

# The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

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Years ago Sinclair Lewis, the noted English novelist, was asked to speak in a certain church. To the surprise of everyone, he took out his watch and said, "If there be a God I will give Him five minutes to strike me dead," and then he waited, watch in hand. At the end of the five minutes he put the watch in his pocket and walked out of the church.

The late Arthur Brisbane, journalist, was commenting upon that and he said, "Once upon a time there were two ants on a railroad track; the one was an infidel ant and the other a Christian ant. The infidel ant said, 'I don't believe there is a president of this railroad. But if there is, let him send a special train and run me over.' Did that man think he could exhaust the patience of God in five minutes!"

—M. Pearlman at Byron Camp

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

The Latter Rain Evangel

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GROWING PAINS AT CAMP BYRON

A CERTAIN CHILD was in his growing stage and, whereas before, he had been perfectly comfortable and contented, he now had difficulty in keeping adjusted for he was continually outgrowing his suits and shoes and just about the time new and larger outfits were provided, they in turn became too small. And such growth was accompanied by a corresponding appetite for food; the usual three meals seemed insufficient and it was necessary to augment these by meals in between. He was continually stretching and demanded more attention than usual. Some called it growing pains, and others spoke of it being "just natural."

But such are the evidences of growth, bespeaking a healthy and normal condition. We who were privileged to attend the first Byron Camp of the Assemblies of God of the Wisconsin and Northern Michigan district, just three years ago, were made to realize that a healthy child had come into existence and with each succeeding birthday manifold evidences have confirmed that impression. This year there were signs of "growing pains" throughout the camp; the accommodations which were quite adequate that first year were entirely outgrown in spite

of the fact that additional quarters had been provided in the form of a new dormitory and some new cottages. And this exceptional growth demanded exceptional quantities of food, or perhaps it was *vice versa*: the great capacity for spiritual food, which has always been most marked at Camp Byron, could not but be followed by exceptional growth. In the natural there was no lack of appetite for the invigorating atmosphere of Wisconsin's woods is always conducive to such. And so it was in the spiritual: as soon as one came on the grounds that God-breathed atmosphere was everywhere in evidence and stimulated the spiritual appetite. No need for special urging to "eat," no coaxing or need for appetizers here. It seemed the one difficulty was to provide ample room around the altar, and many a time the tabernacle was one large "table of the Lord" where heavenly food was served. What mattered it to Him whether in the straw, in between benches or off in some secluded corner; He was always ready to serve meals in any place and at any hour. Far into the night, in the early hours of the morning and any time in between services it was a common sight to see people seeking God.

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## When a Baby's Touch Delivered from Bandits

MRS. W. J. BOYD  
in the Stone Church



ONE TIME after we had settled happily in one of our new stations and the work was progressing nicely, I had a letter from a friend in the Station adjoining ours, which was nine days away, asking me to visit her. She had been working entirely alone for some months, without having seen another white face. With the arrival of the letter I had a strong urge in my spirit to make the journey, pay her a visit and settle some disputes in the two stations still farther north. My husband was not at all easy about the trip, as he well knew that most of the *Shan* tribes of that and other districts we had to pass through had never seen a foreign woman. He pointed out all the difficulties to me, but still there was the urge within that God would bless.

I decided that if my husband consented I would take our youngest child with me and my Bible woman, who was a tried Christian and a real prayer-warrior. Permission was finally given and I knew I could stay several weeks with my friend and fellow worker, seeing I had the youngest boy with me.

We traveled on, day after day, for nine days, with just one load, carried by a man, and we were carried on mountain litters which are comprised of two bamboo poles, roped in the center on which we place our bedding, sitting on the bedding and leaning our heads back on a good-sized pillow. The mountain scenery was glorious as we traveled along the snake road for miles and miles, though we could make only three miles an hour. Traveling on for hours without meeting a soul and not daring to lay the litter down for a rest, the men pushed on, fearing all solitary mountain places.

When we finally entered a village the men stopped to rest and we preached. None of the women seemed to understand Mandarin, but the men who frequented market towns understood us, so from among every group we would select the most intelligent-looking man and ask him to interpret what we said to the women in their own tribal language. It was a great joy

to see their eagerness to learn a little prayer, a chorus and a text. There is no joy in the whole world like the joy of bringing the glad tidings to a responsive people who are held in the darkness and bondage of sin.

After an hour's rest and lunch on the roadside, the men returned from smoking their opium and away we went again, ascending and descending mountains, and always trying to make for a Chinese city at night, where we could get some good, red rice and better accommodations. But the Chinese cities were no better than the tribal villages in those districts. There did not seem to be a real habitable house among them, and all along the route we saw devastation wrought by robber bands, and burned down villages.

It was our custom on arrival in the city or village where we stayed for the night, first to procure a room to ourselves, if possible. This we had on one or two occasions and having ordered our evening meal of rice and cabbage and having a refreshing wash, we were ready for our evening meeting. The congregation waited for us while we partook of our meal and we started immediately after we had finished. The meeting continued from 8 to 10 o'clock, teaching and explaining the purpose of God sending Jesus to die for them. Then an altar call was given and the sick were invited to come for prayer and healing in Jesus' Name. In every place we had a nucleus of people to bow down for the first time and call upon the true God in prayer. Such compassion filled our hearts for these poor, benighted people of the mountains! Indeed, we could understand in a small measure the wondrous love and pity that filled the heart of our Savior as He faced the deep-seated need of the people when on earth. Thus we traveled for nine days, not daring to put off our clothes at night, for often we were sharing the big main entrance room with the family and with the animals.

At last we reached my friend's station, and settled down for three weeks' intensive evangelism. The white baby was a great attraction for they had never seen one in that city before, though the people were well used to Mr. Boyd and myself, as we had been back and forth for four and a half years, doing itinerating work and finally securing the premises and helping my friend to locate there as the first resident missionary in the city. God did a real work those three happy weeks we were together. Then,

having also visited the two northern stations and spending some time in each, it was time for me to return to Kuangnan, before the short days and long nights set in and the severe cold of November would overtake us.

I saw the local magistrate, made known my desire to travel back to Kuangnan, but he could only allow me to return if I was provided with an escort or a caravan. Since there was no caravan going the way I had come up, I was advised to travel another route, making a circuitous trip homeward. When all was arranged for me we set to packing our loads for we were taking two extra loads with us, of potatoes and cereals made from Chinese wheat, which we were unable to buy at Kuangnan. We traveled on for two days, Dr. Chang accompanying the Bible woman and myself with a caravan of about forty horse-loads. The horsemen carried firearms.

The third morning we had an unusual climb to make over the first very high mountain, which took us the greater part of the morning. The horses had gone ahead of the litter, for the men could hardly keep up with the horsemen, especially when scaling the high mountains. It seemed the higher we climbed the more we got into the clouds, for the heavy mists so draped the mountains that we could scarcely see anything beyond 60 yards. Suddenly there was firing overhead, and a voice cried out, "Put down that mountain chair." We did so and I quickly stepped down, wrapping the blanket tightly around the sleeping child. I found myself surrounded with armed men, all with their faces dyed navy blue, and each man carrying two rifles. One was slung across the chest and the other pointed at me. Never before had I been in such close contact with firearms. For the moment a dead calm possessed me, as I realized that there was no hope of escape from the hands of these desperadoes, for one surely had the sentence of death in one's self and yet, faith looked up to God who raiseth the dead.

All took up their positions, waiting for the command to shoot. Suddenly my little Bible woman at the back of me, began to clap her hands as she faced another bandit who stealthily crept up behind us. He had not only a gun but also a fixed bayonet. She challenged him with the word, "You dare not strike the *Si Mu*. You dare not strike her." Then crying in Chinese, "Praise to Jesus! Praise to Jesus! You dare not strike!" at the same time clapping her hands,

she held the man transfixed. He could not come nearer one step; neither could he retreat. She held him with praise and challenge while the leader on the bank ordered those in front to shoot down the foreign devil. I closed my eyes so that I might not see their diabolical faces, and committing myself to God I thought of those who had gone before in this very same way, of whom the world was not worthy. I thought of my children and of Mr. Boyd, and Pat, down in Kuangnan, and it seemed the man was an age before obeying the command to shoot. So I opened my eyes and was surprised to find myself alive, still covered by their rifles. My child stirred and awoke; the order was again given to shoot, and again the center man stepped up closer. But now the Word of the Lord came strong and clear, rising up within me, "Lo! These are part of His ways." And again, "The beloved of the Lord shall dwell safely by Him, and He shall cover him all the day long." Still the man was unable to shoot, and the leader himself jumped down from the bank, cursing and knocking the other brigand out of the rank. He took his place and aimed his gun, this time at the child who had just wriggled out of the blanket and stretched forth his little hand to take hold of the gun, he was that close to it. Again the word of the Lord came to me, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them." Neither could the brigand chief shoot. When the baby touched the gun and gave one of his sweet smiles (the Chinese call it "*Tien Hsiao*") the brigand's hand literally trembled violently, and down went his gun. All the other guns went down also. God had delivered us through a baby's touch and a baby's smile. He had taken the "things that are not to confound the mighty." Glory to His Name!

The leader of the band then came up to me, searching for valuables. He took off my hat, tore away the lining, looking for money. He found some in my pocket and wanted to get my ring, and as it was too tight, sought to cut it. I quickly said that the ring was marked. He, thinking it was stamped with my name, left me my finger and my ring. Then he wanted my coat and I thought I would try and save that, too. I pointed out to him that he had taken all that I had—bedding, blankets, clothes and provisions, and he could leave me my coat to cover the child at night. He gruffly granted my re-

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## God's Picture Book

### ISRAEL'S HIGH PRIEST

*Myer Pearlman at Byron Camp*



THE SUBJECT this morning is the Israelite's High Priest as a type or picture of Jesus Christ, our High Priest, and our Scripture lesson is found in Heb. 4: 14-16.

The Tabernacle in the wilderness was a picture book by which God taught the nation of spiritual children the A B C's of the plan of salvation and of spiritual experience. It is a picture of the Church of Christ and of the way of salvation. In that House of God, which was the Tabernacle, there were servants who ministered before God and who represented Him to the people; they were the priests. Over all the priests was a high priest, and as he was at the head of God's house in the Old Testament, so Jesus Christ is Head of the Church. The high priest of those days was a type of Jesus Christ, our High Priest.

The high priest was a mediator between God and man. What is a mediator? Many years ago, in England, where I was brought up, we were playing ball in one of those old English back yards. I hit the ball, sending it through a neighbor's window. The game was over and we dispersed in all directions! I dreaded to return home for fear of punishment. Within my breast there were two conflicting emotions: a desire to go home and a *fear* of returning home; a desire to see my father on the one hand and on the other hand, a fear of seeing him. What did I need? I needed two things; first, I needed a mediator to intercede for me, someone to effect a reconciliation and take that fear out of my heart. Then the second thing I needed was an atonement. I was very sorry that the window was broken but being sorry did not repair it. Repentance is not sufficient; someone must pay the bill. In atonement Christ paid the debt we could not pay.

From time immemorial there have been two conflicting emotions in the heart of man—a desire to approach God on the one hand and on the other a fear of God, because of sin. And it is this conflict in the breast of man that has made necessary the office of the priesthood—men who have stood between God and man, to offer sac-



rifice as an atonement for sin. True, there have been false priests who have capitalized on this knowledge and have kept the people in ignorance in order to get their money. But in Israel the priesthood was consecrated and appointed of God. The priest was a mediator. He knew God and he knew Israel; he was a friend of God and a friend of Israel; he could sympathize from God's viewpoint, the viewpoint of holiness and he could sympathize from man's viewpoint, the viewpoint of frailty. And because he was consecrated to that office he could take man by the hand, lead him to the altar, offer the atoning sacrifice, and reconcile him to his Maker and send him home with peace in his heart.

And as that was the office of the priest, it was also the office of Christ. He was Son of God and Son of man, Son of heaven and Son of earth. He bore the divine nature and bore the human nature; He loved God and He loved us, and because of that He was able to take us by the hand and lead us to God, make an atonement by offering Himself as a sacrifice, so that our sins being cleansed, we might have perfect confidence to enter the presence of God.

Now in order that the people might understand the work of the priesthood and have it always before their eyes, in order that they might know the purpose for which he was appointed, the priest wore certain garments, or a uniform. Remember, there were few books in those days and religion was taught primarily by means of pictures or symbols, just as we teach children today. The tabernacle was the Bible of the average Israelite. Most of them couldn't read

or write and so God taught His people what a mediator was by means of his uniform or garments. Uniforms have a meaning today. For example, you see a man dressed in khaki with gold buttons and you immediately know that that man is consecrated to the service of the United States, consecrated to defend our land and our property. His uniform tells the story. Uniforms are an emblem of the person's character and office; and so the uniform of the high priest of Israel pictured outwardly to the people the fact that the high priest was a man consecrated to God.

In the Bible, garments are an emblem of a man's character. Just as the body needs garments so also does the soul, and character is the garment of the soul. We read of certain saints, "And they have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." "Robes" stand for character, the clothing of the soul. When we stand in the presence of God it will be in a character made pure by Christ's atoning work.

Let us study the garments of the high priest and find what they mean and what lesson they teach. We begin with the inner garment of white. White is the natural emblem of purity and indicated that the high priest was a man with a high calling and because of this he was required of God to live up to the high standard of holiness. We are reminded of Jesus Christ, a High Priest who is holy, undefiled and separate from sinners. Any man who stands in the pulpit cannot preach long without showing up some of his own limitations, but study the Gospel from beginning to end—you find no trace of sin or defilement in the heart and life of Jesus Christ; He is perfectly blameless and holy.

Two Jews were conversing, one a Christian and the other a non-Christian. The non-Christian Jew asked the other, "If I were to tell you that in the city of New York there is a man who was born without a human father, would you believe it?" And the Christian Jew replied, "Yes, if he lived as Jesus lived." Why do we believe in the virgin birth? Because we believe in His virgin life. Jesus Christ was perfectly sinless, He had a character consistent with the manner in which He entered into the world.

The next garment is known as *the robe of the ephod*, and its color is *blue*. Blue is a heavenly color, teaching us that the high priest of Israel was a servant of Him who lived in the heavens; he was a man consecrated by heaven and sent

by heaven for a special mission on the earth. So in a sense he was the savior of Israel because he offered the sacrifices that brought cleansing to their hearts. The Lord Jesus Christ is the Man sent from heaven; He is the One who brought us the revelation from heaven, came from heaven to earth that you and I might go from earth to heaven. The libraries of this earth are full of books on philosophy and science and man has attained to wonderful knowledge; but when it comes to the great questions of life, they have no positive answer; all they can say is, "Maybe", "if" or "but." The tallest ladder of thought raised from earth to heaven would always be too short; our only hope was for God to let down a ladder from heaven and that was done when He sent Jesus Christ into the world.

At the bottom of the blue robe of the ephod there were artificial pomegranates which is a fruit like an apple, chuck full of seeds; there was a pomegranate—fruitfulness, then a bell, symbolizing testimony, all the way around. Fruit, testimony, fruit, testimony, and so on. Wherever the priest went you would hear the sound of the bells. As he went into the sanctuary they could hear the bells ringing and knew by *that* that their high priest was active in their behalf. Have you heard the sound of the bells? *Manifestations of the Spirit* show to us that our High Priest has passed into the heavenly sanctuary and that He ever lives to make intercession; that He lives to baptize us, lives to pardon, lives to meet our needs and to solve our every problem, lives to heal our every disease. And every time we are privileged to see one of these manifestations it proves to us that we have a living Christ and not a dead one.

Over the blue garment was the ephod, the distinctive high priestly garment. The high priest could not minister in the temple without this garment. It has the four colors: scarlet, the color for blood or atonement, blue, the heavenly color, white for purity, and purple, the color of royalty. The ordinary priest wore the long white garment and also a girdle having these four colors. Do we have the colors of heaven in our soul? certain qualifications required in order to get to heaven? I rejoice that the Lord has changed us and when we are born again we receive that nature and character with which we may live in the land beyond the skies. Interwoven in this garment were threads of gold, showing that the high priest was not only a

mediator but a friend of the King, a king as well as a priest.

On each shoulder there was a large jewel on which were engraved the names of the tribes of Israel, six on each shoulder. When you see a man going down the street with a uniform and a gold bar on his shoulder you know he is *second lieutenant*. Then you see another man with two silver bars on his shoulder and you know that he is *captain* and is responsible for 250 men. The *general* wears three stars indicating that he is in charge of the entire army. When the *high priest* bore on his shoulder the names of the twelve tribes of Israel he showed that he was responsible to God for these twelve tribes. Of Christ it is written, "The government shall be upon his shoulders." He has our names engraved on His shoulders. I rather think there are some people who carry burdens which God does not want them to bear—*anxiety, worry, fear, condemnation and perplexity*. He tells us to cast our burdens upon Him for "the government shall be upon His shoulders." Every pastor knows what it means to bear his people before the Lord, and many times he finds his shoulders are weak.

Over the high priest's breast was the breast-plate made of gold on which were twelve jewels, on each jewel written the name of a tribe. What does this breast-plate symbolize for us? You have read of the city four-square and of the foundation being twelve jewels and you have also read the words over in Malachi, "And they shall be mine in that day when I make up my jewels." This breast-plate stands for a society, a community, the entire nation of Israel. And notice, that wherever the high priest goes he carries with him the breast-plate, or the nation.

The tabernacle was a comparatively small place, too small to hold all the people. But there was a way by which Israel, a nation of priests, could enter every morning, for whenever the high priest went in, as their representative, he took the entire nation into the presence of God. We are not yet in heaven but we have a Representative up there who has our names written on the breast-plate. "He ever liveth to make intercession for us," and His entire life is one intercession in our behalf. Don't lose your grip; look to the Lord Jesus Christ and He will never fail you. As He said to Peter, so He is saying to all of us, "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not." It is His business to intercede for us and He has never lost a case.

Some years ago an incident occurred that helped me to understand this better. I was returning from a General Council meeting and was travelling by night. Beside me was a brother minister, a pastor. About midnight, or after, I was awakened and I heard this brother talking; he was saying, "God, bless Brother So-and-so, bless Sister So-and-so," and went on, mentioning all the members of his congregation. He explained that he found it was a good time to pray as no one could hear him and so he went on to name every member of his congregation. Every time an Israelite saw the high priest with this breast-plate he knew he had a representative who was taking him into the very presence of God.

Now this breast-plate was probably made like a pouch and no doubt inside this breast-plate there were two objects known as the Urim and Thummim. These, in some unknown way, would light up, and give guidance to the high priest. Israel was a holy nation, a nation of priests and they had certain rights before God; it was the business of Israel's high priest to see that Israel secured her God-given rights. And in time of perplexity and national crises the king would go to the high priest and ask, "What is the word of the Lord?" And then the high priest would go before God and in some mysterious way, which has not been explained to us, the Urim and Thummim would give guidance. Has Jesus Christ cast any light on your problems? Have you ever had the experience of guidance from God? When in perplexity and difficulty we today may pray to the Lord and we shall hear Him giving clear guidance. The High Priest up there was consulting the Thummim and giving perfect guidance.

Now we must pass on to the priest's mitre or turban. This was the crown of the high priest, for he was not only a priest but also a king. When the priest was consecrated a vial of oil was poured over his head; that was the priestly anointing, an outward sign of God who would give him strength and wisdom to take care of Israel. Now the mitre or crown was a constant reminder of that anointing, for the oil soon dried up. Do you remember the time when you were crowned with the anointing of the Spirit? That is the crown given to the spiritual priests who minister in the temple of God.

Over the priest's crown there was a golden plate and written on this were these words, "Holiness unto the Lord," or, more correctly,

"Consecrated to Jehovah." You see a man in khaki uniform and you say, "That man is consecrated to the service of Uncle Sam." There was a time when that man raised his hand and said, "I will be loyal to the U. S. government." The high priest of Israel had been consecrated and set apart by God for Israel's sake. "For their sakes I sanctify myself that they too might be sanctified by the truth." Let us imagine an Israelite, a man who suffers some scruples of conscience. He is a good man and perfectly honest but he is troubled concerning the sacrifice and says to his wife, "I did my best to offer that sacrifice in the right way but I wonder whether I did it all correctly, whether I brought the right animal after all and whether it was perfectly blameless. I am worried and troubled." The wife says, "Now, don't you know your theology? Remember what that high priest is for. Consider the meaning of the breast-plate over his forehead? Does he not guarantee that Jehovah will accept the sacrifice when you offered it with a sincere heart?"

Have you done your best? Then do not worry. The High Priest has been set apart by God Himself to guarantee the acceptance of your gift. Our best is very imperfect but remember, we have an High Priest and because God accepts Him He will accept us. Has there been failure? This High Priest has offered a perfect sacrifice and will wash away every stain after repentance and enable you to start again.

Notice that in the tabernacle there is no seat. Do you know what that means? No Israelitish high priest could go home and say, "Wife, I have offered my last sacrifice; the people are completely and perfectly cleansed; they now have a perfect conscience. They are regenerated, born again and can approach God directly. They do not need me any longer." No, they had to offer the same sacrifice again and again and when he died, someone else had to take his place. They were all imperfect sacrifices, for it was not possible for the blood of bulls and goats to take away sin. As the writer of Hebrews says, "And every priest standeth daily ministering and offering oftentimes the same sacrifices, which never take away sins: but this man, after he had offered one sacrifice for sins for ever, sat down on the right hand of God."

In the story of Esther there is a beautiful picture of that work. The wicked Haman had tried to accomplish the destruction of the entire Israelitish nation because of his hatred toward

one man. Then Mordecai came to Esther and said, "We are away from our land. We have no high priest here. You must be the intercessor for your nation," and Esther said, "Mordecai, you know the law. Anyone who enters the presence of the king will be put to death; we dare not enter into the inner chamber unless we are called, and if we do, our only hope is that he will hold forth the golden sceptre." Compare Leviticus 16:1. Esther determined to give her life, if necessary, for the nation and said, "If I perish, I perish." She entered the outer court of the temple, as it were, and then the next court and finally the inner chamber. She approached with fear in her heart and a prayer on her lips. Should it be life or death? Will she live and will her people live? Or, will she die and her nation die also? Then the king held out his golden sceptre and she touched it and Esther lived, and because she lived the entire nation lived.

On the day of atonement the high priest was summoned into the holy of holies, into the presence of the King of Israel. He came with blood which he sprinkled on the mercy seat; that brought pardon for Israel and on the day of atonement Jehovah held forth the golden sceptre of grace and because the high priest lived, the people lived also.

The time came when the Son of God hung upon a cross and offered His great sacrifice, and later ascended into the presence of God. God accepted His sacrifice and He lived, and because He lives you and I live also. "Therefore let us come boldly unto the throne of grace that we may find grace and mercy to help in time of need."

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The average Sunday School cultivates only about one third of its territory. If a farmer cultivates only one-third of his garden the other two-thirds grows up in weeds and is not only wasted, as far as production is concerned, but makes it much more difficult for the other one-third he did cultivate to be at its best because of the great number of weeds. The movement for the enlargement of the Sunday School did not start with the church, but special emphasis was brought to bear by the judges of the Juvenile Courts; they said to the church, "*If you do not find a way to reach the children of America, if you cannot ground them in religion and morals the State must take over the task in the*

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## Teachers and Teaching

ALVIN L. BRANCH

*in the Stone Church S. S. Conference*



**A**FTER a definite experience of salvation, the first great requirement for every Sunday School worker is the anointing for every lesson. An experience somewhere in the past is not sufficient; it must be renewed in connection with each individual ministry. The anointing of the Holy Ghost can do for our words what Jesus did for the loaves and the fishes. We soon detect if a minister does not have the anointing on his preaching; it is just as important for the teacher to teach under the anointing. Rain is rain, but rain shot through sunlight produces a rainbow, and teaching that is motivated by the love of God and under the anointing and power of the Holy Ghost is both beautiful and powerful.

Water heated to a temperature of 312 degrees becomes steam. It may pass away as vapor and accomplish nothing but when rightfully compressed and scientifically directed, can drive great steamships or pull a great train of cars. Now, scientific pedagogy permeated with the evangelistic spirit can bring any normal child into a real experience with Christ. People today are continually specializing to improve in methods in business and industry because they find it pays. Why should we be behind the times in the most important business in the world—that of reaching our boys and girls for the Lord?

Let me ask you a question, Is God opposed to order? If you think He is, look at the stars, the petals of a rose, or a snow flake. God is a God of order and He commands us to let all things be done decently and in order. I find there is a laxity among some Pentecostal people in this regard; they have the idea that everything should be done impromptu, as the Spirit prompts them to speak or act. We are not discounting the promptings of the Spirit, but God who shows such order in all His handiwork, desires His people to be prepared. Jesus Himself took three and a half years to train His Men's Bible Class, and they became efficient workers.

There are three necessary factors in teaching and if one of these is lacking there cannot be teaching. They are: The *teacher*, the *pupil*, and

*If I can help reveal Thy truth  
To other hearts, dear Lord;  
If thru Thy help I can impart  
The beauty of Thy Word,  
I shall be giving back to Thee  
Something that has been given me.*

*And so, this hour I come to Thee,  
Great Teacher of the heart,  
As I go out to teach Thy Word,  
Dear Lord, may I impart  
Only Thy truth—Thy truth today.  
Master, give me the words to say.*

—GRACE NOLL CROWELL

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the lesson. We shall consider them in this order.

Jesus was *the perfect Teacher*. We read of Him that He went about, "teaching in their synagogues, preaching the Gospel of the kingdom and healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people"; and I believe that it is not by accident that teaching is put first in this order. This great Teacher said to His Father, "For their sakes I sanctify myself." As teachers, do we dare do less? The teacher must first of all interpret the truth of the Gospel in his own life before he can rightfully impart the truth to others. God had sent His prophets and they preached to the people but the results of their ministry were not permanent. Israel soon backslid. It was only when God sent His Son, who was the Word made flesh, that people could really understand the Word of God, and the same principle applies today: as teachers, the Word must be made life, a part of ourselves, if we are to teach it effectively. Jesus said, "As the Father hath sent me, even so send I you."

At least 80% of what a teacher in the Primary Grades accomplishes, is through her personality; and this personality, this Christian character is not a thing that just happens; it is being shaped every day in every circumstance of life. The raw material of our natures comes with us when we are born, but the finished product is what we make it; what we do and what we think today are crystalized into the Christian character and personality of tomorrow and in the shaping of this character there is no material so effective as our study and acting upon the Word of God. In speaking to Joshua, Moses said, "This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein: for then thou shalt make

thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success." If we want to be successful as teachers, as Christian workers, then the Word of God must become as much a part of us as arithmetic is a part of an accountant. It is then that it can truly be counted a part of us. You could hardly imagine a good accountant coming to the problem of seven times eight, and having to turn to his multiplication tables to find the answer. The multiplication tables must be a living part of himself and when the Word of God becomes a part of us in that same way we are in a good position to impart it to others.

The second factor in teaching is *the pupil*. Sometimes we get so taken up with our preparation to teach the lesson that we overlook the fact that we are to teach *John* or *Mary*. In each child are the possibilities of a life of blessing and usefulness or of crime and wickedness. The teacher creates nothing, but divinely directed and anointed, he unfolds and develops in the child that which is divine. And the great task of the teacher is to conserve and direct these limitless possibilities rather than leave them to go undirected till the pupil has made shipwreck through sin; it is to bring in the cargo of a life of Christian usefulness to port rather than to tow in a derelict. *Teaching has a most amazing influence on lives*. If the Dionne quintuplets were separated even at this time of life and rigidly taught, one could be made a Mohammedan, one a Buddhist, one a Communist, one a Roman Catholic and another a Christian. What a task before every teacher! What a responsibility is ours! The boys and girls will become what we or someone else make them. I wonder if we take our business seriously. When Jesus was asked who was the greatest in the kingdom—if He had been a good Roman Catholic He would have instantly said, "Why, the holy virgin, of course." But Jesus didn't belong to the Roman Catholic Church and when that question was asked Him He took up a little child, set him in their midst and said, "Of such is the kingdom of God." The question before us is, "Do they count with us as they did and still do with Him?"

You remember when Jesus met His disciples after His resurrection, He asked Peter that three-fold question, "Lovest thou Me?" and Peter replied, "Thou knowest that I love Thee." What was the first command of Jesus? It was, "Feed my lambs." So many people think He said first of all, "Feed my sheep." But Jesus put the lambs first and He made no mistake in

doing it. A child comes into the world entirely without choice, and ours is the thrilling task of directing those little feet and minds until they come into an experience in Christ where they will choose the right way and be strong enough to walk in it. The greatest responsibility, of course, is on the parents, but so many parents of children in our Sunday Schools are not Christians, causing the responsibility to rest upon the teachers.

The third factor in teaching is *the lesson*, or the process of teaching. In every group of teachers one may find those who are teachers by the record book and some who are teachers in fact. Some teachers *hold* their positions and others fill them. Let me ask you a question in mathematics; it may sound a bit foolish to some but here it is: How many legs would a calf have if you called its tail a leg? Someone answers five, but he is wrong because calling a calf's tail a leg doesn't make it a leg; neither does calling one a teacher make him a teacher. A person is not a teacher unless he teaches, regardless of how many people call him a teacher. And much that is called teaching is really not teaching.

How do you know you are a teacher? "Oh," you say, "I taught my class just last Sunday." But let me tell you that you cannot know that you are a teacher unless you know positively what teaching is. In the first place, telling is not teaching. It may be a part of the teaching process and it may not be. We may tell many things and have no one in our audience giving attention, or we may teach in language which they do not comprehend; then, too, no one learns everything that is told him. And no person has been taught until he has learned; nor more than he learns. How clever we would all be if we knew everything that had ever been told us. But truth cannot be poured into a mind like water into a bucket. Thomas Carlyle said, "To sit as a passive bucket and be pumped into, can in the long run be exhilarating to no creature, how eloquent soever the flood of utterance that is descending," and they may be leaner than Pharaoh's kine after we have tried to feed them on our fat knowledge.

In a blacksmith shop, in the shaping of iron, it takes more than the bellows, but in Sunday School work we have depended almost entirely upon the bellows to shape human characters. Nor is *hearing a recitation* proof of our teaching. It is possible that the pupil telling it may have

learned the facts from some other source or he may have memorized the words. A person may memorize words and not understand their meaning or he may get the wrong meaning. A woman in her late twenties tells that she always repeated the answer to that first question in the shorter catechism as follows: "Manchefon is to glorify God and enjoy Him forever." You who are familiar with that catechism know that the answer is, "Man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy Him forever." In our Sunday School quarterlies of days gone by they used to print the question and then the answer immediately after. We boys would often sit in class and count down the line to find our number and then we would read question No. 4 and give the answer correctly, if we happened to be No. 4. We had the answer but we certainly had not learned anything. One particular teacher had a class of boys and one Sunday she was interested in finding the reason for the absence on the previous Sunday of boy No. 1. But No. 1 was thinking about getting his correct answer to the question and the question was, "Where is Emmaus?" So when the teacher asked, "Johnny, where were you last Sunday?" the boy answered, "Seven and a half miles northwest of Jerusalem." Memorizing words without a knowledge of their meaning is no more acquiring knowledge than is the mere buying a book for your library. My father used to tell us of a man who suddenly became rich and wanted a library, so he ordered a ton of gilt-edged books, but that did not make him a man of great knowledge. Memorizing must be accompanied with explanation in order to be profitable and it must be given in such a way that the pupil understands. *Teaching is causing another to know that which we know.* So if we have taught, someone has learned.

I might ask the question, "Did you ever teach your Sunday School class?" and you would say, "Why certainly." But how do you know? "Why, look at the record. It shows that I was there." But that does not prove that you *taught*. And the proof of whether you taught or not does not rest with you but with the pupils. If they have learned you have taught and if they haven't learned you have not taught, no matter how many years you may have been called a Sunday School teacher. Let us not take anything for granted and we cannot take for granted that a child really knows until he is able to tell it back to us in his own words. It is not

only profitable but absolutely necessary if you would know for a surety that you are teaching, to take a little time to get the child or the adult to tell you their understanding of what you have taught.

A little girl went to Sunday School for the first time and when she returned home the mother asked her what she had learned and what songs they sang and she said, "Oh mother, they sang the strangest song, they sang about a 'consecrated cross-eyed bear'; and she said, "I have heard many stories of bears but I never heard of a cross-eyed bear." A little lad attended Sunday School and when his mother asked him a similar question about what songs they had sung, he said, "They sang, 'Hold the fort, fried ham coming.'" Now in both of these cases the teacher took it for granted that the boys understood what they were saying.

The preacher has an advantage over the teacher for it takes only one person to preach; whereas it takes two persons to make it possible to teach. There must be the teacher and the learner. And while the preacher may preach regardless of whether anyone gets anything out of it, it can never be truthfully said of anyone that he has taught unless someone has actually learned. Let me take the liberty of bearing down on that so that every teacher might get that great truth, that great law of pedagogy, that there is no such thing as teaching without someone learning.

I want now, briefly, to touch upon what we should teach or what should be the object of Sunday School teaching. If I were to say it in just a few words I would answer, *To build Christian character.* But that can be done in so many ways. It is the teacher's business to put into the mind of the child the right concept of what he is trying to teach, and first of all the child must get the proper concept of God. H. G. Wells, that noted English writer, says that when he was a boy he was taught that God was a great, powerful Person up in the skies somewhere, who was constantly watching him, ready to strike him down if he did anything wrong. That is a wrong concept of God to give any child. And possibly that may be the reason for the currents of that man's life having turned away from the faith in a living, loving God. A boy said that when he was in school they were studying about China and he saw the picture of a Chinese idol and underneath were the words "A god"; but no one ever explained to his childish mind that that

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## The Get Acquainted Page

Presenting the Upper Room Pentecostal Mission of San Jose, California. Max Freimark, the pastor, comes from an Orthodox Jewish family and was converted when his wife was healed of tubercular knees at the Woodworth Etter Camp Meeting in 1913 near Los Angeles.

THE UPPER ROOM Pentecostal Mission is generally known by the people of San Jose as "The Upper Room," and many have been the scenes and experiences there which would remind one of the Upper Room of that memorial day of Pentecost in Jerusalem when the church was born and endued with living power. Literally hundreds have received their Pentecost in this well known pillar of our Pentecostal constituency.

The local papers refer to this place at times as the U. R. Mission, but the saints themselves carry UR PM stickers on their automobiles and they like it to be known that it is not only the name of the church, but that it also stands for "You Are Praying Member" and "You Are Peace Maker." This wonderful spirit of God's presence with the members can be felt in the church building itself where the inscriptions, "Love - Joy - Peace," and "All for the Glory of God," greet you from over the platform, while the outside calls the attention of the passerby to Salvation, Healing, and the Lord's Coming.

The Upper Room Pentecostal Mission was first opened in 1919 in a hall on the second floor of 50 West Santa Clara Street; hence, the appropriate name "Upper Room," which was continued afterward. A number of brethren ministered there in quick succession to only a handful of saints. In 1920, Brother Max Freimark, then employed in Los Angeles, was visiting San Jose with his wife and daughter, and was called as Pastor of the work. In the spring of 1923, notice was given to vacate this hall and as no suitable place could be rented it was decided to build, subscrip-

tions to the building fund being started immediately. In searching for a location the present corner seemed attractive but it was thought that the price might be prohibitive. Furthermore, the owner, on account of prolonged serious illness, could not be reached. But prayer was made and the Lord opened up the way for an interview while the nurse and everybody else was absent from the home. The sick man was prayed for, and a cash offer was made for the lot, though there was very little cash on



The Upper Room Pentecostal Mission, San Jose, California. This building is built in tabernacle style and has a seating capacity of about 800. Brother Watson Argue has recently conducted his third campaign here.

hand and only about one-third of the price in pledges. A few days later the man himself went to his lawyer to have the papers drawn up. A small down payment was made and the total amount was paid in thirty days.

The cement foundation of the building was poured immediately, a rough floor was laid and a tent erected to hold meetings in during the summer months of 1923. In the fall of the same



Pastor and Mrs. Max Freimark and their daughter, Victoria.

year building was commenced, services being held in a near-by church. The Lord had been blessing the work in a marvelous way, but difficulties arose and some who had been associated with the work withdrew. However, the house was finished and dedicated to God on January 5, 1924, when the revival broke out again with greater intensity. Many were swept into the Kingdom and whole families were filled with the Holy Ghost. In the summer of 1926 it became necessary to enlarge the place. An addition, including basement and modern heating plant, prayer rooms, Sunday School rooms, children's department and other facilities, was constructed, giving the auditorium a seating capacity of over 800.

During the depression and several years previously, the church ran behind financially, owing to a lack of co-operation, and nothing was paid on the church debt. A direct revelation from God caused another thorough purging in order to bring forth more fruit which should remain. With a smaller assembly \$2,500 was paid off on the debt during the remaining portion of the depression. God made true His word as recorded in Hebrews 12: 10, 11 and Psalm 126, when the enemy was ready to swallow up His children.

"Sometimes when all life's lessons have been learned,

And sun and star forevermore have set,  
The things which our weak judgment here has spurned,  
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,  
Will flash before us out of life's dark night  
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue,  
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,  
And how what seems reproof was love most true."

The Upper Room Pentecostal Mission in San Jose, California, is located at Fourth and San Antonio Streets, at the very entrance to the beautiful State College grounds. The former main line railroad tracks of the Southern Pacific Company were recently removed from Fourth Street which is now the main feeder from the San Francisco Bayshore Highway into San Jose.

The church is well organized in its many activities and departments which radiate in all directions, but are gloriously harmonized by the Spirit of the Lord into one wholesome unit. The congregation leaves the impression of one big family. There is a fine group of young people and a flourishing Sunday School. The happy hour which is conducted by the C. A. President and the Pastor's daughter before the Sunday evening service, trains intermediates for enlarged and public activities in the C. A. organization. During the regular meetings one

night each week is set aside for church groups, families or individuals to take full charge in conducting the service as they see best fit. The Pastor is eminently a teacher of the Word to the effect that it becomes a present living reality in the lives of the hearers, and he covets earnestly the best gifts in the members of the body and encourages their development. Most of those who have gone out into the ministry from this church have qualified as pastors. It is perhaps more than a coincidence that two of the brethren who used to be song leaders and who went out into the harvest field from the Upper Room Mission, are now actively engaged in Northern California and Nevada District work, one as District Presbyterian and the other as District Superintendent.

Pastor Max Freimark comes from an Orthodox Jewish family and was converted thru the miraculous healing of his wife from Tubercular knees at the time of the Woodworth Etter Camp Meeting in the Arroyo Seco, Los Angeles, in 1913. Their daughter, Victoria, for years pianist of the assembly and private secretary for her father, has been of great help to her parents and of inestimable value to the congregation. Both Brother and Sister Freimark are used in praying for the sick.

### Growing Pains at Camp Byron

(Continued from page 2)

Then in the great services throughout the day, when throngs gathered, they were served the finest of the wheat through God's chosen servants. The graphic teaching of Rev. Myer Pearlman never failed to implant a fuller appreciation for God's Word as he pictured so vividly the Old Testament types; the Lord's Supper shall always have a deeper meaning, the tabernacle be a clearer picture before us of God's great redemptive plan. Then the great evangelistic services at night, in charge of Evangelist Otto Klink, proved to be spiritual mile-stones in many a life. Shall we ever forget those pungent sermons on salvation! The altar calls were most forceful and, as someone expressed it, "We almost felt that hell was open at the conclusion of the call." His strong prophetic talks were food for thought and never a night passed but that people swarmed to the altar to make their peace with God, to be filled with the Spirit, and to line up with God in a deeper way. Every morning the reports came in—"five," "seven," "ten or more received the baptism last

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## Three Days in a Crocodile Swamp

By E. Hodgson

(The following remarkable account is taken from the pages of the February issue of the "Congo Evangelistic Mission Report." This Mission was founded nearly twenty-five years ago by Messrs. Wm. F. P. Burton and James Salter, of England. Today it has over thirty white missionaries on the field.)



IT WAS about two years ago that an old-time fisherman first came along to the mission house. He was a typical son of Kisale—proud, respectful, independent; and in spite of the revolution in dress caused by the white man's stores in recent years he clung to his traditional long trailing skirt, made up of yards and yards of cloth, crowned with a link of huge beads around his waist, his whole upper structure left in its original beauty: a lovely sight of black rippling muscle; at its best when God makes it beautiful—in His own image.

Well, this man, Kitwa Mutongya by name, carried a sad heart and a load of trouble as he wended his way to the Missionary (Mr. Hodgson). Poor Kitwa had made two sad discoveries; one was that after parting with lots of his riches to many witch doctors he was nothing better, but rather very much worse; and their supposed aid and sympathy ceased automatically with his payments. The other even sadder discovery was that his own brothers and sons, knowing that he carried the sentence of death in his body, were waiting, wishing, and even helping him on to an early death, so that they could inherit with all speed his remaining riches and three wives.

### *A Need Met*

Having lost faith in his own kind, he wondered what the white man's God could do for him. The Missionary sympathetically listened to the whole story and then talked comfort, peace, and life to the old man whose huge pleated and trailing skirt perfectly hid an incurable case of elephantiasis with complications. The missionary, after doing all he could for old Kitwa, faithfully told him of his incurable case and pleaded with him to put his whole trust in the Lord Jesus, with the happy result that boldly and publicly Kitwa accepted Christ Jesus as his personal Savior, and burned all his charms and witchcraft medicines, bought dearly from the

witch doctors. This bold move brought with it a world of joy and peace into his soul, until he could rejoice in his infirmity, and the thought of death so lost its sting that he talked of and looked forward to the day when his Lord would call him up higher.

Upon Kitwa's happy conversion his whole heathen family and so-called friends dropped all pretense, and heaped upon him all the abuse and hellish hatred that they knew; but, out of it all, he had the joy of seeing his youngest wife, Danise, give her heart to the Lord Jesus Christ and lovingly stand by him to the happy end, which came quite recently when Kitwa laid down his heavy load and fell asleep in Christ Jesus.

Immediately after the funeral the heathen relatives, like vultures, pounced upon the dead man's riches and his wives. Kitwa's Christian influence now being removed, they set about to enjoy the inheritance to the full of their heathen capacity, which included saving themselves from any other world vengeance by sacrificing the three widows to their spirit world of death and filth.

### *Danise, the Widow*

The snag came when Danise, the Christian widow, boldly said: "I loved my husband in life, and I will be faithful to him in death. He lived and died a Christian, and I will mourn his death as a Christian widow. I will not submit even to one filthy heathen rite." They regarded her as a mere chattel, without voice or soul, so set about beating her into submission. Danise just answered: "You can kill me and that is all. I would rather die in my Lord Jesus than live in filthy devilism."

The other two women were regarded as model widows, because they submitted to being stripped of their clothes, rolled in the mud, and then dressed in the smallest and the dirtiest of loin cloths, and condemned to at least one year of filth, shame and suffering. They were given a stick each, to represent their dead husband, and commanded to sleep with the stick by night and walk with it by day. They were given an old kitchen out-house to sleep in, and forbidden to sweep it out for the next twelve months. The only bed or covering allowed them was their own ashes and filth. Next, but not finally, they were forbidden to wash their bodies, cut or comb their hair, trim their nails, and were not permitted other unmentionable things. They were to be married to the dead for one or two years, until the heathen relatives considered that the whole

family were free from any vengeance from the dead (spirit world).

#### *Only Fit to Die!*

Danise could not be beaten into heathen submission, so was next regarded as a plague spot to be gotten rid of as soon as possible, and at any price. She was placed in a canoe, and two men paddled her to her far-away home in the swamps. They cursed her all the way, and delivered her to her own heathen family as a "she devil" only fit to die. The family was afraid of any consequences, so refused to receive her, and told the men to take her away and do what they liked with her. The poor woman was bundled into the canoe again, with a whole village shrieking curses upon her. The family, because of fear of the dead husband's family, the two men because they had neither gotten rid of the woman nor received the dowry money back; and the other people, just because she was a defenseless, disowned woman, heaped on the abuse. It was in the late afternoon, so they paddled away across the lake and threw the protesting widow into the crocodile infested waters. The two men paddled back in the dark, told the people that they would not see her again; for if she miraculously escaped the crocodiles, the lions would get her before morning.

#### *A Living Death*

As Danise hit the water she breathed a prayer to God and struck out for the nearest papyrus island. The poor soul, quite exhausted, was just able to drag herself up into the papyrus and collapsed amongst the ants and mosquitos, suffering the agonies of the damned until daybreak brought along a measure of release and a plan of escape.

Her two garments she tied tightly around her middle and struck out for the next swamp village. After swimming, scrambling, falling, she stumbled into the village at sundown, hungry and bleeding, begging for a morsel of food, and a shelter from the blood-sucking mosquitoes for the night. The heathen villagers guessed who she was and besides refusing her food and shelter, they collected filth and stones to drive her out of the village. One man, more human than the rest, forbade them and allowed her to sleep in an open shed at the extreme end of the village. The next morning they drove her back into the swamp from whence she had come.

Poor Danise had to make every breath a prayer to God as she swam lakes and tramped swamps on her way to the nearest Christian

Church. She took a way never once before trodden by man. Exhausted by hunger and effort she would fall asleep many times half in and half out of the water, and waken up to see crocodiles snapping up fish alongside of her! Sometimes hippos would waken her with their blowing upon getting her scent. She knew that God was giving her sleep and protection, as from time to time she was near enough to hear the rumblings of elephants' tummies, the lions' roar, or leopards grunting as they made their kill of swamp buck or antelope.

#### *Saved to Live*

After three days (!) of such gruelling torture and hunger, poor Danise tumbled into the first Christian village as one from the dead. Her amazing story could not have been believed if her poor torn swollen legs and lacerated body had not borne eloquent testimony to its truth.

The Christian women with loving hands bathed, anointed, fed, and generally cared for their poor sister in distress. After five days a much happier Danise was able to travel into the mother church at Kikondja, where she is now enjoying happy refuge.

The universal testimony of our hardest hunters, fearless travellers, and rambling swamp-born fisherman is that **ONLY GOD COULD HAVE BROUGHT THIS WOMAN THROUGH** such an experience, saving her from the thousand deaths of the impassable swamps, without spear, canoe, or fear.

If God had not brought this widow through the three days and four nights of miracle, it would have been "just another woman lost" and we would have known nothing at all about it.

When we are just settling down in our bowers of ease, God lifts the lid off devilish heathenism and human cruelty, bringing us to our feet in activity and to our knees in prayer, that God's Gospel may cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

*Mr. Hodgson, the author of the above, has written a very telling book on "Fishing for Congo Fisher Folk," all true stories, depicting life among the native African, before and after conversion. See ad on last page of this Evangel.*

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*interests of self-preservation."* But I believe we agree that it is not a political job and unless the church does it it will not be done and it is not being done, and for that reason at least 27 million children in the United States are without Christian training of any kind today.

## *The Prophetic Digest*

*Albert J. Lebeck, Sacramento, Calif.*

### **Anti-Religious Trend**

One magazine states that 19 out of every 20 Jewish children under 25 years of age are not enrolled in any Jewish School; 3 out of every 4 Roman Catholics of the same age are not in any Catholic School and 2 out of every three Protestant are not in any Sunday School.

Many a child in this land today is as ignorant of spiritual things as the heathen in a foreign land. Nearly every adult can say that he had a praying father or mother, and can look back to early Christian training, but that is not true of children of today. Numerous children are being raised in ignorance of the Gospel. This lack of Christian training will reap a toll of unbelief and apostasy; they, in turn, will bring forth immorality, crime, etc. Truly we are living in the day, "When the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith?"

### **Soviet War on Church**

The Chief of Police in Leningrad disclosed the arrest of at least 120 alleged spies and "liquidation" of at least 70; he asserted many of these were priests, former monks, or relatives of churchmen.

### **Million Killed in Spain**

The price of one year of Spain's Civil War was 1,000,000 men, women and children. The war now enters into the second year. It will take many years for Spain to recover from this Civil War.

### **War in the Far East**

Recent news despatches reveal that the situation in China is becoming very critical. Many lives have already been lost and, if peace is not made shortly, there will be many more, besides damage to millions of dollars of property.

Whether China will be able to halt the invasion of Japan is yet to be seen.

A number of citizens from America, Great Britain, and other countries have already been killed in this conflict. We trust that other nations will not intervene, thereby making it a world-wide conflict. "Wars and rumors of wars."

### **Huge Bombers**

The writer witnessed an impressive sight on the night of August 12th. Nine huge, four-motored Boeing bombers landed at the airport here in Sacramento. These planes are perhaps the fastest, largest and most deadly yet built and the "cream" and prize of the air corps of the United States. Each ship weighs 20 tons and has four motors of 1,000 HP each totalling 4,000 HP. They are able to carry from 16 to 24 hundred gallons of gasoline at one load. Each ship is equipped with five machine guns. They are termed as "Flying Fortresses" and are able to fly at extreme heights and attain a speed of 250 or more miles an hour. Upon viewing these ships we realize what instruments of war are available for the next war and that they will surely cause untold destruction.

### **Russia Building New Dirigible**

A new semi-rigid passenger dirigible, to be inflated with Helium, is now nearing completion in Soviet Russia. The dirigible will be known as the "DP-9" and it is being constructed as part of Soviet Russia's plans to use airships as a means of transportation.

### **Trans-Ocean Service**

Recently Pan American Clippers, modern link between the Americas, will have flown their first million miles in scheduled Trans-Pacific Service. It does not seem possible that these planes have made more than 100 crossings, over the 9,000 mile stretch. Now we are witnessing the inauguration of Trans-Oceanic Flights over the Atlantic. The world is ever "shrinking in size."

Giant Sea-Planes have been constructed by America, Great Britain, France and Germany, to span the Atlantic. Already the Imperial Airways and the Pan American Airways have made test-flights in these huge planes and Germany has launched her Giant Sea-Plane. France expects, shortly, to have her Sea-Plane in operation. The world is shrinking in size and it is now possible to fly around it as a passenger, fulfilling the prophecy that "many shall run to and fro" in the last days.

### **Italy Launches Battleship**

Italy recently launched a 35,000 ton battleship, the first of the new Super Dreadnoughts. Italy expects to have one of the world's most powerful navies.

### **Germany**

It is reported in a Jewish magazine that a total of 93,000 Jews immigrated from Germany at the end of 1936. Last year 9,000 went to Palestine; 10,000 to over-sea countries, and 1,600 to other European countries.

### **Palestine**

There has been a proposal to partition Palestine into three parts, namely to assign one small part of approximately 20% of the territory west of the Jordan, for the establishment of a Jewish State, the other part for Arab and a British Mandated Zone, which is decidedly a move contrary to the Jews, and violates the thoughts and admirations of the Zionists movement. Many Jews declare that Britain has never enforced the mandate, which the League of Nations gave it in 1922. If it had been enforced, they say, the Jews and Arabs would not have fought as they have. There would be no need to divide up the country. But why can't the Jews and Arabs get along together? Some say, because of the leniency of Britain and its desire to avoid offending the 50,000,000 Mohammedans in India. It can be readily seen that the situation in Palestine can have an international aspect, the Arabs being supported by the Mohammedans on the one side and the Jews having the support of the European nations.

## How God Repaid A Sacrifice

THIS COMES from a dear saint, seventy-six years old, who for Christ's sake has learned to distinguish the difference between the verbs "to need" and "to want." Missionary work would not suffer as it does in many lands if all God's people learned the same lesson.

"His Name shall be called Wonderful!" On the fourteenth of February my granddaughter sent me a valentine with a check for \$5, which I was to spend for *extras*. So one day I thought I would go down town and if I saw anything that I wanted, that was a real "extra," I would spend some of the money.

My first temptation was for some delicious frosted cakes and some molasses gingersnaps in the window of the caterers' shop, but I refused to buy either one or the other. My next *want* was for some expensive soap (one of my weaknesses). I said, "No, Lord Jesus, I have enough cheaper soap at home that agrees with my skin, and You shall have the money for *Your extras*."

"But," I thought, "I might buy a cineraria plant—I do so love flowers, one of God's thoughts for our pleasure, and I could enjoy it for so long a time." *That* I also refused. Soon I came to a store where they had "from the nest to you eggs"; I thought they might taste a little better than those I had from my grocer, but I did not buy even those. My next temptation was a large can of R & R chicken. I had bought small cans but wanted larger ones, as the pieces of chicken would be larger. Even that was refused, but—the last *want* was a real temptation. It was at the window of "Witherells Glass House" where I saw them making candy. Oh, the delicious large pink and white mints! I am so fond of them; they just melt in your mouth. I turned away and as I walked home, I told my precious Lord Jesus that He should have the money, as He provided enough wholesome food for my needs each day, and we would have that as a dear secret between us—*His extras should be my extras*. I knew by the joy that came into my heart that He was pleased with my little sacrificing.

Now for the wonderful part of it all, where He is glorified. My birthday, the twenty-seventh, was a fair day. After spending the

first hour as usual with my Lord and thanking Him for His loving care during all of my seventy-six years, I went downstairs to prepare my all-alone breakfast. The door bell rang. There I found a young man with a large frosted birthday cake from his wife and her mother. Again I answered the bell and this time found the florist with a cineraria full of lovely blue blossoms. Just as I had finished eating my breakfast, a friend came in at the side door, as is her custom to save me from having to go down to the front door. She had a box for me containing three large cakes of "Old English Lavender" soap. (I am very partial to a certain shade of lavender, but she did not know that.) The bell rang again, another friend had called bringing me six large *brown* eggs "from the nest to me." I like the brown ones when I have my choice. By that time I was getting teary, my cup was running over. Oh, praise the Lord!

I was to spend the day with my sister in another town. Oh, of course I told them there all about it. While there one of my nieces took another niece and me for an auto ride. We stopped at a friend's and I was asked to tell the story to her and her husband for their encouragement. They saw God the loving Father's hand in it all, and He was glorified. When I arrived home that night I went to my ice-chest in the back hall and there I found a can of the large size R & R chicken. My friend came in the side door, and not finding me at home, put it in the ice-chest. The next day another friend brought me a box of "Witherells Glass House" large pink and white mints, which were for my birthday although she said she was rather late—(not too late to carry out my Lord's plan). I felt like David did, ready to dance because he was bringing back the ark, but mine was the revelation of God Himself. Sunday afternoon I went to the C. & M. Alliance meeting. A friend who always sits beside me there, gave me a box, and on opening it after I reached home, I found it full of home-made molasses gingersnaps—not one thing had my loving, Heavenly Father forgotten.

Oh the name just expresses what He is—*Wonderful!*—*From the Latin Amer. Evangelist.*

### A BIBLE GAME

A fascinating study of the entire Bible for old and young. Entertaining, instructive, and helpful. When played a few times one is a master of the characters, cities, and countries of the Bible. A means of mental and spiritual development. The best Bible game out. Everybody who plays it once wants one of his own. Suitable for a gift. **Price 40c.**

## The Unfathomed Resources of Prayer

H. EARL WINBURN  
in Chicago Tent Meeting

"Men ought always to pray and not to faint."—Lk. 18:1

**I** WANT to bring you a simple message this afternoon on the most important subject relative to our Christian experience, and that subject is prayer. It is undoubtedly a very searching theme, for as soon as it is mentioned the question immediately rises, "Have we prayed?"

A number of years ago I heard a pastor in Northern Minnesota say that prayerlessness was one of our greatest sins, and the lack of prayer brought condemnation quicker to us than any other failure in our Christian walk. This is surely true, for so many of God's people are careful about other things. Their tithes are regularly paid. They are constant in their attendance at the place of worship, and their lives are above reproach as far as sin is concerned. But in the matter of prayer we are so often convicted of the fact that we have neglected this great and glorious ministry for other things. I hate the thought of sin. I do not want to be found with a stain on my life when the Lord comes. Prayerlessness is a sin for it is a direct violation of the command of Jesus in our text. This is only one of many similar statements in scripture. The Bible is full of prayer both by precept and example.

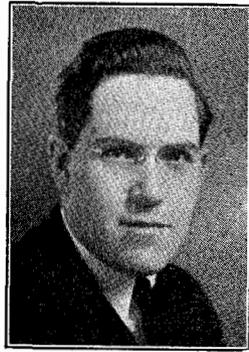
Apart from scripture I do not think that there is any better definition of prayer than the beautiful old hymn entitled "Prayer."

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed;  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear;  
The upward glancing of an eye  
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try;  
Prayer is the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on High.

Prayer is the sinner's contrite voice  
Returning from his ways,  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"



Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air;  
His watchword at the gates of death,  
He enters Heaven with prayer.

O Thou by whom we come to God,—  
The Life, the Truth, the Way,  
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;  
Lord, teach us to pray!

Prayer is wonderful! It has no fixed law regarding speech or attitude. The supplicant may pray in quietness, or raise his voice to maximum volume. Only a sigh may break the silence, or a tear flow down the cheek. We may pray on our knees alone in secret and touch the throne, or with the assembly we may stand and raise our intercession to God. It is not the language, but the attitude of the heart that makes prayer acceptable to God.

What a glorious privilege is prayer! It is blessed to draw aside from the throngs and in the quietness and solitude of our own closets shut the door and pour out our hearts to God. Here is the greatest asset the saint possesses. That private communion with the Lord is sacred and gives us a precious intimacy with our Heavenly Father. The secrets of our hearts are made bare before Him and we know that He understands and will make a way for us through every problem. Here at the Throne of Grace we can lay every burden at His feet with the assurance that we will find grace and mercy in time of need.

There is also a great blessing in public prayer. The saints of the Lord are bound together with the strongest tie that heaven can provide—the blood of Jesus. David said that it was good and pleasant for brethren to dwell together in unity. We are united in a blessed fellowship and great joy comes as we blend our petitions together and present them to God. There is a strength derived, and a fellowship enjoyed in public prayer that we can never get any other way. No wonder then that Jesus commanded that we ought always to pray and not to faint.

Fainting reveals a weakness and infirmity, but prayer brings strength and makes us powerful in His service.

Prayer is a clear command of God. Our text is not a mere implication, it is a definite command. A study of prayer in the scriptures shows that from patriarchs and from prophets, from disciples and from apostles, and holy men of all times, God demands prayer. No one can be an earnest Christian who does not pray. Sorrows, troubles, cares and work must not crowd out our time of fellowship with God in prayer. Entirely too many are fainting today by the way through spiritual weaknesses. The casualties are constantly mounting. It is not hard to think of many who were leading lights a short while ago but now, through self dependence and lack of prayer, they have dropped out of the picture of actual warfare against sin. God knows well that for us to stand the stress of today's battle we must pray.

Prayer is necessary and essential to Christian growth. It is the way to spiritual progress, the place to surrender our wills to the will of the Lord. It is the place to learn how to submit to the will of God. And then in obedience to His revealed will we grow in grace and knowledge of Him. We do not have to be rich, cultured or intelligent to enjoy this blessing. To be a successful Christian we need only to know how to pray and to bring men to Jesus Christ. There seem to be a lot of people who are half grown, dwarfed, spiritually speaking. I am sure that the Lord loves to see His children grow just as an earthly parent does. Any father is glad to see his boy develop and grow. It may be hard on the family budget, but dad always likes to see his boy demand a larger coat because the old one is too small. And I believe that God likes to see His children outgrow the former things. The Word of God encourages us to get out of the infant and juvenile experiences and into the place where we are spiritual giants and prepared to do exploits for Him. The highway to growth is the way of prayer.

Prayer is communion with God, and what sweet communion it is! How beautiful is the opportunity of a long season of prayer when the whole of our hearts are unburdened before Him! He draws us out by the power of the Spirit until we are empty of self, and everything is in His hands. And then He commences to talk to us and pour in His blessing. He there tells me what He would have me to do. He shows me my failures and weaknesses and instructs me

in His way. Prayer is never complete until you hear from God. It is not a one-sided conversation, but a communion of your spirit with the Lord's. There is no fellowship like the fellowship with the Lord through prayer.

Prayer is a great adventure. Thrills, joys and victories come to him who prays, that the man of the world knows nothing about. People who do not pray have no sense or appreciation of spiritual things. Their thoughts are entirely on earthly matters. But the man who prays gets a thrill, first, out of being able to talk with Heaven. He is a citizen of two worlds at one time and enjoys full citizenship rights in both. He lifts his heart to God and immediately has contact with heaven. Distance is not a factor to consider here, because heaven is close enough that even before we call He has promised to answer. It is also far enough away that when we once get there we are not coming back.

Then again there is a great thrill to answered prayer. Actually there is no greater joy on earth than this. After praying for one definite thing for months and even for years, our hearts rise in spontaneous praise when God in His mercy and love sends the answer. The other night a man over eighty years of age came to the revival meetings for the first time. For many long years he had been opposed to all that was holy and religious. But in spite of his determined opposition to God his own wife and son and many friends kept praying that he would be saved. It was a sight to make angels rejoice and the saints wept freely as the altar call was given and that aged gentleman stepped forward and with tears flooding his eyes and his body trembling with deep emotion he accepted the Saviour. Prayer that had been made for years was answered. What greater thrill is there than that! Yes, the praying man lives with the glory of God in his soul. He engages in a battle between two worlds, and is made to rejoice constantly in victory through answered prayer. David said, "In thy presence is fulness of joy."

Let us learn the value of prayer. A few moments spent praying may change the course of the whole matter. A night invested in prayer will bring rich dividends for many years to come. Let us pray for ourselves, for the church, for all God's people, and for the world, that many shall be saved. Pray on, until the heavens shall once more be opened and the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord.

## Miracles on the Mission Field

**T**HE GREAT revival which has been going on in India, on one of the out-stations connected with the Sharannagar Mission, Mrs. Esther Harvey, Supt., still continues with equal intensity. Only those who have labored in heathen lands in arid hearts can appreciate what this refreshing means. Missionaries who have agonized in prayer for years without results, will take courage to learn of God's supernatural working in this land that has been the subject of so much prayer. Mrs. Harvey writes:

"We have the two outstations where the Lord is working in such a wonderful way in healing the sick, and this week we are opening a third. The wife of the worker who is opening this station was one of my own girls. She came from a high caste family and has felt for a long time that the Lord would have them work in and around her old village. When there the people have listened so eagerly. She has a number of relatives there. I have just left the workers to choose their own places, and they have proved to be in the will of God.

"I wish I could transport you to one of these meetings. I cannot find words to describe it. The workers live in a small house, the veranda of which is shut in with a door made of iron lattice work. We sent the women inside this for prayer by the wife while the husband prayed for the men on the outside. We found the best way to handle the crowds was by giving them tickets. I never cared for doing it this way, but it is the only way one can handle such crowds here. Many years ago before I came to India I had a vision of just such meetings as these, great mobs of ignorant, deluded people to whom to minister. They had heard that people were getting healed and thought it was some kind of witch-craft, and they would say, "Blow on me," just as the fakirs do. We would have to explain that we did not blow on people but prayed for them in the name of the living God and He healed if they had faith. The crowds so jostled me it was very trying. My arms were black where they had put their hands on me. People with all manner of diseases were there and many lepers. Such a sight would melt a heart of stone! When one crowd is taken care of another comes. On Sundays there are about two hundred who come for prayer. We are concerned that these people, some of whom come from long distances, shall hear the Gospel.

We have a healing meeting here in Nawabganj every Tuesday, and while we have done no special advertising every week the crowd increases. Last Tuesday we had four hundred people. We have a Gospel meeting and then the workers pray for the sick. Last week I followed an old blind man and told him not to be discouraged but to believe Jesus and He could open those blind eyes. He said, 'Oh I know He can open my eyes for there is a man in our village who was blind. He came here five times and was prayed for and now he can see beautifully.'

"A man came one day who was just writhing in agony. He rolled on the floor during the message so I asked the workers to pray for him first. As they prayed for him the pain left instantly and he testified to the crowd that every bit of pain had left. He sat for a time and then when he got up he stopped saying the Name of Jesus and began repeating the name of one of his gods with his hands in the air. When he got outside the church the awful pain again seized him and he rolled on the ground in agony. Some of the workers told him that the Lord Jesus had healed him and He would not give His glory to Ram; if he wanted healing he must take the name of Jesus. He was prayed for again and the pain left. He went away with his hands raised, repeating the name of Jesus. He testified later that the pain never returned.

"Several lepers have been healed at the outstation, and one is asking for baptism. A woman testified that she had been crazy for 38 years and was delivered. She is now perfectly normal."

\* \* \*

**T**HE HARDEST people to reach with the Gospel in India are the Brahmins. They belong to the highest caste and lord it over all the other castes. Indeed, the Brahmin is supposed to be worshipped and consequently it is rare that he accepts Christ. But the human heart is the same the world over, whether in the proud Brahmin or the low caste sweeper. There is a deep heart-cry which cannot be satisfied by any man-made worship.

Mr. and Mrs. Boyce, Siswa Bazar, India, have just had the joy of baptizing a Brahmin and his wife, who had long been seekers after the light. He had traveled from one "holy place" to another, but his hungry heart was

never satisfied. On one of his trips someone gave him a gospel portion of John and he found Jesus through the reading of it. Later on, some one gave him an old, tattered Bible. How they loved that Book, and studied it diligently, until it is surprising how they know the Word. God wonderfully met and saved them both. Now they go out daily to the villages preaching the Gospel.

"There is a wonderful movement on in India and God is working, but the Hindus are doing all in their power to hinder the depressed classes turning to Christianity."

### NEW EYES CREATED

Mrs. Paul K. Derr, Mbeya, Tanganyika, Africa, writes:

"As we look back over the year we find much for which to thank the Lord. Well over a hundred souls have been saved and baptized, and many of them have received the baptism of the Spirit. We have also witnessed many remarkable healings. One young man was delivered from evil spirits. He has been so bad at times that the government had to take him to the lock-up for safe keeping. We have known him for years and have had fasting and prayer for him, and every time he was helped temporarily, but praise the dear Lord, last year he was completely delivered.

"A baby rolled off the bed and struck her eye on a sharp stick which pierced the eye-ball and the fluid ran out. When the mother brought her to us, the eye had the appearance of a piece of crushed paper. We examined it carefully and then went to prayer. Shortly after the baby was anointed the mother had the assurance that the eye was healed, and she began to praise the Lord for the Blood of the Lamb which was shed for us. The next morning the eye was perfect.

"One of the elders was suddenly attacked and knocked down by a lion, but the Lord closed its mouth and held it fast until some men had time to come up with spears and kill it. So many people in that section have been killed by lions that the people are afraid to go out after twilight, and in the day they go in groups and carry spears. Thus far no Christian has ever been hurt by lions or wild pigs."

### When a Baby's Touch Delivered from Bandits

(Continued from page 4)

quest. Then, taking it for granted that the angel of the Lord had delivered us, I asked him

if we might go now. After pulling down my hair to see if I had any money rolled in it, they let us go and bowed low. We quickly sat on the rope of the litter and went our way around the bend of the mountain, only to be told by one of the men we found there, a young lad, that Dr. Chang was dead! With this news my whole frame shook, as with a fever. It was then that I began to feel the shock of the whole situation. Yet the hand of the Lord was *there* upon me, strengthening and upholding me. We hastened down the mountain side, still under fire, for now some cattle dealers came back to rescue us, firing as they came along, which drew fire from the enemy over us. But the Lord did not allow a single shot to reach us. Later on in the day we found Dr. Chang all well and strong, lamenting us and the loss of his horse. The bandits fired at him, and he made one leap off his horse and landed amid some rushes which the Lord used to cover him for the time being. He heard them take away his horse with all his belongings, and after awhile he got away and quickly made his way to the nearest village where we met him. There, in the open market place before all the people, my Bible woman, Mrs. Chang, dropped on her knees and lifting her hands to heaven, prayed in a loud voice, thanking God for delivering through the youngest member of the party, and asking Him please to restore all the child's things, his milk, provisions, etc., in Jesus' Name, as we still had seven more days to travel ere we reached home.

For two days I was laid up in an inn, ill with fever. The child was cross because he missed his usual food and did not take to the rice very well. The second day I was greatly disturbed by his cries, and asked Mrs. Chang quietly to lay hands on the child that he might fall into a sweet sleep. That evening an official arrived and announced that soon the cattle-dealers would arrive with all the baby's things restored. We were amazed at this marvelous answer to prayer. The men had chased the bandits to a hollow in the mountain, where they were seen dividing the spoil. They quickly opened fire; some were shot, others got away, dropping little garments as they ran. All these garments were finally brought back to us smeared with blood. They were the child's clothing.

That night we made ready for our journey the next day, for among the things recovered was my bedding which enabled me to sit more comfortably on the litter for the rest of the

journey. God in a wonderful way delivered us. Has He not promised to be with us? And if our work is not finished He is able to deliver us. Having proved Him, we dare to turn our faces once more towards the Far East and the Highlands of Yunnan.

Our little boy, Victor, was surely happy again to get his own provisions and he settled down to enjoy his journey home, after his first conquest of Chinese bandits at the age of 7 months.

"I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee; delivering thee from the people and from the Gentiles unto whom I now send thee."—Acts 26: 16, 17.

### Teachers and Teaching

(Continued from page 11)

was not an actual picture of our God. Now how could a child with such a concept of God, love Him. It would be impossible to love a great tyrant who is waiting to strike you down with a big club or to love a hideous being as was pictured in that geography. If we can get the child to think of God as a loving Father, a Friend and Protector and Provider, One who watches over us; not to strike us down but to protect us, it is easy for the child to love God. Then we must give them a right concept of the Bible and teach them that when it is applied, it is a delight to know it, to walk in its ways which are safe. It is like a highway sign, like food for our spiritual growth.

There are so many ways of making the Bible a delightful Book to children and the children love Bible stories more than they love fairy tales. Put any number of them to the test and nine out of ten will choose the stories of Moses and Daniel rather than that of "Jack and the Bean Stalk." And these Bible stories can be made to live in the children. Our little grandson went to the zoo one day and he was very eager to see the lions. When he got home his grandmother asked him if he had seen the lions and he, with a very disappointed air, said, "Yes, but Daniel had gone home."

Then we must give the children a proper concept of the church and let them know that it is not just a religious club. It means so much to let them have a part in the church life and if they can be given something to do it makes them

feel it is their church; not just "father's and mother's church." We are making a grave mistake if we do not include the children in as many church activities as possible.

And the last is to give them a right concept of service, willing, joyous service. Children love to do things. In our church at Akron we had a group of Juniors and how eager they were to do something! I always had a glass of water on the pulpit to drink after I had finished speaking, and all I needed to do was to lift that glass and those little fellows would fall over one another for a chance to fill it. They wanted to do something. A wise secretary of a church once wrote a letter to a little ten-year-old boy asking if he could be at the church a few minutes early to distribute the offering envelopes in their place on the backs of the seats. The little fellow ran to his mother and jubilantly told her the news and then he said, "And mother, don't you think if I am faithful in doing that, they will ask me to do something else after a while?" Oh what it means to encourage them along this line!

Here is a statement, from a great Sunday School worker, which I would like to impress on every mind; I think it comprehends the entire thought I have been bringing, and let us always remember that the motive for every service must, of course, be love: "As love expresses itself it grows stronger; the stronger it becomes the more it seeks expression. And love that continually expresses itself never dies." Therein is the secret of developing rugged, Christian men and women for the church of the future.

### Growing Pains at Camp Byron

(Continued from page 13)

night," and throughout the days of the camp new names were inscribed in the Lamb's Book of Life. Byron Camp was privileged this year to have the first visit from the General Superintendent of the Assemblies of God, Rev. E. S. Williams, who also ministered to the crowds.

This growth, everywhere in evidence at the camp, was but indicative of the growth throughout the district. There were a number of new assemblies represented by the campers of 1937, while older ones had many more members present, for in many there had been a marked growth through the year. Among these might be mentioned the assembly of Appleton, where Brother and Sister Goudie are in charge. Through the blessing of God and their consecrated efforts

there has been a steady growth, not only of members but also an increase of missionary funds, till they have climbed from approximately \$60 a year to nearly \$500. They rejoice in the fact that every member of their choir has received the Baptism of the Spirit and during the days of the camp, six of their members were thus baptized.

The pledges of previous camps have enabled the district officials to "lengthen their stakes" and a number of new assemblies have been nurtured. This year saw a number of attendants at the camp, who, three years ago had never heard the Pentecostal message. Far up in Siren, Northern Wisconsin, a new assembly joined hands with the district just this last Spring. One Robt. Spencer had responded to a call to come and organize the little flock, yet rather regretfully, for, like Philip of old, he had to leave a revival campaign, to answer this call. A month later he was called as pastor and today he has the great joy of witnessing a fast growing work; a tabernacle is being erected which is to be dedicated in October. And from this newly affiliated assembly several car loads attended the Camp.

Another new place represented was Tomahawk, Wis. It was here that the Pentecostal message was first introduced through street meetings. Several times a week the pioneer Pentecostal worker would drive into Tomahawk, meet his congregation-to-be, on the streets, their only place of worship. A number became interested, asked that a work be established, rented a hall, called Mr. Moody to be their pastor, and today there is a flourishing work. Instead of the street they now have a tabernacle which was dedicated last Fall.

And such is the story all through Wisconsin. In places where a few years back, there was just one family interested in Pentecost, they now have a work established and these in turn are reaching out to give the Full Gospel to others. Today the district which three years ago started out with but \$65 in the treasury, has found it necessary to have two men, the superintendent, and the secretary and treasurer, in full time service; and with it all they have a larger home missionary program this year than ever before. Their foreign mission obligations have also increased. The district now has six whom they wholly support and two largely under their support. In the great ordination service of this year's camp, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Olson were

set apart for missionary work in Brazil and they hope to sail this Fall.

Thus the district has been forging ahead with the result that there is numerical growth as well as spiritual. One of the secrets, we believe, is that to them the blessings of God have not become common but remain ever fresh. A new superintendent, in the person of Pastor G. J. Unruh of Wisconsin Rapids, was installed this year, the other officials being the same.

We believe we are voicing the opinion of all, when we say, "If you haven't been at the Byron Camp, you haven't been at a real camp."—*R. M.*

### BALANCING THE SCALES

An English missionary in China found her only lady colleague down with the smallpox. Remembering that her last case when nursing in England had been a smallpox one, and the promise given to her mother not to nurse another case of smallpox, she made up her mind to leave the case to a Chinese nurse, but on reaching her bedroom the Lord asked her, "Whom do you love most, your mother or Me?" to which she replied, "You, Lord." Then said He, "Nurse this case for Me." So she was isolated with the patient.

As the days of quarantine were drawing to a close, spots appeared all over her body, which she thought due to ptomaine poisoning, but later on found it was smallpox, when she at once went to prayer. The Lord showed her the balancing scale of prayer, weighed down on the prayer side, but nearly empty on the praise side. At once decision was made to praise God for every spot on her body. This made the doctor furious and he said she was mad. After a season of praising God she inquired if there were any marks on her back, and being told there were, she began to praise for them until she concluded she had praised for every mark. Then she fell asleep to be awakened by the Chinese woman in attendance, stroking her face. An examination of her face in the glass satisfied her that the healing was complete. So she dressed and went to pay a promised visit to a missionary greatly depressed. Her admission was at first refused on the ground of smallpox, until the story of her recovery was told, when the missionary at once admitted her and tried the same remedy for himself, and through praising God he was speedily delivered from his depression."

## Some New and Helpful Books

### UNDER HIS WINGS

The Story of My Life,  
By *Carrie Judd Montgomery*

The writer of this book, who is also the editor of *Triumphs of Faith*, a monthly magazine, is too well known in Pentecostal circles to need any introduction to our readers. Mrs. Montgomery is one of the pioneers in Divine Healing, and the story of her miraculous healings, providential leadings, and how God brought her to active service for the Lord, make it a valuable book for anyone's library. The book also contains helpful and interesting matter in the "latter rain outpouring" and a number of miraculous healings under her observation.

Cloth, 256 pages \$1.50, paper \$1.00 Postage 15c. Orders may be sent either to us or to Mrs. Carrie Montgomery, 4700 Daisy Street, Oakland, Calif.

### SEEING THE REVELATION

By *Wm. Fred. Roadhouse*

A Message for God's Overcoming Saints. The author has for his guiding rule—"give a passage a literal and common sense meaning unless it is utterly incongruous, or unless the figurative is definitely stated." He makes the scriptures interpret scripture. He has given many years of study to the prophetic scriptures. "This closing book of the Bible is not a confusion. It reveals, not conceals the truth. It glorifies, not mystifies." While no one seems to have all the truth on this book this one presents new avenues of thought and much new and helpful light. "It is neither a pre-tribulation nor a post-tribulation but rather a mid-tribulation rapture." Second edition, cloth, 276 pages. Price \$1.10 by mail.

### FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH

By *Aron Anderson*

One of the most remarkable rehearsals ever written of God's deliverances when at the very gates of death and given up to die. Also the story of his receiving the Baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire, and call to the ministry, and God's working in the Congo.

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### STREAMS IN THE DESERT

By *Mrs. Chas. E. Cowman*

A collection of the very choicest quotations from deeply spiritual authors to Christians in trial. Nuggets of gold. Their deep trials on the mission field drew to them hundreds of troubled hearts whom they have tried to comfort as they have been comforted in God.

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