



The Latter Rain Kvangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

H A R V E S T

Think God for harvest time of year
For ripened grain that marks each row
Where Sun and showers came to cheer
The hearts with faith enough to sow,
For fruit bins full to overflowing
From many a frost-molested path,
For many gardens all summer growing
To provide for Autumn's aftermath.
Look up, my heart, and surely see
The glories of His majesty!

But there are those with calloused hands
Who bore the brunt to heap our hoard;
Even now their empty storehouse stands—
No horn of plenty there outpoured.
If "God from whom all blessings flow"
Be praised on this Thanksgiving Day,
We must remember those who know
Misfortune's cold, penurious way—
Remember—then let voices ring
With harvest praises to our King.

—R. D. B.



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

The Latter Rain Evangel

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HOW SHALL WE GIVE?

CHRISTMAS giving has become largely commercialized, mainly because it is centered around material gifts to please the outward man, which is all well and good, and yet, should the true Christian not have a higher motive in his gift-giving? Now there is a way by which we may remember our loved ones and friends with a material gift and with that, bring forth gifts which will please Him whose birthday we are celebrating.

Within our files we have letters from all sections of the land, from men and women who are eternally grateful to God, as well as to the friend who so wisely selected the gift to satisfy both the material and the spiritual, by means of subscription to *The Latter Rain Evangel*. They have sensed that peculiar satisfaction of the very "feel" of a clean, well-appointed publication and with real longing they have eagerly watched for the next month's issue. Then as they read and re-read the stirring messages, drank in the testimonies from people in all walks of life, assimilated the truth of some pithy sentence, there came into prominence a

spiritual blessing which far exceeded the material, for the soul began to be fed and the Savior of Bethlehem was again honored as heart and soul made a spiritual pilgrimage and presented Him with gifts rare and costly. For to Him there is nothing of so great value as a contrite heart, a surrendered will and a yielded life. Wise men of old never presented Him with gifts of greater worth.

Hence we present to our readers a solution to all problems of Christmas giving and believe His heart will be pleased as you select the highest type of gifts for this Christmas of 1937. Make a list of your loved ones and friends; then with a prayer in your heart, designate to each one whose eternal destiny you have at heart, to each one whom you long to bring into a deeper walk with God, a year's subscription to *The Latter Rain Evangel*. And remember, too, that every human soul has its inward struggles and you may be the means, through the channel of the printed page of winging to that soul just the message that will meet the critical need.

Make up your list as early as possible, send it to us with remittance and we will assume all

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One Long Thanksgiving Day

BERNICE C. LEE

Many, O Lord my God, are thy wonderful works which thou hast done, and thy thoughts which are to usward: they cannot be reckoned up in order unto thee: if I would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered. Psalm. 40: 5.



ANY years ago as Thanksgiving time drew near, in a little village Sunday School the children were given cards. At the top of each card were the words, "Why I am thankful." Below were six blank spaces to fill in. Eagerly young hearts pondered, and then, with pencil in hand, each little one painstakingly wrote down six reasons for thankfulness to God. To this day there stands out clearly in the memory, one of those statements in childish form, "*For being a Christian.*"

The years have come and gone with their record of defeat and triumph, pain and pleasure, clouds and sunshine, and as another Thanksgiving Day approaches we pause in holy reverie; we look down the years and into the heart there steals a joy too deep for words, and a sense of gratitude which we know could never be expressed in six lines!

"*I am thankful that I am a Christian.*" Can you say it today? Has the precious blood washed your heart till it is whiter than the driven snow? If not, hear His voice speaking to you, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Isa. 1:18.

The Pilgrim Fathers were indeed guided by a right impulse when they set aside one day for special expressions of gratitude to God for all His goodness throughout the year. The natural joy of gathering together for a day of feasting, the mingling of fellowship and merriment, and the long hours of pure enjoyment were certainly not displeasing to God, yet those early colonists put first things first; the main object of the Day was to give thanks to God, and we can easily visualize them, young and old, wending their ways to the meeting-house and sitting for hours and hours while the long sermon pro-

Just two years ago this month, the physical life of a most faithful and talented worker in India, was laid low when Miss Bernice Lee suffered a complete collapse. During the months that followed her life was many times despaired of and there seemed but a thread between time and eternity. The readers of THE LATTER RAIN EVANGEL joined with friends throughout the land in prayer for her recovery. God answered. Health has been restored and at this time she returns to give thanks.

ceeded. We doubt not but that there was much of the ponderous in their long discussions, and indeed history tells us that little children grew weary often, and heads nodded with sleepiness, but the fact remains that the spirit of the day was right and the motives of those early settlers true.

And today? Thank God, there are still the many who, as Thanksgiving draws near, will utter ejaculations of praise to God, and in remembering the blessings of the past year, will sing joyously of His love, will thank Him for deliverances in times of great danger, will extol His Name that salvation has come to their hearts and homes. True, there are those who will in no wise sense the significance of Thanksgiving Day, but it is not this class of which we wish to speak today; rather would we exalt Him and give vent to the holy joy that floods our hearts as we look upon all the way which He hath led. Perhaps your path has lain through tangled mazes where it has been difficult to detect the bright rays of the sun. Perchance you have been called to tread sorrow's lonely vale. Multitudinous problems, seemingly impossible of solution, may be facing you at this moment. Yet, look, look away to Him of whom it is said, "Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters." And again, "Art not thou... that hath made the depths of the sea a way for the ransomed to pass over?" Oh, thanksgiving is sure to fill our hearts if we but let the joyous One in! It would do any Christian good to read from the sainted Samuel Rutherford and catch the spirit of adoration, of praise and exaltation of the altogether lovely Jesus. The most ordinary saint, flooded with His love, is bound to radiate joy and blessing. The Scriptures are rich in examples of those whose lives have shone for God. Listen to the ejaculations of praise bursting from the lips of David! Hear him exclaim, perhaps on some special Thanksgiving Day of long ago,

*"Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness;
And Thy paths drop fatness."*

But shall we not take time for a little specializing and detail some of the causes for thanksgiving?

In a far-away land, across the seas, a precious servant of God was suddenly and cruelly stricken. A horror of great darkness enshrouded the mind. The once keenly alert soul-winner, the deeply spiritual and prepared vessel of the Lord was so viciously attacked by the great arch-enemy that he was wickedly made to believe himself a lost soul. His voice, which had for years sung the sweet songs of Zion, was silent; no longer were heard the sweet strains of the violin, at which he was so proficient; gone was the message of his lips which had so long sounded forth the praises of God and made him a successful fisher of men. But God had not left him, and He had a group of saints prepared for the terrific battle. Together they bowed under the burden, together they wept and fasted and prayed, encouraging themselves and one another in the Lord. For two years the battle raged and then his bands were loosed, the cords cut asunder, and God's tried servant was led past the first and the second ward and even out of the iron gate of the prison, into the great, beautiful sunshine of God! The Sun of Righteousness had indeed arisen with healing in His wings and the ministry of this chosen servant has been multiplied many-fold since the great struggle ended. Do you think the deliverance was not cause for special rejoicing and thanksgiving? Only those who knew somewhat of and took part in the battle, can rightly participate in the song of victory, and through all eternity glad voices will proclaim the triumph of the Lamb, the Lord God omnipotent!

Life for the past few months has seemed one long Thanksgiving Day as I review the year that has gone, during which time I lay, for a greater part of 1936, a prisoner in bed with rheumatic fever. For months of that time, life was despaired of by those who kindly nursed and watched. One day, never to be forgotten, the heart suffered a collapse, and if it shall please Him to some day remove His child ere the coming of the Lord, I shall never feel death more really than at that time. Distinctly I was conscious of life leaving the body, and as though I were being let down, down, down. The sensation can never be described and known except by those who have had a like experience. Yet God intervened. Prayer was made without

ceasing and life began to flow in, slowly, slowly. Then followed months of great weakness, prostration and suffering; yet the quiet consciousness that God was nigh at hand was mine. When too weak for expression, there was the silent, inward gratitude to God. Then came the day when that gratitude could be voiced, and ever since, life seems overflowing with praise.

But what is the outcome of days of testing? Is there anything more than expressions of thankfulness and songs of deliverance? Ah, yes! for in the "valley"—in the passage through the lonely darkness, a Hand has reached out and

THANKSGIVING DAY

*"On that stern and rock bound coast"
Of New England—Lo!*

*"A band of Pilgrims"—so we read—
Faced sickness, death, and woe.
For the right to serve their God
And to worship Him, they came,
From home and loved ones exiled now,
Because of His great name.
Hunted, pillaged and villified,
Across the sea they fled,
Braving the storm-tossed, raging deep,
Knowing God still led.*

*By the savage hosts oppressed,
Hungry, and cold, and alone,
They buried their dead 'neath waving pines—
Dirged by wild sea's moan.
And when harvest came at last,
Bringing winter's store,
They set apart a day of Thanks
And worshipped—o'er and o'er.
'Twas worth the sorrow sore and keen,
To be free to serve their God;
For was HE not their all-in-all?
HE knew the path they trod.*

*America was bathed in blood
Of these Pilgrims tried and true,
That it ever might be kept
Free for me and you.
Free—yes, free—to worship God
Not to deny His claim!
Free for those who love His cause
And His holy name!
America—Awake and know,
You were dearly bought;
By tears, and blood and partings sore,
Were your battles fought.*

*Not to disown Heaven's claim—
Nor to say God "Nay"—
Rear your altars! Raise your hymns!
'Tis Thanksgiving Day!*

—L. E. D.

touched the chastened soul, and that soul can never, never be the same again. The shadow of a great sorrow crossing a life will, if that soul *lets God*, become a radiance surpassing anything before experienced, and in ever-widening circles of blessing, will that life flow out into other lives until its fulness reaches far beyond calculation. Shall we, at this Thanksgiving time find God's real purpose for our lives? In the midst of our own happy circumstances, shall we turn to others who have been denied what we have been privileged to enjoy?

After the walls of Jerusalem had been completed in Nehemiah's time, there came a day when all the people were gathered together to hear the law read and explained. Thereupon the people wept, but listen to Nehemiah as he bursts in upon their mourning with the joyous command, "Go your ways, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and *send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared.*" God has blessed them, now they in turn were to bless others, and here lies the secret of fruitful ministry. O soul, "satisfied with favor and full with the blessing of the Lord," turn your eyes from beholding present, personal benefits and get to the business of preparing and sending portions to them who still sit "in the region and shadow of death." Are we not a people especially anointed and called to bend every effort, in the little time that remains, to go forth by prayer, by sacrificial gifts, and personally to those who yet stand in such appalling need of the Gospel? Is it possible that the keenness of our early consecration has lost its poignancy? Are we less stirred than of yore over the heathen world? Have we settled back into a place of ease as regards souls in darkness? Where is the burning desire we once had to go to the ends of the earth to witness to those for whom nothing has been prepared?

Let us take you to a scene in India today, which should stir the heart of every true lover of the Lord. A great mass of the so-called "untouchables" of that dark land, for generations depressed, looked down upon, despised, cursed. Today they stand in the valley of decision, halting between Mohammedanism and Christianity. Will the church of Christ arise and plead for these souls until they be won for Him? And it will take pleading, strong crying and intercessions, sacrifice and *passion*. It is as though God, in infinite love for the souls He has created, is looking to His redeemed ones today to stand with Him in the breach that these, and countless other needy souls may be won,

and a people for His Name gathered out ere the King shall return.

And not only this great body of depressed classes, but see them out there in that land of darkness, ones and twos, and little groups of hungry, inquiring souls, making their way along the roads, walking through the rice and wheat fields to ask the missionary about the way of life. Catch the look of soul need in the dark eyes, hear the questions trembling on the lips. See the multitudes of little children devoid of any knowledge of Jesus, the Lover of the little ones, yet eagerly crowding around the missionary and the faithful native workers, so responsive to love, and all, all waiting for us to tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.

Never can we forget one such little soul. A little Mohammedan boy in the throes of a foul disease, unable to walk, no one to care for him and being given to eat anything which the poor villagers might spare—sometimes the flesh of an animal that had died. In this condition he was found by the missionaries who took him in, cared for his poor, emaciated body and proceeded at once to tell him of Jesus. In a few days the spirit in the diseased body awoke to things eternal and he became one of the brightest Christians we have known, testifying later on to his own village people as to what the Lord had done for him. Wherever he went he was a faithful witness and continued so until a few years later when God called him to Himself.

Yes, they wait in India, in Africa, in China, in Japan, in the Islands of the seas, in every dark corner of earth. They are to be found amongst those of every station in life. The Savior is saying as in the long ago, "Give ye them to eat." What excuse have we for *not* giving? Oh, shall we not arise joyfully to the task of preparing and sending portions to them for whom nothing has been prepared?

"WORKERS TOGETHER"

"Someone has blended the plaster; and
 someone has carried the stone;
 Neither the man or the Master has
 ever builded alone;
 Making a roof from the weather, build-
 ing a house for the King;
 Only by working together, have men
 accomplished a thing."

When Man Is Like God

DONALD GEE

In the Stone Church



AM SPEAKING to you on a somewhat surprising subject, that concerning the restoration of a brother who has fallen. The text is found in Galatians 6:1, "*Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.*" I consider that a very powerful scripture.

Now we find there are two individuals in this Scripture; yourself, and the other person; my difficulty is that I never quite know whether I am myself or the other person in this connection. Let us look first of all at that striking phrase, "*overtaken in a fault.*" That very thing has happened to a good many of us already and may happen to everyone of us—*overtaken in a fault.* I am much interested in that plain English word, "*overtaken.*" It gives us the picture of a man being pursued by a sin, a trespass; week after week and month after month, even for years it has been chasing him, has been on his tracks. Every now and then he has looked over his shoulder and has seen it pursuing him. Some of us have had things pursuing us for years; some temptation, some sin. This man knows it is after him; he knows he has had many narrow escapes and now at last it has fastened itself on him and he has been *overtaken*. Of course this man might have hidden where the thing could not find him. Thank God, I know of a Hiding Place; but somehow the poor fellow didn't find this and so it overtook him. He might have called out and then a Friend, strong to deliver would have come and saved him. I know of One who is strong to deliver and who answers when I call, but somehow this foolish fellow didn't call. I suppose his pride fooled him. Nothing deceives us more than pride. We think we are so strong, so wise, and that we shall not fall though everyone else falls; we think the thing that has overtaken other people will never overtake us and I suppose our greatest danger is pride, the pride that keeps a soul from hiding.

Yes, there is much in that English word, "*overtaken,*" but when I dig into the Greek word

used there I get still more because the Greek word used means "to be taken hold of publicly." That makes the cold shivers run down my back. "Brethren, if a man be taken hold of publicly by a fault"—it makes me think of one of our English "bobbies" putting his hand on your shoulder. You are arrested, you are taken hold of publicly. Dr. Moffat translates it, "*Detected in a fault.*" That is almost first cousin to "detective." This verse has a bit of police flavor about it.

The thing to remember is that we are dealing with a sin that has become manifest. And pardon me if I say that God only knows the number of sins present in a congregation that have not become manifest, but they are there just the same; the only difference is that they have not yet taken hold of you publicly but they may any time. As the old proverb goes, "The cat is not yet out of the bag," but it will get out some day. Our secret sins are in the light of His countenance and there is One before whose eyes all things are naked and open; God knows the things that you do not admit and some things you do not know.

But our Scripture, of course, is dealing with the poor fellow that has been found out; his fault is possibly just the same as yours, but he has been overtaken, been taken hold of publicly and his sin has become manifest. And because of that he is faced with ruin or at least with shame, disgrace and embarrassment, faced with the temptation, that, having slipped, he might as well go all the way, what would be the use of keeping up any further pretense whatever: "Let me go back to the world"; "let me go any place." If there is such an one I pray that the strong power of God's love may hold you and may the hope of the Gospel get a grip on you and keep you steady.

The word "fault" literally means "falling aside" and bears the thought more of weakness than of rebellion. There are some sins that are a definite rebellion, when men clench their fists in the face of the Almighty, but the thought in this verse is not like that. There are some sins that are more of a result of weakness than anything else. Of course, victory could have been secured but you did not secure it; grace was there but you did not receive it; the very weakness should have made you lean all the harder on your Redeemer, on that wounded side, but you didn't hide there and consequently that weakness caused you to fall aside. That is what the word literally means. Dr. Weymouth trans-

lates it, "a misconduct" and in another place it is given, "trespass" as in the Lord's prayer. "Forgive us our falling aside as we forgive those who trespass against us."

But let us remember that falling aside, although it may not be rebellion against God, still is a deadly thing for we read, "You hath he quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins." We are apt to think that slips and tumbles will not matter much, but let me say that if you have too many of them they will matter. I used to be very fond of quoting, "If a man never makes a mistake he never makes anything," and I often used that to encourage others as well as myself, but one day one of your leading brethren informed me of the remainder of that saying, "but if he makes too many of them he loses his job." I haven't used that quotation much since. And so it is, if you have too many fallings aside they may be deadly and bring you to ruin for time and for eternity. This is a solemn business. But we shall not dwell in the shadows any longer; I simply wanted to make it as dark as it should be so we may appreciate the sunshine.

Now how lovely it is to come to the center of the verse, which is that one golden word, "restore." "Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one." I almost want to sing that; there is music in that word "restore." I am glad that God's business is restoration. Let us always remember that His aim is not destruction but restoration. I have met some horrible, ugly burlesques of church discipline in my travels around the world. I believe in church discipline, but, lovely as it is, it can be very badly perverted. And you remember how Paul said he wanted to use the power which God had given him not to destruction, but to restoration; to a building up, to edification. So let us be thankful, that if we have been overtaken in a fault God wants us to be restored. Brother, if you have slipped, God wants you on your feet. Sister, if you are in the mire, God wants you restored. Not a single one has fallen whom God does not want to lift up again. He desires that the entire race that has fallen should be restored and reconciled. Spiritual people, and true Pentecost, want him to be restored. Our business is not to kick out the fallen one but to lift him up, to set the offender right.

Whenever I think of these two words, "falling aside," and then this lovely word, "restore," I am reminded of the New Zealand roads. I had the privilege to travel there some time ago.

It is a large country with a small population and therefore they are rather short of public money and cannot afford to pave the roads well so they just pave a narrow strip in the center of the road, wide enough for one car. Then when you meet another car both of you have to slow down and very carefully keep your side wheels on the pavement and the rest of the car has to go where it can. I had some rather trying experiences when I was motoring there and we didn't always succeed in keeping the side wheels on the pavement, but "fell aside." We literally fulfilled this Greek word of "falling aside" when we found ourselves well up to the axle. The shoulders of the road were so soft that if you once got off you couldn't get on again and you had to wait till the rest of the Scripture was fulfilled and you could be "restored" by some big brother, fortunate enough to have a bigger car than your own, who would come and pull you out and put you back on the road. I think this is the best illustration of this verse: *Brethren, if a man has fallen off the pavement, ye which are spiritual tow him on again.* And make sure that he has enough gas to get him home. It is but another version of the parable of the Good Samaritan.

Finally, we want to speak about true spirituality and let me say, only God knows how much false spirituality there is. May God give us the real thing. People sometimes become sarcastic about super-spiritual people and I am wondering whether there was not a tinge of sarcasm even here and whether he is not saying to some of these ultra spiritual ones—"Ye which are *spiritual*, restore such an one." May God save us from thinking that we are jugs of spiritual cream. We are only sinners saved by grace, and the most marvelous thing is that the Lord ever baptized us in the Holy Spirit. I want to be more worthy of the description given of being spiritual for there is one thing I know and have learned, that to restore anyone who has fallen is divine; it is God-like. *You are never more like God than when you are restoring someone who has fallen, for that is just what God is doing all the time.* It is just what God did for me. So when you are in that business of forgiving and restoring, you are becoming a partaker of His divine nature. But if you find that you are always kicking people who are down, are censorious and unforgiving of heart, just remember that you are not like God. You may go to service every night in the week, you may pray long prayers, you may preach good

sermons, but if you are not helping to restore people who have fallen, you are not the genuine article.

Now we are told to restore such an one *in the spirit of meekness*. You will notice that meekness is nearly always connected with our *spirits*. He says concerning the sisters that the Lord wants them to have the ornament of a meek and quiet *spirit*, and I believe the brethren could wear that also, "which is in the sight of God, of great price." Why in the sight of God? And why the meekness of spirit? Because meekness is always a hidden quality of the heart. I cannot see whether you are meek or not, outwardly. Don't be deceived by people who look meek; some of them may be tigers. I have met some people who *look* meek but real meekness is not an outward thing but found on the inside. The people of Israel didn't think that Moses was meek when he ground the golden calf into water and then said, "Now drink it." But God said he was the meekest man among all men. God alone is able to appraise meekness. I am sure that one quality connected with meekness is humility of mind.

The apostle shows us here that if you are really meek you will have that humility of mind which considers yourself, lest you also be tempted. May God save us from that fleshly pride, that, when a brother falls, or a sister slips, we hold ourselves up and say, "I am better than they." Would it not be more truthful to say, "I haven't been tempted as much as they have." I think one of the most famous sayings in the world is that which John Bradford first said on a London street in 1555, when watching a criminal being taken to execution, he said, "There goes John Bradford but for the grace of God." Have you ever put your own name there? and said, "That is myself but for the grace of God; that fellow slipped, but I wonder if I wouldn't have done the same thing had I had the same background and been under the same temptation." And if, perchance, we have not slipped, it is all of God's grace and grace alone. Let us magnify His mercy and His marvelous favor. His grace permits me to have this privilege of standing here and being a preacher of the Word of God. I might have been in some drunken carousal last night and only the grace of God has saved me, so let us not think that we are so tremendously respectable because we are sitting in a church. We are but sinners saved by grace.

This word, "*considering thyself*," literally

means, "looking to yourself." "Watch your step." "Brother, be careful. You haven't yet been overtaken but only God knows what will meet you outside the door." May God open our eyes afresh to our weakness and His mighty strength.

"*Considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.*" Here I want to bring a most solemn word of warning. If you persist in being censorious, persist in criticising and whipping people who are down, let me warn you of a thing that may befall you. Your judgment shall be that you yourself shall be tempted in just the same way that others have been. And may God help your soul in such a time, for your very pride has been the worst preparation you could ever have, for the battle, when it comes to you. I tremble for you. I have seen it again and again. I think of a word of wisdom in the Book of Proverbs which tells me that "Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein." I think of that drama in the Book of Esther and how Haaman prepared his gallows for Mordecai and then got hung on those very gallows himself, and he was not the last one. May God help us to walk humbly with our God.

I think of some things that took place several years ago, when a certain Christian worker was overtaken in a fault; I rather think I could use a stronger word in this case. But I remember how this man was dealt with by another Christian worker who showed no mercy, who hounded him like a bloodhound and seemed determined to do all he could to make his ruin more ruinous. And then, I think it was only about twelve months later that this very man who had hounded the other fellow, himself fell into a temptation equally abominable before God and man. Let us take the solemn warning of the Word of God to manifest a spirit of meekness, considering ourselves, lest we also be tempted.

But you say, "I am not meek and I don't know how to become meek; everything in me is hard and proud and censorious. How can I become meek?" Many of us are not naturally meek, but I am happy to say that meekness is a fruit of the Spirit and therefore, if we receive that blessed Spirit there is something we may have from that Spirit which we never had by nature. So let us sing the doxology that we can become meek because it is a fruit of the Spirit, growing into our natures, as fruit always grows—gradually—as a result of life, as a result of abiding.

But you say, "Brother Gee, I am as hard as steel." I have a story for you and it comes from

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What the Pentecostal Message Has Meant to South Africa

ARCHIBALD COOPER
In the Stone Church



WANT to speak to you on how I came into Pentecost and what the Pentecostal experience has meant to me. It was in the year 1906 that I was converted under the Holiness teaching, in the city of Cape Town, South Africa. I had gone to South Africa, like many others, with the hope of making my fortune. For three years I lived a life of adventure; I knew nothing of God but lived for the world. Time and time again I faced death but God miraculously spared my life. The first time any spiritual impression was made upon me was in the year 1904 under the ministry of Gypsy Smith, the world-wide evangelist. Strange to say, I met him again on the Queen Marie just four weeks ago and had the pleasure of a long conversation with him. But, although I was definitely moved upon by the Spirit under his ministry it was not until two years later that I surrendered my life and my all to the Lord Jesus Christ. Then, a few months later I received a clear and definite call to the ministry.

In the meantime I had met with success in the commercial life and had become a merchant in Johannesburg. It was a bit hard to give it all up but on August 12, 1907, I had what was, undoubtedly, the most remarkable supernatural experience of my life. I had gone to my room about 11:30 and shortly after I felt I should pray. Just as I knelt I distinctly heard a still small voice saying to me, "Not any hurried prayer." I looked at the clock to check myself. Then I began to pour out my heart to God and after a precious time of intercession I lapsed into a state of waiting before Him, and soon became conscious of an intense silence. It seemed to be out of the ordinary. Then suddenly there burst above my head, a voice louder than my own at the present moment; a voice powerful, loving, and penetrating, and as the words were uttered they seemed to enter into my soul in a remarkable way. And these were the words spoken, "*Receive ye the Holy Ghost.*" I shook from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet; I trembled violently, and then, all

became very still and I found myself unable, or unwilling to move. I could hear the clock ticking in my room and as I was still waiting, again the same voice broke upon me with the same words, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." Again I shook violently and then again there was silence. Again I waited, and then for the third time I heard the voice, now saying, "Receive ye the gift of tongues."

Now we all know that that expression is not to be found in our Bibles. It is true that we read of the nine gifts of the Spirit and the speaking in other tongues is one, but the exact expression, "the gift of tongues," is not to be found in the Bible. God knew that I was utterly ignorant of this Pentecostal outpouring of the Spirit and knew nothing about the Baptism in the Holy Ghost. I was taught that sanctification and the Baptism in the Holy Ghost were one and the same experience.

Following this experience God gave me a vision and I saw myself in a large public thoroughfare, and I was preaching. It was the first vision I had had in my life and I marvelled. In the vision I realized that I was speaking in an unknown tongue; then I noticed people passing by, and what impressed me most deeply was that these people gazed at me with a look of incredulity and unbelief; some seemed to have a sneer upon their faces while others looked at me in scorn and passed on, leaving just a handful who seemed interested enough to listen. I instantly was made to realize that there was a reproach connected with this Pentecostal experience and I confess that I said "No" to God. I was unwilling for that. Some months passed by and one day a Christian friend said to me, "Mr. Cooper, would you like to look at this paper? It is all tattered and torn but it contains some remarkable things." I said I would read it. I found it was one of the first papers published at Azusa Street Mission and as I read it I could scarcely believe my eyes and exclaimed, "It is God doing these marvelous deeds in these days." Had we come back to the days of the apostles? Impossible! and yet somehow I felt I could not deny what I had read. I returned to my office and at once wrote a letter to Azusa Street Mission asking them to send me a bundle of their papers. About two months later I received these papers accompanied by a letter saying that in the course of about three months some missionaries would be arriving in South Africa who would bring this message to us. And then one day, I think it was in March of 1908, a brother

said to me, "Mr. Cooper, did you know there were three missionaries in town who have just arrived from America?" I said, "Where are they? They must be the people for whom I have been waiting." My friend did not know where they were stopping and seeing that Johannesburg was a city of about 300,000 people you will realize that my task of finding them was no small one. But on inquiring here and there I finally found where they were staying and that night I met them and to my surprise, one of the brethren turned to me and said, "Why here is Brother Cooper. God bless you." From that day I became identified with these brethren and that was the birthday of the Pentecostal Movement in South Africa. I have seen it grow from infancy until today it has swept the length and breadth of the land. We have tens of thousands of natives who have been born into the Kingdom of God, and there is hardly a city, town, or village where the Pentecostal message has not been proclaimed.

It was not long after that God gave me the sign that the Holy Spirit had taken possession of me and I rejoice for the experience. I am not ashamed of the Pentecostal experience. There was a time when we felt a great reproach resting upon us; we were looked down upon and regarded almost as the scum of the earth. I remember when people would point their finger at me and say, "There goes that false brother," and some even went as far as to say that I was the Antichrist because I was praying for the sick and casting out devils, but there came a day when we lifted up our heads and rejoiced that while perhaps the reproach had not all rolled off, yet we could realize that others saw we had been separated from the world and stood for the whole counsel of God.

I was still in business as a merchant and had prospered as a young man, so had no reason to leave it, but the call became so urgent that I felt the time had come for me to obey. So six months after I was married, having put God to the test, and having received definite leading, I stepped out, locked those office doors and never went back. It was handed over to the successor. Some said that I was mad and had thrown away the greatest opportunity of my life but I felt that to obey God would mean more to me than all the success I might ever obtain in business. We sold our home and the day we parted with that we made a clean cut from everything. Every penny we received for the home we gave away and we didn't take so much as a spoon from

the house. That day Mrs. Cooper turned to me and said, "Well, where are you expecting to sleep tonight?" I replied that I did not know. I supposed we might be sleeping out in the veldt but before the night came on I had a bed offered for myself and my wife and so we started a life of faith. Those first four years we shall always remember as being among the happiest years of our life but they were hard years. I remember that in those four years I had only one new suit of clothes and that was a very cheap one; the others were second-hand. I don't know how we lived. There were many days in those four years when we sat down to corn mush without sugar or milk on it and often we had black coffee, but somehow we were happy. We never went hungry. One morning as I awoke Mrs. Cooper said, "We have no bread in the house this morning, and you have no money." I said that I knew I had no money. But my wife knew God and the next moment I saw her head bowed in silent prayer, and I decided I would also pray. After we had finished we compared our prayers and we found they were about the same. We had reminded the Lord that He had called us out to preach the Gospel and He had promised to supply our every need. The two scriptures He gave us when we stepped out, were, "My God shall supply all your needs according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus," and "When I sent you forth, lacked ye anything? And they answered, Nothing, Lord." So in our need we reminded the Lord of these two texts and within fifteen minutes, before I was even presentable to open the door, there was a knock and there was a lady who said, "Mr. Cooper, do you mind taking this loaf of bread? I felt I had to bring it to you." She was unconverted and had never brought us bread before or since. I could tell you case after case of the way God worked for us in those days. I remember another morning when the provisions were very low; we had just a bit of corn meal left in the bin. Mrs. Cooper was not feeling very well so I told her to remain in bed while I prepared the breakfast. The cupboard was almost bare but I managed to find two or three teaspoons of tea and a crust or two of bread and I thought that the bit of corn meal would enable us to have some breakfast. So I made the fire and heated the corn meal and then began to set the table. I remember getting the sugar bowl which was empty and somehow I got an inspiration. I held up that sugar bowl towards heaven and said, "Father,

You can fill this sugar bowl," and with that I put it in the center of the table waiting for Him to fill it. You say that was a foolish thing. No, it was an act of faith. Again a knock came at the door just about 15 minutes later and there stood the postman. A letter had come 150 miles away and as I opened it there came out two money orders amounting to \$4.00. Before Mrs. Cooper arose I had sugar in the bowl. And for four years we lived like that; we were often persecuted but God was with us and saved and baptized many in the Spirit; and from that assembly there went forth into the ministry at least ten. I remember when our mission was attacked by some of the leading ruffians in town; they broke every window in the hall and they tried to pull me out through the window, all because they heard I had been praying for the sick. I thought that my end had come but somehow God saw to it that I slipped out of their hands. The next moment I saw a huge brick come flying through the window, go right across the room and bound back. When I saw the dent in the partition made by the brick I realized that had that brick struck me I would not have lived to tell the tale. But God saw us through and after four years of ministry in Middleburg we left for Pretoria, which is the administrative capital of South Africa. There our faith life continued. It is true that our local church promised to keep a roof over our heads but we had to trust Him for our support. I remember one day when the treasurer came to me and said, "Brother Cooper, I have something to tell you which I do not enjoy saying." I said, "What is it?" "Well," he said, "all that has come in for your salary this month is 12c." I looked at him and smiled and then I threw up my hands and said, "Hallelujah!" When the treasurer asked in surprise how I could be praising God I said, "I cannot do it of myself, but this gives God an opportunity of proving His faithfulness and love." I have eight children and I want to say tonight that not one of them can say, "Daddy, do you remember the day when we went hungry?" We taught our children to trust and pray and in twenty-five years of married life, never once did it cost me 10c for medicine. Jesus Christ, the great Physician, was very real and still is to us. We have had the joy of seeing our children turn to Christ. Our eldest daughter was converted before she was eight years old and she is now preaching the Gospel. As a child she came to her mother one day and said, "Please pray for me. I want to

give my heart to Jesus. I feel I am such a sinner." She wept her way to God and He saved her. It was that same girl who, when she was facing death, was told by the doctor that there was no hope except she submit to an immediate operation. He turned to me and said, "Mr. Cooper, not one of the seventeen doctors in Pretoria would touch her if she doesn't go to the hospital right now." I turned to Dorothy and said, "You heard what the doctor said. Do you want to go to the hospital?" and the girl who seemed to be dying, lifted up her head and said, "No, daddy. Jesus will heal me." On the following morning, when she was suffering with acute appendicitis, when any moment the appendix might burst, I laid my hands upon her and with the faith of God imparted to me, I said, "Dorothy, you are well. Jesus Christ maketh thee whole," and she was healed from that hour. Our eldest boy was converted when he was eight and is now an evangelist in South Africa. He has had the joy of seeing as many as six hundred decide for Christ in two weeks' time. I believe in the conversion of children and have every reason to do so.

During the twelve years we were in Pretoria we saw the work grow and we had others step out to go forth and preach the Gospel. Then I felt God definitely showed me that I was now to take what seemed to be the biggest step of faith of my life. The Lord asked me to go to Durban, South Africa. To go to Durban meant starting life anew and so in November, 1924, my wife and I with our six children (later increased to eight) went to Durban where we started again. The first night I preached there I had a congregation of four. We had no one behind us financially so we proved God in Durban as we had never proved Him before and although we refused to go into debt and refused to tell other people our needs, we found Him ever faithful. The work was very difficult; we began in a little hall and for months we were unable to make any headway whatsoever; we couldn't get in the unconverted. Half of our congregation was white and half colored and, due to racial prejudice we found we could not get people into the church. Becoming desperate, I declared we would have a season of fasting and prayer. Week after week we waited on God until suddenly the break came and God gave us the ministry of Divine Healing. The sick were healed in a miraculous way and people were

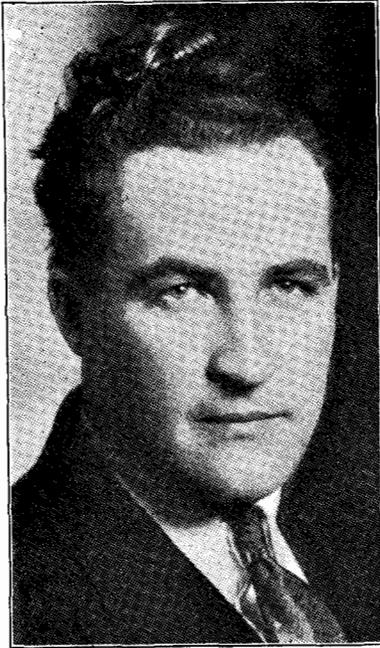
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The Get Acquainted Page

Conducted by WATSON ARGUE

Presenting the story of the Assembly of God Church in Sioux City, Iowa. Willis E. Smith, Pastor.

ABOUT thirty years ago the glorious news that the Lord was pouring out His Spirit as on the Day of Pentecost, reached Sioux City, Iowa. Immediately a great hunger sprang up



Willis E. Smith, Pastor

in the hearts of some who had long been praying for the Lord to visit His people, and they earnestly sought God to pour out His Spirit on them, as He did at the first. In a very short time quite a number received the precious Baptism of the Holy Spirit, and the Spirit of interces-

sory prayer for a revival was in their midst.

In answer to prayer God sent Mrs. Woodworth Etter to the city to conduct a campaign. Thousands of people attended these meetings, and God blessed in a wonderful way in the saving of souls and the healing of sick bodies. Many miracles took place in these meetings and we still have in our midst some who were miraculously healed at that time; their healings have remained all these years.

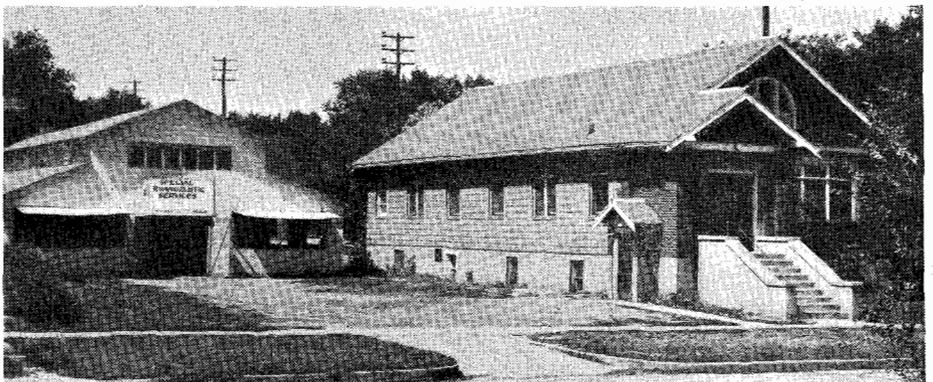
This particular meeting laid the foundation for a work of God of a permanent nature. Lots were purchased and the basement part of a

church was erected in which the saints assembled to worship God. But because of false teachers and lack of proper leadership, the work suffered. Indeed, it seemed at times as though Satan would completely destroy the work, but because of the prayers of a faithful few, God preserved the little church, and Satan's plans were thwarted.

In the year 1920 the saints, feeling the need of a larger fellowship, "assayed to join themselves to the brethren" who constituted the Assemblies of God, and received recognition as an Assembly of God church. Many times down through the years they have received helpful counsel and support which has been most beneficial. The Lord later led in the erection of a building, but with the steady growth of the church and Sunday School it soon proved inadequate for the demands, and in the summer of 1936 a large tabernacle was built in which souls found the Lord in salvation. This revival continued all through the winter and the Sunday evening services were fruitful soil for souls.

This year, 1937, we began our drive for souls in the summer tabernacle in the month of May and God gave very blessed results. Evangelist H. Earl Winburn of Winnipeg, Canada, was with us for our first campaign and the Lord began to save souls from the very start. After four weeks he was followed by Evangelist Watson Argue, whom the Lord used in a precious way to bring many to repentance. He was with us for five eventful weeks. At the time of this writing we are in the midst of another campaign with Brother and Sister Christian Hild, and

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Assembly of God Church and summer tabernacle, Sioux City, Iowa

Fruit for God's Harvest

Sermon by

NIELS P. THOMSEN

By him therefore let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is, the fruit of our lips giving thanks to His name. Heb. 13: 15.



IT IS interesting to note that the first Thanksgiving Day came at the end of harvest, as it still does. It was a time of thankfulness to the Lord that the harvest was in, that they would not starve through the long winter months. Provision had been made for them by the Lord. In these days, when city life has advanced to the stage where fruits and vegetables may be procured all the year around, there is not the same sense of thanksgiving as there was back there at harvest time, when either there was a plentiful harvest, making it possible for them to keep alive through the winter, or there was scarcity which brought with it the possibility of starvation. So with the harvest safely in their barns there was true thanksgiving in their hearts, for they could look forward to a winter wherein they would be well supplied.

It is interesting to note in this connection that the three main Jewish feasts were held at the three periods of harvest throughout the year. The Passover Feast corresponded to the barley harvest time when they gathered the barley in the early part of the year; the Feast of Pentecost, fifty days later, corresponded to the period of the wheat harvest, and the Feast of Tabernacles came after the Fall harvest, when the grapes and the corn had been garnered in. God in His goodness arranged that they should go up to Jerusalem after the harvest was gathered in, when it was not necessary for them to be in the fields. He is always so thoughtful. It was as if He had said, "Now you have time to worship and praise. The fields do not need your attention, the harvest is gathered in and you have time to be thankful. So at these three main periods of harvest we find the Jews going up to Jerusalem, each time bringing with them the first fruits of the harvest and presenting them unto the Lord, when His blessing would rain down upon them.

We in the city do not know much of harvest time. Our harvest comes in once a week or once a month with the incoming pay envelope, but

in the country it makes a vast difference whether or not there is grain to garner and fruit for the winter. So at this time of the year the hearts of men and women in the country are either grateful to God for what He has done in sending them a harvest and making it possible to live another year, or they are distressed because the crop has been blighted.

We may well imagine how those people felt as they made their way up to Jerusalem with their first fruits. Let us also picture the joy of the Pilgrim Fathers back there on the shores of New England, after their attempts to bring forth a harvest were crowned with success. Had they not left their home land to come to a foreign shore because they wanted to worship God after the dictates of their hearts? I am glad that the Thanksgiving Day which they kept, has been commemorated down through the years, if for no other reason, than that at least once a year the thanksgiving of the people will ascend to God in a measure. But for us who are God's children, there is a greater responsibility and pleasure, for we should have a thanksgiving and praise to God continually. There should be that in each of our hearts that will rise up in gratefulness, for His mercies and benefits are innumerable and His blessings manifold. But our text speaks of our offering "the sacrifice of praise." Go out into the world today and people will say, "What I have, I have earned. I have earned it by the sweat of my brow and there is nothing for which to thank God." "I have worked hard for this money that I used in buying this Thanksgiving dinner. The fact that I am alive is because I take care of myself." This is the expression of humanity in general; they will not admit that they have any responsibility toward God. Little do they realize that what we are, we are by the grace of God, and it is due to His love that even sinners live. The breath they draw comes from God; the world in which they live was created by God and the strength they have is imparted by Him but they rob Him of the glory that is due Him.

We rejoice today because of the temporal needs which God has so graciously supplied—food in abundance, clothing, comfortable homes, friends who love us and whom we love—these are blessings which cannot be valued in terms of dollars and cents, and though we take many of them for granted let us remember that we have them because of the grace of God. Many of us today will partake of a Thanksgiving feast; we do not have a single worry as to where we

will get something to eat, for God has bountifully provided.

Then He sends the rain and allows His sun to shine both upon the just and the unjust. How impartial He is! And yet He has made some special provisions for His children. Those who put their trust in God shall never be put to shame for we read, "Never have I seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread."

And included in these temporal blessings, are the physical provisions. With disease rampant and the every day contacts with germs, yet God has kept us in a wonderful way. And many could testify to His definite healing touch during the past year. The days of miracles are not past. I am reminded of a sister who had been troubled with epileptic fits, having them quite frequently. During some meetings held in Battle Creek, she felt God was dealing with her. One night she was under the power of God for five hours and the following night she came into the service and again the power of God came upon her. That night God graciously filled her with the Spirit and from then on she never had another epileptic fit. Our hearts should be filled with thankfulness and gratitude to the Lord for the way He manifests Himself to His children.

Then as we think of the spiritual needs He has supplied through the past year we are truly grateful. You have felt His touch upon your lives. You have felt His presence, not only once but many times, and these spiritual blessings can never be measured. We could afford to starve to death, we could afford to be without raiment and without a home; we could afford to be sick all our lives but we cannot afford to be without the blessing of the Lord. It is too costly. And one of the greatest benefits that I know of is to be in touch with God and have our *spiritual* needs supplied. Let us ask ourselves the question, Are we further advanced in grace today than we were a year ago? Have we grown in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ? Have we made spiritual progress? That is God's plan for each one and if we know Him better than we did a year ago, that is cause for much thanksgiving. Those of you who have been saved this past year can thank God from the depths of your hearts, for this has been a momentous year in your life. And those who have received the Baptism of the Spirit or have sensed His leading in any way have received something that far outweighs anything that this world has to offer.

But I want you to notice what our verse says,

"Let us therefore offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually." Perhaps someone will say, "But I do. My heart is grateful and filled with praise." But you will notice it is *the fruit of our lips* He is longing to have. What is the fruit of our lips? It is the expression of praise that comes forth. It may be in singing, in testimony, in an exclamation of praise, but however it comes, God longs to hear it. It is *fruit* that pleases His heart and gladdens Him; it is the fruit of the harvest. His harvest. We cannot present Him with a sheaf of wheat, or take the canned goods from our pantry shelf and bring them to Him, but we can bring Him the fruit of our lips and that is the harvest which will bring glory to His Name and give Him the place in our hearts for which He longs. Oh that we might praise God with all our hearts! "He that offereth praise glorifieth God!" I trust the day will never come when the church of Jesus Christ will settle down to a place where no one worships God with their lips.

Now what is God's purpose for us? We read in II. Corinthians 9:11, "Being enriched in every thing to all bountifulness, which causeth through us thanksgiving to God." So as God blessed us temporally, physically and spiritually throughout this past year, was it just that we might have our own needs supplied? No, He gave to us that we might give to others and the more liberal you are, the richer you become. The wise man said, "There is that which scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." God's purpose in giving to us is that we might give and thus be "enriched in every thing." God has done great things for us but what is the end of this enrichment? To all liberality. God's purpose in giving us temporal, physical and spiritual blessings is that we might enrich other lives. It is blessed for you and me to praise God but it would become rather monotonous if the chorus never swelled. He wants the circle of praise enlarged, that the thanksgiving of our hearts may overflow on other lives, and they, in turn, will catch the spirit of praise, and thus, in ever-widening circles, God will receive the fruit of our lips and be glorified.

And that was the original purpose of this Thanksgiving Day; it was not meant simply to feast on turkey and sauce and sweet potatoes. Those early settlers did not have that for their motive. The reason they had turkey was be-

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A Pioneer's Thanksgiving

WHEN Thanksgiving comes around the Lowden family always come together in the old homestead, where Grandfather and Grandmother Lowden still live. It is a large family, with many sons and daughters and grandsons and granddaughters, too; and it is widely scattered. Some of the members live in cities, some in the country; but wherever they are when the great day comes, they go back to the old farm. And when they have eaten the big dinner, all except the nuts and raisins, some one of the children is sure to say, "Now grandfather, the story!" And grandfather laughs and says, "You have all heard that story till you know it by heart." But they protest. They have forgotten just how it happened, or they do not remember what it was that the Indian did; and so at last grandfather says, "Well, if you must have it, here it is," and then he tells us this story:

"I was a boy then, twelve years old, and my sister Ellen was only fourteen. Father had come into the wilderness and started to clear his farm when I was three years old. He had built a log house and a log stable, and had cleared enough land to raise good crops of wheat, corn, potatoes and other vegetables. Neighbors had taken up land below us, and there was one family above, but the nearest house was a mile away. The log cabin that we lived in stood right where this house stands. Father put it here because of the fine spring water.

"We had a good summer that year, and the little hole under the house that we called a cellar was full of vegetables, and the stable packed with grain. From the beams of the kitchen hung hams and bacon from our own hogs, and strings of apples were drying. By Thanksgiving time everything was ready for the winter, even to the great banking of dry leaves round the house, to keep it warm.

"The day before Thanksgiving mother had been making soap in the great iron kettle hung over a fire outdoors. In the middle of the night we were all awakened by the barking of old Ben, our dog, and when I sat up in bed, I saw that the room was as light as day. For a moment I couldn't tell what the matter was, but it didn't take long to see that the house was on fire. One end was already burning fiercely, and the blaze was leaping higher every minute. It had started outside. Probably the embers of the soap-making fire had come to life in the night wind, and blown into the banking of leaves.

"Father had just time to snatch blankets from the bed and wrap them around my mother and my sister and me, and hurry us out into the cold night. It was useless to try to save the house. The only water was that in the spring, and there were only two or three pails to carry in. We did what we could, but the fire soon drove us back, and in a little while the house was only a pile of glowing coals.

"We had been so busy watching and fighting the fire that we had given no thought to the stable which was behind us; but by and by I heard a crackling and looked, and saw the roof all ablaze. Father and I got out the two horses and the cow, but the building we could not save. And so, on Thanksgiving morning, we stood, wrapped in blankets, with neither a roof over our heads nor any food. My mother and my sister were crying, but my father spoke only once, and said, 'The Lord will provide.'

"It was just getting light enough in the morning to see, when out of the woods behind the spot where the house had stood, a figure came. I could not see who it was, except that it was a man, and that he had something on his back. He walked straight up to where we stood, and threw down in front of us the load he was carrying.

"Then we saw it was old Sebattus, an Indian whom father had found lying with a broken leg beside the trail a year or two before. He had brought him home and set the leg, and kept him till he was able to travel again. The load that he had thrown down was a hind quarter of venison and six partridges, and about a peck of parched corn in a little sack. While we all stared at him, the old man straightened up, and said, 'How! Sebattus see fire and know, so he come. By and by come again.' Then he went back into the woods.

"That was the finest Thanksgiving that I ever

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Giving Thanks for "Light-of-the-World"

BLANCHE R. APPLEBY

IN A Chinese village nestling at the foot of majestic stone mountains, some 10 li from the mining town of Eight Steps, lived the family of Wong. The second son—Light-of-the-world—probably 27 years of age, was afflicted with bleeding hemorrhoids for seven long years. So intense was the suffering, so great the loss of blood, that the military authorities had exempted him from drilling. One day while in Eight Steps he entered Dr. Wong's office and asked him to operate. This doctor had been foreign-trained in Shanghai and was considered a specialist.

In the providence of God, our Gospel tent meetings were being conducted at this time in Eight Steps. The evangelist often called on Dr. Wong. Dropping in one day, he noticed Mrs. Dr. Wong rather agitated; she left the guest hall suddenly and did not return. After waiting, and no one re-appearing, the evangelist decided to go upstairs and bid them adieu! There on a couch lay Light-of-the-world, face pale, lips colorless, eyes staring, while his life-blood was fast ebbing away. (All that Dr. Wong could do failed to stanch the blood flow.) Asking the question, "Do you worship God?" Light-of-the-world replied, "I purchased a Gospel of Luke at the Pool of the Geese market and read it through; when Chinese New Year came I did not worship idols, but heaven and earth." "You should not have worshipped heaven and earth but the God who made heaven and earth," the evangelist answered.

Then telling him further about the power of Jesus Christ to save from sin and heal the sick, the evangelist questioned, "Do you believe He can save and heal you?" Light-of-the-world assented. "Then I will pray for you first, after which I will pray and you follow me." This was done so simply, so sublimely that virtue went out from the invisible Christ and healed Light-of-the-world. But, surpassing this, "the gift of God—eternal life—through Jesus Christ," became his priceless possession that instant.

Within three or four days he attended his first Gospel service in the tent and told in positive terms what he had personally experienced.

Rom. 6:23, "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." The Giver—God; the Channel—the Lord Jesus Christ; the gift—eternal life.

"How much money did those foreign devils give you to get you to say all that?" called out some soldiers. "Not a cent," replied Light-of-the-world, "why shouldn't I tell what God, who made me, has done for me?"

Back to his village he went and brought his old father to the meetings. How grateful the old man was for what God had done! Later we visited them and held a Gospel service in their court-yard, scores of the villagers attending, after which we partook of their gracious hospitality.

After he returned to his village, shortly after his healing, the military authorities said, "You need not tell us anymore that you are sick. We can see by the color in your cheeks that there is nothing the matter now with you." And so he drilled along with other recruits with no bad effects.

His baptism in water was equally unique. A soldier had been won to Christ but was fearful of being immersed where so many knew him, so he suggested to Light-of-the-world that they two quietly go to Hohsien (14 miles away) and be immersed there. "Not me," said Light-of-the-world, "if I had stolen or gambled or been guilty of any crime then I would have cause to slink away, but when we are obeying Christ's command by repenting and being baptized, what have we to be ashamed of?" So they both, along with fourteen others, were among the first-fruits unto God from Eight Steps!

Three months later Miss Rena Baldwin and myself and Chinese fellow-workers visited Light-of-the-world in his village and found him still healed, busy on the farm, and giving glory unto God. True thanksgiving wells up in our hearts unto the Lord Jesus for sending the evangelist to Eight Steps, for sending Light-of-the-world there also, for the contact, and for "the gift of God—eternal life—through Jesus Christ" to Light-of-the-world Wong.

"Olivet means simply two things, an eye that can see the uttermost parts of the earth, and feet going there, really or representatively."

The Prophetic Digest

ALBERT J. LEBECK, Sacramento, Calif.

China Visioned as Next Great World Power

One of Europe's foremost historians recently stated that it is evident to all observers that this time the Chinese resistance to the Japanese is stronger than it was in 1931 and 1932. It is moreover stronger than was formerly believed. This fact has been ascertained, even if it is impossible to say yet how long Chinese resistance can last.

What does this fact that has been ascertained signify? That slowly, but with constant progression, China is becoming a military power.

In a more or less distant future the Chinese army will have to be added to the list of armies which count in calculating the balance of military power in the world.

If this army is not yet enormous, it may become so; one may even foresee with certainty that it will become one of the largest armies in the world, if the conflict between China and Japan is destined to last long before arriving at a decisive conclusion.

This new army which is appearing with enormous possibilities of development, in a world already saturated with cannons and soldiers, raises a question: In what direction will it act on the political and psychological equilibrium of the globe?

This army is only organized for the purpose of defense, for the present time—but—all the armies which have most seriously upset the order of the world have been organized in the first place for defense. Once the nations perceive that China is capable of organizing and developing an Army, the Chinese Army will become one of the terrors of the world.

China United

Prior to the Franco-Prussian war, Germany was composed of many little states. It was the Franco-Prussian war that unified Germany and made it a powerful nation. This war at the present time between China and Japan will have the same effect upon China. Whereas China was composed of many divisions, sections, and governments, this present common enemy of China will be a great factor in unifying China and making it a powerful nation among the nations of the world.

It may be that Japan instead of being able to subdue and dominate China, will be dominated and subdued by China. Surely we are living in perilous times, in days of wars and rumors of wars. All these things are preparing the way for the Great Battle of Armageddon.

U. S. vs. Japan

Voices are saying, "Japan is looking for and inviting trouble."

How long will it be before we can again be made to thrill at the thought of saving democracy, ending war, righting the wrongs done another nation, and guaranteeing freedom of the seas?

How soon will we be caused to forget that we sent brothers and fathers to strange lands twenty years ago

for the same purpose? that though we "won the war," we are still paying for the things for which we fought and bled?

We said that Germany, then, like Japan now, threatened the peace of the World and had to be put in its place. Did we, even though we won the war, make that nation less of a threat than it was? Who is there to guarantee that we will do to Japan what we obviously failed to do in that last well-meaning effort?

In other words where is there any assurance that war will destroy the Japanese threat to the world? Who will guarantee that we will win peace even though we should win the war?

England Solicits U. S. Aid

England has many millions of dollars invested in China, which she would like to protect and make secure. She realizes she will lose her investments there if Japan subdues China. She would like to have the U. S. take the lead and be the one to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for her.

Roosevelt and Wilson

During the last World War President Wilson stated that he would keep the United States out of the conflict. After the second election we noticed that there was a gradual change in his attitude and it wasn't long before we asserted our rights to protect our nationals, and eventually entered into the war.

Recently, President Roosevelt showed a change in his attitude in one of his speeches which paralleled to the change in President Wilson's. Before another two years have passed there may be a great change in the attitude of America and the President toward Japan. Whereas, at first, we are very determined to remain neutral, it may not be long, after a great deal of propaganda has been absorbed, until our country will be so aroused, as to demand war with Japan. We trust that it shall not come to pass.

Armies in the Air

Russia has been experimenting with parachuting troops and guns behind the enemies' lines. It is estimated that by the end of this year they will have 100,000 parachute troops. In their recent maneuvers, parachutes, dropped by airplanes, deposited 1,200 men, 150 machine guns and 18 cannons, 100 miles behind the hostile sham-battle-front, in 10 minutes.

Germany Re-arming

It is reported that Germany has spent in four years, 11,500,000,000 on re-arming. If we would allow \$32,000 to a ton, 50 ton to the car and 100 cars to the train it would take 72 trains of silver dollars to equal this amount that is supposed to have been spent by Germany in the last four years for war preparations. Think of the good that would be done, if this money were utilized in constructive work, instead of preparing equipment to be used in destruction. It makes us

(Continued on page 23)

Three Reasons Why We Carry the Gospel to the Heathen

MRS. LLOYD R. SHIRER in the Stone Church



SEVENTEEN years ago the Lord gave to me the greatest privilege that could be afforded to any mortal being under the sun, that was, of going to a tribe of people in West Africa that had never heard of the Name of Jesus before. It is a privilege that angels fain would covet, but we realize that God has not given to angels this glorious commission for it was to the disciples that Jesus said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

Since I have come home on furlough many people have said to me, "Mrs. Shirer, why take the Gospel to the heathen world when there are so many heathen right around us?" I agree with them that there are heathen around us for, according to God's Word every man or woman who does not know Christ as a personal Savior can be considered as heathen. But I want to give you three answers to this question of bringing the Gospel to the heathen. More could be given but three will suffice and cause us to understand why it is our bounden duty to give this glorious message to those who are still in the darkness of heathenism. My first answer is that it is a direct command of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. And that, to me, is the fundamental answer. He is the Head of the Church and as long as He is that we are duty-bound to obey His last command. When He went away He said to His disciples that it was their duty as well as their privilege, and that He was depending on them to tell the story. There were no other means whereby the world could hear the wonderful story of the Christ of Calvary. And this great commission has been rightly termed The Marching Orders of the Church of Jesus Christ.

I am reminded of the story of a British Officer who had spent many years of service in India. One time while home in England he happened to get into conversation with a young clergyman just out of college who said to the British Officer, "Don't you think it is rather a waste of time, money and strength to go to these parts of the world where they are so degraded and immoral?" And the young British officer, who was a Christian, said, "What does your Bible say about it? I am an officer of the British army and it is my duty to obey my superior officers. And if I know anything about the Bible

I believe that the marching orders of the Church of Christ are, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature'; and just as I am a soldier of the British Army, you profess to be a soldier of Jesus Christ and therefore those are your marching orders."

All down through the ages of church history we find that when the church was on fire for God, when every individual member possessed a love and compassion for Christ, they were not content to stay at home, but their love urged them on to the uttermost parts of the earth. But whenever the church declined in power and became an organization and there remained no personal love, then the missionary zeal declined. Why? Because individuals no longer had anything to tell and the church that ceases to have a missionary zeal has lost the greatest vision that could ever be given to mankind.

Up in the glory land we see our Savior. He no longer suffers; He has entered into the presence of His Father, but I cannot bring myself to believe that as He looks down upon this world and takes a glance into Africa, into the zenanas of India and into the dens of China, that His heart can be fully satisfied as long as He sees them bowing down to their idols of wood and stone; sees them daily groping in superstition and darkness. Therefore, my first answer is—Because it is the direct command of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

My second reply is, Because in my seventeen years of experience among the heathen people, going in and out of their little huts, travelling from one village to another in which God has given us the privilege of pioneering, there is nothing that will meet the need but the Gospel. In the last seventeen years we have been continually going into villages where Christ has never been named, but still there are hundreds and thousands of villages that have never heard. Africa with its population of 200 million souls, 90 million still remain out of reach of any Gospel witness, which means that for 90 million of people there has been no provision made for the Gospel to be brought to them. No one has gone with the message. In my experience among them during the past seventeen years, I give as my second answer, There is nothing else in all the world that can meet the need of the depraved human heart save the Gospel of

Jesus Christ. Nothing else. Education is good in itself, but I wouldn't go around the corner to bring education to the African. But I would and do go across the ocean to tell them that

"There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains."

Just before we came home on furlough this time I went into one town to preach where they had never heard the story before. I was riding horse-back that afternoon and that in itself was a strange thing—to see a lady riding into town on a white horse. In Africa white is the symbol of victory so when I bought my horse I thought, "I shall buy one that has the symbol of victory since I am bringing the most victorious message they ever heard." So, as is our custom when we go to new places where there is no established work, we went to the chief. He governs the towns and he can call all his people together at a moment's notice. We tell him we have news to tell his people and would he kindly beat his drums for the people. He gladly sends out his little boys and the first thing you know the message is sent by means of this African Western Union system and then we see the people coming from all directions. And this particular afternoon, after I had preached for a considerable length of time—though time means nothing in Africa—and then paused a bit, the chief looked up to me and said, "White woman, you made a statement here this afternoon and that statement was something I do not want to hear."

I said, "What is it that has troubled you?"

"You said that God was going to call us some day."

I said, "Yes, that is true. Your forefathers have gone on and there is a time coming when He will call you."

"Well," he said, "White woman, that is just the thing. Now I know God is up there but I don't want Him ever to call me. Who He is I don't know but I know He is there."

I said, "But why don't you want Him to call you?"

"Well, in this world we know where we are, we are conscious and know what we are doing. But, white woman, when God calls us we don't know how He will punish us or what He will do with us and that is why I want God to remain up there and I want to remain down

here." This reveals to us the fact that the African man within his breast realizes that there is some kind of punishment after death.

So I said to him, "Chief, I realize your position and understand that you do not know God and therefore when He calls you, you are afraid, but listen. If you will accept this Christ that I have been telling you about, who is God's Son, if you will accept Him as your sacrifice instead of putting your trust in that sacrifice of a chicken that you killed the other day, or the sheep; if you will believe in God's sacrifice, then God will become your Father and then when He calls you it will be nothing more or less than going home to father's house, which you know, is sweet." For if there is one thing that appeals to the African it is going home to father's house. This desire originated because the Africans believe that where their forefathers are that is where the spirit world is and to them the spirit world is just as real as any other part. No matter how far they may wander away from home they hope that some day they will get home and be buried and that their spirits will join the spirits of their forefathers. And if they are unfortunate enough to die away from their home town the people of that village will bury them on the roadside facing their home village. At least that will show the spirit world that he was willing to go home. So that is the reason I tried to show him that if God was his Father that fear of being called would be taken away from him.

He thought for a moment and then looked at me and said, "White woman, that is all right, but listen here. Supposing that when you left your father's house years ago there had been and still is, a quarrel between you and your father. Then, going home to father's house wouldn't be sweet after all. In other words, white woman, there is a palaver and as long as there is a palaver between myself and God no matter how nicely you picture this going home, it can never be sweet to me." Thus he revealed to me that he realized there was a sin palaver between his soul and God and not until that was settled could he have peace.

Going into another village one afternoon, as I sat beside the chief, waiting for the natives to come, this old chief put his hands on his knees and said, "White woman, I am full of fear."

I looked all around to see if there was a snake or some such thing that is so prevalent for I thought he had seen something that made him afraid. Then I suddenly realized he was using

a native idiom and really meant he was afraid of death. "I am afraid of the time when I shall be put under the ground," he said, and that is the exact true condition of those people in their ignorance and darkness. We have been enlightened and can sing,

"In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore."

The sting of death has been taken away, but this old chief with his load of sin, was afraid of death.

I went into another village where the old chief said, "White woman, look at me." I looked at him.

He said, "There is no part of my body that doesn't ache. From the crown of my head to the sole of my feet I am sore."

When I asked him what was the matter he answered, "Ever since you people came into this town and preached to us about this Christ I cannot sleep at night. I am so troubled. White woman, I have lived my life. I am an old man. Look at my white hair. All my life I have believed in my sacrifices of chickens and cows and other objects of worship. My forefathers believed in these and I have believed in them and now, just at the time I am about to leave this world to go to another, you come and tell me this story and I am torn between two opinions so that I cannot sleep or rest at night. Why have you come so late with this message?"

And as I looked at him I could see the anguish of his heart, I could see the great struggle of his soul. He was not a man to pose lightly but he realized that he had come to the end of his journey and the question had presented itself to him, "If these white people are right and we are wrong then what is to become of me?"

Oh friends, nothing else in all the world can meet the need of the depraved human heart but the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. One old man sat outside of his little hut when he heard, for the first time, the story of love. He became excited and said, "Many and many a day I have sat outside and have looked up into the heavens and in my inmost being I have asked myself the question, 'What is the meaning of the sun? Who made the sun to rise in the east and set in the west?' And at night-time likewise, I have looked up into the starry heavens and asked myself the question, 'What is the meaning of it all?' Again and again as my friends have passed into the other world I have sat beside the open grave and smitten my breast and said, 'What is the meaning of life and what is the

meaning of death?' And not until now have I found an answer to all these questions within my breast."

Yes the name of Jesus is the answer to all these questions, and

"Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?"

The third answer is, Because the Gospel of Christ can and does meet the need of the depraved human heart. And I have seen them at their worst. I have seen them wearing bunches of leaves and no clothing whatever; I have seen them, when they seemed more like animals of the field than human beings; but thank God, I have seen the Gospel of Christ transform their lives and make men and women of them. The Gospel of Christ can and does meet their need. I was preaching one afternoon and towards the end of my message I noticed an aged man sitting near. He became quite excited and said, "White woman, you have made statements this afternoon that I believe you would not have made if you knew what you were saying to me."

I said, "What makes you think so?" "I think I can stand behind every statement I have made."

"Well," he said, "it is like this. If you had known what kind of a man I was you would not have said some things. You see, before the white man came we lived in our villages and we used to go to the neighboring tribes and take them captives and we made some of them to be our slaves. In those days we were the strong people and the tribe next to us was the weaker, so we would go out and bring many of them back. And with this poison arrow I have shot to the ground more men than you can count on your ten fingers. Now, white woman, do you still mean to say what you said at the beginning that the blood of this Man, Christ, is able to cleanse from every stain of sin?"

I said, "Yes, I still make that statement because God's Word says, 'Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow.' In your darkness and blindness you went out to the neighboring tribes and shot those men and women. God was not pleased with it and did not approve of it, but He commands you to repent and turn to Him and ask His forgiveness and then I can assure you that the blood of Jesus Christ will cleanse and take away all your guilty stains."

He said, "All right, white woman, since you say it and mean it, I want it."

Now had I gone to him with a promise of new clothing or to teach him how to read and write, these could never have met the need in his breast. He had a heavy burden. At night time when he lay down on his mat to rest, those people came up before him and he said, "Where can I find forgiveness?" Tell me, Is there any other message that could have brought peace to his heart? No.

What the Pentecostal Message Has Meant to South Africa

(Continued from page 11)

added to the church until that little hall became too small for us. Then in answer to prayer God gave us the largest gift of money we had ever received, designated for a Gospel tent. And then began another stage in our ministry in Durban.

We saw that tent blown down again and again; for five years we had tent life when many a night I would rise up at two o'clock in the morning and hold on to the tent to keep it from being blown down. But let me tell you what happened in that Gospel tent. We had had four or five tents blown to pieces before our very eyes but I think it was in the third tent that we had six or seven Zulus come one night. Although I knew that the public objected to the Zulus being in European meetings, I allowed them to stay. About the fifth night one, who seemed to be the leader, said to me, "Teacher, may I have a few words with you?" I said, "Yes, what is it?" He said, "Teacher, we are glad you let us stay in the tent. We have heard the Gospel each night and our hearts have been touched." He then asked if he could come to the house and speak to me which request I granted and there he told me a remarkable story. He said, "Some years ago I used to preach to my own people and it was then that God showed me I was to give the full Gospel but I was afraid because I belonged to a church, but some months ago when I was praying, God gave me a vision and in that vision I saw a man whom I had never seen before and God said to me, 'That man I am sending to you. When you see him, hear him. He will teach you the way. Listen to him. He will be your spiritual father.'" He said, "*Unfundes* (teacher), I have waited and waited for months for that man to come and when I came to the tent a few nights ago and saw you on the platform I seemed to recognize you and I said to myself, 'I have seen that man

before but where have I seen him?' I thought and thought and suddenly it came to me, 'You saw him in your vision. This is the man. God has sent him.'"

I said to him, "What you tell me is wonderful. If I am the man that God sent to you then I shall stand by you." He thanked me and then we started meetings in a small hall which I paid for out of my tithe money, with a handful of Zulus. That was the beginning just a few years back. Let me tell you tonight, that as a result of that work today we have in Durban one of the finest native works, self-supporting, in all of South Africa and we have no less than three thousand members in our Zulu work in Natal and Vandaland. I had a conference with these natives during the year when I counted 35 or 36 preachers and the work is continually spreading. You might ask, "What is the secret of the work among the Zulus?" and I would give you two reasons: the first is that the teaching of the Baptism in the Holy Ghost has meant more to those natives than I can put into words tonight. It has revolutionized their lives, has given them a revelation of God in the healing of sick bodies and delivering those natives from the power of evil spirits. The Zulus are not a people who read very much so they do not read a newspaper and their minds are filled with the things of God. When meeting night comes you cannot keep them away. God gives them joy with the Word. Then the other secret is that they tithe. We have taught them that they should give unto God their tenth and the result is that, as far as I know, every member of our Zulu congregation gives his tenth. There may be some exceptions. If a little black boy working in some kitchen gets \$2.50 a month, which is the approximate wage, he pays his tithes out of that. These poor creatures who have so few comforts are faithful and it has brought to them the blessing of God upon their lives. They have proved that God honors those who give to Him. I myself have marvelled how God has confirmed the truth of tithing to these Zulus and it has enabled me, as their superintendent, to push out other workers and the work is supported by money from the natives themselves. Last year, our income from the Zulu believers was \$3,500, from poorly paid men, but a happier lot of people you couldn't find and God is blessing them spiritually, physically and financially.

But you say, "Does that mean that we do not need to support European missionaries over there?" Of course you must support them.

You must have European missionaries in the field and you must look after them and these European missionaries can do and are doing what we are doing in Durban. The only difference is that I do not have to depend upon the natives for my support since I am also engaged in European work and am able to look after the native believers at the same time. It means sacrifice.

While we have done our best and many have come into a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ there still remain thousands and thousands in raw heathenism and we want to reach them, too. Since I have left the field for this visit to America Mrs. Cooper has written me that one of the leading business men in all of South Africa, has come to our home and has wept his way to Calvary. Pray for the work in South Africa.

The Get Acquainted Page

(Continued from page 12)

souls are finding God in this campaign also.

During the entire summer more than two hundred have sought the Lord at the altar, for which we praise God.

Our greatest problem now is to obtain a building large enough to accommodate this growing congregation. Will the saints who read this pray with us that this need will be met? We believe our God is able to supply this need so we are making plans for a larger building.

Willis E. Smith, Pastor,
Assembly of God Church, Sioux City, Iowa.

When Man Is Like God

(Continued from page 8)

Scotland. It took place when they were building that great Forth Bridge which used to be the biggest in the world. The time came, when they had to bring together two of the great steel girders. It was the kind of a day that we so often have, dark and cold and rainy and miserable; they tried all day long to bring those two great girders together, using all the mechanical appliances at their disposal, but in spite of all their efforts there still remained an inch or two that would not meet. At the end of the day they gave it up in despair, feeling discouraged about the whole thing. But the next day the sun beat down in all its warmth and by four o'clock in the afternoon, when the sun had been shining upon that steel all day, they found it had expanded and they got those girders together without the slightest trouble. Now you

steel-girder people who have tried all the mechanical appliances and still no one has been able to move you—let us pray that God will so cover you with the sunshine of His love that you will expand and melt and soften and then I believe we will be able to get together somehow. God Himself is the One, who, in the spirit of infinite meekness, considers us all and puts His hand upon us. That is why we have been taught to pray, "Forgive us our trespasses even as we forgive those who trespass against us."

My dear brother, if you have slipped, God wants you on your feet again; sister, if you have slipped and are feeling all upset about it, God will lift you by His love, for your God and my God never asks a man to do anything that He wouldn't do Himself. And therefore, if God tells me to restore one who has been overtaken in a fault I am perfectly sure He will do that very thing Himself.

A Pioneer's Thanksgiving

(Continued from page 15)

remember, and the best dinner. We cut slices from the venison and broiled them over a fire built against the big rock out here in the yard. The partridges father rolled in soft clay, till the clay covered them all over, and then baked them in the ashes. When he raked them out and cracked open the ball of clay, each one contained a bird that was cooked as tender and juicy as any that your grandmother can cook in the oven of the range. The parched corn we ate for dessert.

"All those things I remember, but best of all I remember what father said when we sat down to eat. He told us what the day meant, and how thankful we ought to be. And then he made a prayer of thanksgiving that was the most beautiful that I ever heard.

"The Lord did provide, as father said He would. Neighbors came from far and near—some of them fifteen miles—and before the snow flew they had helped us put up another cabin, and had filled it with provisions; and the next year father built this house."—*Missionary Herald*.

Fruit for God's Harvest

(Continued from page 14)

cause it was the only meat they could get. It is thankfulness to God that makes it a true Thanksgiving Day. And we are poor indeed, even though we may feast on the good things to eat, if there is no praise in our hearts to God. On the other hand, though you may have to sit down

to a crust of bread and a glass of cold water, if your heart is full of thanksgiving you are rich, and you may have a true thanksgiving day. It is not what we eat or drink; but the attitude of our hearts to God that counts. Oh that we might praise Him! that our hearts might be lifted up in adoration to Him who has done so much for us!

How Shall We Give?

(Continued from Page 2)

further responsibility. We will enter each one for a year's subscription, do your Christmas wrapping and mailing in sending out to each the special Christmas issue, and also send a beautiful, personalized, engraved Christmas card advising them of the gift and the name of the donor. It is for your benefit, for it will relieve you of all work; you will avoid the crush of Christmas shoppers, and yet this will doubtless be the gift supreme, one which will receive grateful acknowledgment from the recipient and pay the highest dividends in eternity. Twelve times throughout the coming year your friends will be reminded of your gift and perchance it may be used of God to interest still others in that home or that community, in the things of God. Your gift may be the means of changing lives, of populating heaven and depopulating hell, of swelling the ranks of overcomers and multiplying crowns to be cast at His feet.

Special offer for five or more new subscriptions at \$1 each: A copy of THE LATTER RAIN PENTECOST (Myland), or AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MADAM GUYON, or MOUNTAIN PEAKS OF PROPHECY AND SACRED HISTORY, will be sent with each \$5 order. This may include your own subscription.

When sending your list please be sure to state whether or not you wish gift cards sent; and if you, yourself, are paying for the subscriptions. We extend in advance our gratitude to all who will have a part in this kind of giving.

(Continued from page 17)

realize how insane is the present civilization. If the world would only beat their swords into plowshares instead of the plowshares into swords!—but this will not be until the Prince of Peace arrives.

Nov. 7-28 — THIRTIETH ANNUAL CONVENTION, Glad Tidings Tabernacle, 325-329 W. 33rd St., New York City, Robt. A. Brown, Pastor. Meetings every evening except Mondays. Afternoons Wednesday and Friday 3 P.M. Evangelist A. H. Argue and daughter Zelma will be present during the entire time. Nov. 21, Missionary Day; 27th, Young People's Rally. Delegations from the Eastern District are expected to be present. All who have attended these conventions in past years will not be disappointed in this one.

* * *

Nov. 1-8 — BEULAH HEIGHTS PENTECOSTAL CHURCH, No. Bergen, N.J. Rev. T. Jones of England will be the speaker from 1st-5th. Young People's Rally, Nov. 6; Missionary Day, Nov. 7 at 3:30 and 8 P.M. Nov. 8, Final Rally. Bible School opened Oct. 4th. David Leigh, Principal. Warren Straton, Pastor.

BOOK REVIEWS . . .

RUTH'S ROMANCE OF REDEMPTION

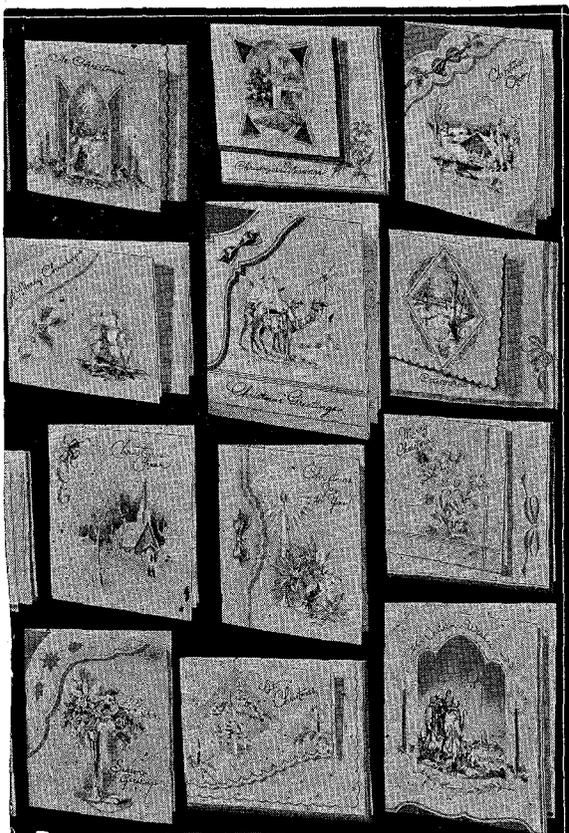
By Edward Boone

The book (208 pages) is divided into seven studies which cover, verse by verse, the entire four chapters of the dramatic Book of Ruth. They are all arranged with alliterated headings. Throughout the book the plan of redemption for the Gentiles is taught in seven steps: Degradation, Renunciation, Regeneration, Occupation, Remuneration, Sanctification, Glorification. It is also considered in the following seven-fold manner: Historical, disclosing the past; Dispensational, describing Jew and Gentile; Typical, unfolding God's plan; Experimental, dwelling in grace; Devotional, edifying the saints; Practical, living for Christ; Prophetic, revealing the future. In the last study the author has described Boaz as a type of the Lord Jesus Christ in the seven-fold aspect: The Redeemer Kinsman, The Buyer at the Gate, The Restorer of Life, The Provider of Grace, The Giver of Rest, The Rewarder of Service, and The Lover in Marriage. The book is enlightening and contains much food for thought. Published by The Boone Pub. Co., Grand Rapids, Mich. \$1.15 by mail.

C. T. STUDD, ATHLETE AND PIONEER

By Normon P. Grubb

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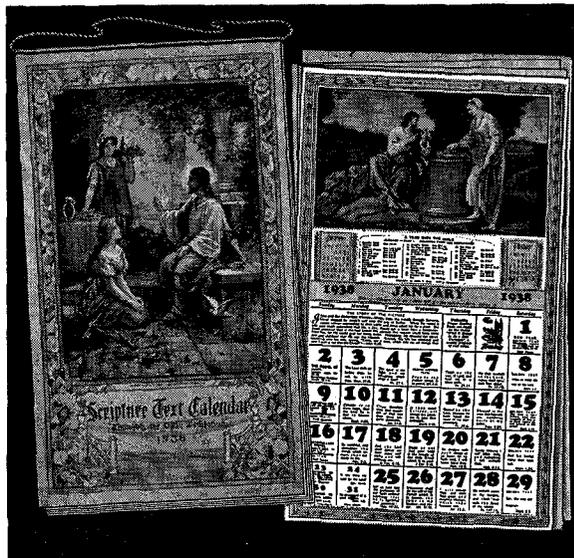
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