

The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

When It Was Yet Dark

Mary "came early, when it was yet dark,"
 And, Lord, I too,
 Have come, with the shadows still upon the land
 Seeking for You;
 Come reaching out for a Father's hand, as all
 Lost children do.

And You are there, Oh, blessed, blessed One,
 As when she came
 Down the dark shadowed garden walk, before
 The sun's first flame.
 We hear a voice: "Why weepest thou?" and now
 You speak our name.

We have wept, Master, and we have been blind;
 We lost You, quite;
 We rolled a stone against Your loving heart—
 And it was night.
 Forgive us, Lord: "Rabboni!" we, too, cry,
 And there is light!

GRACE NOLL CROWELL



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

The Latter Rain Evangel

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In the Garden

In a garden
Was a tree,
Rich with fruit, but all forbidden.
Wilful hands the law defied,
Want and woe must now betide:
In a garden.

In a garden
Was a shade;
There the heart of Christ was riven,
Clasped hands in agony,
Plead: "Thy will be done by me"—
In a garden.

In a garden
Was a tomb.
Jesus sleeps, the Lord from Heaven,
Pierced hands together laid
Prove the Ransom wholly paid,
In a garden.

In a garden
Was a stone
Rolled away on Easter morning,
"Christ is risen," angels sing,
Sin and death have lost their sting,
In a garden.

-C. M. C.

Special Meetings

AT THE TIME of this writing we are in the midst of a series of very blessed meetings at The Stone Church with Brother John Wright Follette of New Paltz, New York. Our souls have been fed through the precious lessons as our brother unfolded the Word in his inimitable way. Brother Follette is not an evangelist but a teacher of the Word, and the Spirit of God has richly endowed him with a spiritual insight into the Word which is most refreshing and illuminating.

The Stone Church congregation and friends from all over the city have been edified and built up, and our readers will be glad to know that these God-given messages will appear from time to time in the columns of The Latter Rain Evangel.

Send a subscription to a friend in whose spiritual growth you are interested. At the beginning of the year we started a series of testimonies from Christian business men, the third of which is appearing in this issue. If you would like the subscription to begin with January to get these special articles, we shall be glad to do so. We shall be pleased to have our readers help us send these issues far and wide to reach souls that need God.

His Resurrection -- The Cap-Stone of Our Gospel

Watson Argue in the Chicago Tent Meeting

If Christ be not risen from the dead then is our preaching in vain, and your faith is also vain.



AM GLAD that Easter comes in the Spring time of the year because that is the time when nature takes on new life; those things which appeared dead during the winter take on new life; the grass becomes green and the leaves appear on the trees. It is the time of new life and it is in the Spring time that we remember the resurrection of our Lord.

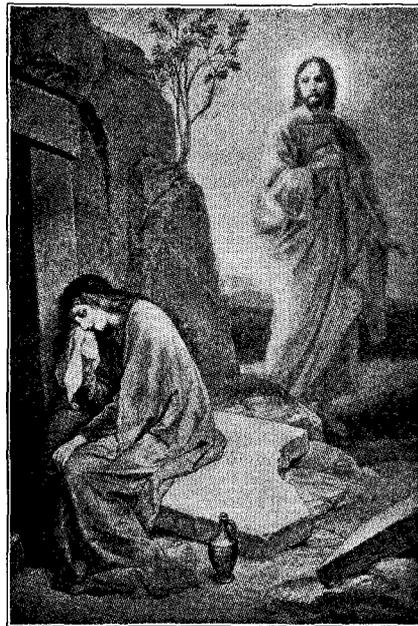
There are, in various parts of the world, famous tombs that contain the remains of famous men, such as Lincoln, Washington and many other outstanding men of the past, but all of these tombs together do not mean as much to the Christian world as does the empty tomb—the tomb of Christ.

To me there is something very sacred about the message of the resurrection and as we rehearse that wonderful event we have the feeling of walking on holy ground. Undoubtedly it is one of the most important messages in the Bible as our text would prove. If the message of the resurrection is not true then our preaching is in vain. I would hate to think that all the messages given were in vain, that all the faith which has been exercised, all the churches that have been erected and all the revival campaigns held, have all been in vain, and such would be the case if the resurrection of Christ were not a fact; but I praise God that it is a reality.

Sometime ago a French infidel wrote the story of the life of Christ and carried it along as far as the story of the crucifixion. The story ended on one page and on the other he had a picture of Christ on the Cross. Underneath the picture he had written the word, "*Finis*," and it certainly looked, to a person not familiar with the truth, as though it were finished. There

were the drops of blood, the matted hair and the face of pain and sorrow; black clouds had gathered in the sky above and everyone had forsaken the Lord; everything about the scene spelled death and then that striking word underneath, "*Finis*." It is true, Jesus did die that way, but He didn't have to die that way. I believe that just one word from those silent lips and something would have happened that this old world would never have forgotten.

The redemption of the world was *finished*; the sacrifice was made for your salvation and mine and when that infidel wrote the word, "*Finis*," he witnessed to a mightier truth than he ever realized, although he, of course, did not mean it in the way of the finished work of Christ. The thought he wanted to convey was that all was ended, that His body would decay and that would be the end of Christ. But it was not finished in that way.



They put Him in the tomb, sealed it and put a guard about it and said, "We will make sure that He does not get out of here." But it took something more than a Roman guard to keep the Son of God in that tomb. He arose just

as He said He would.

There are three questions we would like to ask about the resurrection and seek, by the help of God, to find the answer from the Word of God. The first question is, Could God raise Jesus from the dead? We find that God did not fail to prophesy the resurrection and Jesus did not hesitate to meet that prediction because He knew God had power to raise Him from the dead. He would never have been so foolish as to make a prophetic statement like that and not have it come true, for then He would have been the greatest contradictor known. From the natural standpoint it would have been impossible for someone to have been raised from the dead who had been in the grave three days and

three nights. But we are not asking this from a natural standpoint. We believe with God all things are possible and to deny *that* would be to deny the very existence of God. Could not the God who created the wondrous earth, the mighty Alps and the majestic Niagara Falls, could not He raise Jesus from the dead? After performing all the miracles that He performed as recorded in the Old and New Testaments, surely He could raise His Son from the dead and bring Him forth from the tomb. The God who divided the Sea, who kept the three Hebrews in the fiery furnace, who protected Daniel in the lion's den, He could also raise His Son from the dead.

One of the greatest stories is that of the wanderings of the children of Israel in the wilderness for forty years. During that time their clothing did not wear out. Not only did the clothing need to have lasted that long but it actually had to change in size. Just imagine, at the beginning of their wanderings the youngster who was just one year old, at the end of forty years, was forty-one. His clothes and his shoes would have to expand a good bit to fit him. Surely that was a real miracle. And the God who performed that sort of a miracle could easily, by His command and power, raise Jesus from the dead.

Before Jesus was raised from the dead God had raised Lazarus from the dead. With God all things are possible. I believe all these evidences from the Word answer the question, "Could God raise Jesus from the dead?"

Now the next question is, Did God raise Jesus from the dead?

It is without doubt one of the best proven facts of history that God did raise Jesus from the dead and the ones who cannot see it are simply those who do not want to see it. There are none so blind as those who will not see.

The angel said He was risen from the dead. Do you remember the angel's message to the woman? "He is not here for He is risen. Come see the place where the Lord lay." He appeared eleven times, and to as many as five hundred people at one time. Surely five hundred could not all be deceived about the resurrection of Jesus Christ.

The disciples said that Jesus was raised. The disciples were so sure of that that they were willing to die for the message of the resurrection. Do you think they would give their lives for something they did not absolutely believe to be true?

Let me ask you this question, If God did not raise Jesus from the dead, how do the enemies of this message explain the empty tomb? You could have a convention of infidels to argue this question and they could never explain the empty tomb. It is true that the stone was rolled away, but the stone was rolled away not to let Jesus out but to let the world look in. There could have been a stone in front of that tomb as large as the Rock of Gibraltar and it would not have been necessary to move that to let Jesus out.

If the message of the resurrection is not true, then, to explain the empty tomb, someone must have stolen the body of Jesus; and if that were the case, one of two classes of people was guilty of this, either it was His friends or His enemies.

Did His enemies steal His body? No. If so they could have presented the dead body as proof and it would have convinced the world that the disciples were preaching a falsehood. Did His friends steal the body of Jesus? Do you think His disciples would have been willing to die for something they knew to be a fake? Men are sometimes willing to die for the truth, but you won't find a company of men like the disciples, willing to die for a falsehood, when they knew it to be a falsehood. No, they knew the message of the resurrection was true and they were willing to lay down their lives for the truth.

If the body of Jesus had been stolen, those who took it away would have doubtless been in a hurry in order not to get caught and consequently the grave clothes would have been crushed completely or all mussed up, but you remember the Word reads that they were neatly folded.

Some say that Jesus did not actually die, that He merely fainted and was later revived and brought back to consciousness. But we have no evidence of that in the Word of God; we believe that Jesus really died on the cross of Calvary. Let us look at some of the proofs of His actual death. First, His enemies condemned Him to death and when His enemies hated Him that much you can rest assured that they would carry out the death orders and see that He was crucified. The soldiers who came to Him pronounced Him dead. They went to the others and broke their legs, but when they came to Jesus they did not break His legs because they found Him already dead. Joseph of Arimathea believed Jesus to be dead for He wanted the body buried in his tomb. Then, too, on the third day, when Jesus was resurrected

He did not appear as One who had been sick; He went about as One who had abundant life.

If Jesus had merely fainted and not actually died, the plan of salvation would not have been completed and all our preaching would be out of line. But I am glad for the words of the Lord Jesus when He said, "I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive forevermore."

The women saw the angel and they believed the message of the resurrection. Peter and John saw the women and they believed; Thomas, even doubting Thomas, saw the wounds and he believed, and you remember how Jesus said, "Blessed are they which have not seen and yet have believed." I believe He was referring to us. We have not yet seen but we believe, and thank God, some day we shall see; we will see Him face to face, we will see the wounded hands and the pierced feet. How glad we ought to be that we are worshipping One who is alive forevermore!

Buddha is gone, Mohammed is gone, Confucius is dead, Pastor Russell is dead and Mary Baker Eddy is dead but Jesus Christ is alive forevermore. All these who have headed a religion have gone and their bodies have turned to dust but Jesus is at the right hand of the Father interceding for us.

Now the third question is this: Why did God raise Jesus from the dead? First, I would like to say that it was to prove beyond all doubt His divinity and that Jesus was the Son of God. In Romans 1:4 we read, "And declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the spirit of holiness, by the resurrection from the dead." So we see here that the resurrection from the dead proved that Jesus was the Son of God.

Then God raised Jesus from the dead that every believer might know that He was raised for our justification. Christ offered Himself on the cross for our atonement but if God had not raised Him from the dead we would not have the assurance that His atonement was accepted.

Then again, God raised Him from the dead to let all men know there is no doubt about the judgment to come. Just as sure as Jesus was raised from the dead, just so sure is the judgment ahead, for we read, "Because he hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance

unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead."

Again, God raised Jesus from the dead to let every believer know that all the dead in Christ would also be raised from the dead. If He had failed in His promise concerning raising Jesus from the dead then we might be fearful lest He fail in His promise about raising us from the dead but since He kept His promise there we know He will keep His promise concerning us. If you have a loved one who has fallen asleep in Jesus, do not sorrow as those who have no hope. The message of the resurrection brings cheer, for even as Jesus died and rose again even so them that are asleep in Jesus, will be raised from the dead. That promise is based on the fact that Jesus rose from the dead. Another verse says, "He that believeth on Him, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

You may ask, But how can that be? Some have been dead for hundreds of years and their bodies have long since turned to dust. That is not my problem to solve. It is God's. They tell us that diamonds come from charcoal and if nature, by some wonderful process, can change charcoal into sparkling diamonds I shall not worry as to how God can bring about the resurrection and give us glorified bodies.

I wonder if you ever noticed that in the ministry of Jesus you can find no record of Jesus ever preaching a funeral sermon. He never preached one. He attended three funerals but He broke them all up by raising the dead one back to life. And so shall all the dead in Christ be raised some day.

Do you know that everything depends upon the message of the resurrection? It is the corner stone upon which the whole superstructure rests. Undermine that and the entire structure will fall; take that away and it will all come down with a crash. If the message of the resurrection is not true and Jesus was not raised from the dead then how can we know that we who believe on Him shall have everlasting life? Or how the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses us from sin? How do we know that death has lost its sting and the grave has been swallowed up in victory? How do we know that the Spirit of God which raised Jesus from the dead shall also quicken our mortal bodies? How do we know that the promises of God are true? If the message of the resurrection is not true then we do not know what is true and there is no way of finding out.

(Continued on page 23)

Blockades That Determine Destiny

Miss Kathryn Kuhlman in the Stone Church



I WANT to speak on the Blockades which the Lord Jesus puts in our pathways to save us from eternal ruin. Perhaps you were not aware of it, but He put the very same blockade in the road of every saved person here, before you yielded to Christ, that He is still placing in the path of every unsaved person.

After preaching a message on hell one night, a man came up to me, filled with indignation, and shaking his finger in my face he said, "Do you mean to tell me that God, who is a God of love, would send any man or woman to hell? Do you mean to say that a God who loved men and women so much that He gave His Son to die for them, would send such folk to hell?" I replied that I did not believe God sent anyone to hell but that they went there of their own choice. I wish every unsaved person could see that. You say, "He is unjust if He deliberately sends people to hell," but let me say that God is a God of love and He has done everything possible to keep us from being lost. And if we are lost, we ourselves have made the choice.

People speak about being free moral agents and *we are* in that we are permitted to choose our own destiny—we may either be saved or lost. God has made every provision so that none need perish but all should come to repentance; if you go out of this life unsaved, without God and without hope, it is not the fault of Almighty God nor of His Son, Jesus Christ.

Now let me show you very briefly three blockades which the Lord has put in the pathway of every man, woman and child. If you are saved, doubtless it was one of these blockades that arrested your attention and caused you to come to Jesus Christ; or, if you are unsaved, it will probably be one of these blockades that will bring you to Christ.

The first one I would mention is the Bible. I believe that is one of the greatest forces that God uses to arrest the attention of sinners, causes them to think and leads them to the feet of Jesus Christ. I do not know of anything that will bring greater conviction to the heart of men and women who are really serious about the destiny of their never-dying souls, as reading the Word of God. It is bound to bring conviction. No one can read the Word

with all of its warnings and invitations, no one can read of the love of Jesus Christ and see the price that was paid for his salvation without being arrested in his pathway and being convinced that the only right thing to do is to accept Jesus Christ as his Savior.

Some years ago there were two lawyers attending a lawyer's convention in the city of Chicago; one was from Chicago and the other from New York. They were good friends and had a profitable time discussing various problems and the events of the day. Finally they came to the subject of religion. Neither was a Christian nor had either one of them thought anything of the things of God. Finally one said, "Paul, if the Bible should be true and Jesus Christ be what He said He was, don't you think we ought to be men enough to give this our consideration? Now let us be honest about this thing; we have been honest about everything else. How about us beginning to read the Bible?" And so they agreed. The man from the East returned to New York and they did not meet again till nearly a year and a half. Immediately one said to the other, "How did you come out in your reading of the Bible?"

"Oh, you would be surprised!" the other replied.

"Maybe I wouldn't be as surprised as you think," said the first.

"Well," he said, "I'll tell you. I had not read very much of it before I was convinced that Jesus Christ was all that He said He was, and I, as an honest man, had to accept Him as my Savior and so I am a Christian today. Now how did you come out?"

"I did the same thing," he said. "Before I was through reading the New Testament, one night Jesus Christ spoke to me through the Holy Scriptures so plainly that I closed the Book and knelt by my chair and said, 'Oh God, I see it!' and there and then Jesus Christ received me, a poor sinner. He came into my heart and His peace filled my soul."

No wonder Daniel Webster was profoundly impressed with the Scriptures. After reading a portion of God's Word one night, he closed the Book, then pacing back and forth in his library, he turned to the one sitting in a chair, and with his lips quivering he said, "More than

mere man has written this Book." Yes, it is the Holy Scripture, inspired of God, and men and women cannot read this Word without being convicted. What a wonderful work we as God's children, may do, in spreading the Word! The best investment I know of is to purchase copies of this Word and give them to those in whose souls we are interested. A dime that you invest in a 10c Testament may be the greatest investment you have ever made in your life.

Then another blockade which God may have used to arrest your attention is the influence of a mother's prayer. I verily believe that no one, be he man or woman, boy or girl, can ever get away from the holy influence of a godly mother's prayers. Therefore I would admonish every mother, and every father too, to remain faithful in this ministry. Don't become discouraged, for God will hear and answer even though it be after you have left this world. I am thoroughly convinced of this after years of experience in the Lord's work, for I have been amazed at the number of men and women, in middle life, that have said it was through the influence of a Christian mother or father who had been in glory for many years, that they came to Christ. I feel sorry for the man or woman, boy or girl who doesn't have a praying mother or a praying father. If you have such an one interested in your soul, you are the most fortunate person there is. You ought to treasure their prayers. I have no patience with young folk who are ashamed of the fact that they have a saintly mother or a godly father. There is coming a day when you would give everything you possessed to have a mother still praying for you, or to have a "Dad" to put his arms around you, weep tears over you and lead you to Jesus Christ.

There is no greater influence than the influence of a godly mother every day in the home. It is something which God highly honors. I am reminded of an experience told by Dr. Bingham, a noted physician of Denver. There were six boys in the family and no girls; they have all grown to stalwart manhood now. Let me tell it as I have heard Dr. Bingham relate it from his own experience. He said, "You know my mother was just a frail little mite, always so sweet and gracious and so kind to her boys in the home. There was never a cross word from her and she always led the most beautiful Christian life. I was the second to the youngest of the six boys. Though I was still very young I had become accustomed to

mother slipping off some place every morning right after breakfast. She would leave the house before doing the breakfast dishes and be gone sometimes an hour or an hour and a half.

We boys went on with the duties of the day. I was given the task of caring for my baby brother, three years old. One morning I decided I would watch to see where my mother went. As usual, directly after breakfast, my father went with the older boys to do the chores and mother just gathered up the dirty dishes and then said to me, 'Now you stay here and take care of your baby brother.' I was then about six years old. She added that she would be back soon. She had said that hundreds of times before. Then she slipped out of the kitchen. I got hold of my baby brother and told him we were going to follow mother, for I was determined to see where she went. When she was out of sight we started off; we followed her past the hay stacks and down through the pasture, keeping far enough behind so that mother wouldn't see us. Then finally, as she entered the orchard we saw her kneel behind a tree and what a scene we witnessed! She closed her eyes and there poured out her heart. How she prayed! First of all she praised the Lord, told Him how much she loved Him. Then she said, 'Now Jesus, here are my six boys and I feel so helpless in training them; I just feel there is nothing I can do to cause them to grow up to be men who will serve and love Thee. Now there is George. . . . '—he was the oldest boy. She prayed most earnestly for him; then she mentioned the next and the next, calling us all by name and committing us to the Lord. I heard her mention my name and with that I felt something choking me and the tears were rolling down my cheeks. Then she prayed for baby brother and when she had finished she said, 'Now God, here they are. They are all Your children; they are Your boys and You must take care of them.' Then mother picked up her blue calico apron, wiped the tears from her eyes, and such a smile as came over her face!" And Doctor Bingham said, "It was that scene that day in that orchard, that caused me to make my decision for Jesus Christ. And furthermore, five of those six boys that were brought before the throne in that orchard every morning, are now preaching the Gospel," and the other boy, Doctor Bingham, is one of the leading physicians in the city of Denver, and wielding a great influence for good.

Christian mothers and fathers, continue to be faithful in prayer for your unsaved children; pray more earnestly than ever before. I could give instance after instance of men and women who have testified to the fact that it was thru the prayers of mother or father that they were saved. I remember one dear boy who said it was nothing in a sermon or in any music that ever touched his heart; he said he had toured the world twice trying to get away from the prayers of his mother because he was unwilling to become a Christian, but though he had gone to the ends of the world the influence of those prayers followed him and finally he yielded, accepted his mother's God as his God.

The last blockade which I wish to mention, that God puts in the pathway of every man or woman, is the precious Holy Spirit. Back in the dispensation of Jesus Christ, God had sent His only begotten Son to the world to warn men of sin and judgment to come, but men crucified Him. And now God's last call to lost men and women is through the precious Holy Spirit; that is the last blockade that God has put across men's pathway. That is the reason I tremble for men and women who turn their backs upon the call of the Spirit. I know how serious it is for them to go out unsaved. God's Spirit will not always strive with men and it is a serious thing to reject this call.

There will be a last day for everyone; life is very short and I believe it is a good thing for us to pause a moment and think of the briefness of life. A doctor called me on the 'phone some weeks ago and said he had been down to one of our services and was deeply interested in the message of salvation. When I visited him in his office he said, "You know it makes a man stop and think when he stands by the bedside of those who are leaving this old world, of those who are saying 'good-bye' to life, and life's book is being closed for them, the last chapter having been written. And I have been doing some thinking." Friends, it is better to stop and think a bit down here than have all eternity to regret. As surely as God's Word is true there is a heaven to gain and a hell to shun and there is judgment ahead.

In closing let me relate an incident in the life of one whom I personally knew. He was a railroad engineer. Usually when these railroad men take their stand for Christ they have a courage and boldness that many others do not have. This man got up in one of our conventions and said, "There is an incident which

means much in my life. I had a certain run and every evening, just as I was finishing my run around the curve and just before I pulled the old engine into the barns, I would always blow my whistle and let out the steam. Then I would put my head out of the cab window and look up the little hill where was situated a little white house. And every night, in the door of that little cottage there stood a precious grey-haired woman and by her side a dear old man—my mother and dad. I would wave my hand to them and they would wave back to me; then I would see them as they turned to go back into the house. I always thought mother was saying to dad, 'Thank God, Ben is safe home tonight.' Then there came a day, when, just before rounding the curve, I blew my whistle and let out the steam and looked up to the cottage on top of the hill, but there was just one person standing in the doorway; he was there holding that old-fashioned kerosene lamp. They had laid mother to rest on yonder hillside. I waved, and dad waved back and then I would see him turn to go into the house and I knew he was saying, 'Thank God, Ben is safe home tonight.' But men, now, although I still blow my whistle as I am rounding the curve, and though I still let out the steam and put my head out of the cab window and look to the top of the hill, I do not see anyone now standing there in the doorway. The cottage is closed; there is no light burning there; it is dark. We buried our dad one day beside mother on yonder hillside. Every night as I round the curve I look up there and long to see the little white apron, see mother and dad there together. And men, one of these days, after I have rounded the curve for the last time, when I have sounded the whistle and pulled the throttle for the last time, and the engine will be pulled into the barn for the last time and there will be silence, I too shall go through heaven's gates and I know without a doubt, that mother and dad will be standing there waiting for me; and as I go through the gates, mother will turn to dad and say, 'Thank God, Ben is safe at home.'"

*Have I an Easter heart today,
No litter left, no cob-webs grey?
The corners swept so clean and bright,
My Lord therein may find delight?
O Christ, new risen from the tomb,
Come, Rose of Sharon, fill each room
Of this poor heart with sweetest bloom!*

The Irresistible Gospel

A Vow Prevents Murder

Dr. W. K. Bouton

(Continued)



WE FLEW to Chicago from New York and it was a wonderful experience. When flying from New York to Washington it was as beautiful as could be but from Washington to Pittsburgh we struck a storm and it was quite bumpy. But the pilot went right up above the storm and there we saw the blanket of clouds beneath us just like the waves of an ocean, and we up above it all! We couldn't see the earth. I said to my wife, "I think this is where God wants us to be all the time, above the clouds; up where the sun is shining." I believe God can keep us there. There is nothing like it in all the world and the best part is that it grows better all the time. You know everything you buy wears out in time and you grow tired of your clothes. You buy a new suit and for a while you look well dressed, but by and by it becomes shabby and old. I have had good books but have grown tired of them, and so there is nothing in life of which you do not become tired, but never so with Jesus. He grows more precious every day. God gives us this irresistible something and He expects us to use it for His glory.

You know what would happen to my arm if I carried it in a sling for a long time; the muscles would all dry up and if I kept it there long enough I would find it impossible to use it when I finally took it out. Now we are instruments in God's hands and if we become inactive He cannot use us. It is usually the people in this condition who go around saying, "Well, Pentecost is not what it used to be. Oh Lord, send a revival." Do you have any of these people here? We have them in our church. There was one sister and she was a good sister, too, but she would always get up in meeting and say, "What we need is a revival. If we only had a revival." I got rather tired of this and one day I said to her, "Now sister, you go home and draw a circle and then step into that circle and say, 'Lord, send a revival right in this circle,' and you stay there till God sends the revival." She has never gotten up in meeting since that time to say we needed a revival. Whenever I hear anyone speaking like that, I

*"If He should come today
And find I had not told
One soul about my heavenly Friend
Whose blessings all my way attend,
What would He say?"*

say to myself, "That fellow is getting cold," or "That person is out of the will of God." I have learned that the person who is right with God always thinks others are right with God, too, and the person who is out of touch imagines everyone else is out of touch also.

If you refuse to use that which God has given you, you are sure to lose it. God wants you to use the blessing, not only on the Lord's Day but every day. I always thought that was a wonderful covenant that Mr. Moody made when he pledged himself never to let a day go by without speaking to someone. Wouldn't it be wonderful if we all made such a pledge! Surely there is someone in our daily pathway that needs God. I made that pledge some years ago and have done my best to keep true to it. I remember one Saturday afternoon when I was going to my mother's home. I always visited her every Saturday afternoon as long as she lived. She was Scotch and would always make me a cup of tea. That day I had not yet spoken to anyone and I was thinking about this as I walked down the street when the Lord said, just as plainly as you hear my voice now, "Speak to the man behind you." Here was this man behind me whom I had never seen before and I said, "But Lord, I don't know him," and I kept walking on. By this time I had reached the street that my mother's home was on and was about to go up that street when God said again, "Speak to that man!" He had passed me then and so I hailed him. He turned around and said rather gruffly, "What do you want?"

I said, "Wait a minute. I would like to speak to you. I realize this is not customary and perhaps you will think it is none of my business, but I would like to ask you a question. Are you a Christian? Do you know the Lord Jesus Christ?"

He said, "Does that concern you?"

"Yes," said I, "it does. I am a minister."

"Well, did my wife tell you about me?"

"No, I don't know who your wife is. I don't know you."

"Well, how is it that you stopped me?" His face was ashen white.

"I don't know. I just felt I was to speak to you; in fact, I felt it was God who wanted me to speak to you."

The man began to tremble. He was about twenty-eight years of age. He told me then what he was about to do. He put his hand into his pocket and took out a revolver, and said, "I was just going up there. I had a quarrel with my wife. I have been drinking and I was about to end it all; I was headed upstairs to murder her. I realize this is only God." Say, I could talk then, like a blue streak. It was five o'clock when I began and I was still talking at seven o'clock. We both knelt down in the street and I called upon God and so did he. In order to get a bit more privacy we went over to the coal-shoot and there God wonderfully saved that man. Then he said to me, "You come upstairs with me."

I said, "No sir. You go up there and tell your wife what has happened."

But he got hold of me and insisted that I go with him and finally I said I would, provided he would go and put his arms around his wife's neck and ask her forgiveness. So together we went up three flights of stairs; there on the table was a coat and I saw two little children dressed in white. A beautiful family, he had. Oh what an accursed thing is this drink when a man gets addicted to it! The home was spick and span; the wife was crying. The man went over to her, put his arms around her neck and said, "Now you know what I was about to do when I came home."

"Yes, I know," she said.

"But I don't want to do it now. I have found Jesus."

She said, "You don't need to tell me. I know it all. I saw you coming down the street and got afraid so I ran down to the cellar and up the coal-shoot and there I heard you praying. And when God saved you out there by the street I gave my heart to God in the coal-shoot."

And all this just because I had promised God to speak to someone every day. We have a wonderful Savior and the Gospel is the most wonderful, the most irresistible thing in all the world.

We had an Irish woman in our church whose daughter also attended. She was a Roman Catholic. God saved her and then she went home and told her mother but the mother got very angry and raved, saying, "You went to a Protestant Church! Are you going to disgrace our family? I will see that minister down

there." She found when we had services and came down, armed to the teeth. I saw her there and I had been told her reason for coming. That was one night I was afraid to stop preaching. I had been told what sort of a woman she was—a woman of few words, and I am always afraid of women of few words. She certainly didn't look any too friendly, so I preached and preached, thinking perhaps I could discourage her. Finally I gave the altar call and to my amazement I saw that woman come up the aisle, with tears in her eyes, and that night she gave her heart to Jesus. I tell you this Gospel is irresistible. It gets inside of you and does something to you. God wonderfully saved her and then saved her husband and she lived for God some years—about nine. I was at her bedside when she was passing away and as I sat there she said, "Pastor, sing for me."

Now I don't sing but I said, "What shall I sing?"

"Sing that wonderful hymn, 'My Jesus I love Thee.'"

I shall never forget that scene; she was really dead up to her hips; her ears were blue, her nose was blue, her arms were blue and dead. And I shall never forget how those arms went up as she sang with me,

*I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath;
And sing when the death dew lies cold on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus 'tis now.*

Oh the wonders of this grand old Gospel! I love Jesus because He can take these cold hearts of ours and warm them! He can take these stubborn wills and break them. This very same woman had told me one time how she was having trouble with her boys and said, "I cannot do anything with them. What shall I do?"

I said, "Your manner of approach is wrong."

And she agreed. She said, "I want those boys to give their hearts to Jesus and we have an argument every night at the table. They just won't come to church. What can I do?"

So I said, "Now the next time you sit at the table you go over to the boy you are most anxious to see saved, put your arms around him and tell him you are praying for him."

"Well," she said, "that is sort of a hard job. Will you come over for supper?"

I promised to go, so I went over that evening. I sat at the table and asked the blessing after which I noticed the mother stepped into the other room for a minute or two. When she

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God in the Road Industry

First His Kingdom — Then "All Things"

Mr. R. G. LeTourneau at the Gospel Fellowship Luncheon



KNOW of no better Scripture to bring out the thought I have on my heart for you, than the one found in Matthew 6:33, "But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." That is one of my favorite verses because I have had occasion to prove it in my own life. Some people seek the kingdom of God simply in order to get to heaven when they die—they treat it somewhat like an insurance policy. They keep it paid up by supporting the church and think that will get them into the pearly gates. But my Bible says, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness; and all these things"—what things? Food and clothing and raiment—"shall be added unto you."

Last summer when we built our new factory we held an evangelistic campaign in the new building before we ever used it as a factory, and some people came and said, "We don't quite understand this. What on earth have Gospel meetings to do with building road machinery?" Now God tells us to give a reason for the hope that is within us, so I quoted to them the verse I have given you. I told a man who came to the shop a bit of the history of the marvelous progress which God had enabled us to make in just a few short years, bringing us out from the edge of bankruptcy just four years ago to the present prosperous condition, and when I had finished telling him all he said, "This is a wonderful testimony of what a man can do"; but I said, "No, you have that wrong. It is a wonderful testimony of what God can do."

God does work if we only give Him a chance. When we were holding that week of meetings in the factory, before we ever put any machin-

From the LeTourneau Plants, located in Peoria, Ill. and Stockton, Calif., comes the heaviest road machinery manufactured in the world; some units selling for \$5,425, and none lower than \$850. In the recent years of depression the President of this firm was hard hit, resulting in almost a total wash-out, but, by putting God first in the business and taking a firm stand for his convictions in a crucial moment, the tide turned; the business prospered and grew until today it has 150 agencies in the United States and 200 abroad. The LeTourneau machines are extensively and constantly used in at least 16 countries abroad as well as in all sections of the States.

Last summer when the new addition (600 x 160 ft.) was built it was dedicated to the Lord by first of all being used as a Gospel Hall, when benches were installed to seat 3,000 people and during that week of evangelistic meetings over fifty accepted Christ. The entire night shift was given the privilege of attending these services, all work being shut down from 7:15 to 9:30, the men being paid the same as if they had been working.

ery into it, one of the newspaper reporters who came around, said, "I suppose these meetings help to raise the moral standard of your organization." I replied, "I suppose it does but that is not the main thing. We are seeking the kingdom of God and His righteousness; the morality is just a by-product—that is thrown in."

We have sort of an idea that since we pay the preacher to do certain things, he is the one who is supposed to go out and do this work

and we excuse ourselves from any responsibility. I believe that is all wrong. There really should be no difference between the minister and the layman, for the layman can be doing God's work just as much as the preacher, the pastor or the evangelist. Perhaps I will shock you but I believe that sometimes the layman can do more effective work, in certain situations, than the preacher could do. When a man goes out to sell some product immediately there is an unconscious resistance built up in the man he approaches for at once he says, "Oh, he is a high pressure salesman!" And so I believe that to a certain extent you and I as man to man, can go to the fellow working alongside of us in the office, to the man at the desk across from us and when we tell him that we have a Christianity that really works it will sink in deeper than if a preacher came and told him that. So I believe that God has called you and me into His service just as much as He has called the preacher.

Let me give you a bit of my experience. I had been saved when but a lad and while I had never gone back into sin or strayed far away from the straight and narrow way, yet I was not satisfied with my half-hearted, lukewarm

(Continued on page 14)



Miss Kathryn Kuhlman

A MAN and a woman were talking one night in the presence of one of God's humble saints. The conversation had to do with one of the successful servants of the Lord who had found a place in divine favor and usefulness far beyond that of the average. That servant was only a girl, a most attractive and talented girl.

"That's a lucky girl," the man said.

"You said it," the woman replied, "lucky is right."

Luck! Did they say, luck?

Are weeks of want and privation, luck? Are months and months of almost unbelievable sacrifice, luck? Are hours and hours of waiting before God in submissive prayer, luck?

Called from the world; filled with His Spirit; given a burden for the lost; inspired with love for His saints. This is the prelude to the story of the Girl Evangelist and her ministry, blessed of God.

On the evening of August 27th, 1933, a congregation of about one hundred and twenty-five persons were seated in the improvised revival auditorium on Champa Street in downtown Denver, Colorado. The signs on the front windows carried in bold letters the announce-

The Get A

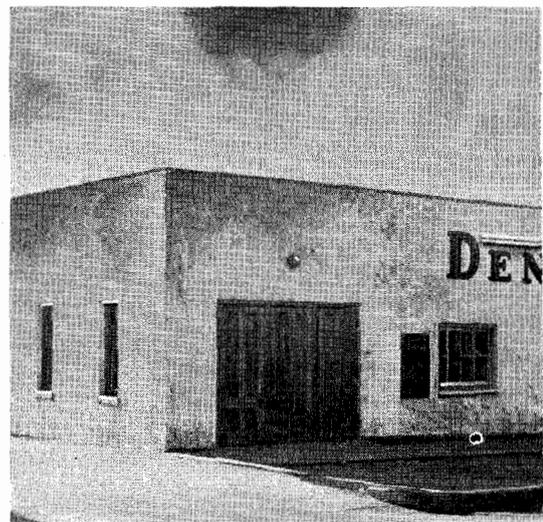
Conducted

The Story of a Girl Eva

ment that Kathryn Kuhlman, the girl evangelist, was beginning a special series of services. Miss Kuhlman's pianist and associate, Miss Helen Gulliford, with the striking of the first chord, initiated a ministry that has, in a little over three years, borne fruit to the Master's glory in the salvation, reconsecration, and blessing of many thousands of souls.

Many of the original first-night congregation, with well over two thousand additional persons, packed a great new Tabernacle at the corner of West Ninth and Acoma Streets on the evening of May 30th, 1935. Another thou-

sand tried in vain to gain admittance. That was the dedication night of the DENVER REVIVAL TABERNACLE. A beautiful seventy-two foot neon sign glowingly announced that God's House was in order, as it has ever since reminded the passersby that His work is going on. Another neon sign atop the building announces to a doubting generation in large



Denver R

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utson Argue

and the work God gave her

three-foot letters that "PRAYER CHANGES THINGS." The inscription is seen on the Ninth Street wall, "Kathryn Kuhlman, Evangelist."

During the intervening months, many thousands have attended the services in this fast-growing evangelistic center. God's Word has been ably preached by many of the nation's outstanding evangelists and Bible teachers. The girl evangelist has won great hosts of friends in the "Mile-high City" with her tender, Spirit-filled messages, and led scores to a saving knowledge of her Savior. Hundreds, being so richly blessed through God's use of the Tabernacle ministry, have come back to the services night after night. By their prayers, attendance, encouragement, and financial sacrifice they have enabled Miss Kuhlman and her co-workers to engage in an ever-enlarging ministry.

A feature of the work is its undenominational character. Miss Kuhlman has held fixedly to



Miss Helen Gulliford

the idea that God can and will use a great evangelistic center where the Gospel is preached in its glorious fulness and where all are cordially welcome. While church membership is an important part of the religious life of many, there are thousands of others, she feels, who have no church affiliation and will make none. The members of the various churches find occasion to visit the Tabernacle when there are no services in their home church, as services are held every night in the week at this Tabernacle with the exception of Monday night. The non-churchman feels entirely welcome and thoroughly enjoys the services because he is asked to do nothing but join Jesus. The only interest of the Tabernacle work is the salvation of souls and the deepening of the spiritual experiences of those who attend the services.

However, because there are many hundreds of people who prefer the fellowship of the Tabernacle, a Sunday School of much merit and splendid attendance is conducted for their convenience and blessing. For the same reasons there are other fruitful branches conducted by the Tabernacle, including prayer meetings,

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Revival Tabernacle

(Continued from page 11)

Christian life. Then God spoke to my heart and I knew that I either had to go in for what I believed or quit. If the Gospel is true then it is worth everything we have, and if it is *not* then we had better quit the thing altogether. So before I got off my knees I prayed, "Lord, I know my love for Thee is not as strong as it should be and I am not able to speak to the men in the factory as I should, but if Thou wilt enable me to do the right thing I will hold back nothing." And God did something for me in response to that consecration that I had never experienced before.

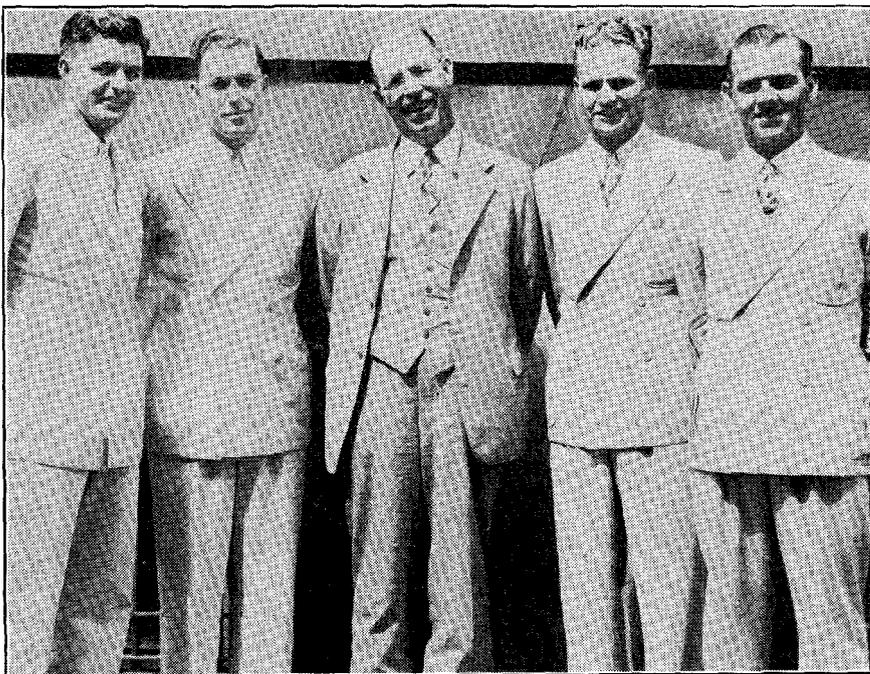
I went to my pastor the next day and said, "What do you think? Do you feel I ought to go as a missionary?" I had been raised in a church which was very missionary in spirit, and I had two sisters working in China so I wondered if I, too, should go. The pastor said, "Let us pray about it," and we did. Then he said to me, "You know, God needs business men." I had great confidence in him and felt God could speak through him so that struck me forcibly and I thought, "Perhaps that is what God wants me to do—to sell out everything and go out." You see the business was on the rocks anyway; in fact it would have taken me some time to pay up my debts had I gone out then.

But I said, "All right, I will be the Lord's business man," and that is what I have been trying to be. God has done some marvelous

things for us in our business. I hear men complaining sometimes and wondering why God doesn't do this and that for them; but I often wonder if it is not because they fail to measure up to the standard He has held out for us in His Word.

I had an experience in our factory awhile back which illustrates what I wish to show. I had bought a new testing machine as the machine we had for the purpose of testing the hardness of our metal, was not very satisfactory, it had failed to check 100% and I was a bit worried lest we were not using a perfectly satisfactory metal. So I took this new machine into our stock-room and after testing the metal we found we had to throw away about ten thousand dollars' worth of metal. Now I didn't smash up that new machine and say, "I'll never have that around here any longer. Why, it cost me the price of \$10,000 worth of parts!" The machine had simply shown me the true conditions. So let us not try to lower God's standard, but rather let us strive to attain to His standard.

Many people ask the question, "Is God really interested in our business and in our financial affairs?" I might answer that question by asking another, "Are your financial affairs and your business concerns interested in God?" Did you ever look at it from that angle? You see it makes all the difference in the world for we cannot be working against God and expect Him to have any interest in our business. Many



*The King's Messengers
Quartette*

*Employed in the
LeTourneau Plant in
Peoria, Ill.,*

*With Mr. LeTourneau
in the Center*

people argue that this Gospel has nothing to do with our every day business life. I believe it has everything to do with it and if we will turn the thing over to God and work with Him He will be interested. It is the same as with a father and his children. The children may ask for many things which are not good for them, or perhaps they are bucking against the father's program and are simply after the goods. The father cannot shower gifts on those children for they would be ruinous to the situation. But let them get a vision of what the father is trying to do and offer their help, then the father reciprocates and the two work together to a common end. So the reason God cannot do more for us is because He cannot trust us. Supposing He should prosper you, would you use your money for Him? He is offering us the chance to work with Him but He has never said we could help Him put over His program by climbing up on a band-wagon and having an easy time. It is an overwhelming thought to me, that I, a poor worm of the dust, have the privilege of working together with Him who is the Creator of heaven and earth!

But are we working with God? I had a little experience which might illustrate this. A man came into our factory and asked to try out one of our road-machines. I said, "All right, you take it out and see how it works." He was building a highway, so he took this machine into the canyon where this job was. After working with the machine and finding it satisfactory he got some men and had them build an exact duplicate of that machine, returned ours to our shop with the statement, that he had decided not to buy it. Now that is what I call working the wrong way and that fellow naturally couldn't expect to get very many favors out of me. When I found out the details I sat down and made out a bill for the use of patents, etc., and politely sent it to him. He knew his trick had been discovered so sent a check to cover the bill. Do you catch the thought? So often we fail to work with God and therefore He cannot work with us. The secret of it all is to be really in love with Jesus Christ and then we will not go to Him simply to say, "Give me this," and "Give me that"; real love is more concerned about what it can give, rather than how much we can get. How much do you love God? When you pray, is it only to say, "Lord, prosper my business"? or "Lord, make this job easier for me"? Or can you say, with the Apostle Paul, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

After I promised God I would be His business man, He wonderfully blessed and the business went ahead by leaps and bounds. He enabled us to make some very profitable deals. Skipping over several years I shall tell you of some experiences we had from 1931 on. We had set out to be big contractors, not merely mediocre ones, and I had somewhat planned that in that year we would spend large amounts of money to get a good footing and go into business in a big way, necessitating our spending most of the money in the business; but I figured that we would make it up by giving to the Lord a greater portion the next year. Men, let me warn you, that is one of the devil's trump cards. In the Old Testament they were required to bring the first fruits and Jehovah saw to it that there was a harvest left. Following the method which I had schemed shows a lack of confidence in God and that simply does not work; neither with your fellowman nor with God.

But as I said, I started out doing things on a large scale. I managed to get a big job from Boulder City and I thought, "Now that will get the eyes of the world on our business"; everyone was then interested in the Boulder Dam and I knew it would give us publicity. But things didn't go off as easily as we thought; we were months late getting the job done and in the contractor's language, "we lost our shirt." We lost heavily and the worst of it was, we had taken on another big job in the meantime. Due to the fact that we were late with the Boulder City job we were late getting started on this other, with the result that just as we were getting started the state inspector came around and said, "You are too slow getting started on this job. You will never get it finished before the rains come on." It was in California where they had some very heavy dam disasters, resulting in the State officials issuing very rigid restrictions regarding dam building. So they said, "We cannot allow you to go ahead with this. You will have to wait till next year to go on with the job."

Our finances were gone by that time and we had to appeal to a bonding company to help us out. They decided not to cut us off but give us a chance, and with some maneuvering we managed to get permission to proceed with the job. The bonding company sent one of their men to see that things were run right, so, of course, we had to take orders from him. It made things very interesting, I can assure you.

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Righteousness, Peace and Joy -- in the Holy Ghost

Pastor Harry Lindbloom at the Ministers' Fellowship Meeting, in the Lakeview Assembly

For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. Romans 14: 17.

IN THE chapter from which we take our text, you will find that there was a discussion on, concerning food, and that we are admonished not to eat those things which will cause us to be a stumbling block. Then He says, "*For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink*"—not a question of food. Sometimes that would obscure the more important thing. It is a question of *righteousness, peace and joy*, and all these *in the Holy Ghost*.

Let me assure you that there is such a thing as the kingdom of God. I was told many years ago that there were three kingdoms in nature; one, the mineral kingdom to which belong all minerals; gold, silver, copper, zinc, etc. Then they told me there was a vegetable kingdom which included all plants, trees, etc. Then, too, there was the animal kingdom and that was all. I said, "To which kingdom do I belong? And they said, "To the animal kingdom." But I said, "Not yet."

I believe there is a mineral kingdom, a vegetable kingdom and an animal kingdom, but I believe there is also a human kingdom which makes the fourth. And further than that, I believe there is a fifth kingdom—the *kingdom of God*. A mineral never yet turned into a vegetable; a vegetable never yet turned into an animal, nor did an animal ever yet turn into a human being. Nothing ever rises higher from the lower kingdom; there is no evolution; the mineral kingdom has certain boundaries and never rises to the vegetable kingdom; a cabbage head never yet turned into a sheep's head; the lamb never turns into a philosopher; each remains in his own kingdom. But there is such a thing as the higher lifting up the lower. For instance, the mineral is converted into the vegetable kingdom by means of the plant reaching down and assimilating some of the mineral from the ground; then, too, the animal reaches down from his kingdom and gets hold of the vegetable and converts it into his kingdom. God, too, has stooped down from His kingdom and brought us to Himself, until we belong to the kingdom of God which is "*righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost*."

Let us explore this kingdom for a while. You can live in the kingdom of God right down here because He puts the kingdom, with its laws, its powers and possibilities, on the inside of you. He puts it in miniature form, right within you. "The kingdom of God is within you." It is a wonderful thing to have the kingdom of God within. When I have its laws, its atmosphere, its faculties and possibilities within me I can have a little golden age on the inside though everything is in turmoil and distress on the outside. That person is miserable who has to have his peace and joy contributed from the outside. If you have it on the inside you can make your own environment; otherwise the environment may make you.

Now what is the first characteristic of this kingdom? *Righteousness*. That means if I am in the kingdom I am right; not by my own effort but God transmits to me the power, and the result is that, through Christ, I am right. There is a great deal of preaching about righteousness today and although there is imputed righteousness I believe we should emphasize the other side too, for there is a practical righteousness that must be lived and worked out. We talk about the imputed righteousness and say that God doesn't look at our sin but looks at us through Jesus Christ. That is true, but when we are saved He looks at *us* and from that time on we are to be righteous; to live with God, right with our fellow men and right with ourselves.

The kingdom of God is not only righteousness, but it is peace. There are three types of peace that I may enjoy. I must have peace with myself. Every human is a complex being; you are a multiplicity of desires; there are all sorts of affections, all kinds of tendencies and desires on the inside of your bosom. You want this and don't want that; you seek this and pass that up and then you want something else. Yes, we are complex persons and we have no peace on the inside because our hearts are like a revolutionary battle-field; our strivings for this and that cause a civil war within us. There is always the lower nature that wants the low and the higher nature that wants the high.

There is a new system of teaching which developed recently in Germany, a new kind of psychology of life that seems to be gripping

all the northern lands. I met it in Sweden, in Denmark and in France as well as other countries. They advocate that if you want peace, forget what the preacher says about denying yourself; you are a human being, you have a body—206 bones in your body and you have a certain amount of muscle interwoven with fine nerves and a good many interesting organs. Your body is a wonderful mechanism and has certain desires; and so if you want peace, do what your desires crave to do. If you are hungry, eat; if thirsty, drink, and if you have passionate desires go ahead and enjoy yourself and don't bother about the old marriage relationships. In other words, get away from the demands of your higher nature and do what the lower wants and you will have peace.

Ah, there is a demand on the inside for something better and cleaner, something holy, heavenly and godly. That complex nature of yours is clamoring for attention, and then, when into our inner being, Jesus comes, He would say to that turbulent heart that is foaming and dashing, even as He said to the turbulent waters of Galilee, "Peace, be still," and there is peace in your soul. Do you remember when Jesus spoke peace and every uprising of your lower nature fell back and today Jesus controls your heart? It is wonderful to have that kind of peace, when all your affections are focused and centered in one Person and that Person is Jesus Christ! He is the Alpha and the Omega, the Author and the Finisher, He is the Center and the Circumference—He is everything; the Lily of the Valley, the Rose of Sharon, He is the Star that shines in the dark night, the Life that I need when life seems to ebb. He is Water for the thirsty and Bread for the famishing soul. He is my all in all!

Yes, it is a wonderful thing to have peace. I remember the night when I found peace. It is thirty-two years ago when a little lad stepped into a prayer-meeting of only six people. The snow flurries had changed into a veritable blizzard in that little Mississippi town where I was born, but six people had ventured out to the prayer-meeting. I stopped there on my way home from the laboratory where I was employed; I wanted to call for Dad but he wasn't there because of the snow. However, I dropped in to warm myself at the old stove, before going on. Someone came to me and said, "Don't you think it is about time you gave your heart to the Lord?" I said, "Yes, it is," and just about that time something happened. Peace was es-

tablished on the battle-field where there had been a revolution, a civil war and a cyclone all at the same time. And that place was my heart. When He spoke the word of Peace the turmoil and struggle ceased; oh yes, there have been battles since, but as far as the soul question is concerned, there has been peace—peace like a river. That is the first type of peace. Peace where I find myself, where I assemble my scattered self, my complex self, my strange, inner being, assemble it all and put it together. I am made the abode of Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit by this peace which God gave, so that I harmonize, symphonize and sympathize with Him.

Harmony in song is symphony; harmony in line is symmetry, and harmony in life is sympathy. When lines harmonize you have symmetry and when feelings harmonize you have sympathy. To have the lines of your life carved according to God's curvatures brings symmetry, and to have the same feelings as God has, means that your life is in sympathy with His—symmetry, symphony and sympathy. You can look up to Him and feel unashamed, happy and contented. The kingdom of God is righteousness and peace—peace with my scattered, broken, distorted and twisted self. Peace with God and peace with my fellow man. Is there one here with whom you are out of harmony tonight? You are not enjoying real kingdom blessing if there is one person with whom you are disagreeing, and your first duty is to lay your gift down at the altar, agree with that adversary, then come back and ask for His blessing.

But you say, "How can I find a common place of agreement?"

There is only one place where adversaries can agree and that is at Calvary. When two diverse persons meet at Calvary the blood washes and we find there is unity, because at Calvary God in His holiness, met sin in all its blackness. At Calvary God met man; at Calvary the highest met the lowest. I believe that Calvary should be lifted high these days because there is so much disagreement in the world. Think what could be done if all the Christians could unite at Calvary and differences and variances be forgotten, forgiven and forever washed away! Think of the boldness we would have as a united company! It is because I do not possess that absolute perfect peace that I am not as bold and courageous as I should be.

The kingdom of God is not only righteous-

ness and peace, but also joy. Let us analyze that. There are four kinds of joy possible to the Christian. The first type is the joy of salvation, when the Holy Ghost makes us conscious of the fact that we are saved men, saved women; that old things have passed away and everything is new. I think sometimes we lose the thrill of it and we get occupied with a lesser type of joy. The disciples did that. They were rejoicing in their work, in their success and said, "Why even the demons are subject to us!" But Jesus said, "Now don't rejoice because the demons are subject unto you, but rather that your names are written in heaven." When are you made most happy? When someone speaks of salvation does it bring a thrill on the inside? It ought to thrill you every time. Think of being saved from the responsibility of all the sin you have ever committed! I shall never again be called to judgment for anything that I have done in the past for I am forgiven. I am saved from the awful torture and punishment of the flames of hell that will surround those who are cast into the pit of despair. If that doesn't make us happy I don't know what will. Again and again the full realization that I am actually saved comes over me and I hardly know how to contain myself.

I was on my way to Minneapolis for meetings; I had left everything, a nice business and glowing prospects, for the call had come from God to go into His work. After I said "good-bye" to friends it all flashed over me right on the train, what a grand thing it was to be saved! My ticket was for Minneapolis but I actually got off at a little town before we ever reached Minneapolis, just to let off some of the surplus energy that had gathered at the thought of being a saved man. I had to get out and work it off.

But there is another type of joy and that comes to me as a Christian; it is the joy of harvest. One of the greatest joys of a Christian is that of winning souls, of seeing souls garnered into God's great store-house. Are you a soul winner? Have you had that thrill, the joy of the harvest?

Pardon another personal reference, but I remember when I went out to the woods that cold winter in the northern part of Minnesota as the "sky pilot" there was a friend I prayed with in the thick of the woods. He was a great, big, strapping Norwegian whom I had met going down the road with a team of horses. I made an opportunity to talk to him for I wanted to

see him saved. God was working in his heart and he was just about ripe. He had a godly mother over in Norway but he had come over here and gotten in bad company and sin began to tell on him. "Yes," he said, "I know you are right. I ought to give my heart to the Lord. It would please my mother."

So we knelt down and began to pray right in the snow amidst the tall timbers of that great country. After I prayed with him I thought sure he would be saved and be happy, but as I looked at him there was no expression of joy. I asked, "Aren't you happy?" "Didn't you mean what you said?"

He was crying when I thought he should rejoice and to my surprise he said he was not happy. I said, "That's strange. It doesn't seem to work the way it worked with me."

Then I remembered hearing a preacher say that one could not lead a soul to Christ unless he himself was right with God and I thought perhaps something was wrong with me, so I crawled over a bit and said, "Oh Lord, if there is something in my heart that is not right, take care of that right now!" But I did not feel any condemnation so went back to the lad and said, "Aren't you happy now?"

"No, I am not happy."

I couldn't understand it but I assured him that if he had confessed his sins God was faithful and just to forgive his sins and to cleanse him from all unrighteousness.

He said, "Do you suppose He has forgiven me?"

I said, "Sure He has."

"But how can I be sure?" he asked.

I got my Bible and read that verse to him and suddenly his face lit up and as I saw *that* the joy came into my heart. Just like a fountain burst forth I discovered I had a new type of joy—the joy of harvest.

But there is a third type of joy; not the joy of salvation, nor the joy of harvest but the joy of the Holy Ghost. I believe this is very often misunderstood. Not that the Holy Ghost comes into me and intensifies my joy; warms me to glowing heat and enthuses the joy that is in me. I rather think it means that as I submit, yield and surrender to the Holy Spirit, He conquers new territory within me, makes advances on the inside until finally He has put into subjection unto Himself all the territory of my soul, my mind, and my heart, so that He can say, "I have everything of him. He has submitted all." Then the Holy Ghost begins to express His joy

while I stand by and let Him have His way. Not intensifying my joy, nor adding to what I had. My joy is that joy of salvation and the joy of harvest but when I have submitted and gotten down to nothing, then the Holy Spirit says, "I want a part in it now."

If we resist Him when He makes His advances He is grieved. It is a sad thing when He is grieved. I would least of all want to make unhappy or grieve God who gave me His Son, the Son who gave me His blood and the Holy Spirit who has been my Comforter. Think of what it means to grieve the Comforter! My mother slipped away from us when I was but a lad of ten and I was left alone much of the time as Dad had to work at the saw mill. Three days after the funeral while outside running about I stumbled and bruised my foot; the blood came and I knew the wound needed to be washed. Mother had taught me that. So I ran and turned the water on and suddenly I cried out, "Mother! Mother!" I forgot mother was gone. She was buried out yonder on the hillside. But I knew mother could comfort me if she had been alive. She would have kissed away the hurt and would have been my comforter. Since I became older I have bruised myself many times, but I am rejoicing in the Holy Ghost who has been my Comforter. I don't want to grieve or hinder Him. So we have the joy of salvation, the joy of the harvest, the joy of the Holy Ghost; but there is still another joy.

When travelling days are over and we come to the close of our journey, there is a beautiful scene depicted for us. When it is all finished and God has tested us enough and proved us, then Someone shall say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into *the joy of thy Lord.*" I have been made happy, but He will not be fully happy until the work of salvation is finished. "My Father worketh until now." It is work day for Him; He and Jesus are working, laboring, rescuing and molding that you and I might be made in the image of Christ. But one of these days the work will be finished; missionary activities will be ended, the prayer ministry will cease, Bible study will be finished, and God will be able to say, "I have my children at home." Then Jesus shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied. He will be able to say, "The task is finished; they are all pure and clean and glorified. Let us rejoice!" Then the Triune God will give vent to their tremendous fulness of joy. And then we are bidden to enter into the joy of the Lord.

"The kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but *righteousness, and peace, and joy* in the Holy Ghost." But if there is a defect in my joy I will not have peace, and if everything is not right in my life so that I may have peace, I cannot have righteousness. Let us make sure that the foundation is right and then move on so that there shall be no defect in any part of the structure.

(Continued from page 10)

came back I saw she had been weeping. We were talking and by and by she got up, walked over to one of the boys. She was all broken up now. The tears were rolling down her cheeks as she put her arms around the oldest boy, and, calling him by name, she said, "You know how much I love you. I want you to give your heart to Jesus." It broke up the entire family and they all began to weep. The next Sunday everyone of them were out to church. Oh friends, so many times we go about this thing in the wrong way! We can win our loved ones if we make the right sort of an approach. Let us pray that instead of it being only words it may be the Spirit of God actuating our every move. Then it will be irresistible.

Thank God for this Gospel that makes you see things in a different light, that makes you sympathize, makes you kind and tender. It did something for Peter and John and it will do something for us. The power of God is just the same today; He is still saving and healing people and still filling them with His Spirit. And what more could we want? I am certain God is doing everything He possibly can for us and I believe if we were a little more thankful and praised Him more He would do still more for us. The greatest mistake we can make is to go around grumbling.

My boy came home from high school one day and made a bee-line for the refrigerator. We had someone visiting us at the time and as he watched my boy helping himself he said, "If I were your father I would make you wait till supper time." My boy never said a word for a long time; he was too busy going after some food and then finally he said, "Thank God, you aren't my father." We have a wonderful Father and we may come any time and always find Him ready to give us something to eat. But listen, you can get far more from Him by being thankful. Whenever you want anything from God start thanking Him. I hope you will all remember this.

Easter in a Russian Prison

A MAN, who had "eyes and ears," tells of experiences he had in the prisons and places of banishment in Russia, and the suffering endured by bishops and priests. He says of himself that he was not a Christian and carefully avoided all Christian life. Because of this, his testimony is perhaps more unbiased and worthy of attention. But the effect of these impressions made a change in his soul. This story of the persecution of the Christians was printed in the "*Emigrants' Newspaper Wosroshdenije.*" The pictures here given are from the author's diary:

"I think of Bishop J. who never labored in his bishopric. In Soviet Russia this is not at all rare. The bishops who are placed by the Holy Synod never come into their appointments because they are always in prison or banishment. In the city of B. . . . I met this bishop with his mother who always accompanied him to all his places of banishment. In 15 years in Soviet Russia he had been 13 years in banishment, two years in the Petchora, once in Maryon, and once in Turkestan. As he was being questioned by the judge appointed to investigate his case, he said, 'The best means of spreading abroad the Word of God, is by banishing the clergy to desolate places.'

"In this prison in B. . . . where we met, he had already been five times. As he came to B. . . . in 1932 he lived with a *diakon* of the church, who for a wonder was still free. In the night an agent of the secret police came to arrest the deacon, and found the bishop. 'Who is that fellow?' asked the agent. 'Bishop J.,' answered the deacon. 'Aha, a bishop. Put on your things and come along with us.' 'You have no arrest order for me.' 'We will soon get one.' The bishop surrendered.

"In the G. P. U. where they were both brought, the commandant did not know what to do with the bishop, because he had been arrested without an order. Should he be put in the inner prison, in a single cell, or in the general prison? It was night and until the morning he sent him to the police. Here they put him in a room with insane drunkards, and kept him there three nights. The drunkards became sober and were allowed out, but not the bishop. At last they called him. For ten months he was behind the walls of the G. P. U. with the usual horrible conditions of a Soviet

prison prevailing. Because they had not searched him thoroughly he had succeeded in keeping a gospel and a cross, which hung on a chain on his breast. Once when washing in the general wash-room he had forgotten to take off his cross, and the watchman saw it. He tore at the chain which held it, but it held firm. So he struck the bishop to the ground with his fist, kneeled upon his breast, tore the chain off and threw the cross into the drain.

"I remember still, holy week and Easter, which we spent with the bishop in the room. Without the watchman finding it out, we had secretly made a new cross for him with a picture of Christ on it out of paste-board. Holy Thursday came, the day in which the orthodox church remembers the suffering of the Lord. In the evening the bishop fastened the cross to the wall near his sleeping place, and read the twelve accounts in the Gospels which the church demanded. The little group of prisoners were peasants who had been driven out of their villages and robbed of their families by a wicked government. During this service it became very still in the cell in which were 70 men. Even the criminals were quiet. Only the words of the gospel could be heard. *There is a young criminal who has pressed his face to the bars of the cell; tears are running down his cheeks, but he doesn't notice it. He is looking away off in the distance. Of what is he thinking? and why does this awakened soul weep? It is not his longing for freedom, for what awaits him there? Nothing but his criminal companions and—more crimes. What is it then? The longing for Home, for the unknown Home which should be in every heart.*

"It is black midnight! The bishop had held the Easter services and now cried joyfully aloud, 'Christ is risen!' 'He has truly risen,' they answered him in unison. Suddenly they heard the key in the door, which was thrown wide open, and with a revolver in his hand, the watchman stormed within. 'Out with you, you a flow of terrible epithets. He tore the New Testament from the bishop's hand, took him out and struck him in the dungeon, but everything has an end.

"Where is Bishop J. now? Is he thinking of that day, that Easter day? Or has he perhaps already gone Home? The lowly soul! He was given three years in a concentration

camp in Siberia, and went into banishment. On the street he blessed the people whom he met. At the back of the train the old mother, as usual, dragged herself."

Some more extracts from my diary:

"Today I went to the usual registration office for banished ones in the G. P. U. Before me in the room stood a woman. She had, as is the custom with peasants, a cloth around her head, a shabby dress, and felt shoes; and in her hands a little bundle. Her face was bloodless, like in cancer patients. Despair and hopelessness were in her eyes. She had with her a little nine-year-old boy. It flashed through my mind that she was trying to find out something about her husband. It came her turn. 'Well, what do you want?' screamed the commandant through the window. The woman answered quickly, 'I am looking for my husband. A week ago they arrested him. They told me he was sent into the concentration camp. I have asked there about him but he is not there. Please will you kindly look over your list, and see if he is perhaps with you in the inner prison.' 'What is his name?' 'U-kij.' He turned over the leaves, 'Not there. Next?' But the woman did not leave the window. She held fast to it with her hands and begged him to look once more. He answered by a frightful growl. 'I told you it's not there.' At last the assistant pushed in and said, 'Look in the list of the executed ones. It seems to me he was one.' Again he turned over the leaves, a long list of names. 'U-kij?' screamed the commandant, 'What was his first name?' 'Alexander—Alexander U-kij.' 'Shot yesterday. Next?' Collapsing, the woman let her hands fall, and her bundle dropped to the ground. Out of it rolled two eggs, a bit of bread, and a very small Easter cake. It was a gift for her husband. She bent down and scraped long upon the ground with her hands to get the things together. Then she went quietly to the door, holding the boy by the hand. The wife of an executed priest! Who would dare have anything to do with her? Who would take her under his roof? What would become of the boy, a parentless, deserted child, a thief? I go after her, but what comfort can I give?

"'They shot our little father. Peace be to his soul in heaven. What will we do now, Wandja?' she said to her son, without hearing me. The next day the military went to her place and put her out in the street, throwing her things after her. The widow of a shot priest—

an enemy of the classes. Oh, Land! Land! That is Socialism, which in its desire for blood is insatiable, and has already threateningly hung over the people for centuries.

"Also the relatives of the priests have to share in the distress, for so the Soviet Union has decreed. Only through a public disowning of the parents in the press, or the wife of the husband, can a family purchase a little rest in their terrible lot. Who hasn't seen this in the papers: 'I break every relationship with my father, and will have nothing to do with him because he deceives the people with his religion. I lead a life for myself and fight for Socialism'—a costly price, and what tragedy is often behind such words!

"As I was still an official in Moscow, we took a boy, the son of a priest into our office. The father had been banished to Siberia for three years because he had bound a book by Nilus about the Jews. This book had been forbidden by the G. P. U. The priest earned his living by bookbinding, and an agent of the G. P. U. brought this book to him in pretense of having it bound. The same night they came to search his house and found the book. The priest was arrested and banished. The family was starving and we succeeded in taking the boy into our business, hiding his birth. Some wicked person found it out and told the Communists that he was the son of a priest. They were shocked and trembled. The son of a priest in a Soviet bureau! A general meeting of all employees—these terrorized slaves—was called, government officials being present. The President, the defender of the workman's interest, stepped forward and began to use vile language. 'Who had dared to take in an enemy of their class?' The 16-year-old 'class enemy' stood trembling like an aspen leaf, and heard all the wicked things that were said about his father. The President put to a vote that the boy should publicly disown his father or be put out of the business. The slaves all voted their approval of this decision. It was mouse still. 'Do you disown your father?' The boy stood with bent head, dark spots came and went in his cheeks. What is going on in his heart? His cancer-sick, banished, dying father! Will he disown him? His mother and sisters without bread! Poor, poor boy! What have you suffered in this hour? 'I disown him,' he said in a whisper. The slaves separated and tried to avoid looking into each other's eyes. And behind the red table stood these representatives of the victorious

Proletariat—the upbuilding Socialism—triumphing, stupid ‘Esel’ (asses). A week later came the word of the death of the father in exile. We met his son, Ssascha. He deeply bowed his head upon his breast. Poor boy, you don’t need to fear to look me in the face.”

—W. L. J.

In the Soul Saving Business

FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT of those who have loved ones still unsaved and perhaps advanced in years, I am passing on this experience to show how God will work “in His own time and way.”

After I was saved and brought into a deeper experience of salvation and touch with God, I naturally thought of my friends and relatives in relation to their salvation. Among my relatives I had an old uncle in whom I was deeply interested and who, I desired, should find the Lord for salvation. Of course I prayed for him but since I lived several hundred miles distant I had no personal contact so that I could deal with him. Then, for a long time I had no burden for him at all, and this went on for four or five years.

Then the Lord began to work (that is, He took the initiative) and by the Spirit began to stir my heart and bring my uncle to my mind. I remember how at different times the Lord awakened me at night and would say, “Pray for your uncle.” These experiences were so marked that I kept my heart particularly open to the Lord for light. Finally I was impressed to write to the pastor of the church in the community where he lived and asked him to visit my uncle, to pray and deal with him. I prayed definitely that God would direct the pastor and also give my uncle a receptive heart to the Gospel, and prayed that the seed might grow. Then the burden lifted and I had no more special interest in the matter.

Just a few weeks after this, I received a letter telling of my uncle’s home-going. I had not even been informed as to his failing health, but how wonderful it is that God directs us even though we are blind to the actual conditions.

To show the sequel of this story I must tell you how God arranged it so I would know the outcome. A few months later I was visiting in the home where the daughter of this uncle was staying and one day she was rehearsing to another member of the household, something of the last days of my uncle’s sojourn here. She

remarked how the pastor had come to speak with my uncle, and how that after his visit my uncle had become particularly interested in his religious life, asking for a Bible and desiring prayer and showing a general awakening towards spiritual things. It was so marked that my cousin spoke expressly of it, saying it was so unlike my uncle and so very unusual for he was of a retiring, reticent nature, never speaking concerning a personal spiritual experience. But from this time he showed a marked and open response to the things of God and passed out with his heart turned to God and trusting in Him.

So if there are those who have loved ones unsaved, keep your heart open to God for He may desire to lay prayer upon you sometime when least you are thinking of it and out of it bring forth fruitage to His glory.

—J. W. Follette.

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We had planned to put in two hundred thousand yards of material before the month was over, but, in order to have permission to continue the job they demanded that we lay *four hundred thousand yards* instead. So we put on more machinery and worked day and night, Sundays and holidays. We had a fine bunch of boys on the job but they were not in the habit of working on Sundays. The Lord began to speak to me about this. Now I have never been a legalist and I believe in grace more than in law, and yet I do believe we should honor God and so I felt rather convicted about this Sunday work. The main difficulty was that an evangelist was holding a campaign in an adjoining town and I knew that many of those boys would have attended the meetings and perhaps been saved had they not been forced to work. I knew that was more important than anything else. Finally I went to the man from the bonding company, who was over me and said, “I want to shut this thing down on Sundays.”

“Oh,” he said, “we have to get this work done and the only thing is to work every day.”

“But my boys are not used to working on Sundays and I will promise you that just as much work will be done in six days as in seven.”

But he positively refused. I went to the Lord about it and said, “Now Lord, You see I can do nothing. They are running the job.” And I learned that if you really want to do the Lord’s will He will find a way. I wanted His

will done even though it meant my wind-up, and the more I prayed the more I realized God wanted me to take a stand. So on Saturday night I went to the boys and said, "Now we will just not be here tomorrow." Of course they needed no further coaxing and the man at the head and his associate were the only two to appear the next morning. It was a bold move but I couldn't work it any other way. Well, when I appeared on Monday morning things were very tense. He got on the wire and talked to the head man in San Francisco, told him I refused to have my men work on Sundays. He then put me on the 'phone and the man at the other end said, "We are trying to help you, and what is the big idea of acting like this?"

I told him I was sorry I had to take such a stand but felt there was nothing else to do. I said, "This is my position and I must take my stand."

"All right," he said, "if that is your position we will straighten this thing out." It looked like I was high and dry and completely out of the picture. He said, "Do you know what this means?" and I said, "Yes, I know it means you can take everything I have except my wife and babies."

Now I had heard people speak of their great faith and believing God for big things but I never seemed to have such faith, but somehow I felt the thing for me to do was to do the things I would do if I did have that great faith. Did you ever try to pump up faith? It doesn't come that way. But I decided to act just as if I did have faith and said, "Now Lord, I will do the right thing regardless of the results," and that was about as far as I could see.

A couple days later the Bonding Company-man came down from San Francisco and walking up to me he grabbed me by the hand and said, "You're all right! I'm for you. Go right ahead and get this job done." I ask you, don't you think God had something to do with reversing this man's decision?

Several months later, when the aftermath came and we reached the crisis, which always comes in a condition of that kind—when we expected the sheriff to come to put on the lock almost any day this very fellow from San Francisco, who was the biggest creditor, came on the scene and turned out to be my greatest friend. He said, "I know that boy and I know he is on the square. Give him a chance and he will pay out."

Well, he was big enough in the financial world of San Francisco, to put it over and he handled that bunch of creditors in such a way that we got through. I am convinced that God still reigns and rules and if we meet the conditions He will certainly fulfill His part of the promise, "*Seek ye first the kingdom of God . . . and all these things shall be added unto you.*"

(Continued from Page 13)

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(Continued from page 5)

If the message of the resurrection is false then we had better go with a hammer and chisel, to the tombstones of our loved ones and chisel away such words as, "I am the resurrection and the life," and put in their place words such as these, "I do not know and have no way of telling." But praise God, we do know that the message is true. Remember our text, "If Christ be not risen from the dead, then is our preaching in vain and your faith is also vain."

But there is no doubt about this message. All the earth may have given up hope when He lay cold in that sealed tomb but as the world's mightiest miracle was about to take place, I can hear the celestial choir singing, "*Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Christ is risen. The Son of God is alive again.*"

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