic missions afford a fine basis for us to use in making a home run lesson. Indeed, I know of no other institution in the church of God that can so mould and make the new generation into apostles full of fire and zeal and enthusiasm and consecration for missions as the Sunday School.

When Jesus Christ took Peter and asked him, "Lovest thou Me?" and Simon Peter gave that significant reply, Christ said, "Feed my lambs." Why was it that he mentioned the lambs first? I love to think that it was because He realized that the entire hope of the flock depended upon the lambs, and let me say, the whole course of our missionary enterprise depends upon what we do with our God-given opportunities of arousing our young people for the cause of Christ.

But there is still another reason why the Sunday School is especially fitted for this great task of missions and that is because the great majority of missionary fruit must come from the Sunday School. Because of the educational demands of our boards of missions, because of the great amount of Bible Study required, it is very necessary that young people decide for the mission field early in life. If that be true, where shall we look for our missionary material but in the Sunday School? Here they are already learning the Word of God and in a measure at least have learned to love Jesus Christ. *Teacher, tremble before your class, because that*

class contains the future missionary force for India, Africa, China and the Islands of the Sea. The Sunday School teacher who spoke to D. L. Moody and led him to Christ had no idea that he was dealing with one of God's greatest soul winners of the Nineteenth Century. 'Tis possible that in your class that girl or that boy represents another Adoniram Judson who will once again arouse Burmah for Christ, or a Hudson Taylor who will pioneer for God in China's untouched interior, or a William Carey or a David Brainerd. Oh for teachers who will realize that since 83 per cent of all who come into the church, come out of the Sunday School, that almost every missionary who goes to the foreign field, comes from our Sunday Schools! Therefore, because the Sunday School is the great recruiting station for the mission field, let every teacher pray and tremble before his class; pray that the young people may find their place in God's great program.

But there is another reason why the Sunday School is especially fitted for this great task and why it is under obligation to emphasize missions, and that is because the Sunday School has been and always will be a great missionary agency. How many thousands of churches trace their history back to a little Sunday School which met in some red brick school house! The Sunday School wields a tremendous missionary influence. I am sure that practically every church represented here has in its membership in the Sunday School those who originally never came to the church services but who went to the Sunday School with some companion or friend and later on joined the church. Thus, because of its wide-reaching influence, it touches the world at large and is a great missionary agency in ever community. Do you realize that you are a part of a great Sunday School world movement which has 362,000 schools, 36 million scholars and works in 134 countries? A movement which has an additional gain every year of one million pupils? A great movement which is manned by teachers numbering two and a half million? Surely such a vast army is not to be found anywhere else in the church of Christ! What other organization, so privileged and so obligated, must win the lost for Jesus Christ? If the Sunday School with such a wide out-reach, working in 134 countries with 36 million members, I say, if the Sunday School does not accept this challenge of missions, pray tell me, what organization will?

Then the Sunday School is under great obligation to the world and to the cause of mis-

sions because it can see in this modern world, the tragic conditions of moral disaster. Some time ago we had the lesson on Lazarus and the rich man. Lazarus, a spectacle of misery, was lying at the rich man's gate and because of this, that rich man was under fearful obligation to answer that cry of need. In this modern world of ours, I want to suggest that not only an occasional beggar comes to our door but the whole world lies at our gate begging for relief from suffering, spiritual, mental and physical; the whole world with its sores comes to the door of the Sunday School for relief.

Let our hearts be stirred with these spectacles of misery so that we give a strong missionary emphasis in our teaching, so that we emphasize the missionary obligation and inculcate missionary principles into the hearts of our young people. We are under fearful obligation because you and I, who teach in the Sunday School, are stewards of the Gospel of Christ and when you have truth you are under obligation to share that truth. You and I have the balm of Gilead; you and I have the crucified Son of God in whose atonement we can live throughout eternity. Shall we say, "I deny it to these who learn at my feet"? Let us never say that with our actions but let us work with all that is in us to rescue our young people from the hands of the enemy.

One day the French army was being pursued

by the Cossacks and they were being pressed on every side. Before Napoleon and his vast army there was a stream with freezing water, as it was in February. That stream was their only source of escape. Napoleon looked at the stream and said to his men, "Forward, march!" The one battalion walked out into that frozen stream and by linking their arms together, they made a human bridge so that the entire army in broken step might walk over and be out of danger of the Cossacks. All afternoon they marched as those men stood there in those frozen waters. When night-fall came on the entire army was across and out of danger. Then Napoleon turned to his battalion which had formed the human bridge and said, "Forward, march!" but not one man moved. He looked closer and there stood three hundred men frozen to death—a monument to sacrifice. They served Napoleon to the death.

I am asking for teachers and Sunday School officers who are willing to give themselves to God's cause and to the cause of missions, and with a loyalty which must exceed the loyalty to any earthly monarch because love must motivate it. I am asking for men and women to form the bridge by which the army of ambassadors can move out into other continents to preach the Gospel. Let us serve unto the death for we do not strive for a corruptible crown but an incorruptible which fadeth not away.

Working with our Boys and Girls in D. V. B. S.

NEVER WAS THERE a time when the youth of our land were more woefully neglected than in our present day, and yet on the other hand never was there a day when a comparatively few churches put forth greater effort than today. Strange paradox, yet true. When we consider that 66 out of every 100 boys and girls in many counties receive no religious education of any kind, surely it is imperative that the remaining 33 receive the double portion of training if there are to be those in the coming generation capable of passing on the Gospel torch. The home as a spiritual training ground is fast becoming a minor quantity and the non-church-going parents wash their hands of all responsibility and dismiss their obligation by sending their children to the Sunday School, where at the most, they receive about 52 hours of religious education in the entire year. That leaves a balance of 8,708 hours yearly, most of which are utilized by the public school and the home during the school year. But during the summer our youth are unemployed for the most part

and have at least 1100 waking hours at their disposal. What then shall the church do with these priceless hours? The Daily Vacation Bible School is the answer to this challenge and it is gratifying to see how many are rallying to the front and snatching for God at least a portion of these 1100 waking hours. By way of the D. V. B. S. the church may capitalize in a very effective way these hours when the youth of our land are having the greatest liberty of the year. The church which fails to take advantage of this opportunity is making a grave mistake and has no right to complain when she finds the oncoming generation leaving the fold of the church at that critical age and we wonder if such a church will not have to answer to God for her woeful neglect.

The Stone Church has just closed a three-week-session of Daily Vacation Bible School with gratifying results, culminating in a most impressive commencement night, and since the activities of that night give a comprehensive picture of the work accomplished during the

three weeks, let us, in imagination, gather in the church with the school and by means of the word camera, catch the high-lights of the program. You will have difficulty finding a seat for the church is filled to capacity ere the opening hour arrives. But at 7:30 sharp the organ and piano strike up the processional march and from the rear we hear the sound of tramping feet. Here they come—*Beginners, Primaries, Juniors and Intermediates*, nearly two hundred strong. Do you catch the thrill of such an army of youth marching in step? We trust it is but typical of their keeping step in their onward march with God. With exact precision, follow the salute and the worship periods, so gripping, as little tots and older ones together swell the chorus—and then is ushered in the program period proper.

The *Beginners' Department* had studied some of God's gifts and in their inimitable way they opened up their service by one little fellow reciting the Lord's Prayer, using an illustrated book as all other little heads were bowed. In response to the questions from the teacher they told of some of God's gifts, interspersed with singing some of those never-dying children's songs. Can anything good come from *Beginners*? So earnestly, with such sweet simplicity did they lisp their childish praises to God that hearts were deeply touched.

But the poster on the easel, so ably managed by an *Intermediate* boy, announces the *Primary Department*. A Bible, four feet in height, had been prepared with one cover cut out so that the children could march thru this open Bible. Suddenly with ever-increasing volume of children's voices, rang the words, clearly and sweetly:

*The Bible is the best Book, the Book we love so dear,
A story Book, a picture Book, a Book of songs to cheer.*

In single file they came, tripping, stepping, and then some flanked themselves on either side of the Bible while others squatted on the floor. One group recited the 23rd Psalm, another group gave some A.B.C. verses while one eight-year-old told the story of Jesus the Helper—all of which they had learned in their course. And now as some heads peer over the top of the huge Bible, others into its illustrated pages, and still others group around it on the floor, we are hushed almost to tears as we hear this group numbering over fifty, sing,

*"Holy Bible, Book Divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine."*

As they march off, the *Juniors* come on the scene. Their memory drill showed what a vast amount can be taught these live-wired *Juniors*, as one after the other responded to the questions concerning the longest, the shortest and the Synoptic Gospels, the names of the disciples, etc. Then the entire department marches to the

platform, in the center of which stands a large blackboard and while the department sings the Palestine Geography song, a free hand drawing of the map of Palestine is outlined by a *Junior* girl—in accompaniment to the song, the divisions of the land, the lakes and seas and main cities are clearly marked. Surely it was

*"A splendid sight,
To see the land where Jesus trod,
The Holy, Sinless Lamb of God."*

And we believe they voiced the language of the heart as they sang,

*"The Life He lived, the lessons taught
Shall in our minds more fixed be.
The miracles and wonders wrought,
Because of what we've learned, you see."*

It is time for the *Juniors* to give place to the *Intermediate Department*, and we pause long enough to note the large number of older *Intermediates* enrolled. There comes a hush such as presages a momentous event. The department stands, faces the main entrance of the church as down the center aisle is borne on the shoulders of four *Intermediate* boys, a church. It was a credit indeed to the architect, to the interior decorator, to teachers and pupils who built this fair-sized church in the three-week-period. Inspiring it was to watch the procession march up the aisle as the entire department sang that grand old hymn,

*"The church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord."*

Somehow we felt a new thrill in the fact that we belonged to the church militant. After the church was placed on the platform one of the *Intermediate* girls told how her department had studied the church as it grew in the Book of Acts. The stones outlined were marked with the various additions to the church as recorded in that Book. How real it had all become to these young men and women!

One of the most gratifying phases in all departments was the keen interest manifested in the note book work. Originality in cover designs and the great care given to the arrangement of the material displayed by many, made it a most difficult task for the teachers to select the three prize-winning books in each department.

Ours was a singing school; we sang in the worship periods, in the salute periods and in the music periods and occasionally you could hear them singing, out of turn, as they were doing their hand-work. We sang at recess as we marched thru the streets of the neighborhood. And what memory drill periods! Varied, and flavored with wholesome rivalry were they. They learned important Bible facts by doing arithmetic problems; they answered questions via the ball-game method and by means of spell-downs and other interesting methods.

(Continued on page 23)

Experiences which Help on the Pilgrim Way

"Are You Better than Elijah?"

MANY and varied have been my experiences these past years as I've gone here and there in the harvest field, trusting Him to supply my needs. How wonderfully He has sent me help in time of need! How strangely He has supplied at other times! Oft I've shouted for joy at His peculiar methods in my behalf. Then again I've wept as He has so thoughtfully, lovingly and unexpectedly sent in the needed supplies. I have been dumb with astonishment too at what He did, for He would use my need to provide an opportunity of blessing someone else, and a privilege of laying up treasures in heaven. He calls on the poorest of His saints, sometimes, to supply the needs of His laborers. Possibly because their ears so readily hear His voice and their hearts are so glad to share their little all with Him. Jesus said, "a cup of cold water" would not go unrewarded, so I'm sure some of the dear ones who've stood by His reapers shall not lose their reward.

At one time I was in dire need of money, and prayed very earnestly for it. Imagine my surprise when a dear old soul who on account of illness, etc., had been obliged to spend the winter in the County Home, came to see me and gave me \$5.00. I was stunned with surprise, and refused to take it, for she needed it herself, but she insisted that the Lord wanted her to give it to me. I felt heart-broken and cried to the Lord, "Oh God, did you have to rob that poor old soul in order to supply my need? I would rather have gone without than to have to take that money." As I was thus weeping, God spoke to me so rebukingly, "Are you better than my servant Elijah? I commanded the widow of Zaraphath to supply his need." How it humbles us to be so rebuked! Our proud flesh and independent nature come down several degrees when passing through such an experience. However, some day when Eternity's Bank is opened and God's pay day comes, some of earth's poor widows will be found to be multi-millionaires, for out of their poverty they gave all they had, willingly and gladly.

The Bank of Eternity waits for me,
I shall draw from its vaults some day,
The deposits I make in time will be
Without any doubt my pay.

O Bank of Eternity, what will I see,
In thy vaults so endless and deep,
O God, may a Christian devoted to Thee
Find something he ever can keep.

—*A Fellow Pilgrim.*

COMMISSIONER of Immigration Watchorn of New York tells of how one morning a young Swede was brought before a special board of inspectors, and after a careful examination was ordered back to Sweden. He had no friends, no money, no trade, and it was thought that a man of twenty-two who could not make a better showing than that would not thrive here, hence the deportation.

A thoughtful missionary pleaded for him, and said she could get him a home and work as a gardener's helper, and she was given the chance. She advertized, and a would-be employer came in consequence to look him over. After satisfying himself as to his physical fitness, he inquired his name and antecedents.

The interrogator's face took on a troubled air, and he slowly asked again, "Your name is Bergen? Was your father Professor at the University of . . . ?" He was answered in the affirmative. He paused for a moment as if incredulous, and then remarked, "When I was at the University of . . . , a great misfortune befell me, necessitating my leaving college for want of funds in my last year. I made my misfortune known to Professor Bergen, and told him I must go home at once and seek employment. He laid his hand affectionately upon my shoulder and said, 'No, no, you shall not leave. I will stand by you to the end.' And now after all these years, I am brought face to face with my benefactor's son."

The Inspector said, "What, then, can you do to prevent this man from becoming a public charge?"

Turning to the immigrant he said, "What can I do? All that love can do!"

Ah! This is the secret of the fruitful Christian life. What can you do for Jesus? All that love can do! This is the secret of the missionary's life, leaving country, home and friends for a life of privation and hardship.

The Get Acquainted Page

Conducted by *Watson Argue*

Presenting the Story of the Pentecostal Church of Scranton, Pa. Fred. D. Drake, pastor.

WE ARE HAPPY to introduce to our readers in this issue of *The Latter Rain Evangel* the Pentecostal Church of Scranton, Pa., and its pastor, Fred. D. Drake, with whom we have had blessed fellowship during a recent three weeks' revival campaign.



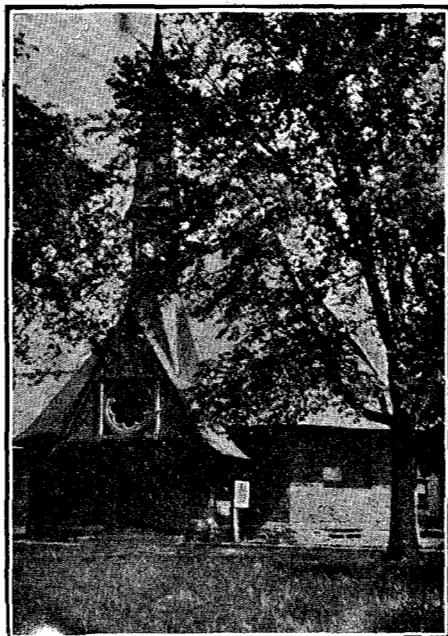
Fred. D. Drake, Pastor

Scranton is the third city in population of Pennsylvania, the county seat of Lackawanna County, situated on the Lackawanna River, 167 miles North of Philadelphia. It is the center of the great anthracite coal region and is one of the principal distributing points for coal. The population according to 1930 census is 143,433, while the adjoining borough of Dunmore with its population of 22,627 might well be added to this.

More than 20 years ago the Pentecostal message was brought to this city, when a dear old saint of God, familiarly known as "Grandpa Swingle," began meetings in his own home. He was one of those choice ones that prayed much and was willing to make any sacrifice for the Gospel's sake. The Lord blessed this early effort and larger quarters were found in a building now used as a silk mill at Dudley Street, Dunmore, Pa. Here the fire fell and saints rejoiced and were baptized with the Holy Ghost according to Acts 2:4 and many were saved. Some of the "old timers" can tell us of petty persecutions. On one occasion a cat was thrown through the window and tin cans and rotten eggs were used by opposers to disturb the meetings. In those days there was much opposition and deep reproach, which had to be met and triumphed over by all who were going through with God. The work was undoubtedly of the Lord and it continued to progress. A sister by the name of Effie Moore, purchased the present Pentecostal Church building, located at 825 Green Ridge Street, and placed it at the disposal of the Pentecostal people. This has continued for many years to be their church home. It is a stone structure, formerly owned and used by the Good Shepherd Episcopal Church. The interior is well furnished and

attractive and will accommodate over 300 people. In revival campaign times it has held in excess of 450. As the result of much commendable toil there is a commodious Sunday School room in the basement and a very comfortable parsonage in the rear of the church property. God has blessed His Pentecostal people here down through the years, multiplied them and made them a blessing at home and abroad. Many will recall Brother Jacob Jenkins, the fiery Welsh song leader, who was an outstanding figure for many years.

Scranton is the Mother-Church of the Anthracite section, and a drawn circle with a diameter of 60 miles, having Scranton as its center, would include a group of 20 or more Pentecostal churches and missions that were born out of God's work in Scranton. Besides this branching out in near-by fields, 17 or more of its members have gone out into the Lord's service, either as missionaries in foreign lands or Christian workers in the homeland. The



The Pentecostal Church, Scranton, Pa.

Assembly has always been essentially foreign missionary in spirit and has given generously for this purpose over a period of many years and is at present contributing regularly to the

(Continued on page 23)

Judas and How He Fell

Sermon by Pastor Niels P. Thomsen

FROM JUDAS

BY CHRISTIE JEFFRIES

*They jingle and clink in my pocket,
The flashing silver spoil,
Slide and rebound and ricochet
Backward in harsh recoil.
One would buy me a woman,
And one a pitcher of wine;
But spending them seems an omen
Sinister in design.*

*I tramp the roads as I ponder,
Deaf to the dark result;
Hour by hour I wander,
Trying to spend and exult.
But somehow I cannot barter one,
Each piece seems already spent
For a hempen rope length, stout-spun,
Dangling malevolent.*

*I count them, count them, count them,
Each piece seems a red-hot coal,
As I weigh the price of a requiem,
Peace for a tortured soul.
Dust of the road and coiling rope,
These were the wares I priced;
Aeons devoid of peace and hope,
Toll of betraying Christ.*

"Then Judas which had betrayed Him, when he saw that He was condemned repented himself, and brought again the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and elders, saying, I have sinned in that I have betrayed innocent blood. . . . And he cast down the pieces of silver in the temple, and departed, and went and hanged himself" (Matt. 27:2-5).

JUDAS is not a very savory character in the minds of men today. We consider it a name that carries scorn and derision with it. Judas is not a character that we would emulate. There is nothing about him that would attract but something that every heart rises up in horror against. There has been much endeavor to try to show us that Judas was much more wicked than any other man, but if you would compare what he did and what he was actually guilty of, with the doings of men today, you would find he wasn't much more guilty than possibly some of us who are sitting here this evening.

Judas, we have been told by some, was the devil incarnate. There has been that teaching that a person who has been saved can never be lost; that once you are saved, you are saved eternally, but to me Judas is an example of a person who was saved, followed the Lord and preached the Gospel, followed Him closely enough to be one of His chosen ones and backslid through some little thing in his life that left him out of touch with God, until finally we find him a wreck along the roads of time, shunned by all and from whom God had turned away. It is a sad picture.

First of all, I believe there is scripture enough to say that he wasn't the devil incarnate, but an ordinary man like you and me. In Psalm 41:9 we read prophetically concerning this man: "Mine own familiar friend, in whom I trusted,

which did eat of my bread, hath lifted up his heel against me." If you want to call the devil the Lord's "own familiar friend" then you might say that Judas was the devil incarnate. It also must be noted that Judas was chosen by the Lord Jesus Christ as one of the circle; not the inner circle of three, but the circle of twelve. Outside of that we have another circle of seventy. In Matthew 12 we read that the Lord commissioned the twelve, sent them forth with the Gospel message, saying, "Heal the sick, raise the dead, and preach the Gospel of the Kingdom," and Judas was with the company who went out with the power of Christ resting upon them—power to heal

the sick and raise the dead. The Lord never called the devil to preach the Gospel, though many times devils have done so. I would not accuse Jesus of that lack of discernment. We read in Jno. 2:25 that He knew what was in man. I believe He knew Judas thru and thru. Judas was chosen, sent forth with the rest, but Judas fell by the wayside.

Judas had ambitions, was selfish and had great plans for himself. You remember in the 12th chapter of John when our Lord was in the house of Simon, and Mary, Martha and Lazarus were there. Mary had poured the ointment over His feet, and Judas was the one to grumble, "Why all this waste? Wouldn't it have been better to have given it to the poor?" When you hear people grumbling because of what is given to the Lord, remember they are on the decline. The moment there is that within your heart that rises up—Why should we do all this for the church? We could use it to some better purpose—it is because there is something in our heart that will not be poured out before Him. Then the sacred writer makes this statement, for John's Gospel was written about sixty-five years after: "This he said, not

because he cared for the poor; but because he was a thief and had the bag," and the revised version says, "he took away that which was put therein." Judas had been helping himself out of the bag. He had proved dishonest to his trust, had not been faithful to that which was committed to his care, but had taken a little out of this bag now and then. He didn't have to issue receipts and the disciples took it for granted he had what had been given to them.

Judas had higher ambitions for himself than to live with the rest and share with them. He was placing himself on a higher level altogether. I want you to notice these little things in Judas, how he ended up, and how some of us will end up unless we mend our ways and get right with God. A thief! Judas was the treasurer and he was taking Christ's money and using it for himself. I wonder if some of us are guilty of taking money that belongs to God and using it on ourselves! If so we are taking it out of the Lord's bag just like Judas. I do not believe Judas gambled. I do not believe he went out nights with questionable characters, but he just began to use the Lord's money for his own selfish purposes. Probably he was storing it away somewhere, and, with the old Jacob traits he was endeavoring to get all he could for himself. We become real Judases when we get to the place where we always think first of ourselves and not the Lord and His work. Many times I hear people praying for power. What is our motive? The moment we want power just for ourselves, to show people how strong in God we are, that very moment we are seeking self-glory and the Lord is not glorified.

That was Judas' downfall, taking what belonged to God, using it on himself.

Now I do not believe, and never have believed since I have studied this portion of God's Word, that it was the purpose of Judas to betray Christ and put Him on the cross. Judas had been with Christ for some years. He could look back to the time when the Jews rushed Christ to the brow of the hill and would have thrown Him headlong, but He escaped from them. He had seen Him when they took up stones to stone Him, and He was not harmed, and he doubtless said, "I will put one over on the Pharisees. I will betray the Master and get the thirty pieces of silver and if He eludes them, as I am sure He will, I will say, 'You had your chance.'" I believe that is about what Judas had in mind. He had seen Christ in the miraculous role so long. The scripture I read to you this evening

proves to me that he never wanted to betray Christ. That was not in his heart. He never expected to see Him slain. He expected to have a position in the setting up of His Kingdom; to be the gainer of thirty pieces of silver and still follow Him. I have seen folks compromise with the world and betray their Lord in just this way, feeling, "My Christ is powerful. I will still have my Christ," only to awaken like Judas and find they missed Him. How do I know Judas didn't want to be the means of His death? As soon as he found out that Christ was not making a single move to deliver Himself he was filled with remorse. I wonder if he did not say to himself, "Am I the one who is sending Him to the cross? Is this what He meant when He said, 'One of you shall betray Me'? Why I thought He simply was rebuking me for being so selfish and so miserly. I did not think that I should cause grief to the One I love best in the world, and that that money should be the price of His blood." With remorse for his deed filling his soul he went and hanged himself.

When I see people who love the Lord begin to tamper with the things of the world, I say to myself, "They little realize it is the price of blood." They are betraying Christ but they fail to see it until the anguish and the horror of it descend upon their souls. When did Judas start on his downward career? First he coveted. Then he took money from the Lord's bag, probably intending to put it back. I wonder how many of us can stand before the Lord without feeling we have robbed Him. How many of us are owing the Lord our tithes? How many of us have made the Lord sad?

That was Judas' beginning. A selfish purpose gripped his soul, and of all forms of selfishness, spiritual selfishness is the worst. When we begin to bargain along spiritual lines, and think that our Christ is sufficient to carry us thru regardless of what we do and the condition of our heart, we are running on dangerous territory. Many times we know that certain things are harmful but because we like them, whether we express it in so many words or not, we partake of them. And then we come before the Lord, "I know I should not have done it. Lord, forgive me." The next time we are confronted with it we say, "I didn't think it would be harmful"—I am talking about little compromises. When we don't want to walk with God we get rid of Him very quickly. It is these little lapses that destroy the vines in our spir-

itual vineyard, the little sins. I feel in many cases our fruit-bearing capacity has been crippled because we have allowed these things to enter into our experiences.

It is Thursday night. Judas has gone down to the high priest and taken the thirty pieces of silver and tied it around his waist as they do in the Oriental countries. Probably he has rolled it up in the end of his turban where no pickpockets will get it. He is walking at the head of the rabble. There may be many gardens by the side of the Mount of Olives. He knows where the Lord will be found. He knows where that Garden of conflict is. I rather believe that the Lord spent many nights in prayer there. Judas probably knew the spot where that old olive tree stood where Jesus gathered with His disciples when they said, "Master, teach us to pray." Judas knew where to go to find his Master, though the Master hadn't given him an inkling of it.

Now Judas is leading the rabble of the town, also the high priests. They are going out to corner the Lord in midnight blackness. Why did they not take Him in the day-time? Afraid of the people. Why did they not take Him when He was in the temple? They were afraid of His power. He said, "This is your hour, the hour of darkness." Judas goes up to the Master and kisses Him. "Friend," Jesus said, "betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?" Judas steps back. "Whom seek ye?"

"Jesus of Nazareth."

Jesus says, "I am." (*He is in italics.*)

He took His name that He had given to Moses back in the fourth chapter of Exodus, "Say I AM hath sent thee."

He stands before them and says, "I am!" And as He utters the words they all fall to the ground. Do you mean to say they could have taken Him that night? He uttered two little words and they fell to the ground. I believe Judas felt good in his soul. Some folks tell us it is all in correct thinking; that if you think correctly you won't even die. Just correct your thinking and you will be all right. Judas knew the Son of Man had power. How many folk there are who think that God is this kind of a Father: No matter what we do we will finally be saved. Judas said, "I will still have Jesus and the thirty pieces of silver too. I will leave the garden and walk down with Him." Judas never saw Jesus again. He had his last opportunity. Judas crossed the dead-line that night. He had been a preacher of the Gospel, the

anointed of the Lord. The power of God had rested upon him, but Judas went down from that Garden without Christ and he never saw Him again.

You may be saved now. You may have been used in service, but if that thing within your soul that is dragging you away from Christ is not put away, you are in danger of some day finding yourself where Judas found himself. Had it been a few days before He would still have been in the city and he could have gone to the Master and confessed. Now they are laying the cross upon Him. They are sending Him up Calvary's hill. They are nailing Him to the cross. He is hanging between heaven and earth for our sins.

The door to Christ stands open tonight. There are two ways this door may be shut. First of all, we may be called off the scene of action. We do not know when we leave this building, if we shall ever come in again. Then, too, we may allow some compromise or sin so to dominate our lives until Christ leaves the scene with His hands tied by our own deeds and failures. Let us therefore surrender and submit ourselves to do His will continually.

The Ministry of Storm

We were going through a great furniture manufactory, when our guide, the superintendent, pointed out to us a superbly grained and figured sideboard in the natural wood. "I want you to observe the beauty of this oak," he said. "It is the finest selected timber of its kind, and the secret of the intricate and beautiful graining is just this: that the trees from which it was taken grew in a spot where they were exposed to almost constant conflict with storms.

What a suggestive fact! How nature is constantly contributing to the true interpretation of human life! The storm-beaten tree develops the closest and finest and most exquisitely figured grain; the cabinet-maker selects it as the material for his finest work. So with the human life beset by sorrows, tests and trials. If it stands the storms, how the wind of God strengthens and beautifies it! We need life's stress. Character cannot be developed into its strongest and most beautiful forms without it.

—B. James in *Expositor*.

From World War Trenches to Western China

L. J. Bolton in the Stone Church



HERE is a verse in Ezekiel, 22:30, that fits into the missionary situation as it presents itself to us: "And I sought for a man among them, that should make up the hedge, and stand in the gap before me for the land, that I should not destroy it: but I found none."

In another place we read, "I sought for an intercessor to pray that these people may not be destroyed." Away off in China we have been having earthquakes. I remember arriving in a Chinese city once after a terrible earthquake, where, in a moment of time some ten thousand Chinese were thrown into Christless graves. My heart was sad as I sat outside the city wall and saw the human bones from which the birds had devoured the flesh, and heard the jackals that had come down to devour the bodies—my heart ached that so many had passed on into Christless graves without hearing the story of the Christ who died to save them, when our blessed Lord gave the command to His church to go and preach the Gospel to every creature—it was a command to the church and to the individual disciple. Nearly two thousand years have passed, and as I have seen the awful darkness, sorrow and degradation in the Far East, I have wondered, "Why has the church failed?" The gaps are wide, and as we have been labor-

ing on the Tibetan border for many years—my wife went out seventeen years ago—yet we have touched so little in comparison to the great need of thousands in Inland China.

There was a missionary who went out from London, England, many years ago, to the Tibetan border, working for nine long years, the only man in those parts, with his wife, Mrs. Lewer. For nine years he was calling for someone to come and help him. The Lord had been speaking to my heart—I had a definite call from God when I was in the World War, as I lay in the trenches, wounded and unconscious. I shall never forget when I came back to consciousness, I had a vision of the Lord Jesus Christ and He said to me, "I brought you thru and I want you to give your life in service to Me." I had been gassed. I was blind; I thought I would be totally blind, and I said, "Yes, Lord, I will promise my life's service to You if You will give me back my eye-sight." For ten days I could not see at all, but I had a darling mother who knew how to pray and God answered prayer. After ten days I began to see. After everything was over I went back to my home. I was an aeroplane mechanic and the devil tempted me to go back to work, but I determined to obey God. Then this letter came from the Tibetan border, and someone I had never seen in my life gave me a thousand dollars to go to China. When I arrived in Burma, on the Western border of China, I waited hour after hour for Brother Lewer, who was to come to meet me, but he was drowned on the way. It was a great shock to me but I encouraged myself in the Lord. The need was great—



three ladies, my sister, Mrs. Lewer and Miss Buckwalter (now my wife), were there alone, two thousand miles inland. I traveled a thousand miles up the Irrawady, and getting off the steamer I came in touch with a Chinaman in whose heart was the love of God. He handed me a letter which said, "This is David, the evangelist. He will bring you to us. You can trust him, and we will see you in two months' time." I looked at David and he smiled. I spoke to him in English and he to me in Chinese. The letter David brought said we should bring supplies, that we would be there for seven years, and there would be no shops or stores in which to buy anything. And there was a great list of things to bring. We had to hire six big horses to go inland, and we had a big caravan.

For six long weeks we traveled inland, thru Burmah and into Yunnan province. Sometimes we would sleep on the mountain tops and sometimes in the river valleys. One morning after I had been warned by David we were passing a wood on the one side. I prepared myself with a good, big stick—we did not carry firearms. I was riding ahead and the horse-loads were behind. Suddenly I heard a shot fired right behind me; my heart nearly failed me and I thought I would faint from fright. The soldiers we had had run away, and I was left alone. Soon another shot was fired and the Lord seemed to show me to jump off my horse and run back. As I did so I found there were about thirty bandits hidden away in the bush till I passed; then they rushed out and stopped the caravan. There they were with great knives about three feet long and they would stick the mules and horses with these knives and drive them into the bush. I saw with the flash of an eye that they were taking everything I had from me.

I looked to the Lord and said, "Oh Jesus, somehow You must undertake!" Just then it seemed as though the heavens opened and the power of God came right down upon me. Now you know that when the power of God comes upon you, you are not afraid of anyone. And so it was then—every bit of fear left me and I rushed forward in the Name of the Lord with a boldness that made me feel as though I could put them all to flight and I was speaking a language that I myself did not understand. But these devilish men understood every word I said for they looked up and suddenly quieted down. I verily believe there were angels encamped about me; I struck three or four of

the men down with a stick, all the while speaking in tongues and interpreting. They all gave one great big yell, turned around and ran as hard as they could go, leaving the caravan all intact. So God in a most miraculous way delivered. He always undertook and when we finally arrived we had lost nothing but a few tins of kerosene. We were met at the border of Tibet by the ladies and after arriving on the station we did our best to stand in the gap left by Brother Lewer who had passed on to be with the Lord.

It wasn't an easy thing to love the people right from the start; the customs of the Tribes people are so different from the Chinese. When my wife went into that district she was the first missionary to enter that city and one morning she found a basket of human heads. Our hearts were moved with compassion for this Lisu Tribe among whom God has now given us such an open door. We have had wonderful response in the city of Wei Hsi. There were Tibetans, Chinese and the Tribes people coming to market every day. Here God enabled us to build a little church and we have had a glorious time giving forth the Gospel. Our first native Christian was a Tibetan woman who later married David, another convert, and they have been working with us and have proven themselves very valuable.

It took the grace of God to live among these people. I had been brought up in a good English home and I found I had to put up with a great deal of filth while laboring with these people. They never wash themselves from the time they are born to the time they die, but they rub yak butter all over their bodies. The yak is something like a cow and the butter might be compared to our butter here at home when it is about nine months old. They rub this into their clothing and into their skin. When I saw some of these things I said, "Oh Lord, must I love these people?" You could just smell them coming. Then they have a custom of greeting you by sticking out their tongues as far as they can and that was very obnoxious to me. In China, when we greet each other we shake our own hands but this was so different to see them coming towards me with their tongues out as far as they could get them. Then they would bring their tea; we like tea but these people would put some of their strong butter into the tea and bring it to you with their tongues sticking out and expecting you to drink it. As you looked at it closely you could see hair all over the top of it. I said to one of our workers,

"Oh my, do I have to drink this tea?" "Well," said the missionary, "you will offend them if you don't." So I prayed that the Lord would help me to get it down and then I had to ask Him to help me keep it down. In my own strength I never could have loved these people but I prayed, "Lord, unless You put a divine love in my heart I will be a useless missionary out here." God answered my prayer by showing me myself before His precious blood had been applied, and then said to me, "I left the ivory palaces of glory, and made Myself poor for your sake. Can you not love them for My sake?" It was then that I was able to see beyond the dirt and filth, the soul for which Jesus died. We may be dressed up lovely on the outside but unless the precious blood has been applied to our hearts we are just as unclean as some of those people who have never washed their bodies. And when the Lord showed me that all I had and ever possessed was only thru His grace there came a divine love for those unlovely people. I found it easy then to associate with them, to eat with them and sleep with them and get right down with them on their own level, and that is how we won them for the Lord Jesus. Far in the interior of that land we have seen wonderful results through the power of the Gospel. Thank God, we have a Gospel to take to those who are living in darkness and death!

The Tibetan people are the most religious people in the world. They have their great monasteries and with their prayer wheels they bow down to idols of wood and stone, worshipping day and night. How sad it is to see them coming by the hundreds to these great monasteries! They also have a custom of dedicating the first-born son of every family to the priesthood and these give their lives to the idols; they bury themselves under the ground and worship and pray with their prayer wheels. They think that the turning of these prayer wheels brings to them salvation and that they will obtain credit every time they turn the wheels. How can they know of Jesus and His love unless we go and tell them!

Out in Tibet there are no graves and no grave stones. They worship the dead in China, but in Tibet the bodies are taken out and burned in the fire. The ashes are then mixed with clay and this is made into tablets which they worship. They often eat the ashes of a dead priest, believing in the transmigration of souls. Perhaps the priests will worship underground for weeks, just reaching out a bony hand to get

food enough to sustain the body. Many times, after two or three months, they die and think they obtain salvation through their suffering. Then the birds of the air come down and devour the flesh and the people think that as the birds fly back the soul of the dead person is taken into paradise. How dark and how superstitious are these people! If a woman has a baby boy and he dies, the parents will sometimes cut the body into pieces and let the birds of the air devour them, thinking that by doing this they will not be deceived the next time a child is born. Tens of thousands are passing into Christless graves because of no one to tell them the Gospel story. The church has been appointed as the trustee of the Gospel, but the gaps are so wide. I have been off for months and years at a time without ever seeing another white man.

But you say, "What effect has your life, what effect has the Gospel upon those people?" Praise God, we have a living message to take to them. Many times as we have gone and settled among them, lived where they lived and ate and talked with them, we have seen entire villages turn to the Lord—villages which once danced and worshipped the devil himself in the great groves of trees. Now the power of the Gospel has penetrated; they have cut down their groves and where idols were worshipped we have built little churches or chapels. Some are supporting their own little work.

The first time my wife went into one of these villages she went to the chief who was a murderer and a very wicked man and asked if she might preach Jesus to the people. By going right into his home (for he had offered her a board to lie on) and staying there week after week preaching Jesus in that village, he heard the Gospel and listened with tears in his eyes. He would call all his people together and they sat by the great campfire under the stars as the missionary repeated over and over the story of love. And because we were willing to go to such places, because we were willing to make ourselves poor with them, that whole village accepted the Lord Jesus Christ. There was one man who was born dumb—just a poor lad—but he was brought under the influence of the Gospel and we prayed for him in the Name of the Lord. That native boy began to speak for the first time in his life, and he has been a preacher in that village for ten years. We have also seen them baptized in the Holy Spirit just the same as people are baptized here.

But it is not a bed of roses; the work is very difficult. Traveling is such that we have to

ride on horse-back much of the time. I have seen my wife travel on horse-back week after week, going through water up to her waist and eating native food and sleeping on bed boards. Then we have to go over those rope bridges, made of bamboo rope stretched two or three hundred yards across a great river. I know the first time I went across such a bridge I wanted to make sure that the rope was strong, especially as I thought of the drowning of Brother Lewer. I well remember how I planned, when I would get to the center of the rope, to take some pictures and send them home so my folk could see how brave I was. The native tied me on and away I went, flying down to the center, two hundred yards off, and there I hung midway right over that rushing river. I assure you I didn't think anything then of having a photo taken; all I thought about was getting over to the other side. And putting hand over hand I finally got across but if I tried to rest a bit I would slide back to the center again. You ask, "Do the ladies travel that way too?" Yes, they do—people, horses and cattle all come across such a bridge to go to market. It is an interesting 1936 mode of traveling.

We praise Him for the many years of service we have had out there and while I would not leave the impression that all get saved, we are glad to report that many have turned to the Lord and are standing faithful amidst much persecution. Some of them have been beaten for the Gospel until the blood has come from their backs; they have been thrown into trenches for the sake of Jesus Christ. David, our evangelist, has had a price of \$200 placed on his head by the Chinese official. We had to hide him in the mountains. They have poisoned us and tried to destroy us but we have always claimed His promise that if they eat any deadly thing it shall not hurt them and we have proven God faithful every time. We have found that as we lose our lives for the sake of Jesus we will find them again.

Two or three years ago a native man came from Upper Burmah and he got down on his knees before us, pleading with us to go to Upper Burmah and preach the Gospel to his people. We did not see how we could go, but David, our native evangelist, and I talked it over and we decided we would go. My wife was willing for me to go although she knew it might mean death. The natives said they would show us the way and told us to be sure to bring salt with us. All the bartering is done with salt. We started off over the rope bridge and

it took us three days to climb up one mountain. When we got on the mountain we were cut off by a heavy snow blizzard and I was buried in the snow. I thought I would never get out alive, but in a most miraculous way we got through and then went down into the jungles of Upper Burmah. I was away from our own work for three months and walked between six and seven hundred miles preaching the Gospel to those people who had never seen a white man before. We touched about five thousand homes. An open door, open hearts, but just one missionary and a native Christian to bring the Gospel to them! It was very difficult, traveling as we had to and eating native food. Many a time I had monkey meat to eat and many times I went hungry but I counted it a privilege for Jesus' sake. But the work was strenuous and out in those jungles the dew was cold and the sun very hot; the undergrowth was full of snakes and leeches. We were so bothered with leeches which sucked our blood that we became very ill and were sick unto death. Here I was all alone burning up with fever from loss of food and loss of blood.

It is in such times that we need an intercessor; that is the time when we need you to stand in the gap. Many a time missionaries have passed away on the field and others are weighted down with heavy burdens just because there is a lack of prayer at the home base. I know it is difficult for you to understand but at times the pressure on the field has been so great that I almost despaired of life. I fear we are too busy with material things, so busy with the earthly radio that we forget the heavenly radio. When I was out in the jungles my mother at home was in touch with the heavenly radio and she was praying. When I came back to consciousness I heard my native boy crying and saying, "Oh Jesus, don't let my pastor die out here in the jungles! Help me to carry him back to his wife." He got a rope and strapped me to his back and for fifteen days he carried me, yet all the while he was leaving a trail of blood behind him because of the leeches. When we reached Wei Hsi my wife scarcely recognized me. She had not heard from me for three long months and thought I was dead. I was very nearly at death's door and was unable to stand but I lived and that native love-slave died. He actually gave his life for me.

Beloved, Jesus died for you; He gave His all for you, His life's blood, and unless we give ourselves we are unworthy, undone and unprofitable servants.

Ticking off the Hours on God's Clock

WARS AND RUMORS OF WAR

Terra firma isn't exactly firm these days; those alive to what's going on in Europe can feel the earth trembling under their feet. Trembling not so much from shock of flood and earthquake and tornado, but under the impact of the feet of marching men. Men by the million, armed to the teeth with all the gadgets of gore and glory, looking for a field to fight upon. The mailed fist is raised in Red Square and Tokyo; Hitler is in the Rhineland, shaking his fist at France. Mussolini has helped himself to the Kingdom of Haile Selassie, and Japan has broken off another piece of fragile China. It's a case of first come, first served. Those who already have their slice of the international pie are sitting around rather helplessly, wishing they might stop it but not daring to oppose the plunderers, lest they start another world war. We are all prisoners in a giant house of fear.

* * *

Hitler trains fourteen-year-old boys in the manual of arms, rewrites the Bible to suit himself, sets his heel on the church and defies the minister to preach of the Prince of Peace. He has whipped into line a Nazi Germany frenzied in its devotion to his gangster statesmanship, ready to fight at the drop of the hat, itching for revenge on the Treaty of Versailles and on its knees to Der Tag. Mussolini follows the same route; he dreams of the departed glory of the Cæsars, and he throws speeches at his mobs which fall like incendiary bombs, firing them with a new dream of Empire. His Fascist is not only a patriot; he is a zealot at the altar of Il Duce, and he will go the limit. The Tiber flows as blood-red as the Rhine.

We used to say that nationalism was man's other religion; that's been changed. In many quarters of the globe, it is his *only* religion. Given a free rein, it has gone wild; there seems to be no man strong enough to hold the wild horses now. What the end will be . . . well, who knows? It is a crisis, as real and terrible as the crisis of 1914. And the conviction deepens, as we watch it, that the only hope of stopping the impending slaughter lies in the recruiting of an army of Christian soldiers ready to sacrifice as much for the teachings of the Christ as for the mottoes of the jingoists. Nothing short of that can halt the march to chaos and catastrophe.—*Christian Herald*.

* * *

Says Revelation:

The New York *Times* reports negotiations for the establishment of twenty thousand German Jews in Ethiopia but authorities consider that it is unlikely that colonization shall be carried through. The reason for the conquest in Ethiopia according to Mussolini is to find room for planting surplus Italian population and all authorities agree that Ethiopia is not capable of taking very many of them. Christians look with interest at Mussolini's attitude towards Jews for the following reasons: We know that Italy some day is to turn into the Roman Empire. The wars of the great dictator-to-come must be financed. Only America or the Jews could finance such a war. It is practically impossible that America will lend more money to

Europe since having paid largely for the last war and with the debts remaining unpaid, no more loans could be floated here. This leaves only the Jews as bankers for the next war. It is interesting to note that the book of Daniel reports that the Roman dictator who shall come will make a treaty with the majority of the Jews for seven years (Dan. 9: 26, 27), which will include handing over Palestine to the Jews since they are to have the right to pull down the Mosque of Omar and put up their own temple. This will probably be in exchange for their financial help in the re-establishing of the power of Rome. It is highly significant that Italy is the only country today where there is no anti-Semitism whatsoever.

* * *

Said Mrs. Ralph C. Norton recently in Chicago:

"Last winter I went down to the Southeastern part of Belgium where we have a worker who has established three growing branches. As we were riding through the country he said to me, 'That road leads across the frontier into Germany and all these roads along here are being mined; poisonous gas is being laid down all around here and bridges are being mined.' As I realized anew the imminency of war and the rapid preparations being made, I wondered if that was not why God was doing such wonderful things for us in Belgium. I believe it is because the time is very short."

* * *

In 1928 Soviet Russia offered to the Jews in the Union a vast tract of land, ten million acres, called Biro-Bidjan, uncultivated and sparsely settled, and proposed that they make of it a National Home for the Jews, offering to declare the entire district an autonomous Jewish Republic if they would settle there in sufficient numbers.

Ten thousand Jewish families were expected to rush there in 1928, but only 3,800 actually settled there that summer. The Soviet Union then opened the doors of Biro-Bidjan to Jews outside of Russia, and some few thousands applied. They became Soviet subjects as soon as they crossed the Russian frontier, and were not allowed in as visitors.

At the end of five years, 1933, from forty to fifty thousand Jews were expected to live in Biro-Bidjan, but the sparsely settled country was not attractive to those who lived in large cities. This region on the border of Russia was granted to Russia by China at the conclusion of the peace pact in 1855, scarcely any of it having been under cultivation. Some have said that the Soviet government has encouraged the Jews to settle on the border so that in the event of an invasion they will be pushed to the front to protect Russia.

It is absurd to think that this Jewish settlement can in any way be called a National Home. Russia has always persecuted the Jews and nothing but tragedy would be associated with this settlement. Some years ago the Zionist Movement attempted to establish a National Home in South America, but it was not successful. No Jewish colony will prosper outside of the land which God covenanted with Abraham to give to him and his descendants.

(Continued from page 8)

general because his drummer boy did not know how to beat a retreat.

Our Captain has never taught us how to beat a retreat. "He has sounded forth a trumpet that shall never sound retreat." He is going forth conquering and to conquer and if our young people get the conviction that this matter that we call Christianity, that this Person whom we call Jesus Christ is sure to win, it will interest them and challenge them. We must capture them for Jesus Christ and if the Church of Jesus Christ fails in this then shall deliverance come from some other source but we and our generation will pay the price.

Let me call your attention to the fact that in the United States today there are 53,000,000 children and youth under 25 years of age, 36,000,000 of whom do not have any Christian religious training whatsoever, not even Catholic or Jewish. Now if we let our boys and girls grow up without Christ we are guilty of sowing the seed of Bolshevism in our land.

"He took a child and set him in the midst."
May God help us to set the child in the midst.

(Continued from page 6)

prayer warriors, in daily prayer for God to meet this need. To make a long story short, God brought to this campmeeting a man who was a graduate of Moody Bible Institute, also a graduate from a well-known university as well as having had twelve years' experience as a successful pastor in a certain denomination and six years' experience as superintendent of High Schools. He was just the man we needed in every way. God baptized him and his entire family in the Holy Spirit and gave him a definite call to sacrifice his position as pastor to come into this faith institution to help us shield the faith of our boys and girls in these modern days.

Numerous and gratifying have been the results of the school. On a number of occasions, in our chapel services and in the classes, the power of God has fallen upon the children. Immediately after the opening of the school we had a number of children who were not saved and in one day eighteen were saved and twenty-one received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit right in the school room. One boy in particular who had come to the school a sinner, was saved and received the Baptism and after graduating he held meetings in many of our

States and has been the means of hundreds finding Christ. He is now pastor of a successful church. Many others are pastoring churches and doing effective evangelistic work throughout the country. We have one of our graduates in India and others have a call to the field.

The trials and heart-aches are too numerous to mention and many a time the burden has been so heavy that our health broke. Some of our workers have labored beyond their strength and sacrificed their health, but thank God, we were not disobedient to the heavenly vision and we have felt repaid a million times when we see how God has worked in the lives of the children.

(Continued from page 14)

support of four missionaries now in India, China and Poland.

The present congregation numbers between two and three hundred, while the Sunday School has an enrollment of 239. During the last three weeks the attendance has risen to 325 and gives promise of rising higher.

Among those who have served this splendid company of Christians in the capacity of Pastor may be mentioned: David H. McDowell, at present pastor at Jeannette, Pa., and Assist. Supt. of the Eastern District; Thomas Johnson, who labored faithfully until called higher; J. Roswell Flower, at present Gen. Sec'y. at Headquarters; Alexander Lindsay, at present pastor at Chelsea, Mass., and the present incumbent, Fred. D. Drake, who has previously held pastorates at Tottenville, N. Y., New Castle, Pa., Rochester, N. Y., and now for the past two and a half years has been pastor of the Scranton Church. Brother Drake is the leader of the Pentecostal Prayer League of the Eastern District Council and is in charge of the District prayer conferences.

(Continued from page 12)

In the enrollment of 186, thirty-four churches were represented and so interesting had been the three-week session that on the closing night boys and girls pleaded and begged that the school might be prolonged.

Daily Vacation Bible School is one of the answers to the problem of our present-day youth. May the Church of Christ buckle on her armor and by willing sacrifice of time and strength rescue our boys and girls and redeem the time that hangs heavy on their hands in these evil days.—R. M.



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PSALMS 4:2

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

Ps. 12:2; 31:6,18; 69:7-10.

PSALMS 88:13

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

Ps. 5:3; 119:147.

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

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