



The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

Lincoln

He came not as the princes born to rule,
 But humbly, as the son of pioneers;
 Like them, of stern necessity the tool,
 Heir to their solitude, their need, their tears.
 Unschooled, unprepossessing, long unwanted
 By those he offered constantly to serve,
 Ill-starred in love, in commerce, still undaunted
 He grew, though slighted, steadfast to deserve.
 Little of grace or comeliness endearing,
 Nothing of wiles had he to smooth his way;
 But strength, which first from deep woods wrenched
 his clearing,
 His birthright was, and sun-like brought his day.
 And by its might a race stood forth unfettered,
 A death-shocked nation lived, a world was bettered.

—Clyde Walton Hill.

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

The Latter Rain Evangel

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Testimonies that are Different

WE PRESENT to our readers the second, in a series of striking testimonies from prominent business men. This story of the conversion fo Mr. Vaughn Shoemaker, which appears on page 9, is unique and one that is outstanding in the business world of this great city. Our readers will be interested in knowing that Mr. Shoemaker is a member of the Stone Church, teaches a Sunday Class there and is one with us of "like precious faith."

We are arranging to secure a very unusual testimony for the March issue; presenting the story of a man whose business has had a phenomenal growth and when opening his last factory he initiated the new building by holding a great revival campaign therein.

Have you an unsaved friend in business? Send him a trial subscription to *The Latter Rain Evangel* at this time when we are featuring these unusual testimonies from Christian business men.

In a Soviet Prison

THE ENTIRE religious world is watching with deep interest and anxiety the situation in regard to Rev. and Mrs. Jno. Voronaeff, who are still in prison in Soviet Russia, in spite of the fact that funds for their release and return to America have long ago been forwarded. The Editor of *The Defender* has written a long and exhaustive letter to the Soviet Ambassador at Washington, in which he lays the entire situation before him, of Mr. Voronaeff's unlawful arrest in 1930, his inhuman treatment in the prisons of Odessa and Kharkov, his sentence to five years of penal servitude, which was later increased to eight years, when he was taken to one of the most terrible concentration camps in all Russia. "In this camp he passed six years in a living hell, beyond the Arctic Circle, where millions of Russian Christians have perished like galley slaves.

Mrs. Voronaeff was taken by the G. P. U. from a sick bed and thrown into the prison of Odessa, with a fever at 104. After wasting away in a prison hospital for several months she was loaded in a cattle-car and transported to a convict camp. In August, 1934, she was

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Pentecost Irresistible

DR. WM. K. BOUTON

In the Stone Church, Dec. 6, 1936



IN RECOUNTING to you some of the things which God has done for us, I shall base my talk on the thought found in Acts 4: 19, 20, "But Peter and John answered and said unto them, Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye. For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard."

These two men had had a wonderful experience. You remember Jesus had called them from their fishing nets and they had followed Him through His earthly ministry. They were just a bit closer to Jesus than some of the others; John had laid his head upon the bosom of Jesus who had spoken words into his ears, and Peter was truly beloved by Him. Now, at the hour of prayer, they had gone up to the Beautiful Gate and there met the man who had been lame from his youth, and Peter, fastening his eyes upon him said, "Look on us; silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I unto thee. In the name of Jesus of Nazareth rise up and walk"; and as Peter took him by the hand he rose up and began to leap. Much people gathered around Peter and John and you remember how the magistrates told Peter and John that they were to speak no more in this name and this is the answer that they gave to the officers of the temple.

There was an irresistible something about these two men and when we get the same sort of an experience from God there will be that something irresistible about us. You know there is something irresistible about Pentecost. I remember a woman who came to me one time and said, "I like every part of your service excepting that awful "after" service. That noise just bothers me so much."

"Well," I said, "there is only one thing I can suggest. You come to the service and listen to the preaching, the singing and the testimonies and then when it comes to that awful *after service* you just leave and go home."

She thought I was quite liberal and broad-minded but I was quite sure she would not adhere to that suggestion; curiosity would get

*"Some of us stay at the cross,
Some of us wait at the tomb,
Quickened and raised together with Christ
Yet lingering still in its gloom.
Some of us bide at the Passover feast
With Pentecost all unknown—
The triumphs of grace in the heavenly place
That our Lord has made our own."*

the better of her. But she came and enjoyed the services and when the altar call was given she would slip out—she did this two or three times and then one night I noticed her sitting in the back seat. She hadn't gone home. The next Sunday night I had not even noticed her until, in the after service, I heard an awful noise. Now you know when there are a hundred or more Pentecostal people praising the Lord, as we had that night, it takes a very unusual noise to arouse your curiosity. And this was enough to make me wonder what had happened. So I walked over in that direction and here was this little woman who would get so nervous because of the noise in our altar services, prostrate on the floor, praising the Lord. Now, when people tell me they don't like the noise of Pentecostal meetings I know they are under conviction and I don't pay much attention to them. Don't argue with them. There is something which God has given the Pentecostal Movement which is irresistible and different from anything that others have. Let us not try to conform to their standard; let us never bring our message down to suit them.

There is a contagious something about Pentecost. I did not want the experience. I was a Methodist preacher and I did not want Pentecost nor did I want my church to have it, and yet it came. I was honest at heart but the reason I didn't want it was because I was ignorant about much of it. And yet God was baptizing people right in my church before I knew anything about the baptism. I used to preach under the anointing of God and I would see men and women baptized in the Spirit though I had no idea what it was all about then. They would speak in tongues and I didn't know what was going on.

Three or four years before Pentecost came to my church, while I was preaching in one of the Sunday morning services, the Spirit of God was resting upon me, and you know when that is the case you are not always responsible for what you say. I was preaching and God blessed me and the congregation was having a wonderful time. There was one sister right in the

middle of the church who threw back her head and her hands went up and she began to speak in another tongue. I listened and thought it was mighty strange for I knew she did not know that language. I called two of the ushers and told them to take her to my home which was just across the street from the church. I went on with the sermon and after the service went home and found her still speaking in tongues. Here I was, knowing nothing of the experience and never having seen anything like this. I called a physician friend of mine and asked him to come over and look at this woman. So he came; took his stethoscope and tested her heart and said that was normal. Then he took her respiration and said that was normal. I said to him, "But doctor, what is the trouble with her?" He said, "I don't know." I asked him if he thought her mind had been affected in any way but he didn't know about that either. That went on till four o'clock in the afternoon and then we called a taxi and had her taken home. She had a real baptism and I learned that if a person is honest with God no one can keep Him from working. All God desires is vessels, empty vessels. All the time I was blaming myself and the enemy said to me, "If you had been a little more rational in your message this would not have happened," and I didn't know what to think. When she attended the service the following week she asked me what it was that had happened to her but I had to admit I did not know. She said she didn't know either but whatever it was she had never felt nearer heaven than she did at that time.

At another time, when I was preaching a German woman was prostrate on the floor and was under the power of the Spirit. I confess to you I did not know what to make of it and it was just too much for me. I was tempted to give up preaching for I thought I was doing more harm than good. But friends, it was irresistible. Thank God, I know something about it today and let me say, that with all the misunderstandings, with all its imperfections, with all the ridicule and criticism that accompanies Pentecost, I would rather take this way than any other I know of. It is wonderful! It is irresistible!

I received my Baptism on Nov. 26th, 1916. I had then been preaching about fifteen years and we had a lovely church. I was associated with many of the most prominent men of those days. I mentioned to someone today that Dr. Scofield dedicated my church but after I came

into Pentecost they would have nothing more to do with me. I remember how a certain evangelist came to a little Swedish church in our city of Corona, New York, and only eight or ten people attended her meetings. She was about ready to pack up and go home but one night I went over to hear her preach and I said, "That is the very thing I want. This is what God has been showing me all the time." So I asked her if she would hold a meeting in my church but she replied that she was expecting to leave the next morning. However, upon more urging she promised to come and asked what she should preach on. I told her to preach just what she had been giving there in the Swedish church. She said, "Your congregation won't understand it." I said, "It doesn't make any difference. Preach it anyway."

And so she came and preached but she didn't give any altar call. When I spoke to her about it she said she was afraid I wouldn't like it. The next night there were eighteen people who responded when she gave the altar call and those eighteen received the Baptism; the next night thirty people received and after that the power of God fell in such a way that we had to have eight and ten policemen to keep order. From that time to this the power has never failed us.

There is something in this message that grips people; they are tired of the old things and there is a hunger in their hearts for reality.

I went to visit a man who had a reputation of being very hard-hearted and when he saw me he said very gruffly, "Get out." I thought the best thing to do was to go, but in two or three days I returned. Upon knocking he came to the door, looked at me and then said, "Aren't you the fellow that was here the other day and who I said should get out?" "Yes," I said, "I am the one." "Well," he said, "what I told you then is good today."

I again left but in three or four days I came back. I think I made eight or ten visits to that man's home. I only mention this for the glory of God, for it is only by His grace that we are enabled to do these things. The last time I came he said, "Are you here again?"

"Yes, I am here again."

"Well, come in and tell me what you have to say and get out."

I said, "All right, I only want to tell you three words. I want to tell you that God loves you."

"Oh," he said, "you are wrong. You cannot prove that to me."

But I told him I could prove it and read to

him that wonderful portion of Scripture, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red as crimson they shall be as wool."

He said, "I have been in the whiskey business for fifty years. I haven't been inside a church since I was married and that is over fifty years and now you come around here to tell me that God loves me."

I said, "Yes, and I still say that He loves you." Then I said I was ready to leave. I came back to him in three or four days and at once he said, "Come in. Why in the world didn't you come back sooner? Didn't you know I was looking for you? If I had known where you lived I would have sent for you. I want you to read that to me again. Is my Bible the same as yours? I want you to read that to me."

I read it again. The tears ran down his cheeks; they didn't just drop, but ran. I prayed with him and he prayed that wonderful prayer, "God be merciful to me, a sinner," and he meant it from his heart and God saved him; not only saved him but God healed him and instead of dying, he got better. The doctors had given him up but God raised him up although he was over eighty years of age. He used to take his Bible and open it to that passage in Isaiah and he would read it to all his friends and say, "Do you know God loves you, and I can prove it?"

God let him live a whole year and that was his constant message, "God loves you and I can prove it." He would often say to me, "I never knew God was like that or I would have served Him long ago." It is that irresistible something. He lived a whole year and then went home. I was with him. He pulled me close to his side and said, "I am going, and will be waiting for you." Friends, when this thing gets inside of you it controls you, controls your walk and your talk. It is wonderful to know Jesus; if the world only knew Him, but they don't.

I am thankful that I am a Pentecostal preacher; I wouldn't be any other kind for the world. There is nothing to lure me back to the old ways. I believe the nearest thing to heaven is a Pentecostal meeting when God is present. I went to a large, beautiful church this morning; I had wanted to see it for a long time. I sat in that beautiful auditorium and listened to the splendid message given but there was something lacking. I missed that Pentecostal touch. I say, Let them have their beautiful auditoriums

and vested choirs; let them have the machinery to make the thing run smoothly but let us have that touch of God. Come into a little Pentecostal meeting where God's people are and you find that which your heart longed for. Let us never let down in our message. Yes, there is a price to pay. You remember when the mother of the two disciples came to Jesus asking Him to grant that one sit on the right and the other on the left in His kingdom, Jesus turned and said, "Can ye drink of the cup that I drink? Can ye be baptized with the baptism wherewith I am baptized?" and they said, "We are able." My brother, my sister, there is a cup to drink if you want to walk with God. Those disciples had to drink it. It meant imprisonment; it meant separation; it meant sorrow. Sometimes in following Jesus you wet your pillow at night; many times the cross will be heavy and sometimes you will want to get all alone with Jesus. It will seem at times as though the heavens were brass and that God had forgotten to be gracious. There is a price to pay but it is worth it. And just as sure as God is in heaven, if you remain true, you will find one of these days that God will take away all the hindrances and the sun will shine again.

(The remainder of this gripping story will tell how a man was saved from murder.)

Book Review

WITH CHRIST IN RUSSIA AND SIBERIA

By Nicolai J. Poysti

This timely booklet of over 60 large pages, has just recently been published. It is a gripping story of the faithfulness of God, of providential leadings, of miraculous provision and protection in the midst of revolution and bloodshed, and of the great hunger and ready response of the Russian people to the Gospel.

The following story of how the God of Elijah miraculously fed Mr. and Mrs. Poysti and their babe, is one of the interesting pages from the book. It was at the close of the World War in 1918, when thousands in Russia were starving. The author, with many other passengers, was practically held a prisoner on a boat on the Volga River, because of the Bolshevik uprising. Finally, after traveling up and down the river for some days, all passengers were ordered ashore. It was night, rainy and cold. There was nothing to eat and shots of bullets whizzed over their heads. The boat went on and left them stranded and hungry on the shore. Brother Poysti relates:

"The only thing to do was to exercise faith and leave ourselves in the Lord's hands. In my heart again I heard a voice say, 'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.'

"The baby was restless from hunger. I suffered when I saw this and began to walk away toward the desolate inland. There I knelt and prayed. I turned

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God's Well Balanced Meal Offering

Check Up Your Ingredients With His

Sermon by Pastor N. P. Thomsen in the Stone Church

Scripture Lesson: LEVITICUS 2: 1-14.



HIS meal offering described in this passage of Scripture is a type of Christ in His perfect and pure manhood, as He came down to live before men as God's Man upon the earth; God's new beginning! God's Head of a new race! God's Man!

In this meal offering we do not see Christ as the Sin-bearer; we see Him simply in His manhood as He lived before God without sin; One who came here to earth to set before us an example of how we also might live. And as we consider Jesus in this type we see that in Him alone was found that perfect manhood for which our hearts long; that perfect stature we so covet and to which we hope to attain—even the stature of Jesus Christ. Surely it is not our desire to dwell down here on a low plane and always be dwarfed and stunted in our growth, but we desire to grow up and become men and women in Christ. And if we are to look for something genuine and real we must look for it in Christ. If it is genuine sympathy we desire, we go to Jesus and see Him weeping at the tomb; not weeping because Lazarus was dead, but because their hearts were broken and He knew how to weep with those who weep. If it is sincere love we need, we see Him with His face set as a flint to go to the Cross; He set one goal before Him and that was to do the will of God and bring redemption to man. What love for poor fallen man! If it is real power we seek, again we turn to this same Person, the Creator of the universe, the One who upholds all things. He is the One who has real power to display. If it be for unerring wisdom we long, it is to Jesus we must go for He is made unto us wisdom. We will never be wise without Him. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." And when, one day I wondered how I might *continue* I remembered the verse, "He that winneth souls is wise." If you want to be wise, fear the Lord, and if you want to continue to be wise, win souls for Him. The enabling is through Jesus who is made unto us wisdom.

*"O Carpenter of Nazareth,
Builder of life divine,
Who shapest man to God's own law,
Thyself a fair design,
Build us a tower of Christlike height,
That we the land may view,
And see like Thee our noblest work
Our Father's work to do."*

Now Jesus was the only perfect Man who ever trod this earth. There have been good men and great men who have displayed noble qualities but they have all had some failing. Even Moses became a little rash one day and in his rashness he smote the rock instead of speaking to it, which disobedience shut him out of the Promised Land. Then there was Paul, that great man. He and Barnabas had a few words one day and they separated. So we find that even the best of men have had their shortcomings in one way or another, but in Jesus we find a well balanced Man. Someone has said that Jesus had no excelling qualities; that doesn't mean He did not have excellent qualities but that each quality was perfectly balanced in Him. We see His prodigality manifested when He feeds the five thousand, but when He sees the amount that is left over His economy comes to the front and He bids them pick up the fragments. He was well balanced in every detail, a perfect Man.

And why should He not be the perfect Man? He had a perfect Father. He was like His Father God. Jesus was a perfect specimen of humanity as far as His physique was concerned and we also believe Him to have been perfect in every moral quality. He was God's perfect Man. That is the "fine flour" that we see; whenever you touch Him you find there are no lumps. In fine flour there are no lumps, no rough places, nothing foreign to be found. We are very coarse sometimes; press us a bit and you find we are not always smooth and fine; let the pressure of daily affairs come and you will find there are hard lumps rising to the surface. We may look like fine flour but when we are put through the sieve of persecution and a little pressure is brought to bear, you find everything is not quite as it should be. But Jesus was the fine flour at all times.

Now I would like you to notice that this "fine flour" was not only to be mingled with oil but it also had oil poured upon it. And I would remind you that Jesus had two definite experiences with the Holy Spirit. We read in the Bible that He "was conceived of the Holy

Ghost," and it is comforting, in these days of modernism, when many are denying the virgin birth of Christ and when there are so few who hold to the old truths of this Word, to know that the Bible clearly states that He was conceived of the Holy Ghost; that He was God's product. So we see that from the very beginning He had the mingling with oil. And let me say that you and I can never amount to anything, in fact we will never even become started in this way until we also, are conceived of the Holy Ghost and have that new birth. There must be that conception of the Holy Ghost whereby we become new creatures in Christ Jesus, and whereby He puts within us eternal life. Without this we are dead in trespasses and sins; but life starts when He brings to pass this glorious work in our hearts and we are born again, not of corruptible seed but of the eternal Word of God.

It is interesting to note, that, much as we make of Christmas, we never became united with God through the Incarnation. Christ might have come to Bethlehem and might have lived an exemplary life; He might have done the noblest deeds and performed the greatest miracles and yet, if He had gone to heaven then, we would have no hope of being united with Him. The Incarnation, as wonderful as it is, never accomplished our redemption. It took more than that; it took the work of Christ on Calvary. He must enter into death; He must conquer there. Because of this and because He came forth on the third day and rose for our justification, He opened up the way for us. And it is in the power of this new life that you and I are able to walk with God.

Then you will remember another experience that Jesus had. Down at the Jordan River John was baptizing and when He saw Jesus coming He said, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." When Jesus presented Himself for baptism John shrank from it, saying, "I have need to be baptized of Thee." But Jesus said, "Suffer it to be so now," and when He came out of the water the Holy Spirit descended upon Him *without measure*. I have thought of this experience of Jesus in comparison with the baptism which the disciples received on the Day of Pentecost. At the river Jordan the Spirit descended in the form of a dove, in completeness, in His fulness. But in the upper room, you will remember, there came a tongue of fire that divided itself and sat upon the different ones assembled.

This reminds me of the scene back in the wilderness where Moses felt the burden of ruling Israel was too heavy. So his father-in-law advised him, and with God's permission he called out seventy elders to help him. Now what did the Lord do? Did He give them each the Spirit that He had given to Moses? No, He took of the Spirit and divided it among the seventy. God had enough vested in Moses to take care of the situation, but when Moses wanted help, He just divided the Spirit among the seventy. But upon Jesus He gave the Spirit without measure, which means He always acted in the Holy Ghost.

You and I couldn't stand that measure of the Spirit, but God sends Him to us in such a measure as He sees we are able to endure. There is much foreign material, much alloy that has to be burned out and God is making the process just a little slow lest we be consumed in the refining.

Now God's purpose in baptizing us in the Holy Ghost is not that we simply have a good time, come to meeting and shout; He has given us the Spirit that all our actions might be guided by Him and that all we do or say shall be in the Holy Ghost. Some people keep very busy serving the Lord but so many times it is not *in the Holy Ghost* and I have come to the conclusion that any work not done in the Spirit, will be burned up and will not amount to anything.

Then you will notice that there is another ingredient in this offering which is frankincense. *Frank* is simply the old English word for *pure*—the same as we use when we say a person is frank about something. This was pure incense. The oil typified the power of Christ's ministry, and the frankincense typified the object of Christ's ministry—everything He did was for *the glory of God*. Christ was here not only to work under the power of the Spirit but He was here with one objective in view—to glorify God.

We sometimes say His one objective was to die for sinners. That is true, in a sense, but if that were the final consummation of it all, I doubt very much whether Christ would have gone through with it. He had more in view than that. He had the glory of God in view, and it makes no difference how good our objective may be, if it is not the glory of God it is folly to pursue it. It is well and good to want to see our loved ones saved from hell, but above all that we should have as our objective

the glory of God. So if we want to add this pure incense to this meal offering then God must receive the glory in all that we undertake.

You will notice in the report which Jesus brings in the 17th of John it is not, "Father I have gathered together so many disciples"—numbering them; nor "Father I have baptized so many"; nor was it, "Father I have performed so many miracles in Thy Name." These were all incidental to His great objective—the *glory of God*, and unless the miracle would bring Him some glory He would not perform it. He could truly say, "I have glorified Thee on the earth." God doesn't care about the spectacular; He is not after show. And if you and I can meet God with *this* objective, His glory, then He will do far above what we can ask or think. It was because of this that Jesus could pray, "Father, I thank Thee that Thou dost always hear me," because all His praying had the glory of God in view.

Then notice also that this incense was not fragrant until it had been put in the fire. What is it that brings out the fragrance in your life and mine? It is the times of testing, the fires of persecution and trial. It is not the fragrance in our lives when everything is running smoothly that tells the story but the fragrance that comes when we are passing through the hard things, when we are under pressure. That is when others discover how much frankincense we have. Oh that you and I might be found true in the trial, so that in the fire we may prove fragrant for Him!

We also find it was to be seasoned with *salt*. The 13th verse says, "And every oblation of thy meat offering shalt thou season with salt." God did not want any offering without salt. There is a striking *contrast* to be noticed here. First, notice that salt is a pungent thing. It was *that* that made Jesus so unlikable. Everything went well till they discovered the salt. When the salt got into the open sore of their hearts they shrank back because they couldn't stand it. They listened to His gracious words in the temple; they were beautiful words and everyone loved to hear Him, but as soon as He put a little salt into them they were ready to take Him out and throw Him over the hill. They listened to Him when He was but a boy and they said, "What marvelous words! Where did He get all this knowledge?" But when He put the salt in His speech they were ready to cast Him out and finally crucified Him. Do you know what the trouble is these days? I

believe the Church of Jesus Christ has lost some of her salt; she has lost some of her pungency. We are so ready to smooth it all over with grace. Grace is a beautiful thing but we need a little salt along with it. Jesus did not always speak with grace. He put salt in the grace now and then and it was the salt that made them realize that there was an open wound that needed healing. Be sure to put in your salt occasionally.

Now there were two ingredients which we find were to be left out. The first is self-evident for it says there was to be *no leaven*. Leaven is that which sours. Put a little leaven in the middle of a basin of dough and in just a little while it is all sour. And in the same way, some person with a little leaven can enter a meeting and sour the entire service, and the whole church. God wanted them to make sure there was no leaven. There was never a sour note in Jesus.

Then leaven always puffs up. You can have a basin half full of dough in the night and by morning it has run all over; the leaven has puffed it up. Haven't you noticed that people who are puffed up just spread all over a place? They want to fill every nook and corner they possibly can. It is all because of the leaven that is in them. Whenever you see a person becoming all puffed up over some experience, just remember there is leaven somewhere. If you want to be all that God wants you to be put out the leaven.

Then He says something more: There was to be no honey. But you say, "Oh I like honey! Doesn't the Bible speak about honey dropping from the honeycomb?" Yes, a little honey is all right but God doesn't want it in His offering. Honey has sweetness, that if you get a little too much of it, it sickens you. There are types of religion and some spiritual people, too, who think it is the thing to have the honey sticking out all over, until there is so much sweetness it gets sickening and you want to get away from it all and be with people who have a little salt.

Let us get away from this surface sweetness; let us have something real and genuine in our hearts, something that is able to make us grow up in our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MADAM GUYON

An abridged edition of this classic on the deeper life. A marvelous recital of her complete submission to the will of God, which will help Christians today. Born and reared in the Seventeenth Century the lessons learned are just being appreciated. 270 pages, 75c by Mail.

God in the Newspaper Business

Conversion of a Cartoonist

VAUGHN R. SHOEMAKER

The very mention of a newspaper office in a great metropolitan city carries with it a suggestion of hustle and bustle, of a steady stream of hurrying humanity, of the whirr and buzz of machines and telephones by which are conveyed the newsflashes to and from every part of the world. Indeed it is one of the pulsating nerve-centers of the nation. It is a place where one is apt to meet those from every walk of life—but surely not—God; a place where there is time for most anything—but surely not time for—prayer.

And yet, could you peep into a particular office of one of the greatest daily papers of our nation, you would discover that there was room for God, that there was time for an interview with Him; indeed it was with God that the first interview was held every day, for, says this newspaper man, "Every morning, in the seclusion of my studio, before I make a single mark on my drawing board, I fall on my face before the Lord and beseech His leading."

The man? Vaughn R. Shoemaker.

The office? That of the chief cartoonist of THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS.

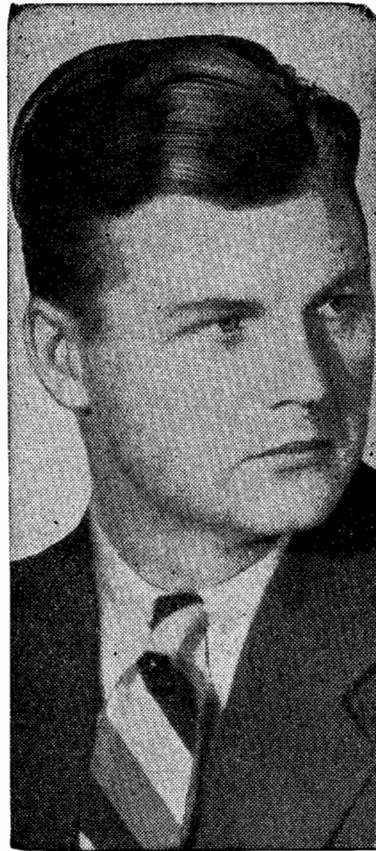
We introduce him to our readers by giving his own personal testimony of how God came into his busy life.



IT WAS back in 1926, at the time when my older brother was dying of erysipelas (a very contagious disease) in a hospital located in Evanston, a suburb just north of Chicago. My two other brothers and I, dressed in those white gowns, masks on our faces and gloves on our hands—because of the disease—were walking up and down the hallway, crying our eyes out because of this terrible catastrophe which had come into our lives.

Let me pause in this incident long enough to tell you the condition of my soul at that time. I was not a Christian. I didn't know God. Furthermore, I didn't care to be a Christian, nor did I care to know God. I thought religion was all right for old people with one foot in the grave, to hobble into church, sit down and pull out a hymn book and sing hymns, but, for a young fellow—No! Personally I had a brilliant future in the newspaper world and I wanted to live my life without any interference from anyone, not even from God. You see I was a hard nut to crack.

But now, like a bolt out of a clear sky, this dark cloud had come into my heretofore un-



clouded horizon. Was it perchance *God* interfering? My dying brother was the favorite of the family, the one whom we all admired. He was a very successful business man in Chicago and I often went to him for advice when I did not go to my own father. He seemed so close to me. Everybody loved him and he had such a winning personality. *But now he was dying.*

Nearly beside myself, I reeled on one heel, went into my brother's room, knelt down by the side of his bed, took his hand in mine and said, "Del, are you ready to meet Jesus?" Think of that from someone who did not know God! A very peculiar experience, you say. It surely was. Is there any explanation for it? Yes, I believe there is. I have a praying mother and I thank God for that. I don't know where most of us would be today were it not for praying mothers. My dear old mother believed in the various passages of Scripture which promised that if she prayed and believed she should see her entire household saved. She had prayed for years but nothing seemed to happen. But she clung to these promises with a faith that never faltered and now—now finally the break came.

When I asked my brother this pertinent question he hesitated for a moment, then finally mumbled, "Yes," squeezed my hand to verify it, and drew his last breath and went on to meet his Maker.

I have always felt that God chose this rather drastic way in connection with this incident, for two reasons; one doubtless was that God did not want my mother to see my brother in the hideous condition he was in, with his head twice its normal size, and so disfigured that he

was absolutely beyond recognition. The only way I could recognize him was by the ring on his finger. A distance of thirty-five miles separated my mother from her dying son and there was no possible chance for her to get to his side ere he passed away. It had all come so suddenly. And so he was lowered into the grave without my mother ever seeing his face again. And the other reason was—to give me an opportunity that would cause me to stop and think. Oh what it sometimes takes, to make us think! To make us stop long enough in our mad rush to take inventory of our lives, to bring us to the realization that we are lost and in desperate need of God. Would, that no one who reads this will wait till such a catastrophe is necessary to make him yield to God!

After it was all ended I pondered over it again and wondered whatever had caused me to do such a peculiar thing. I can see it now as if it were yesterday—the doctor standing there, trying to pull me off my knees and saying, “Don’t bother him; he has only a few moments to live,” and yet I was so determined to ask him that all-important question, so determined to have some final word from him. And as I searched for some reason for my actions that day I began to think, “It must be because there is a God. There must be some supernatural power that guides us in a time when we have no power over ourselves. There must be a God.” That was the conclusion I arrived at, and after making that decision, I began to seek this God. Now my mother had, many times, told me how to find God, but with me it was a case of believing that there was a God. Many times she had taken me in her arms, and, with tears streaming down her cheeks she told me of Jesus and how He had died on the Cross for me; told me that if I would but accept that sacrifice I would be saved and spend eternity with Him. But I would simply kiss her on the cheek and wipe away her tears and say, “Oh that is all right for you, mother, but not for me!”

So it will readily be seen that I knew the way; what I needed was to believe. And then, after my brother’s death, in my heart-broken condition I accepted God one day, while on my knees and with tears streaming down my face. I received a real old-fashioned conversion. I thank God for an old-fashioned conversion, for somehow I feel a little more secure with such

an experience than I would had I just signed a church-membership card or said a simple “Yes” to God without much feeling. I do not say that all have to come to God in the same way. You may not have had the same experience that I had; it is possible for a determined heart to accept Christ as his personal Savior without a tear or without any emotion and really mean it, but a change must be wrought in the heart for one to be really saved.

I believe that God has a plan for everyone’s life and if we will but yield to Him, He will work wonders for us. I can see God’s hand on my life even long before I became a Christian, and any success I may have in my profession I attribute to God alone; I certainly cannot attribute it to an education for I have had very little. Nor can I attribute it to personal ability as an artist, for after the first three months of work in an art school the director, who had a waiting list for his class, asked me to resign because, in his estimation, I would never become an artist. So I cannot attribute my success to anything outside of God. I never start a day’s work without first getting on my knees and asking God to supply me with wisdom and ideas and even though an idea may not be along spiritual lines, God can and does supply. So many people limit the ability of God just to spiritual things and fail to connect Him with purely secular needs, but why shouldn’t we ask God to help us in all these lines? He knows all things and will gladly supply us with the needed wisdom if we but ask Him.

One might question whether God receives any glory in meeting such purely secular needs such as giving ideas for cartoons. But let me say that all of them together help to build up a cartoonist’s reputation and then when I testify for the Lord in nominal churches—as I have done in nearly 250 within the Chicago territory—my testimony carries weight. So I believe it is our privilege to claim God’s help in gaining success in any line of business, providing it is honorable.

Let me give just one incident to show how God enables one to testify even through a newspaper cartoon. Christmas was drawing near and in searching for a theme for the Christmas cartoon I felt that John 3:16 furnished a very striking foundation. In the cartoon which I prepared to submit to the staff I had the verse of John 3:16 printed in large letters, below which appeared the Bethlehem inn and the star. But at the editorial conference this idea was

contemptuously attacked as out-worn, embodying a philosophy long since discarded by thinking people. Silently breathing a prayer for help, I went on to show how this verse was inseparable with Christmas and added, "If you gentlemen cannot agree on the wisdom of using this cartoon, why not let the publisher pass on it?" No one could object to my submitting the cartoon to the court of highest authority. Shortly after I walked out of the publisher's office with his approval on the cartoon and his words still ringing in my ears, "Of course you cannot separate John 3:16 from Christmas. Without it there wouldn't be any Christmas." It was but another proof of God's intervention when others would have thwarted an opportunity of testifying for Christ through the avenue of the cartoon.

It is not difficult to bear testimony for Christ even in the business world but in order to do this it is essential that one should take his stand and make his position known. There is only misery in store for the Christian who attempts to conceal his testimony, and humiliation and loss for the Christian who is on the fence. The compromising Christian loses the confidence of true believers and gains only the contempt of the worldly. Young Christians, especially, are sometimes troubled lest their simple faith in the old-fashioned Gospel brand them as narrow.

The business world has respect for sincerity; it has no time for hypocrisy, and it is quick to detect the false. It places a high value upon consistency in living our profession. It is the weak, vacillating character that frequently becomes a target for ridicule and scorn. I believe that our life—our conduct, our conversation, is the important thing in our testimony. I believe that we should speak to the men and women about us, when the Spirit directs us to do so. I am also convinced that God uses only those Christians for personal work who are equipped to point out the way of redemption. This equipment consists of a fervent prayer life, conscientious study of the Word and obedience to the Spirit. If we are ready and alert God will provide the opportunities and supply us with the necessary courage.

* * *

Mr. Shoemaker's rise in the newspaper field has been phenomenal, until now he is chief editorial cartoonist for *The Chicago Daily News*, which ranks among the foremost as a Daily paper. His cartoons are frequently reproduced in the national news magazines. He

also devotes much of his time and talent sponsoring and furthering Christian activities, being a member of the executive committee of the Christian Business Men's Committee whose efforts have been so signally blessed of God in their noon-day services in the Loop of our city, is treasurer of the Russian and Eastern European Mission, and is in charge of a weekly Gospel Fellowship Club, as well as an Artist's Fellowship Club. In addition to all these activities he fills many appointments in churches of every denomination where he gives his testimony and presents religious chalk talks, presenting Gospel truths via the avenue of the cartoon.

(Continued from page 2)

moved to the Concentration Camp of her husband where she was made to scrub offices and do laundry work for the guards with only *ice water* in which to wash the clothes and scrub the floors.

"Along the icy banks of the river Pechora, this man of God has been forced under the constant eye of guards, to cut down trees, build roads, dig ditches, work in coal and copper mines, and serve in many other ways at 'forced labor'—for no crime whatever except that he was a Christian believer. When preaching the Gospel he adhered strictly to the letter of the Soviet constitution. Not once did he trespass upon what the leaders of the Soviet Union published as the official legal code of the country. Although he served more than six years in filthy prisons and cruel concentration camps he has never been charged with any crime or given a legal trial. There are six living children in the family, all of whom are now in the United States through the influence of the Red Cross which came to their defense at Geneva in 1932."

They were brought to the city of Kaluga last June, both suffering greatly in body. They have six children, all of whom are now in the United States. Latest report is that Mr. Voronaeff has been transferred to a Moscow prison from which Christians seldom are released alive. *The Defender's* letter to The Soviet Ambassador is published in tract form, 15c per doz., 100 copies for \$1, and may be had from: *Defender Publishers, Wichita, Kansas.*

The Get Acquainted Page

Conducted by *Watson Argue*

Presenting the Story of God honoring a call to Central Gospel Tabernacle, Long Beach, Calif.
Mr. and Mrs. Watson Argue have just completed a Campaign in this Tabernacle.

AFTER TWELVE YEARS in evangelistic work, from coast to coast in America, and in foreign lands, we are happy to be in the King's service in charge of an established congrega-



Mrs. Emma Taylor

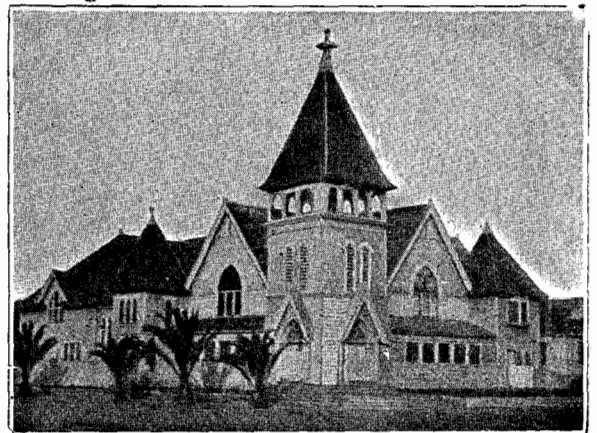
tion. I could spend many happy hours in recounting the blessings God has showered upon us since He called me to this work in Long Beach, blessings not unmingled with chastening and trial, but withal a deep feeling that we were in the will of God. Returning from the Midwest where I had held three revival campaigns—one in Tulsa, Oklahoma, another in Springfield, Missouri, and a third in Kansas City, Missouri—I received a call to be one of the speakers at the Big Bear Camp Meeting. The Lord gave a very blessed Camp and at the close He spoke to us about going to Long Beach to take charge of the work at the Central Gospel Tabernacle. But hearing that some one else was planning to take over the work, we dismissed the matter from our thoughts. Shortly after, our Superintendent, Bro. A. G. Osterberg, came to us and asked if we would go to Long Beach, as the church there was going through a real crisis and needed to be revived.

We went, and began meetings in September in a large tent 80 x 120 feet. It was the second season for this tent. The congregation wanted to give up the church building entirely, it was so old and run down, but we realized that cold weather would soon be upon us and then we would need it.

We waged a real battle against the powers of darkness. Night after night we preached with all the power there was in us, and yet just a few were saved. Then it became so cold we were obliged to move back to the church, though it was a real cross for us to do this, as the building was quite dilapidated-looking. The roof leaked and the outside was badly in need of paint. I had been preaching in some of the best churches in the country, and it was quite a "set back" to preach in such a place, but I committed the matter to God, saying, "Lord, if You want me to stay here, make it plain and bless the work in spite of conditions and the building."

Two months passed, and the time came for the church to elect a pastor. I determined not to tell a soul that I felt called to Long Beach, as I understood there were others who felt it might be the will of the Lord for them to pastor Central Gospel Tabernacle. The church seemed to have difficulty in getting the mind of the Lord and there was quite a little division on the matter.

A business meeting was called and Brother Osterberg came down from Los Angeles to help



Central Gospel Tabernacle

the Assembly find the mind of the Lord. Not knowing the mind of the people I put God to another test, saying, "Lord, if You want me here, let me be elected on the nominating ballot." I was more greatly surprised than the people for I received all but three votes. I was very

happy for I felt God had made known His ways to us. I had greatly enjoyed the evangelistic work in which I had been engaged for twelve years, and to leave the field and take a settled pastorate seemed like starting over again, but I was very happy to be in the will of God.

The church gave a wonderful reception. The Christ's Ambassadors were hosts of the evening and every department rallied to the support of the work and manifested a beautiful spirit. Everything was at a low ebb, and we felt our first duty was to repair the church and clean it up. I asked the people to respond to a call to paint the building and in ten minutes we raised the money for that purpose. Now we have a lovely, clean place in which to worship.

The leaky roof has been repaired and our Sunday School has grown from ninety to near the three hundred mark. Our Young People's Class has grown to 111, and the spirit of love pervades the entire church.

Last Sunday morning, January 10th, the power of God fell in our midst, and the meeting continued without interruption until 5 P. M.

Two received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. In the evening there was an overflow children's meeting in which ten were saved. In the adult meeting one came running to the altar before the call was given, the spirit of conviction was so upon the audience. Several others came forward for salvation.

We are praising God for His presence in our midst. We are now in the third week of our revival with Brother and Sister Watson Argue. We look for a great year of victory. It seems as if everything is working for the upbuilding of the church. We are now in our fifth month of broadcasting over the Gospel Echoes, K G E R; we are on the air three times a week: Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 11:05.

We feel the future for Central Gospel Tabernacle is brighter than ever, and love and unity prevail. By opening the Sunday School Annex, the Tabernacle can be made to seat 1,000 or more. It is equipped with a beautiful baptistry, a grand piano and comfortable pews. We expect soon to erect a large neon sign.

Emma Taylor, Pastor.

The Lincoln Shingles



SEVERAL years ago while filling an engagement in Springfield, Ill., I gratified a long-desired wish to visit the dwelling in which our first martyred President, Abraham Lincoln, resided for the longer part of his married life. The building is owned and cared for by the state and used as a museum of Lincolniana. Hundreds of visitors from all parts of the country, and perhaps also from all parts of the world, cross its sacred threshold every year, and at the time of which I speak, they were escorted thru its rooms and informed about their contents by a cultivated lady who served as a hostess.

The following incident was related to me by this lady, who said that it applied to an earlier period not remote from the date of the President's assassination, when the house was owned by a private individual.

It seems that this individual was alive to the commercial or monetary possibilities of the dwelling as a mecca for patriotic citizens, and with that thought in mind he purchased it. It was in bad repair at the time, and he undertook its renovation. The roof especially was out of order and men were employed to tear off the old shingles, which soon accumulated in a disordered heap in the back yard.

Now one day a butcher errand boy passing the corner, saw the shingles and—something beside! Entering the premises he said to the proprietor:

"Mister, if you'll give me them shingles, I'll carry them away for you."

His offer was quickly accepted, and in a short while with the aid of a wheelbarrow, the shingles had been removed and carefully packed in his mother's woodshed.

In process of time the boy trimmed the shingles, stained and varnished them and caused them to be stamped with an outline of the face and head of the beloved Lincoln. He then put them on the market, selling them far and near, at an aggregate profit sufficient to start him on his own account in the provision business. At the time of which I speak, he still resided in the city, a prosperous tradesman. But the owner of the house who had given him the shingles failed in his enterprise, and the property ultimately passed into the hands of the state, whose it was at the time I visited it.

Shortly after this story was related to me, I was present at a reunion of some of the students of the Moody Bible Institute, and being called upon unexpectedly for a speech, its

(Continued on page 23)

Peter -- After

Confession the Foundation for Reclamation

John Wright Follette in Byron Camp, Wisconsin

(Continued)



HE second incident which I think is one of "these things," spoken of in the opening phrase, is found in John 18: 15-19. Here is the sad picture of Peter's failure. He has denied His Lord and is now among His enemies. He has made a fearful botch of the whole thing. What a failure after a close and happy walk with Jesus for three years! What a revelation! How could it all be true? But Jesus is not through with Peter; He wants to get hold of him and help him. So, in the permissive will of God, he is thrown over very close to the enemy, so close that the enemy can grab hold of him and even shake him good. He is put into a sieve, and Jesus knew all about it. Note the tenderness of Jesus as He deals with this known weakness of Peter. He helps him as far as He is able. He says, as it were, "Peter, you are about to suffer a terrific humiliation and testing. I cannot pray for your exemption; the Father does not give me the liberty to pray for that. I cannot pray that you be spared the pain and agony of it. Your very nature and disposition demand this very treatment and experience. However, Peter, I may pray one thing and that I will do with all my faith and power. I will pray that your faith *fail not*. I will pray that it may not snap under the horrible fire of testing but that it may come out strengthened and made vigorous for the days to come."

Have you ever had Jesus pray you through? Some years ago I was going through a most trying experience—a test of very severe demands. Twice I tried to get help from friends who I thought understood spiritual things and whom I might trust. But as I might have known, the human was so interested in the problem that their faith was nowhere, and so I turned from them much humiliated and sore

MY HIGH PRIEST

*So oft when sorely tempted
And faith seems very weak;
When battles fierce are raging
And help from God I seek;
My failing strength is quickened
When in His Word I see
That Christ is interceding
And praying now for me.*

*The blood He claims in pleading—
His hands, His feet, His side,
Before our God disclosing
A place where we may hide.
Unknown His words so holy
To us in feeble frame.
The heart of God respondeth—
He hears in Jesus' name.*

*Believe, my heart, and praise Him,
Tho' Satan sorely try.
Fear not when shadows darken,
Tho' hid, thy Lord is nigh.
He knows thy frame and weakness;
He will be strength for you.
Have faith! He's interceding.
Trust Him! He'll take you thru.*

—J. W. F.

to think I had told them anything. God was in the thing and saw to it that all roads to people were blockaded. Finally, in sheer desperation, I threw myself upon the floor and sat dumb before the Lord. I had prayed everything I knew to pray. I had prayed in the spirit, as I thought, and out of the spirit; simple prayers and explanatory prayers and was at an end of prayer and my self.

As I sat there weary and tired and worn, too numb and dumb to try any more, I was suddenly conscious of the presence of the Lord. He was back of me and, as it were, leaning over my shoulder. Then He spoke these words, "I am your High Priest." At first I did not seem to grasp the meaning of

it all but I was so thrilled by His presence that I wanted Him to tarry and help me. Then He went away and the Spirit began to show me the meaning of the visitation. "Christ is not only your Savior, your coming King and Bridegroom but He is a Priest who intercedes on your behalf." He made it so real to me—that I was engraved upon His hands held before the Father, that I was on the breast-plate of the High Priest and that He was praying for me. Then I seemed to hear His voice again, "I am your hiding place. I can pray you through." My heart was melted and broken; I wanted to pour my self out at His feet like water. I wondered how He ever could take such a tangled, broken condition and carry me through. But I knew He had spoken and I began to rejoice in faith that what He said He would do. I felt the Spirit coming upon me and I took my guitar and sang the song, *My High Priest*, though I had never heard it before. The words and music came together and I sang it over and over as I entered into the meaning of it all. How wonderful the dear Holy Spirit is! What a ministry He has for us! We need Him so,

we need Him so! So Jesus prayed for Peter in that terrific trial he was to suffer. Jesus did not blame him for it. He knew his makeup and that it was the only way for Peter, so He loved him and prayed him through. By nature we are all a part of the colossal ruin of man. We are all cast in a broken mold and God knows it. But we can become new creatures in Christ, thank God! He wants to come in and move through the different departments of our personalities and show to the world a miracle of His grace in the display of His power in and through us.

Returning again to Peter, we find that after he has made these two rash and extravagant statements, he falls down on both of them. But the Lord had allowed it all. "Oh," you say, "the Lord would never order his steps thus." Yes, He certainly would when He sees it is for Peter's good. Do you think the Lord wanted Peter as he was before that trial? Certainly not. Did not Paul need a demon to torment him? Many think it would have been wonderful if Paul could have gotten a victory over the demon. He won many other victories but he never was free from the stake. No, he needed the stake as a safety device to keep him in position. He did more than have a prayer answered; he got grace to carry him all the days he had to tarry.

Up to this time God could not do much with Peter even though he had followed Him and knew His message and was called. He wanted more than that. He wanted Peter and could not get him, only through this trial. So Jesus prays him through and poor Peter feels so humiliated and ashamed. So we will better understand Peter's mood when the story takes place. When the disappointment of Christ's disappearance and failure to bring in the Kingdom settled down upon them, what did they do? A perfectly natural thing. When your faith cannot bridge the chasm, when it is not strong enough to take the step you will always resort to some natural means of escape. That is the way we are made. When faith fails then we begin struggling and working and leaning upon the resources of nature. The disciples did this very thing. Peter is the spokesman. I know we sometimes ridicule him for talking so much but I am sure we are glad many times that he said what he did. Many times he saves us the trouble of asking or saying the very thing we are happy he has said. Every once in a while I learn a lesson from what Peter has done. So

I have to say, "Thank you, Peter!" No doubt most of them thought as he did in their hearts. At least none of them had a suggestion as to a way out. I can imagine Peter looking at the rest and saying, "Well, this kingdom business has not turned out as I had expected. I have been thinking: Don't you remember the day He said, 'The kingdom of God cometh not with observation'? And again, 'The kingdom is within you'? Then see how He has died and gone. Now He has shown Himself twice but how do we know if He will ever come back again? This kingdom, it seems to me, is too mystical. And, as you know, I never was mystically inclined. I guess I don't understand it. But I do know something about fishing, so, as for me, I am going fishing. You may do as you like. This whole kingdom idea is exploded and has ended in a crash. I may have gotten into some kind of emotionalism, but I tell you I am going back to my nets."

That is why Peter went fishing. It was not because he thought the fish would bite. It was something worse than that. I really do not think he cared much whether or not there was a fish in the sea. He just wanted to get away, away, away from the whole thought and atmosphere of the past years and days. He did not want to be haunted by too many thoughts and suggestions from his friends. He wanted a change of environment! Do any of you know what I mean? Instantly they say, "We too will go. You have always been a leader and there seems to be nothing else to do so we will go along." They, too, probably wanted a change but did not own up to it. I wonder what the dear Lord read in their hearts just then? So there they are, out there fishing! fishing! fishing! The night settles down and they fish on and on. It comes to be one o'clock and there are no fish; two o'clock and no fish. They try every old haunt they have ever known; this point, that bank, this little cove and that, all the old holes they have been in before. It is cold and the nets are heavy and hard to handle. Oh the emptiness of it all! Poor dears, they are on grounds from which He has called them. Did you ever walk over the old paths? Have you felt the haunting spirit of such a place? How many banks and shoals will they try before they give up? We read that they fished all night and caught nothing. But listen—"But when the morning was now come, Jesus stood on the shore." Thank God there is always a morning! There they are a wretched, forlorn,

unhappy, disheartened little group. They had no business in the boat at all for He had called them from their nets to make them fishers of men.

The night can not last too long. Finally there is a faint streak of light over against the hills and it continues to grow a bit lighter. The mist and fog are hanging along the shore so that only a dim outline of things is visible. But as they look they see someone moving about and finally they hear a voice calling, "Children, have you any meat?" In other words, "Have you caught anything?" Jesus takes the initiative and that by asking a question. Why that particular one? Why not scold them and rebuke them? Are they not out of order? Do they not need to be lined up? Yes, yes, yes, but please wait and let the Lord do it. He knows how. How many of you think that Jesus did not know about the boat or if they had any fish or not? If for a moment you think He asked merely for information, you are much mistaken. He had in mind the blessing of a deliverance and the reinstating of Peter and his commission. But He must first ask them this question. He must build the blessing upon a certain foundation and that foundation is a confession. Have you not yet learned in the Christian experience that "confession is the basis of blessing"?

He knew all their circumstances but He wanted this one thing, a confession of their defeat and failure in their self-will. He wanted them to own up to the failure and that in most simple form—"Nothing." How much better to make a clean breast of it than to say, "If the wind had not flapped the sails or if so and so had not rocked the boat, I think we might have caught some." Thank God they said in simple form, "Nothing." As soon as He gets this confession He builds up a blessing and directs them as to what to do. Now in obedience they are fishing in the very same boat, the very same water, with the very same nets and in the very same place. But what a change! The fish just cannot get into the nets cast in *disobedience*, neither can they keep out of the nets cast in *obedience*. It is not a matter of water or place—just His word. Then He bids them come to shore.

Here He has a happy surprise for them. How very wise and tactful Jesus is! See how delicately and carefully He handles Peter! Peter has not seen Him since he lied and swore and made such a failure of his devotion and

love. But under it all Peter loved the Lord and Jesus knew it. Even though Jesus is tender and tactful, He does not intend to let Peter get by, as we say. He never does. His very love is manifested in correction. He loves Peter dearly and is going to deal with him in a most clever and sweet way without causing him embarrassment before his fellow disciples. But at the same time He will so deal with Peter that he will never forget it. So the Lord has some coals of fire and fish for them. And as the disciples come up I can imagine the Lord saying, "Peter, won't you come and warm yourself? Here is a fine fire and you must be cold and damp." The very mention of a fire must have set Peter thinking and remembering. The fire of his conscience was hotter than any fire there. Where had he warmed himself just a while before this? Had it not been at the fire of Jesus' enemies? And had he not grouped himself with them? Were not Jesus and Peter thinking of that fire, too? I think so. Do you not think Peter got warm? Surely he must have been warmed through and through. The Lord had not rebuked him by a word, neither had He done one thing to embarrass him before the others. But He had sent home to Peter such a rebuke that I am sure he never forgot it. It was His kindness that hurt Peter. Then I seem to hear the Lord say, "Shall we now have a little breakfast? Were there not some fish that you caught?" Do you remember who went for them? To be sure it was Peter. My! how he must have fairly run to get them. And to get away from that "very hot fire." He needed a cool breath of air by that time.

So he leaves the fire but it has accomplished its purpose in warming more than Peter's *hands*. Oh how hard Peter was thinking as He saw the Lord moving about and directing, such seemingly simple words, and yet at the same time getting at him in such untold fashion. And now, how could poor Peter eat? Was there not a lump in his throat nigh choking him? Yet the Lord hands him some fish and asks him to eat with Him. I am sure Peter never disliked fish in all his life as he did just then. How it must have choked him! Busy is his mind with thoughts the other disciples never dream of—"Oh Lord, I am such a failure! I have grieved your heart and disappointed You. I am so miserable and undone. My heart is broken and I am so ashamed. Yet, oh Lord, I need You and I so want to run to You and tell You! Oh Lord, how can You be kind

to me? How can You spread a feast for me? Rather would I that You blame me, scold me. I deserve it! Oh Jesus, will You ever let me get close to You again? Can You ever trust me with Your love and fellowship?" Poor Peter! The others were having a fine, warm breakfast. Well, let them eat. That is about all some ever get.

But Jesus has no such word for him. Instead He enters into a conversation as casually as in days of old. He does not show by any gesture that there is anything the matter. His looks and spirit do all that is necessary. After they have eaten He says, "Peter, lovest thou me more than these?" Some think He was referring to the fish since he had denied the Lord and left his great calling to catch them. But we find in the Greek that the word *these* does not refer to the fish but to the others standing by. But why should He ask that? Had Peter not told Him twice that he loved Him more and *that* even to the measure of death? Yes, so Jesus keeps it fresh in His mind. It always seemed so foolish and meaningless that the Lord should have said over and over three times, "Lovest thou me, etc." But Jesus did not say that. Read it in the original. There you will find two different words for *love* are used. One is *agapao* and means a love deep and of a sacrificial measure. It is the strongest word in Greek for *love*, the one used to show God's love for the world, etc. The other word is, *fileo*. This means to be very dear, to be fond of, and is used to show affection as brotherly love and feeling. It is a weaker word than the other.

Jesus is just wise enough to use the very word that would characterize the statement Peter had made. So He says, "Peter, (*agapao*) lovest thou me, etc.?" He uses the *strong* word, for had not Peter declared his love in such lofty terms? Doubtless Peter's failure had taught him a lesson. He had found by now that he did not love Him to the extent that he would die for Him. Peter knows what the Lord is getting at and in answer says, "Lord, Thou knowest that I (*fileo*) am very fond of Thee." He does not dare again to use the extravagant word he once used, and Jesus takes the confession for what it is worth and says, "Feed my lambs." Again, the second time Jesus speaks and says, "Peter, (*agapao*) lovest thou Me, etc.?" He again uses the *strong* word. Peter does some deep thinking. He answers the Lord, "Thou knowest, Lord, I am

very fond of Thee," using the weaker word again. And all this time the disciples do not seem to know just what it is all about. A third time Jesus speaks, "Simon, Son of Jonas"—and here we get a beautiful lesson. When we cannot measure up to the strong place He would have us reach, He comes down to us and meets us in the measure of love of which we are capable. So this time Jesus says, "Are you very fond of me?" or "Am I dear to you?" This breaks poor Peter and he confesses, "Yes, Lord, Thou knowest I am fond of Thee. Thou knowest everything." Three times he failed the Lord and denied Him, and three times he confesses afresh his love for Him.

It was all the Lord wanted. He gained the victory in Peter and yet never rebuked him before the others or made him ashamed before them. Look, too, at a very clever or wise thing He does for Peter. I am sure those disciples were very human. Do you not think they had spoken of Peter's failure one to another? Behind his back no doubt they said, "My! poor Peter! Wasn't that a dreadful failure? What a dreadful thing! We must pray for him; he needs prayer." Yes, he did, but it was not theirs that got the victory. The Lord knew their inner feelings and thoughts. Therefore before them all, so that they could hear and have the benefit of it all, He reinstates Peter and gives him a threefold, divine commission. I wonder if they might not have done a little thinking just then? They, too, had a gentle rebuke for any secret thought they might have entertained. Oh, of course, they did not say anything. It is never wise to do that. But the Lord saw to it (for some reason) that they heard Him bless Peter and again entrust him with His love and message. Have you ever been criticized, misjudged or lied about? It is wonderful just to "stand still and see the salvation of God." He can in a most wonderful way close the mouths of those who do not understand and bless you in their very presence. Is He not wonderful? How safe He is in dealing with a needy heart! Shall we not love Him and trust Him more? Can we not all of us afresh commit to His tender, tactful and wise dealings the welfare of our foolish hearts?

Our Brother Follette will be having a series of meetings at The Stone Church (70th & Stewart Ave.) from February 14-28, inclusive. Those who have been blessed thru Brother Follette's teaching ministry will be glad to know of these meetings, and we are inviting our friends to be with us in this series continuing over three Sundays. Come and bring your friends.

Wrecks on the Shores of Pride

Victors in the Path of Humility

Lewi Petrus

In previous issues of THE LATTER RAIN EVANGEL, we have presented the story of the largest Pentecostal work in the world, of which Mr. Lewi Petrus is pastor. So rapidly did this work advance that they outgrew their quarters again and again.

On one occasion they had just enlarged the building but within a year they found it inadequate to hold the crowds. Their pastor felt reticent about again approaching his flock in behalf of another building program, and yet he felt cramped under the existing conditions. Other fields were open to him and he was considering entering the evangelistic work but held himself open to God's guidance. Just about this time a prominent business man of Stockholm called Mr. Petrus on the telephone, arranged for an interview with him and there in his office he offered the pastor the sum of one hundred thousand Kroner towards a building program (approximately \$25,000), on condition that Mr. Petrus promise to remain at his post in Stockholm. Another friend had previously promised ten thousand Kroner for the same purpose. And now, since God had so unexpectedly provided such a good starter, the pastor felt free to approach his congregation for further funds and together they launched a building program far exceeding any they had previously attempted. The result is their present church edifice, costing one million Kroner, the largest church in all Scandinavia (not excluding that of any denomination), and the largest Pentecostal church in the world. It has a membership of over five thousand and carries a corps of seventy paid workers in home and foreign fields.

Likewise, ye younger, submit yourselves unto the elder. Yea, all of you be subject one to another, and BE CLOTHED WITH HUMILITY; for God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble. Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that He may exalt you in due time. 1 Peter 5: 5, 6.



ONE OF the deepest sins of mankind is pride. Many times it is that which hinders our salvation and then it also concerns us as Christians for pride is often found in our hearts as well. Christians often lack in humility, and this is the great difficulty in the world at large. Considering the world, considering the nations, how poor they really are in this matter of humility! Many times they take the Name of the Lord upon their lips but refuse to submit themselves to Him; they refuse to count on God but depend wholly upon themselves, upon their own resources, and we see the result in the world around us.

I believe we are living in a day when God is seeking to humiliate humanity; He wants to show that that which is great in this world may be broken into fragments and humiliated. We have a very striking example of this in the Book of Daniel, where the great King, Nebuchadnezzar, was humiliated. He was master over all nationalities and tongues, master over a great empire when a vision was given him and Daniel was called to give the interpretation. He saw a large tree with its branches spread over the whole earth and then the tree was cut down and only the stump remained; and that

stump was bound by iron chains. There it stood, being wet with the dew of heaven. Nebuchadnezzar desired to know its meaning, and we read in the fourth chapter how fearful Daniel became when he understood the vision and the interpretation thereof. He told the king, "This means that you are to be cast out from among humanity, be cast from the throne, to find your habitation among the animals." In one word, he was to be stricken with insanity; he lost his mind. In those days there was no care exercised over insane people as there is today; they drove them out and they had to find their place among the animals. All his greatness had left him and he was in the depths of humiliation.

Nebuchadnezzar received information of all that was to come to pass concerning him; and yet we read that at the end of twelve months, he was walking in his palace and he lifted up his voice and said, "Is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of *my* power, and for the honor of *my* majesty." And while the word was yet in the king's mouth there came a voice from heaven saying, "O King Nebuchadnezzar, to thee it is spoken: The kingdom is departed from thee. And they shall drive thee from men, and thy dwelling shall be with the beasts of the field: they shall make thee to eat grass as oxen, and seven times shall pass over thee until thou know that the most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever He will."

And is not this what God is doing in Europe today? Kingdoms which have stood strong for thousands of years have collapsed; kings and rulers have fled from their thrones for their lives. Think for a moment upon the old Chinese dynasty which had stood for centuries, but it fell. Look at other empires, how great and proud they were, but they have turned out to be the most humiliated people upon the earth.

I was in Jerusalem two years ago and one thing I noticed as soon as I arrived, traveling from the station in Jerusalem, was the old Jaffa Gate. When I arrived I saw that part of the wall was torn down; I questioned those who escorted me and my escort said, "A few years ago the German Kaiser came to Jerusalem and because of the angle of the gate, it was impossible to drive through. So they tore down part of the wall which had been standing for thousands of years and thus they opened the way so that the Kaiser could ride through drawn by horses. As a reward for that he gave a large sum of money for a tower to be built at the Jaffa Gate." Now the architecture of that tower was not very fitting with the other architecture but all this had been done because a great man had come who would not deign to walk in but had to be driven. But a few years later that man was greatly humiliated and I heard not long ago through a friend who lives in Jerusalem that that great tower was moved a short time after his visit there, from the Jaffa Gate, placing it in the proximity of Jerusalem. Then about a half year ago they tore it down altogether and not one stone is left of that great tower. That is a striking picture of a proud man. It is dangerous to be proud. We are on dangerous ground when everything is comfortable around us and things are running smoothly. It is then that we need to feel our dependence upon God.

A few years ago the Swedish people were very proud because of what one man had achieved, the man who made the name of Sweden known throughout the entire world. We all know about the match king. But in the years that followed he pulled down more shame upon himself than any other man ever had. How people boasted of that man and they thought he would restore to Sweden her former glory! But Sweden got a much-needed lesson through his experience; a good many people had to step down a few pegs, some had to step down and go to Leavenworth.

There is nothing in the world as dangerous

as pride. Some people say there remains no justice in this world but I believe there is more justice in this universe than some realize. What you sow you will reap. I repeat, we are living in a day when God is in the act of humiliating people and may God help us to learn our lesson. What is true of the nations, is precisely true of the individual. Wherever pride makes its entry there comes a reaction. Many times Christians are God-fearing and humble as long as there is distress and difficulty in their lives; they are humble as long as they have a small assembly and when the Movement they belong to is in disgrace, trampled upon and belied. It is then they are humble and are drawn close to the heart of God, but when people begin to recognize them and see success marking their pathway, then that humble feeling leaves the heart and another takes possession of the head.

Money is a dangerous thing. All too many place their faith in money and the result is that their Christianity fades and there is a retrogression instead of progression. If Christians were really wise they would never allow pride to control them. If you are proud because of success you may have had you will be sure to lose that success. It is my conviction that pride is the height of foolishness; wise people are not proud. Everyone looks with disdain upon the man or woman who is proud, but for him who is a bit dumb, naturally everyone feels sympathy. It is foolishness for one of ordinary understanding to be puffed up with pride, and if you exalt yourself because you receive a good income, have a nice car and new furniture it is nothing but an expression of foolishness and that is what God wants to save us from. Pride makes us unhappy and makes everyone around us unhappy and it is very distressing to have anything to do with such people. We as Christians, who intend to live for God, must be kept truly humble by His help.

Why is there so much conflict among Christians? Just because people are filled with pride. If they were humble enough they would bend low, bear criticism and love even those who are naturally unlovable. Only through the grace of God are we enabled to do these things.

Do you know why some people do not receive all that God has for them? It is because they are proud. I have heard of some people who are proud because of what they received from God and then too, I have heard people in Sweden make a remark such as this, "Just think of those people going around saying they are saved!"

God has implanted a desire in the hearts of many Christians to get more from Him; they feel their need of more power to live for Him and serve Him and God has met them and filled their hearts. Then others would criticise these and say, "How proud he is! Just think of him going around and saying he is filled with the Holy Spirit! Think of such pride!" But friends, the pride does not lie there. Do you want to know where the pride is in that situation? It is found in an attitude that says, "Oh God, I have been your child so long and I have had so many spiritual experiences, I don't need any special power; I don't need to attend those prayer meetings. I am a Christian. I was saved once and it isn't necessary for me to read my Bible continually and take things so seriously. I can handle my life without any further help." That is horrible pride. Just think of any Christian saying that he does not need something which God has promised in His Word. For my part I feel I need everything that He has promised for His children. I am so weak, so helpless, that I need it all. I thank God that He opened my eyes to this many years ago and it has made my life more useful, not because I myself am strong, but because God is so wonderful and He can use the most impossible and the weakest in His service.

It is wonderful to be in that place where you receive everything that God has to give. Many an individual Christian is living a life of half-hearted service, a proud and jealous life, and there is a continual religious conflict on the inside just because he refuses to take the grace of God. They want a Christianity that feeds their pride; a type of Christianity which they like and one which is not subject to criticism. But that is not the kind which Jesus had, nor the apostles, nor Paul had. They had a Christianity which kept them in the depths of humiliation, a Christianity which they could not take upon themselves till they had first disrobed themselves of their pride. Many people are wondering why we have so little power in the church and why there are so few results. That is not difficult to understand. We have a different type of Christianity than those of the early days, who fought and won great victories from God.

Sometimes God permits us to go the path of deep humiliation and I know that many Christians have tremendous battles and conflicts just for that reason. If God always led us forth

in glorious triumph where people would say, "What a success he is!" we would soon have spiritual pride and God knows that.

I know of a missionary who worked in Brazil; he was very faithful to the truth of divine healing and preached it. One time he was in a heavy rain which is dangerous in that country. The following day he had severe headaches and then he was stricken with lameness. He returned to Sweden where he improved a bit and then returned to Brazil as a missionary. But he was unable to walk. There was a young man in Sweden who felt called to the mission field and God impressed him that he should help this man. So they returned together, the one carrying the other who was unable to walk, and thus the young missionary did his greatest work just that way. And so Sorheim has been serving the Lord there for many years. They both believe firmly in Divine Healing and yet he does not seem to get complete healing. Why should such be the case? God only knows. He sometimes wants to reveal His power through our weakness. Who knows but what this missionary might not be as greatly used of God if he were completely healed. Now sinners in large numbers are saved and I have been told that this man who has to be carried everywhere, is doing the work of three men. The most important thing is for us to keep humble before God and if He chooses to work through our weakness then let us be yielded to His will.

There are some Pentecostal people who are much humiliated when God fails to respond immediately to their prayer for healing but the humiliation is good for them. For my part, I say, "God may do as He pleases just so He keeps me in His will and where He can use me as He desires."

This also concerns those who are still unsaved. I believe most unsaved people are unsaved because they will not humble themselves. They are ashamed of God. Imagine a person being ashamed of God! You are not ashamed to walk down the street with a prominent person and yet you are ashamed to have fellowship with God. Oh the pride that takes possession of a human heart! Let us humble ourselves under the mighty hand of God and become really humble and then we will be willing to get down to ashes and confess our sins, and we will consider it the greatest honor in the world to live for God and serve Him.

Occupying the Land -- Hilltoppers

Harold Horton in *Redemption Tidings*



THE Land of Canaan is a type of the Christian's fulness in Christ. Every blessing, every victory, every joy, every satisfaction, every property, every deliverance for spirit, soul and body. As God blessed them of old with all material blessings in earthly places in Canaan, so "He hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ." The Land was set before them as theirs before they set foot on it. They were to go in and possess it; to destroy the Canaanites, break down their altars and burn their images. They were to progress step by step with unflinching zeal and unflinching triumph, blazing a shining way through every troop and leaping with a shout over every obstacle. Hills and valleys, plains and desert places they were to occupy. It was already theirs by actual occupation and possession. "I have given it to you," said the Lord. "Go in and possess it." All the battles were won in advance; all they had to do was to see the foe run, and establish the territory won, yard by yard, as they stood upon it. If the foe did not yield at the spear-point, the Lord was under pledge to muster His poison-barbed army of hornets and sting them "to the double!" Easy enough, one would think. The houses were already built, the vineyards already planted, the olive yards already dressed, the armies defeated. They were just to go and occupy and enjoy. Oil for anointing, Christian! Wine for gladness. Roof for protection. Bread for desire. And victory! All for nothing. All yours. Now! Easy task. Yes. Easy for the heart really set to it. The real task is to get the heart really set to the job. They didn't do it. Neither do we.

Joshua was a brave heart. "So Joshua took the whole land. . . and Joshua gave it for an inheritance unto Israel" (Josh. 11:23). But Jesus was the gallant Soul. He took the whole Land for us, at infinite cost. He overcame all the Emims and Anakims and every violent foe in the sweat and blood of agony and death. Out of the flinty rock of death He got us oil and wine, and bread and water without scarceness. It is all in our Land now, waiting for our appropriation. Let us go in and possess.

There is always more. The Land of Promise is always greater than the land of possession.

Even after Joshua took the land, God told him there remained yet very much land to be possessed (Josh. 13:1). The Lord still calls us to possession. In a measure we all occupy. In measure they did of old. It is all ours in any case. The story is told of a Scottish laird who had a huge estate, but he spent his days fishing for lobsters round the coast; dipping lobster pots instead of bounding over the main; dribbling in the weedy shallows instead of hoisting sail and off to Valparaiso and the Golden Isles. We are all millionaires in Christ. Grant we may not live like paupers.

All the Land we are to possess. Every tribe of us—and each individual, to possess the whole. There were those of old who could occupy parts. Some could live up the mountains, for instance. The little tribe of Dan. But "the Amorites forced the children of Dan into the mountain: for they would not suffer them to come down to the valley" (Jud. 1:34). Hilltoppers. The trouble was they couldn't get down. Ever met them? How far from your house do they live? or mine? Nobody like them at convention time. Fine for special services—everywhere and anywhere. Grand at escaping the discipline of the Word and assembly-life under God's provided leader. If there is an exhilarating campaign round the corner, there they are. If there is a feast in the mountain anywhere—in the Land or out of it—they will be there. The Amorites have got them. They forget that they belong to Sardis, and they are always off to Pergamos or Philadelphia or Thyatira; they are always getting the message designed for others—never their own. Sardis is the message for them. They never get it. They do not like it. Neither—in parts—did the first Sardis. But it was God's precious and special and only message for *them*.

The Danites are splendid at mounting up on wings. Not much at running without wearying. Nothing at all at walking, the climax mode of progression for saints. You would think that the world was all mountain if you learned your spiritual geography from them. The Amorites have told them the valley is dull or dangerous or barren or out of the plan. They cannot do with the disciplinary "hum-drum" of day-by-day assembly life. The prayer meeting is not big enough. The Breaking of Bread uninspir-

ing. The open-air meeting too tame. There is too much "man" about the pastor. God, they want! The Amorites have told them God does not dwell in the valley. They cannot see any good thing coming out of Nazareth. A carpenter's son is nothing to them. "All the Land—except the valleys," is their motto. It is not "Pentecostal" down there. Anything less than 1,000 feet of sensational altitude is not in their portion. "Dwellers in the heights." Did you know that "Amorite" means that? Their enemy has succeeded in making them like himself. On the top of Leith Hill in Surrey there is a refreshment room in a tower. Right at the summit—just one thousand feet high. You can get a nice little meal there—cold. I was up there one morning before breakfast, years ago, while the gilt of dawn still lingered on the eastern slope. I met a woman and a donkey with a load of victuals and water, sweating up the last steep strip of the path. So all the food and drink come up from the town in the valley, I learned. Of course. I wonder if it ever strikes hilltoppers that all the fruit and bread come from the valley? Somebody has to grow it, and fetch it, with sweat. It is those who live down among it. What do you think of folk who are always after grapes yet who never turn a spade or pull a thistle. They can only do with the bright and light side of things. The shadows and the obscurity and the background are not "spiritual" enough for them. Plodding Bible study; quiet prayer; humble fellowship; regular attendance at their own meeting; rock-like standing by the pastor; sacrificial helping in some "non-spiritual" task designed by God to minister to the spirit's vitality—such as taking a turn at cleaning the assembly hall to relieve the faithful few who are always doing it; or making the beds or washing-up while hard-worked mother has a turn up the mountain—such things do not interest them. Carnal, they say. Carnal, we repeat. Up the mountain they must live. The Amorites force them there, and suffer them not to come down to the valley. First rate they are at standing on the pinnacle: no good at taking a towel and girding themselves for real ministry. Elated when the unction of the Spirit is flowing and the gifts are in ceaseless operation in their own or somebody else's Corinth. "Not led" into the regular fighting atmosphere, the dry, dark graft of the weekly prayer meeting.

A man once told me he felt no blessing in the prayer meeting, but that he had just come from

a lovely time at his own fireside. "Agreed," I said. Every soldier enjoys the billet. I never yet heard of one who felt the blessing of going over the top. The prayer meeting is a fight. I wonder if those where the close atmosphere of conflict is not felt are prayer meetings at all. They may be lovely times of fellowship, and even worship. But prayer that makes itself felt in the ranks of the enemy is tough work. The Amorites do not like that. They do not commend it. They do not permit it if they can help it. It is against themselves. A sister one day told me she felt the powers of darkness in a Breaking of Bread service. Knowing her well I took courage to say I suspected it was the powers of Light. What would be the experience of those of old who went into the Holy Place without the cleansing required? What is likely to be the feeling of those today who rush past the brazen altar and the laver and lift with unsprinkled hand the curtain of the Holies? How often do Christians attribute to the enemy the work of the Lord—or to the Lord the prohibitions of the enemy! How often do certain Danites keep their place up the mountain to escape the sanctification the valleys would demand, and produce! A useful additional verse for a beautiful hymn we all delight to sing would be, "Lead me lower down the mountain, Into fellowship with Thee." That would be a terrible blow to the Amorites. Do not mistake me. The mountain is a lovely and scriptural experience. But so is the valley. I believe it takes more training to live on a SPIRITUAL plane up the mountain than in the valley. It is easy to be carnal in the mountain. The highest spiritual plane is the valley. True, the mountain is the appropriate place for visible tokens of the transfigured Christ. But don't forget that every sacrificial valley is at a high spiritual altitude. The three disciples were at their lowest spiritual ebb when they desired to stay up the mountain. The "tabernacles" suggestion that Peter got came from the Amorites. They live in every mountain. Danites the disciples became—till the Lord in mercy put some Judah into them. Even the mountain became dark with cloud when light for themselves was their only quest. A newer transfiguration of their Lord they saw down in the valley, though one that did not flatter the physical vision: the deliverance from sin and violence of one possessed of devils. That glory the Danites miss. It takes place in the valley they never assay.

The Pisgahs are good places from which to

“view the landscape o’er.” Many a descent the child of God will need to make if he is to possess the Land from Dan to Beersheba. Too many of us are busy viewing the land and talking about our view of it. The Amorites have got us. Our command is not to view it but to take it. There remaineth much land to be possessed. Let us occupy. Let us come down among the ordinary duties in the humble places. Let us by God’s grace, if we have retreated into the Danites’ hilltop habitation, defeat the Amorite in our hearts and descend into the exalted place of victorious humility and loyal helpfulness. And let us commence by taking our proper place this coming Sunday in our own blessed meeting designed by the Lord for our highest spiritual profit—and all the meetings next week, and next, and next—till Jesus comes. Let us stand by our appointed Joshua even when he leads us through irritating Amoritish ranks to new conquests in undesired lowlevels and unattractive territory. It is good everywhere in the Pleasant Land.

(Continued from page 13)

appropriateness flashed upon me as a kind of parable or symbol of my audience.

The man repairing the roof seemed to represent the theological seminaries—wise, conservative, long-headed, getting ready for a big thing, permanent, profitable, worthy. The discarded shingles were the thousands of Christian young men and women loving their Lord and consecrated to His cause, but for whom because of their lack of certain intellectual equipment, the seminaries had no use. D. L. Moody was the butcher boy who saw and seized his opportunity. Gathering up these youth and taking them into the Institute he had founded, he trimmed and varnished them, and by teaching them the Word of God and acquainting them the better with the Spirit of God, he caused to be engraved upon them the deepened likeness of Him who is the “chiefest among ten thousand and the one altogether lovely.” And then qualifying them to preach the gospel and to do personal work with souls, he sent them forth to the uttermost parts of the earth to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Him whose they were and whom they served.

And what about D. L. Moody himself? It gave him an imperishable competency. Not only is he enshrined in the hearts of these young men and women but, having done the will of

God, he abideth forever and his works do follow him.

As illustrating the last remark, I would call your attention again to the words of Dr. Houghton in his inaugural address as President of the Moody Bible Institute, reported in the *Monthly*. He was answering the questions: “Is Christian work over-crowded? Is there a real place today for the Moody Bible Institute?” And he gave it as his solemn conviction that there is one kind of work in the world not over-crowded, namely Christian work. This will go on, as he said, so long as men continue to be what they are. There are ten thousand villages in this country without a church of any kind and thirty thousand without a resident pastor! There are more than thirteen million children under twelve years of age who are not in church or Sunday School! And then add to this, as Dr. Houghton said, the need of the heathen world! Does it not stir the hearts of you young men and women to think that at this very hour there is the same need, the same call for such witnesses as John and Betty Stam, who gave their lives for Christ in China, as there was when the martyr “Stephen saw the heavens opened and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God”?

Thank God for the “butcher boy,” D. L. Moody, and thank God for the shingles whom he took and trimmed and varnished, and whose service is reflecting that of the Son of man who came into the world to seek and to save that which was lost.—*Dr. James M. Gray in The Moody Monthly.*

(Continued from page 5)

to the God who had fed Elijah and told Him that it was useless to expect help from man in this predicament. I do not remember how long I prayed, but I do not believe it was very long. When I arose from my knees I saw in the distance a strange being approaching. If I remember correctly this being resembled a man. Very quickly he neared me. As he reached my side he asked if I was seeking food. I cannot repeat my conversation with him. I only remember that he extended to me a peculiar appearing bundle with the words, ‘Here is food.’ Without delay I returned to my wife and child on the shore, where on opening the parcel we found it contained a thick cereal-like porridge. We thanked the Lord. Those who do not believe in wonders and miracles do not see them, but we who believe in them experience them in our own lives. Jesus said, ‘If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.’”

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PSALMS 4:2

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

Ps. 12:2; 31:6,18; 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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