

The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

THE WATCHERS

No, they were never quite the same again,
Those shepherds of that dim Judean field;
Old restlessness, old frailties, old pain
From hungers of the soul were somehow healed.
For always, watching, they would see a light,
And always, listening, would hear a song;
And evermore, from night to dismal night
The way was never dark, nor watching long.

The thing that happened on that starry morn
Sustained them down the distances of years;
The Christ-Child, innocent though mortal-born,
Lay in their hearts, a solace for all tears;
All ways of life were evermore to them
A narrow path that led to Bethlehem.

—Ruth E. Hopkins.

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

MARY! JOSEPH!

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On Christmas Day the Child was born,
 On Christmas Day in the morning:—

To tread the long way, lone and lorn,
 To wear the bitter crown of thorns,
 To break the heart by man's sin torn,
 To die at last the Death of Scorn.

For this the Child of the Maid was born,
 On Christmas Day in the morning.

On Christmas Day the Child was born,
 On Christmas Day in the morning:—

He trod the long way, lone and lorn,
 He wore the bitter crown of thorns,
 His hands and feet and heart were torn,
 He died at last the Death of Scorn.

But through His coming Death was slain,
 That you and I might live again.

For this the Child of the Maid was born,
 On Christmas Day in the morning.

—John Oxenham.

FOR CHRISTMAS GIVING

THE CHRISTMAS SEASON is upon us and everyone is busy making shopping lists and planning appropriate gifts for loved ones and friends.

In making your selection of gifts, we would suggest that you breathe a prayer and make your final choice with the following in mind:

REMEMBER: That on the birthday of Jesus the gift at least should be such as to bring rejoicing to Him.

That innate in every human breast there is a longing for the Divine.

That spiritual literature has been instrumental in leading many of our most outstanding spiritual leaders, to Christ.

That there is power in the printed page, that

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In the Fullness of Time



IN THE FULLNESS of time Christ came. God is never too soon, and He is never too late. "Every successive peal of the silver bell of history," someone has written, "announced the advancing steps of God, who was to be manifest in the flesh." Prophets and seers looking down the long corridors of Time announced the advent of the Coming One. And at last in God's own time, He came. He came at the time, and He came to the place prophesied, a Branch cast into the darkened stream of human life to sweeten its waters, an apparently helpless Babe born in the little town of Bethlehem, who was to lift empires off their hinges and change the course of human history. In the fullness of time He came.

But for each individual all the purpose of the Incarnation of our Lord is for naught unless He is born in you and me. There is a fullness of time for every human soul, when Christ stands at the

door of our heart and knocks and seeks admittance.

*"Admit Him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest."*

Will you not do it now and say to Him, "Be born in me, dear Lord, that I may indeed be born again"?—*J. H. Hunter.*

CONFIDENCE

I KNOW NOT how that Bethlehem's Babe

Could in the Godhead be;

I only know the manger Child

Has brought God's life to me.

I know not how that Calvary's cross

A world from sin could free;

I only know its matchless love

Has sent God's love to me.

I know not how that Joseph's tomb

Could solve death's mystery;

I know there is a living Christ.

Our immortality.

—*Author Unknown.*

I think of the swaddling-bands. These are of His glorious apparel; for they tell me of the miracle of His lovely love. It is the marvel of marvels that Christ should be so weak and small as to require a mother's service and a baby's clothes. He has assumed my nature, not in its vigor and prime, but in the frailty of its first beginnings, that no experience of mine may be outside His sympathy and redemption.

—*Alex. Smellie.*

The Hidden Ministry

John Wright Follette

ONCE AGAIN the Christmas season is upon us and our minds and hearts are refreshed as we meditate upon, and review the story of our Savior's birth. We think of the world, the national life, civilization and the growth and culture of the Christian Church from the time of its Founder. In comparing the ages before the birth of our Lord with the two thousand years which have followed we are amazed at the unfolding and movement of the whole historic

scheme. One of the chief marks of the last few decades is the emphasis upon invention and mechanics, evolving finally into the wonders of the radio, television, and kindred products of man's inventive genius. Not only undreamed of inventions, but prophetic and momentous events have been hammered out upon the anvil of time. The effect of the inventive and mechanical spirit has had a profound reaction upon the spirit and nature of our fellow beings.

Man is a trinity and there should be a normal and natural unfolding of his personality along the physical, mental and spiritual aspects of his being. Where there is no balance or co-operative movement along these lines there is bound to be discord and marked lack of harmony and thus an incorrect functioning. God's law is that of harmony and rythm. Where the accent is misplaced or some point is over-emphasized the rythm is lost and the whole significance of the plan is either lost or a horrible discord is found in all of the departments involved. During the past hundred years and especially the last fifty, man has become more than ever body-conscious. His life-energy and forces have moved along material channels and have issued in marvelous physical and material, earth-born wonders, all of which, in the last analysis, serve the body. His inventive powers being thus

*I do not know who opened wide the door
And made the stable rude a welcome place.
I do not know who gave a humble meal,
Nor can I in the Scripture find a trace
Of those who laid the straw which made His bed.
But this I know, that those who served that night
In hidden ministry, so simply sweet.
Were amply blest, and in fair heaven's sight
They really served, for God the Father saw
And He was pleased. And they so little knew
That in their tasks the highest service lay,
Because their hearts were right and motives true.*

*I do not know who opened wide the door
The night the Wise Men came to seek the Child.
But someone flung it wide and stood behind
To hold it while a light, so soft and mild,
Could flood the darkened way to guide them in.
He only stood behind nor shadow made
To blur the Radiance he sheltered there—
In holding wide the door he gave them aid.
I do not know the stable's size or shape;
There was no earthly minstrelsy to sing.
The stable rude, because it held the Christ,
Was turned into the throne room of a King.*

released have landed him in a new world of science and discovery.

Morally man has been lagging (the moral standards and concept are much lower) and spiritually he is near the death point. The emphasis has been wrong. He has stressed and allowed his powers to move too ardently along the material lines while he has neglected the moral and spiritual. Consequently we find this dilemma and days of confusion upon which we have come. Naturally (because of lack

of vision and spiritual sense) he begins to deal with the material at hand, or conditions. In other words he is taken up with the manifestations of the evil but does not get at the root of the difficulty. Through discomfiture of body, through a manifold manner of things, he feels balked and thwarted. He cries out against the very monster which he has created. "He has made unto himself a god like unto himself," as Hosea tells us. His god has fallen, crashing about his head. Now he is quarreling with the very instrument which he has worked so carefully and diligently to construct—the MATERIAL AGE. And earth-born culture is crowding in upon him. He cries, "Over-production!" "The machine is robbing man of his work!" and such words and phrases.

But let us look at the picture. We are all aware of trouble, mismanagement, poor judgment and the clatter of the material god as he reels about our heads. But to quarrel with this manifestation is foolish. There is a reason. The chaotic material display all points back, back, back to the cause: *The wrong emphasis in life.* The physical and material side of life have been stressed, enjoyed and loved, while the normal movement of the moral and spiritual have been disastrously neglected. The problem is not a material one but rather a spiritual one.

To stop growing wheat; to destroy the very things God has given, and kill off the pigs, etc., will never remedy the matter. We must go deeper than that. God has been forced out of the picture and the self-sufficiency and pride of man have swept the scene. The only salvation for us is a confession and humbling, followed by a mighty spiritual awakening, a return to God and spiritual religion. The emphasis must shift to the moral and spiritual elements of man. Man has *made* much but has no spiritual and moral power to govern the very thing he has made.

May I quote from my poem, "The Red Man's Return," in which he speaks of the earth and its wealth.

"Our land has given you its richest store
Of power, food, and blessings manifold.
It is not that you need more of its wealth;
Your eyes are blind; your foolish hearts are drunk;
Too deeply have you slaked your thirst for power.
The things that you could do and make and build
Have run ahead of what you should have *been*.
A school boy now you stand, all hedged about
With all the million things which you have made.
Your body overgrown and mind untrained."

If during the past fifty years man had moved with spiritual strides as he has in the material things, *what* a revelation of God there would be today to meet the needs of hungry hearts! This is not a happy matter to contemplate. However, it is truth and we must learn to look at things as they are.

By this time some of you are asking what this problem has to do with the subject, Hidden Ministry? It is a matter of contrast. If one looks carefully at present conditions he is aware of this fact—the world spirit colors much of the religious activity we see. The world atmosphere is in and about much that is done in Christian circles. This is due to the modern and popular trend of PUBLICITY. The telephone, telegraph, radio and marvels of transportation have made the world a sort of neighborhood and very "get-at-able." There seem to be no more foreign lands—they are at our very doors. We tune in and hear voices of most distinguished people we never hoped even to see, and now in a few days we are at the ends of the earth. National, political, religious, and even family matters are all common property and public. This has in turn made another matter very evident—personality. Persons or individuals have been made so public and conspicuous. This is true not only in national matters but in crime and wickedness the prominence is ever there.

These people, good or bad, are held up and placed in the lime light.

Much of this same atmosphere is found in the religious world. The instrument is so in evidence that often the very purpose for which he or she may be serving is defeated. Very often this is the fault of the people who see *no* danger. It is the popular demand to *know* and make *known*. *Who* is the worker? *Where* is he from? *What* has he done? And this may be good or bad—if the person has killed a few folks or been in jail and most anything else he is PUBLISHED abroad—(a drawing card). All this seems so vulgar and out of God's thought. Why not publish a few things about *Jesus*? Next question—"Can he or she fill a house?" Does she draw crowds? How many got saved? How many baptized? etc., etc.

Now do not mistake me. None of the questions in themselves are wrong. All of us know that. But *why* do we ask such questions? Jesus said, "Be not conformed to this world."—that is, its customs, habits, manners, ways, philosophy, etc. He also said, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." How different this teaching is from so much we find today. So many times hearts are crushed and feelings hurt because they are *not* recognized, appreciated, properly reported, honored, *known*, spoken of, given a seat on the platform, etc. One thing is sure—it is not the new creation that is hurt or slighted because the Spirit of Jesus never seeks such things. I am sure it must be a remnant of the old creation.

Being conscious of the present emphasis upon the person and *who* and *what* he has done I was refreshed in letting my mind wander back to the humble scene of Christ's nativity. And hence this poem. Please read it again in the light of this little message. I do not write this as harsh criticism, for my heart is tender and I love the members of His body too much to hurt them. But I do want to help if I may. I want our hearts bathed and freshly anointed in the sweet spirit of humility and self-effacement. May God grant us a sensitiveness and receptivity to the delicate and hidden touch of the adorable Christ. Let us, like the man in the poem, "stand *behind* the door" while the glory of His presence floods the way for needy hearts. Let us be done with *even the shadow of personality* cast as we stand in the door. He is the Door. Get behind the door! It is a very wonderful safety zone! None of us may live

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Christ's Coming — First and Second

J. N. Hoover



INCE one verse in every twenty speaks of the return of Jesus to the earth, I need not seek to prove that the doctrine is Biblical. If Christ does not return, then the Bible is not true, and if the Bible is not true then we are on the road to an everlasting grave. Oh the tragedy of unbelief! Take time to test the promises of God and your doubts will be gone. You cannot justly condemn that which you have not investigated. Christ is returning but He cannot return until certain scripture is fulfilled. Present developments among nations, studied in the light of prophecy, lead many of us to believe that the time for the return of Christ is rapidly approaching.

Let us start at the beginning of this redemptive work and consider the

Prophecies of the Birth of Christ.

We are studying the Word of God and not the theories of men. The opinions of men are trifling when compared with the Word of God. You are taking atheism in small doses when you accept the theories of modern theologians.

Out of the hundreds of Bible references dealing with the first coming of Christ to the earth I bring only a few: Isa. 7:14, "The Lord himself shall give you a sign. Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son and shall call his name Immanuel." These words were written 700 years before the birth of Jesus in Bethlehem of Judea. In Isa. 9:6 we read, "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulders, and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." Christ is known throughout the scripture by these high sounding titles, which He is thoroughly capable of assuming. Christ never tried to prove He was the Son of God, His works were sufficient evidence. Let us now turn to the New Testament: Matt. 1:23, "Behold a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is God with us." Luke 1:7, "And she (that is Mary) brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger because there was no room in the inn." Though He was the Son

THANKSGIVING AT CHRISTMAS

Because in tender majesty
Thou cam'st to earth, nor stayed till we,
Poor sinners, stumbled up to Thee,
I thank my God.

Because the Savior of us all
Lay with the cattle in the stall;
Because the Great comes to the small,
I thank my God.

Because upon a Mother's breast
The Lord of Life was laid to rest,
And was of babes the loveliest,
I thank my God.

Because the Eternal Infinite
Was once that naked little mite;
Because, O Love, of Christmas night,
I thank my God.

—G. A. Studdert-Kennedy.

of God and though the world was made by Him, there was no preparation for His coming. "He came unto his own but his own received him not." Notice the statement found in Matt. 1:22, "Now all this was done, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet"; "And she shall bring forth a Son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins."

The word "Jesus" signifies *sent* or *sent to save*. The word "Christ" signifies *the Anointed* or *God with us*. Hence you see the Anointed of God was sent into the world to seek and to save that which was lost. Jesus is the outstanding Person in history today, the most powerful and yet the most humble; the most righteous and yet crucified as the chief of sinners. He came to fight our battles and bring glad tidings of his own victories. In Him and Him only do we have hope of eternal life.

Announcement of the Birth of Jesus

Our present observance of the birth of Jesus is far from being reverent. Commercializing this divine event is a desecration of the principles of righteousness. The announcement of the humble birth of the Holy Child Jesus is beautifully worded in the second chapter of the book of Luke. "And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night. And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them,

Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be unto all people, for unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. . . . And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." How wonderful! How beautiful! How thrilling was the announcement from heaven of the earthly birth of the Son of God! Christ was born of a virgin, born in due season, born to be the Savior of sinners. Is He your Saviour? He is the only One who can help you out of your difficulties and give peace. We must not forget the fact that

God Sent Jesus

into the world, that the world might be redeemed out of the control of Satan. Jesus began this task in the most humble way possible. He said, "I am come, not to do mine own will, but the will of Him that sent me." "I am come that ye might have life and that ye might have it more abundantly." "I give unto them eternal life and they shall never perish." "I and my Father are one; before Abraham was I am." The world was and is a precious property in the estimation of God, for it is written, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life." "Herein is manifested the love of God toward us, because God sent his only begotten Son into the world that we might be saved through him." And Paul in Rom. 5: 6-8 tells us, "For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly. For scarcely for a righteous man will one die: yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

We have now found that the fact of facts is that Jesus came, suffered and died on the cross for your salvation and mine; and that He is coming in person to the earth again.

Manner of His Coming

We are not talking of His coming in the air, but His coming to the earth. He is coming not as a servant, but as a King; not to suffer but to reign as King of kings and Lord of lords. The manner of His coming is set forth in Matt. 25:31, "When the Son of man shall come in his glory and the holy angels with him, then shall he sit on the throne of his glory." Again in 2 Thess. 1: 7-9 we read: "And to you who are troubled rest with us, when the Lord Jesus

shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels. In flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of God and from the glory of his power." What a great and terrible day that will be for the unbeliever! You will not need to turn on the radio to get the latest news, for when the holy feet of the Lord Jesus shall touch the summit of the Mount of Olives the whole world will know Jesus has arrived. His coming means the destruction of Satanic government and the redemption of the whole earth to its former state of purity. Christ, as we shall see,

Comes to the Throne of David.

He is not only coming to the earth again but to the throne which belongs to Him by birth. He is come to the throne of David, and the whole world will enjoy the glory of His peaceful reign. According to Luke 1:32, "He shall be great and shall be called the Son of the highest, and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David." Jesus being the Son of Mary, who is in the royal line of the house of David, makes Jesus a legal heir to the throne of David. Speaking of His power on "the throne of his father David," we read in Isa. 9:7, "Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with justice from henceforth even forever." No demagogues will be there. No group of legislators making selfish laws. No dictator oppressing the helpless, or clanish religious societies. The return of Jesus to the earth means the complete destruction of evil. From His earthly throne, the throne of David, Jesus will rule the earth in righteousness and there will be universal peace. Simon Peter, referring to this glorious time according to Acts 2:29, said: "Men and brethren, let me freely speak unto you of the patriarch David, that he is both dead and buried and his sepulchre is with us unto this day. Therefore being a prophet, and knowing that God had sworn with an oath to him, that of the fruit of his loins, according to the flesh, he would raise up Christ to sit on his throne." This is clear, glorious and final.

Jesus on His return to the earth to reign will, according to the scriptures, conduct Himself as He did while on the earth after His resurrection

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Let us fill your order for Cards and Calendars

That Inward Monitor

Donald Gee

In the Stone Church



THE SUBJECT laid upon my heart is a very solemn one, the subject of Conscience. Our text is found in John 8:9, "And they which heard it, being convicted by their own conscience, went out one by one, beginning at the eldest, even unto the last: and Jesus was left alone, and the woman standing in the midst." Let me also refer you to a splendid story on conscience as given in Acts 24:10-27.

And now, before we go on with our subject let us make sure that we know what we are speaking about. I would like you to understand that conscience is something which God has put into every man and woman by creation; you do not have to be saved to have a conscience for every man and woman born has a conscience, given to him by our great Creator. Now what is the conscience? The dictionary defines it, "The faculty within us that decides right and wrong." And the Bible itself defines conscience in striking words given in Romans 2:15, "Which shew the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience also bearing witness, and their thoughts the meanwhile accusing or else excusing one another." That is just it—my thoughts speaking. Sometimes my thoughts accuse me and sometimes when I feel I have done wrong my thoughts excuse me and say that I have done right. "Never mind what people say; you have done right," and so the inspired Word says, "Our thoughts *accusing* or *excusing* us." So our conscience is that inward faculty that decides right and wrong.

Now I want you to look with me at different kinds of consciences in the Word of God. The first is one of which the Bible speaks so briefly in Acts 24:16, "And herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience *void of offence* toward God, and toward men." I trust you have that kind—a *good conscience* that gives you the peace of God in your heart, a conscience that enables you to look everyone in the face, as we are told about the old village blacksmith, who looked the whole world in the face. A good conscience is a great blessing; I find it is a grand thing to take with you when you put your head on the pillow at night; it is a fine thing

to make a man or woman brave to face opposition and difficulty. We are all familiar with that famous word from Shakespeare, "Our conscience doth make cowards of us all."

Now in this reference Paul uses a very important word when he says, "Herein I do exercise myself, to have always a good conscience void of offence." That is to say, that even though you have a good conscience you won't keep it *unless you exercise yourself in the matter*. Many people say "Amen" and look very wise and feel good even after they have lost their good conscience. You can soon lose the keen edge of your conscience and we find a great many Christians, Pentecostal Christians included, who have lost a good conscience, not through wicked wilfulness or great sinfulness, but they have lost it through sheer neglect. It is important that *we exercise ourselves*, to have a good conscience void of offence towards God and man; it *requires* exercising. Let no one here think you can live any sort of a careless life and keep a good conscience! You will lose it. People who have a good conscience are those who are exceedingly careful about it and exercise themselves to keep it. And let me add, that it surely pays to have this kind of a conscience, void of offence toward God and man.

In the city of Glasgow, Scotland, they have those large, double-deck street cars with only one conductor and consequently, in the rush hour, it is very difficult for the conductor to collect all the fares. It was discovered that there were a number of people who used the street cars without paying, so the city fathers decided that it was very necessary for the citizens of Glasgow to maintain a good conscience and they wisely installed a little money box by the door so that if the conductor was too busy to get around to everyone, you could still keep a good conscience by putting your fare into this box. I want to bear testimony to the citizens of Glasgow, that at the end of every year they collected a fine sum from the conscience boxes.

Now that is a small thing but it is the thing that makes the difference between having a clear conscience and one that is blunted and has lost the keen edge—being careful about the little things. What a curse exaggeration is! It blunts the conscience. People are not careful to speak the truth, not rigidly careful about money matters, and some borrow things and are careless about returning them. All this imperils a good conscience, and let me say, it pays to exercise ourselves to keep a good conscience.

If anyone thinks I am stressing this too much, let me quote the words of the Master, "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much." I would be very reluctant to trust a man with \$100 whom I had found unable to trust with \$1.00.

Now let me speak a while on a weak conscience. I. Cor. 8:7, "For some with conscience of the idol unto this hour eat it as a thing offered unto an idol; and their conscience being weak is defiled." You ask, What is a weak conscience? My answer would be that it is not a bad one and it is not a good one; it is a "wobbly" one, a conscience which doesn't function properly. It is just weak. You will always find that people with weak consciences are those who are under some kind of bondage, in bondage to custom; they do things not according to the standard of right and wrong but according to custom. They are bound by tradition, and let me say that all of us are bound by tradition more than we realize. I have had to discover that as an Englishman travelling around the world, for if anyone is bound by tradition it is an Englishman. No one knows what suffering I have gone through in being set free from some of my British traditions, which I considered a part of the Bible. There were things which I did and did not do, because, as I thought, I was a Christian and it was not until I began to travel that I found it was only because I was an Englishman. And when I came across folk who did things I considered wrong, how my weak conscience wobbled, so that one minute I would say, "I think they are wrong," and the next, "I think they are right." How I wobbled! For instance, the first time I came to America I arrived on the West Coast. What a place for an Englishman to make his first contact with America! Didn't I have a time! I had to preach to rows and rows of women without hats. My weak conscience had a bad time of it, but I survived.

Of course the amusing thing, when one travels around the world as I do, is to find that every country has its own traditions. I remember so well when I was in Eastern Europe. I was waiting with a brother outside of a little station in White Russia for the cart to arrive in which I was to ride two or three hours on one of those jolting, nerve-racking rides. So I thought I would cheer myself up a bit by whistling, but my brother came to me and said, "Brother Gee, don't whistle here. The people think that is worldly." I found their conscience

was weak where whistling was concerned, and I did not whistle anymore there. Some people may have a weak conscience concerning a minister smiling in the pulpit, others do not appreciate a service that is free, where people say "Amen!" and "Hallelujah!"

Now we are instructed to take a certain attitude towards a weak conscience. We must not wound it and therefore, if I am among people with a weak conscience on any certain line and I have the love of God in my heart, I will deny myself all sorts of legitimate things lest I be a stumbling block in my brother's path. I will say with the Apostle, "All things are lawful for me but all things are not expedient." This a man will do who is really anxious not to hinder anyone from coming to Christ; he is prepared to deny those things that he could personally enjoy without any harm to himself, but he refrains because he does not want to wound their weak conscience. But there is still something else we are instructed to do, otherwise we would all be dragged down to the level of the man who has a weak conscience and that would be miserable. So we are instructed to seek to enlighten his conscience by the Word of God; we must give him all the truth. We have a duty to perform to help men exercise their consciences, and it is a grand thing to see them coming out of bondage into liberty. Thank God, "whom the Son sets free is free indeed," and at last, we will find that our conscience has become strong and normal and true, one that judges, not according to tradition or according to custom or personal opinions, but according to God's Holy Word and the eternal principles of right and wrong.

Now we come to the kind of a conscience which I trust none of us have—a guilty conscience. Our text, I am sure, is the most dramatic illustration of this in all literature. You are familiar with that story of how those Pharisees brought to Jesus that poor woman, taken in sin, and in their hypocritical conduct wanted Him to accuse and condemn her. You know how He never said a word. There are times when silence is tremendously eloquent. When they further pressed him He stooped and wrote in the sand, and then, at last, because they still pressed Him—although they wished afterwards they had not done so—He looked them straight between the eyes and said, "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone." I can imagine the scene! I can see them going this way and that, shifting un-

easily on their feet and looking frantically one to another while a guilty conscience was doing its deadly work. That first stone was never picked up, but beginning at the oldest, down to the very least, they slunk out like whipped dogs. Conscience! That is the tremendous power of a guilty conscience!

Let me give you a much sweeter story than that; one from our own family circle. There was a time when my little girl, Olive, was only about three and she had done something naughty. So I said, "Olive, come here." Do you think she would move? She just sat right up as much as if her feet were glued, and she was only three. I said, "Olive, come to father." Inch by inch she crept up to me and when she got in front of me she was looking down at her feet. I told her to look daddy in the face. No indeed, she would look anywhere but into my face. Finally I got hold of her little head and held it rigidly between my two hands, and said, "Now look me in the face." She shut her eyes tight. It was the power of a guilty conscience, and every father and mother knows that conscience begins to work at a remarkably early age. What stories the Bible gives us of the guilty conscience! That matchless story of Joseph's brethren, how they sold their young brother, then suddenly found the tables turned when Joseph became prime minister. They were at his mercy. How they trembled and how their conscience troubled them! How they must have been saying in their hearts, "We will be repaid for the wicked things we have done!"

I have already read to you the story of Felix and we know, that although Paul was the prisoner and Felix the judge, yet in actuality it was the other way around, for we read how Paul reasoned with him of righteousness, self-control and judgment to come. And we read that Felix, that poor licentious slave to lust and passion, with a queen at his side that he had no right to have for she was another man's wife—we read how Felix trembled while this convict was preaching to him. Conscience!

Thank God there is such a thing as a conscience that speaks. Thank God for the voice of conscience, for something that can stir a man and make him tremble, make him to feel his need of a Savior. If that voice is speaking to you, the prayer of my heart is that you will not quench it or allow anyone else to turn you aside. Let it work! Listen to it! It will save you. Let it torture you if need be. Blessed torture

if it saves you from the fires of eternal hell. Thank God for sleepless nights which it may cause you to have. If there be a sinner here may God send you home to toss upon your pillow, to feel wretched, unspeakably wretched with that blessed symptom of a bad conscience, till, by the grace of God, it will bring you at last to repentance and to find mercy at the hand of the Lord.

And that brings me to the most solemn kind of conscience mentioned in the Word of God—a burned-over conscience—a seared conscience. We read in I. Timothy 4:2, "Speaking lies in hypocrisy; *having their conscience seared with a hot iron.*" The Greek word is literally, "*cauterized.*" You know that often when someone has been bitten by a mad dog or even a snake, the best remedy is to take a red hot iron and kill that spot that has been bitten—burn it until it has no life left, no sense of feeling in it. But how solemn a thing to contemplate—that man can have a cauterized conscience, a conscience seared as with a hot iron. A conscience that no longer registers when a man has done a wrong thing! I have met people like that, men and women who tell lies with such a brazen face, such a seared conscience that they do not even realize they have done anything wrong. Their only concern is that they might be found out—men who can rob widows and the fatherless and grow fat by dishonest trading with the poor and never seem to lose a wink of sleep over it. Then there are beasts of men who can take poor girls and ruin them and throw them out on the street as so much rubbish, and then go on and do it again. Thank God, there is a judgment day coming! A seared conscience! A conscience that doesn't speak! May God save us from having a seared conscience! But I am thankful that even a seared conscience is not entirely hopeless for our God is so marvelous that He can bring it to life again.

Now let us speak to you about the cleansed conscience and when I mention this I want to start singing. Hebrews 9:14 says, "How much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God!" and in Hebrews 10:22 we read, "Let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water." I love those words, "*cleansed*" and "*purged.*" It is the same word used in the Gospel where it speaks of Jesus

cleansing the lepers. The power that cleansed the leper is present with us today and He who sent him away cleansed, can send us away with our conscience purified. And if you want a simple domestic illustration, it is exactly the same word that our Lord used when He spoke of cleaning the platter and the cup. There is something satisfactory in washing a pile of greasy plates in lots of hot water and soap suds and I am glad that God can cleanse my conscience better even than that. At home we have something we purchased at Woolworths. It is sort of a wiry thing used to clean pots and pans and it surely makes a good job. When I look at that stiff, wiry thing and find Jesus used the same word as is used for the conscience, I often say, "Lord, get the scrubber out."

Now I would ask you to do some clear thinking with me in this connection while we differentiate between getting mental relief and the hopes that people have today in connection with a certain movement where people meet together and have parties where everyone confesses one to another. I would warn you to distinguish between mental relief and forgiveness from God. Mental relief is psychological but forgiveness is spiritual. And there is a big difference. Mental relief is natural, but forgiveness is divine. Beware of mental relief because you have confessed, confusing that with forgiveness from God. The conscience needs something more than confession; it needs cleansing.

Perhaps the best way to bring this home to you is by way of a story. Years ago when it was my happy privilege to be pastor of the Edinburgh Assembly, there was a brother in the church who had the happiest and sunniest disposition in the church. But the depression that came here, hit Scotland in 1922, and as it settled down with its icy hand upon business I discovered that this man began to lose his buoyancy, his joy and praise. He sat in the meetings listless and depressed. When he prayed there was a different tone in his prayer. I was grieved but seemed unable to get at the root of the trouble although I had a hint because he was a shop-keeper. One night I went to his little shop near closing time and he said, "Won't you come in and talk to me?" I said, "By all means," and together we went into his little room back of the shop and there he told me the whole story. He said, "Pastor, I am bankrupt. The depression has hit me hard and

I have failed completely. I am hundreds of Pounds in debt. What can I do?" He was a married man with quite a large family and did not know which way to turn. I said, "Neither do I know what to do but we can tell Father about it." So we knelt down and prayed, and when we got up from our knees I saw again, for the first time in months, a smile on his face. He gripped my hand and said, "I feel so much better. I am glad I told you." I said, "Yes, and I am glad we told the Lord, too." But the point of the story which I want you to get is this, that even though he felt better that did not pay his debts; he was still bankrupt and needed to make things right. You may confess your faults and your sins and you may feel better but that does not bring forgiveness. It is very important to have forgiveness. And I am not talking now about relief of mind by getting a clean conscience.

I am glad I can tell you the rest of the story. I said, "Now brother, you will have to do all you can. How much can you realize by sacrificing here and denying yourself there, to pay your debts?" I believe we should always pay our debts. So by struggling and sacrificing he was able to pay 250 Pounds out of the 300 that he owed, but that last 50 Pounds we did did not know how to get anywhere. It was just then that I had a most lovely experience in my life. I had a letter from a Pentecostal sister living in the South of England who had just sold her little house for the sum of 300 Pounds and she desired to give the entire proceeds to the Lord. Now she felt distinctly led of the Lord to give 250 Pounds to foreign missions and she held back 50 Pounds to help some Pentecostal brother in Great Britain and seeing she was a friend of mine, she wrote to ask if I knew of anyone who needed 50 Pounds. I wrote back and said, "Send it along. We are waiting for it." And didn't I enjoy it, when a few days later I went with this brother to the solicitors with that 50 Pounds, and when we came out of that office he was free. The debt was all paid. Now he had far more than simply relief of mind; he had a clear conscience.

I thank God that when I had a debt that I couldn't pay and I told my heavenly Father about it there was One, His only begotten Son, who on the Cross of Calvary, paid all my debt and set me free and, thank God, He has given

(Continued on page 18)

THE SUNSHINE STATE—that is South Dakota! The State where the sun shines in some part every day of the year. This State cast a challenge to sturdy pioneers of less than half a century ago. In response, they braved the dangers and loneliness of the bleak prairies to build homes in the mid-west. Sioux Falls, the largest city, is very beautiful with its avenues of majestic elms and its many parks.

The Pentecostal message was unknown to this city in October, 1930. At this time Brother and Sister Arthur F. Berg, who had labored a few years in the northern part of the State, felt the call of God to enter Sioux Falls with the Full Gospel message. How was the work to begin? There was no nucleus. Who would finance it? The outlook was not encouraging and the obstacles seemed insurmountable. Tent meetings had been tried by other denominations and had proved unsuccessful.

Without knowing one person in the city, but conscious of the call of God upon them these daring evangelists erected a tabernacle upon leased ground. With the help of a few friends, and a substantial loan, The Sioux Falls Gospel Tabernacle was built, and today is a great monument of faith to the power of the Gospel of Christ. The fifth day of October, 1930, was the opening day—a day never to be forgotten. The very first week God started to save souls and a revival began at once. For an entire year services were held every night. Evangelists were called to help and God honored their ministry with a great harvest of souls.

The spirit of evangelism has continued and a large number of precious souls have found peace at the old-fashioned altar. Many sick have been healed and hundreds baptized in the Holy Spirit according to Acts 2:4. The prayer-room, called the "glory" room, is a place of hallowed and sacred memories to the many who have found it truly a place of "glory."

Young people have felt the call of God and volunteered for Christian service. Numbers have gone away to Bible School and now nine young people from this church are in active Gospel work

in South Dakota and other states.

From its very beginning The Sioux Falls Gospel Tabernacle has been aflame with a zeal for sharing this blessed news of the Gospel with the lands afar. Brother and Sister Berg, hav-

ing themselves been missionaries in Central Africa, have not failed to emphasize that the need of a church to be truly "Pentecostal" must be missionary at heart and in deed. A spirit of sacrifice has been shown in the missionary offerings given faithfully and consistently for this purpose.

The Gospel Tabernacle is located in the very heart of the city. Sioux Falls has a Radio Station and for over six years the Tabernacle has been broadcasting the message of the Gospel to an ever-increasing radio audience. This is a very fruitful department of the work. Each week the mail brings letters from an appreciative audience telling of the help received in this way. Souls have been saved, the sick healed and some have even received the baptism of the

The Get A

Conducte

Presenting the story of the Gos
Arthur F. Berg, Pastor; An
Watson Argue has held two



The Gospel Tabernacle of Sioux Falls, So. D.

Printed Page

ON ARGUE

He at Sioux Falls, South Dakota.
Berg, Evangelist. Evangelist
in this Tabernacle.

Spirit while listening to the radio service. One of the present trustees of the church came in touch with the Tabernacle and the Full Gospel through the medium of the radio. He was gloriously saved and he and his family are rejoicing today in what God has done for them.

In the early part of 1930 there were but three Pentecostal churches in the State of South Dakota, yet at the last District Council Meeting held in Sioux Falls thirty-seven Assembly of God churches were represented. A year ago the former North Central District, which formerly comprised five states, because of the growth of the work and immensity of territory, deemed best to separate into four districts. South Dakota is now a separate District. Brother A. F. Berg was re-elected as the District Superintendent. During these years of drought, dust storms, and depression, the growth of the work in Sioux Falls and the entire State is a marvelous testimony of the power and goodness of God.

The church is incorporated as The Sioux Falls Gospel Tabernacle and is affiliated with the General Council of the Assemblies of God.

The Sunday School has always been a strong phase of the work. This is also true of the young people's organization known as the Christ's Ambassadors. These consecrated young people are aggressive and give whole hearted co-operation in every program of the church, thereby proving a great blessing and inspiration.

Plans are now being made for the erection of a better and larger building next year. This will accommodate the growth of each department of the work.

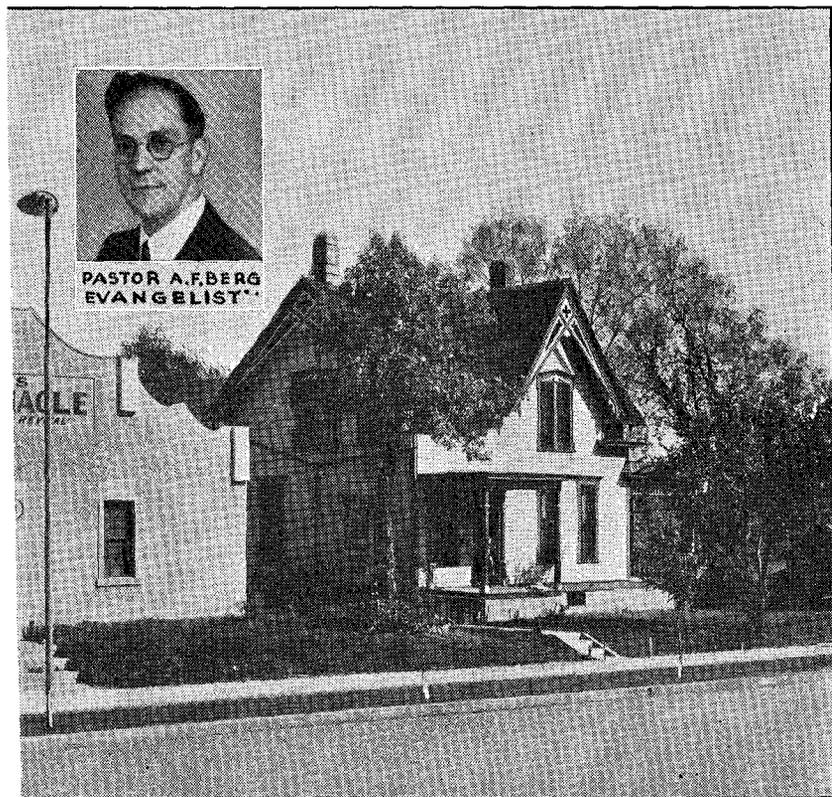
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The South Dakota District have just purchased a thirteen-acre Camp Ground near Rapid City, and the edge of the famous Black Hills. This beautiful section of the West is fast becoming known as an attractive touring center.

Brother Berg has been one of the moving factors in the great Lake Geneva Camp, and has contributed not a little in making it a success. With the same enthusiasm and zeal which characterizes all he does, thrown into this new Camp, and the smile of God upon this new venture for His cause, people from all over the States will be drawn to this beautiful spot.

South Dakota is the home of the Homestake Mine, at Lead, "the greatest gold mine in the world. It has been in constant operation day and night for the last fifty-four years. The present depth of the mine is 2700 feet, and at each hundred foot station starts a system of railroads which reaches all parts of the workings at that depth. This is the only place in the world where twenty-nine railroads are in constant operation, one above the other. Three of these lines are upon the surface and twenty-six beneath the surface of the ground."

But the folk at the Sioux Falls Gospel Tabernacle are after treasures far greater than those mined in the earth; they are digging out from the filth of sin, precious gold that is being polished and refined and made into immortal crowns to be laid at the Master's feet.



's Residence, and Brother and Sister Berg.

"Can ye drink of the cup that I drink of, and be baptized with the baptism I am baptized with?"



WE RECALL how the two disciples to whom our blessed Lord addressed those words replied, "We can." Their minds were full of the glory of the coming Kingdom, and what was an insignificant cup that it should stand in the way? Of course they could drink the cup. I wonder if James would have answered so readily, so easily, had he been permitted to take a glance into the cup of his drinking, and had there seen his future brutal murder at the hands of Herod. I wonder if John's response would have been so quick had he been vouchsafed the knowledge of the terrible period of imprisonment on the Island of Patmos which this so innocent-looking cup contained for him.

And now I would ask a question, humbly, reverently, "Would Mary, the mother of our Lord, have acquiesced, with such prompt obedience, in the strangely glorious tidings announced to her by the angel Gabriel, had the cup of her drinking been disclosed in all its agonizing contents?" "Highly favoured"? Yes. "Blessed art thou among women"? Yes, abundantly so, but in the life of every true believer whose heart beats for God's highest, there is always the other side, the side of discipline, of suffering, of mental anguish, all so necessary to a balanced poise when the time of glory arrives.

The Scriptures teem with illustrations of this principle, and nowhere do we find it more startlingly manifested than in the life of Mary, the mother of Jesus. At first it was all glory. An angel appears to a lowly maiden and pronounces sublime words in her hearing, words whose full import only a Jewish maiden could understand. She was to be the mother of the promised Messiah. There is no hint of a bitter cup incorporated with those heavenly tidings, and so Mary gives a glad response, "Be it unto me according to thy word."

The music is still in Mary's heart when she goes with haste to Elizabeth, and it becomes richer and fuller by the greetings she receives in her cousin's home. Yes, the melody is becoming grander and grander, and Mary bursts forth into the Magnificat—

"All generations shall call me blessed. . . . He hath exalted them of low degree. He hath filled the hungry with good things and the rich He hath sent empty away."

Full of holy joy, Mary takes leave of Eliz-

Mary

The Cup She Drank

Miss Janet Rogerson

abeth. We can almost read her thoughts on her homeward journey, how God had set His seal on her holy function by revealing the blessed truth to her cousin Elizabeth, and, deeper still, an unborn infant had been moved of God to contribute its testimony. Her path was bright indeed, and Mary's expectations would see it growing brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

Then comes the staggering, overwhelming anti-climax. No revelation has been made to Joseph, and he is minded to put her away privily. We can but faintly conceive of the anguish of that hour for Mary. What heartbreaking questionings would arise in her heart. "Surely," she would reason, "it was of infinitely greater importance that the revelation should have come to my affianced husband than to Elizabeth or her babe." How busy the devil would be with the poor distracted maiden, trying to insinuate doubts of the reality of the angel's annunciation. Mary has begun to drink the cup now—and *God mixed that cup.*

This is the pivotal fact in the whole tale of Mary's distress. That revealing dream could have been given to Joseph before Mary's return, but it was Love's perfect will that Mary drink that cup. Since her husband had so misunderstood her position, we can readily assume that Mary, in succeeding days, shunned her neighbors and kept to the privacy of her home. The wonderful, inspired utterances which had filled her with such holy ecstasy at the beginning, would seem but the veriest mockery to her now. Yes, 'tis a deep, deep cup, and Mary is still drinking it when the time comes for Jesus to be born. No one would blame Mary if, in her secret musings, she had pictured a beautiful supernatural home for the holy Infant, with special heavenly attendants. Once again Mary's heart is wrung by an anti-climax beyond her wildest imaginings. The holy Child is born in a stable. And what of Mary's neighbors when the news of this strange birth travelled to them? How its lowly setting would seem to confirm all their suspicions of Mary, and we can readily believe their tongues would not be idle.

I shall but touch on one other point which

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Joseph

And Thus the Angel Came

Arthur Graves



WHEN JOSEPH finally dropped off to sleep that night, his question was still unanswered and his problem still unsolved. The decision he must make meant a great deal to Joseph, and to Mary it meant even more. They had been very happy in their love for each other. How they had looked forward to making a delightful honeymoon of the journey to Bethlehem for the tax registration. Bethlehem, the city of David, and Jerusalem with its Temple and all the other historic places they wanted so much to see. But now—Joseph “was minded to put her away.” Everything seemed to be changed now. Why had this happened? Could it be of God?

While Joseph tossed in his sleep that night Mary lay awake. Never had her faith been tested as when the angel brought the wonderful announcement of God’s plan for her life. Could it really be so? Yes, she would not doubt the word of the Lord. Now, however, with Joseph failing to understand, doubts flung their stinging arrows into her quivering soul. The taunting voice whispered again softly, “If this were really of God would not Joseph know it? He doesn’t believe you—and without him, can you go through?” Joseph was so good, so just, but here he was almost definitely decided to spoil God’s plan. He “was minded to put her away.”

He didn’t realize what he was doing; he had been very kind and gentle about it—but his mind was almost made up. Mary had said all she could, had explained everything to him—now she could only wait and pray.

Among all the multitudes who looked and prayed for the coming of the Savior, only a little group was to take part in the fulfillment of God’s promise. You could count them on your fingers. There were Zacharias and Elizabeth who, like Mary, were being led of God. The angel of the Lord had appeared to them and in spite of Zacharias’ weak faith, they were both following step by step the divine instructions. The way was open for the coming of the Forerunner—it seemed to be closing against the coming of the Savior. Joseph and Mary, a young man and a young woman; Zacharias and Elizabeth, an old man and an old woman—

the plan of the ages was committed to their faith and obedience—and Joseph that night was out of touch, was minded to put Mary away. The others had heard from God, had seen the angel, were following divine guidance. Joseph was making his own decision—and it was the wrong decision. They were in the Spirit—he was in the flesh—and God’s plan waited while Joseph “thought on these things.”

It seemed that the divine chain was about to be broken at this human link. Looking back we can see how human wisdom was failing to harmonize with divine wisdom. Everything in the Gospel story shows that Joseph was trying hard to do right, was going slow in this serious matter, was doing the very best he knew—but that human best was wrong.

He has decided to wait until morning before making the final choice. As he sleeps we are thinking of how much may depend on a single decision. From this distance we do not feel the suspense of that night. The “fulness of time” had come; the prophecies had been on record for centuries; the angel choir was in readiness to burst into triumphant song above the wondering shepherds; perhaps the first rays of the Star had begun to twinkle in the East; Simeon and Anna, those precious old saints, were all prayed up so that they could hear the Spirit whisper, “This is He.” One wrong step now by one young man could mar all God’s preparations and hinder His will. And that young man went to sleep almost decided to take that wrong step.

Could the work of God be so easily defeated at the hands of a man? “Joseph . . . was minded to put her away.”

Why Joseph was the last of the little group to hear from heaven, we are not told. But how our hearts thrill at the words, “Behold, the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream.” That was what was needed. Just a word from the Lord and all was clear, all was harmony. The message of the angel explained everything. So different things look with the Light shining on them!

As we ponder this incident in the first chapter of Matthew we realize that God’s work is not safe in unguided human hands. We remember the words of the prophet Isaiah, “For My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways, saith the Lord.” Even that which is really of God can be hindered or destroyed unless what is begun in the Spirit is

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The Prophetic Digest

Albert J. Lebeck, Sacramento, Calif.

Mussolini and Hitler

Recently Mussolini made a trip to Germany to visit Hitler. These two dictators are evidently getting their heads together in order to be able to support one another in their own selfish plans and to prevent any other nation interfering therewith.

It seems that Mussolini is able to have his own way. He makes promises, etc., to the League of Nations, and to France and England but it seems when he gives in an inch he takes another foot. England and France would like to curb Mussolini's influence in the Mediterranean, but it seems they are unable to cope with him for he continues to do as he pleases.

No Declaration of War

In the recent wars in the world, we have noticed that the nations do not declare war as they formerly did. They merely walk in and attempt to take what they want. Italy's troops went into Ethiopia and carried on their campaign without even declaring war. The fight in Spain started without declaring war. Now Japan went into China and there began warfare without declaring war. So it may be that in the next war it will be a matter of who gets there first, with their armies and planes, and delivers the first blow, who will win the war. "Hit before you are hit" seems to be the slogan. Get in the first knock-out blow.

Sex Crimes

Inspired by the growing number of sex crimes, cries of horror have resounded in the editorial columns of many newspapers, and we must recognize that there are a multitude of factors contributing to sex immorality in general.

The chief trouble is that sex is contemporarily over-emphasized.

Everywhere the eye is turned, the thing imposes itself: on the bill boards, magazine covers, car cards, signs, and store windows, some symbol of subconscious sex is expressed. On the magazine counters, looming above all else, is the yellow pulps proffering their nasty wares for the mental perversion of the masses. The Fourth Estate finds its best copy in murder, love nest, and sex stories. Top photography features the fundamental urge. Like Shakespeare, who inserted smut for the amusement of the "penny stinkards" in the pit, so the plays might pay;—so the modern play-wrights write an entire risqué plot, to insure greater success.

In consideration of the prevalence of the afore-exposed conditions the miracle is that ethical standards have survived as well as they have.

As one writer states, even the papers who make so much ado about sex crimes, are the very ones that on the same page will have pictures and editorials that are contributing to this very condition.

It is about time that the people awake to the cause of these things and begin to clean them up. The world feeds on this trash. Is it any wonder that it brings forth the fruit it does. "What we read and hear we

think. What we think we speak and what we speak we do."

Armistice

"Armistice Day was celebrated recently to the tune of booming guns in Spain and China. Since 'The war to end wars,' nineteen years ago, there have been nine International, Civil, and two Colonial wars, fought on three continents, by the white, black and yellow races.

"Instead of a world 'Safe for Democracy,' there is Communism in Russia, Fascism in Italy, Nazi-ism in Germany, and a wave of anti-democratic dictatorships in the smaller countries.

"Instead of one International, creating world unrest, there are now two militant Internationals, Fascist and Communist.

"Instead of disarmament, there is rearmament. In Europe, 50,000,000 are ready to march at a moment's notice.

"Instead of the Peace Treaties, there are scraps of paper; Germany, Austria, Hungary and Bulgaria have rent their treaties asunder by rearming.

"Attempts to secure peace through international agreements have not been successful; Japan, Germany and Italy have defied the League of Nations. The Kellogg-Briand Pact outlawing war has gone up in smoke.

"Heading toward another Armageddon, and rearming in haste, the world hopes for the best, but prepares for the worst."—*Digest*, Nov. 3, 1937.

High Cost of War

Although it is impossible to determine precisely the financial loss and casualties of the two belligerents, neutral observers summarized the cost of the conflict in the Shanghai and North China area thus far as, roughly:

Expenditures: Chinese, \$250,000,000; Japanese, \$6,000,000,000; Property loss: Chinese, \$200,000,000; Casualties (dead and wounded): Japanese, 125,000; Chinese, 330,000; Trade loss: Japanese, \$250,000,000; Chinese, \$100,000,000.

New Alliances

The agreement signed on Nov. 6th uniting Germany, Italy and Japan "to fight Communism in the world" is a combination of forces, seeking to obtain new territories and markets by force. Mussolini, Hitler, and the Tokio Military Clique see no other way to obtain what they believe to be their sacred right—a place in the sun.

Real significance lies in the fact that the three dictatorships have thrown a definite challenge to the rest of the world to choose between the old and new systems of government. This unmistakably divides the world into two camps. One based on force, the other on diplomatic talk.

The new agreement between the dictatorships hopes to win the weaker countries to their side, and they

have more than a fair chance of succeeding. None of the pacts, agreements and treaties which were supposed to guarantee security for the weaker states have thus far helped them. The plight of Ethiopia, China, and the Loyalist Government in Spain have all shown that the great and powerful democratic states can do nothing to protect the weaker nations when one of the dictatorships decides to put an end to their independence.

More and more is the world drifting to Dictators and eventually we shall see the rise of a "Dictator of Dictators," the Antichrist, as foretold in the Bible.

Japanese Patrol Red Border With Powerful Army

One of Japan's most powerful armies is deployed along the Soviet Frontier of Japanese dominated Manchukuo, while Japanese and neutral observers share the almost unanimous belief that relations between Russia and Japan are nearing fracture.

The strained diplomatic situation and perhaps the massing of crack Japanese troops on the Manchukuo border grows out of the recent strengthening of the German-Japanese anti-Communism front, with the entrance of Italy and friction over renewal of Soviet granted fishing concessions.

\$1,000,000,000 for Defense

Congress will be asked to approve a billion dollar national defense budget in 1938, including funds for additional warships and increased army personnel, high Army and Navy department officials disclosed.

This would be sufficient to buy one million \$1,000 cars or two hundred thousand \$5,000 homes. War is expensive.—*I. N. S., Oct. 21st.*

Navy Acts to Meet Threat of War

The navy department is quietly shifting its "crack" officers to roles that will be key positions in the event of war in the Far East.

Under the guise of "routine changes," outstanding officers have been eased into posts where they would be most effective in the event of an emergency in the Orient.

The moves were regarded in official circles as important indications of just how seriously the Sino-Japanese situation is privately regarded by Administration leaders.

While the Navy does not expect war, the present policy was taken as a frank recognition that American involvement is a tangible possibility.

Recruiting Agencies

The army is preparing to create a recruiting agency which could be relied upon, in the event of war, to enlist at least 500,000 volunteers during the first sixty days of hostilities.—*A. P., Nov. 1st.*

Atheism on the Ebb

Latest figures of the Associated Press from Soviet Russia indicate that there are now only two million active, fighting atheists, out of a population of 170 million. The two million are members of the League of the Militant Godless, headed by Yemelyan Yaroslavsky, the Russian "Robert Ingersoll."

In the wild revolutionary and post revolutionary days, this crusading organization flourished and spread far. But now Comrade Yaroslavsky is gravely perturbed, for his anti-church membership has shrunk

from its former strength of five million. "School children even sing in church choirs in some places," he mourns.

So anti-religion in Russia, like radical economic Bolshevism is waning. It is a blessing to know that Christianity is surviving in spite of severe persecution.

Consolidation of Methodist is Step Nearer

The unification of three Methodist denominations (with approximately 8,000,000 members in all parts of the world) is two-thirds completed. Only final approval of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, remains. Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church North, accepted the merger plans officially on Nov. 11th at their Convention in Fort Wayne, Indiana. The Methodist Protestant Church previously voted for unification.

Cause of Divorces

Director Paul Popenoe of the Institute of Family Relations stated that 24,684 marriage licenses were issued and 12,680 divorce suits filed during the last fiscal year in Los Angeles County. The reasons for the high divorce rate are complex, but childlessness, said Dr. Popenoe, is considered one important factor.

"California has the lowest birth rate of any state in the Union," he said. "Dr. Alfred Cahen of Columbia University has shown that 71 per cent of all childless couples in the United States end in the divorce court."

The Bible states that in the last days men shall be without natural affection, marrying and giving in marriage.

Director of Public Health Raps "Beauty Mad Women"

Dr. Haven Emerson, Director of Public Health of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, wonders if it is worth while attempting to protect beauty and women.

"As one looks about," he said, "at the cadaveric finger tips, the enameled toenails, the deformed eyebrows, the filled facial creases that try to reveal character, but are cheated out of it, the hectic cheek reminiscent of the fever ward of a tuberculosis hospital, the ill assorted daubs of aniline upon the lips, one wonders if it is worth the while of the congress to enact protective legislation, or health officers and their laboratories to attempt enforcement of local ordinances, to save a beauty mad generation from those qualities of cosmetics that threaten to replace the bloom of health with one more appropriate to a dish of wax fruit." Emerson spoke at a centennial celebration of the birth of Dr. Charles Frederick Chandler, New York's first public health chemist.—*A. P., Oct. 21st.*

It is interesting to learn what a Doctor has to say about the present day war paint with which women daub themselves. Christians are not alone in seeing the injury of these things.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Missionary Rally under auspices of Chicago Young People, at Bethel Temple, 1901 W. Washington Blvd., Dec. 11, 1937, 7:30 P.M. David J. DuPlessis, General Secretary of the Apostolic Faith Mission of South Africa, will be the main speaker. Missionaries representing other fields, dressed in native costumes, will also be present. Come and take part in a great offering. Carl J. Frizen, Chairman.

(Continued from page 14)

must have still further wrung Mary's stricken heart; the flight into Egypt, Emmanuel (God with us) fleeing before a wicked king and that at the direct command of God! Human reasonings are completely baffled in the face of such inexplicable happenings, and we can picture Mary casting herself, as never before, upon her God. The cup of suffering has triumphed when it brings a soul thus to cast itself, with an uttermost abandonment upon God Himself.

Dear perplexed child of God, when suffering is heaped upon suffering, oh! remember, remember that only in this way can God answer your prayers to be conformed to the image of His dear Son.

Oh bitter cup! Oh blessed cup!
I'll sound thy praise abroad.
I had not known, but for thy pain,
The depths of love in God.

Gone all thy sorrow, fear and shame,
Such joy thou'st brought to me.
Thrice holy cup, thy ministry
Has made me go out, free.

(Continued from page 15)

carried out in the Spirit. Without divine guidance Joseph was headed in a completely wrong direction. The thing which seemed wise to him was, in God's sight, entirely foolish. And Joseph was a just man doing the best he knew.

I do not suppose he understood the importance of the decision he was trying to make that night. We walk by faith and see so little of God's workings at a time, that only with the perspective which comes afterward do we get the full import of individual steps. But if Joseph did not know, God understood the importance of that decision, and the angel was ready to bring the needed message. "Then Joseph being raised from sleep did as the angel of the Lord had bidden him."

That Inward Monitor

(Continued from page 11)

me a receipted bill and tonight I stand here with a conscience that is cleansed and purged. You cannot accuse me of my sins for the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all. And when the accuser of the brethren tried to shut my mouth I simply told him about the blood

of Jesus and I went right on through, into the presence of the holiest of all.

The last kind of conscience I would speak of is the "witnessing conscience." Romans 9:1, "I say the truth in Christ, I lie not, my conscience bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost." I am glad there is something inside that bears witness with the voice of God's blessed Holy Spirit. Oh that lovely agreement on the inside! There are two of us that agree; my purged, cleansed conscience bears me witness in the Holy Ghost. Have you a conscience like that, that when the Holy Spirit indicates the way, you find it absolutely registering with Him?

I was deeply impressed with this thought when, on a recent trip, I went up to the bridge of one of our great ocean liners, away from all the commotion and the rush, where all was quiet. I found I was at the very nerve center of that great ship, where everything had to be exact. When I asked when we would be arriving at Cape Town the man on the bridge said, "If nothing unforeseen happens it will be about 9:15 Monday morning." As I watched I noticed now and again that a gust of wind would swing the vessel another way and then the officer on the watch would quietly give an order and I noticed that every time the officer gave an order the man at the wheel always repeated it after him. Those two officers agreed perfectly and I said, "Oh Lord, let the bridge of my life be like that, that when the Holy Spirit, who is the Officer on watch in my life, gives an order, give me a conscience that repeats it after Him; that to every true command of God, help me to say an eternal 'Yes' until at last we get to our desired haven."

We shall never obtain the right view of missions until we have stood at Bethlehem's manger and beheld that wondrous scene of the incarnation—God incarnate descending from the ivory palaces down to this world of sin and woe, in utter self emptying and humiliation, until we stand in dark Gethsemane, that ante-chamber to Calvary, and behold the bloody sweat of Christ's agony in prayer, until we stand at Calvary and hear those awful words, "My God! My God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

—Robert Glover.

India's Challenge to the Church

The Heart-Cry of Sixty Million Outcastes

Miss Constance Eady in the Stone Church



HERE is just a little word in John's Gospel, 10:16, that I wish to pass on to you: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold. *Them also I must bring.*" What a wonderful word this word "must" is. It was the dominant note in the life of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Tonight I want to tell you something about those other sheep in India, which Jesus said He *must* bring. I have seen Him bringing them in. It is 23 years ago last month since the Lord sent me out to India. I could not tell you how wonderful He has been all these years. Truly it has been thousands of miles of miracles that we have seen Him perform. India is as large as the United States and there are three times as many people in that country. Wherever you see a little group of trees there is a village. In little, one-roomed houses you will find two adults, three or four children, a few chickens and possibly a goat or two, and no windows in the houses. Nine-tenths of the population of India live in villages.

Then, of course, you know India is a heathen country. You no sooner step on the shore of India when you know you are in a heathen country; you see people with marks on their faces, and bowing down to gods of wood and stone. A little distance from where I live there is a beautiful spreading tree where they go to worship their gods. Jeremiah says the heathen have altars on every high hill and under every green tree. That is what we are seeing in India. Your whole being becomes stirred within you, as you see that country which really belongs to Jesus Christ, under the dominion of Satan.

This same redemption which is for us has been made also for those dear, dark people of India, but they do not know it because there are so few comparatively, giving the Gospel message. "How shall they hear without a preacher?" One of the saddest things we have to meet in India is this: We tell them the wonderful story of the love of God, and how He sent Jesus to die on Calvary for us; how He rose from the dead and is now seated on the right hand of the Father, and is coming again to take us to be with Him. We tell the story again and

again, and again, so simply. Sometimes they stop us and say, "That is a wonderful story. Is it really true?" "Yes," we say, "every word is true." "Oh, how long ago did this happen that Jesus came to this earth?" "Well," we say, "it was quite a while ago that He came." "Yes, but how long was it? Can it be two years ago?" And we have to tell them it was two thousand years ago. "What? Two thousand years ago and you haven't told our people all this time?" And you feel so ashamed to think that after nearly two thousand years there are 360 million people in darkness, going into a Christless eternity because they do not get the light.

I'd like to tell you just a little bit of the work the Lord has let me do in South India. I have always done pioneer work. For seven years I was at Yercaud, and then the Lord told me He was about to take me to another place. He told me just where I was to go, and that I was to live by the sea. When I went there I could not find a place by the sea, and I went back and prayed for ten days. Then the Lord told me to go back again and I went straight to the sea, and there was just one house I could get. Today He has given us a precious little Pentecostal church in that place. Many have been healed and God has worked precious though there is a fight for every soul that is won.

At one time we had special meetings, a fellow-missionary had been there conducting them and at the close a few people wanted to be baptized. As the missionary went down into the water, and a woman was just about to go in, I saw coming down the road a big, tall man; he was said to be a very wild man. I could see in his pocket a weapon. He clutched hold of the woman's hand (she was his mother) and said, "You shall not be baptized." She said, "Be quiet. I shall be baptized." He said, "You shall not be baptized. If you do I will kill you." "Then I shall be a martyr and go to Jesus, but I will be baptized." But with the man holding her hand, what could she do? The missionary in a loud voice asked the woman if she wanted to be baptized. She said, "Yes." I went off to see if I could find a police, but the Lord didn't want any police. As I came down to the water's edge the Spirit of God struck that man. He ran up to his home and went to bed. Of course, the woman was baptized. Do you know that that man who made all that trouble at the baptismal service is now preaching Jesus to the villagers?

A man some distance away asked if we could

not have a cottage meeting at his house. The place was packed out and the street was lined with people listening to the preaching of the Gospel. We went to another place and every time we went the crowds became larger and larger, so I felt sure the Lord wanted us to have an out-station there. It is six miles from Cannanore. A big Hindu man came up to us as we were praying about a place where we could pray and eat our food, and he said, "I have two rooms you can rent." We pay 50c a month for these two rooms. We had great crowds on the street but I realized that unless we had some place to gather when the rains came, the work would stop. One morning Thomas, my cook, came to me with a note in his hand. It was five rupees. He said, "This is for the new church at Cherikkal." Then that big Hindu merchant said, "If you want to put up a building, you can put it on my land here." We prayed and within a few months we had put up what we called a shed, a good concrete floor and a palmleaf roof. Night after night that place is packed out. We sing and we preach, and we sing and preach, and close the meeting, but nobody moves. The people come as soon as it is dark; they are afraid of the Hindu priests, and they stay until long after midnight asking questions about the Word of God. There was one man who was very interested in the Scriptures and they suspended him from the Hindu temple for three months. The big Hindu merchant yielded his heart to Jesus Christ, and we do not doubt that the whole crowd of men will follow him. These are caste people, not outcastes. People are born into their castes. The highest caste, as you know, is the Brahmin. They attain to that by various migrations.

One of the great burdens on my heart is the sixty million outcastes of India who are today practically without any religion. They are not allowed to have contact with the caste people at all; they may not have water from their wells, or walk on the same side of the street the caste people walk. All day long he walks behind the plow or is at the beck and call of his employer. When he has finished his work he is paid 3c worth of grain for his wife and children. You ask, "Why so little? Hasn't he earned more?" Yes, but probably three years ago he borrowed ten *rupees* from his employer. For this he would have to pay interest of one *anna* for every *rupee*. That in compound interest makes him

pay 75%. This poor man is never at that rate able to pay this debt. He goes home and he tom-toms for a half hour to keep the evil spirits away. Then he goes into the little house 8 x 12 to sleep until morning. This, day in and day out, is the life of an outcaste man.

A few years ago there was an outcaste boy who wanted an education. He came to the caste school and asked for admittance, but the caste people said, "No, you cannot have an education. You are outcaste. Get out." But the boy was plucky. He sat outside the school-door and tried to get what education he could. Then his father moved, and he was allowed to sit on the same bench as the caste boy. In a wonderful way he came under the notice of the maharajah and he gave him a scholarship. After that he gave him another scholarship and he came to the Columbia University and later went to England and became a noted lawyer. Then he came back to India, thinking that after all his education his caste would be broken down, but not so. He was hounded from place to place. They would not let him live in a caste house nor drink from caste wells. So he, who is none other than Dr. Ambedkar, began to stir up the outcaste people. What kind of a religion is this? What has Hinduism done for us? The day came when he was a representative at the All Indian Round Table Conference in London, and later in Lucknow, when fourteen different speakers representing the ten different faiths, and each one told what religion would do for the castes. When he arose the people cried out, "We won't have Hinduism!" And as another spoke they cried, "We won't have Mohammedanism!" And when the Sikh representative arose they cried, "We won't have Sikhism!" They say that the speeches that were most acceptable to the outcastes were those delivered by two Christians. They spoke on the Christ who satisfies.

They have not yet embraced Christianity, but what a tremendous opportunity the Christian church has today to give Christ to these sixty million outcastes! Responsibility means, our response to God's ability. I believe if we will rise up and do what the Lord wants us to do He will bring into Christianity those sixty million outcastes.

The only way to give them the Gospel is thru the native workers. I do not mean to walk thru a village and preach a sermon, but to live in the

villages, have morning prayers, schools for teaching the women, Bible Schools just to teach the Word of God, and at the close gather the whole village together and have family prayers. If we could do that for a few months we would have Christian village after Christian village. This is our greatest need today. It costs \$5 a month to support a Bible woman, and \$10 to support an evangelist.

Jesus is counting on us to bring in some of His "other sheep." Would it not be wonderful if in the glory world someone would come up to us and say, "I am here because you told me about Jesus." "I do not remember seeing you on earth." "No, you did not, but you supported an evangelist and he brought me the message."

And the Holy Spirit today is going up and down among God's people, seeking for those upon whom He can put prayer. Do we know by experience the meaning of that thought in the sixth chapter of Ephesians, "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." It will take real wrestling in prayer, mighty soul travail, a burdened soul, to break down the powers of darkness and dispel the spiritual wickedness in the high places in India, for Satan's seat is there. But if men and women will give themselves to prayer there is no limit to what God will do in that needy land. May He lay upon the hearts of intercessors the great need of these sixty million outcastes, that they may be brought to the Light.

For Christmas Giving

(Continued from page 2)

it never argues back, that you can reach men and women by this avenue when all others have failed.

That a gift of a subscription is not easily laid down and forgotten shortly after Christmas, but repeats its visits twelve times a year, each time coming new and fresh, a brand-new remembrance each month.

Bearing the above in mind, we are convinced that there is no gift more suitable at this Christmas time, than a year's subscription to *The Latter Rain Evangel*. One writes, "Your paper, with its wonderful messages was such a blessing. I would rather do without something to eat than do without the paper." Send us your list now, on the enclosed subscription blanks, and we will

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The New Year's issue of *The Latter Rain Evangel* will contain some very choice features, helpful to every Christian as well as the unsaved. "How to plan your life for 1938," by Donald Gee, is full of splendid advice.

"If 1938 Were My Last Year on Earth" will be most striking, and will tell how some of our pastors, missionaries, and others would use that last year allotted to them.

The personal testimony of one who after 20 years came "From the Presbyterian Pulpit to Pentecost."

These and others will stimulate consecration and courage. You will want it in the home of every friend. Order some extra copies now.

GOD IS NOT MOCKED!

The atheistic funny paper, *Il Telefono*, published in Messina, Sicily, on Christmas Day, 1908, ridiculed the Virgin Birth of Christ in these words:

O my little Babe,
Very man and very God,
By the love of Thy Cross
Hear our voices:—
Send us all an earthquake
For a Christmas present!

On the 28th day of December God answered their prayer and Messina was destroyed by an earthquake and 200,000 souls were ushered into eternity. "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

The Rolling Pumpkin

IT WAS her second Christmas. Her mother had gone to be with the Lord when she was born. Partly to drive away the sadness in my heart, and partly to please her, I had determined to give my baby daughter a nice Christmas. Some weeks before I began to sacrifice out of my meager income a little here and a little there in order to buy her nice things for Christmas. The time immediately preceding Christmas day we spent in buying a tree and decorations with a doll and all the toys dear to a child's heart.

Eventually Christmas eve arrived. It was late that night before I retired, but not until the tree was in its place, with all its decorations hanging thereon. Underneath were the doll, the blocks, the candy and toys that I had sacrificed to buy her. I was happy that night as I thought of the morrow and how her mother in heaven looked on and was pleased.

Bright and early the next morning she was awake, and so was I. Together we went to the front room. Through a crack in the door I let her peek into the room. The morning sun was just beginning to shine through the window and cast its rays across the tree. It seemed that I had never seen a more beautiful sight. That sun as it shone on the tinsel of the tree lighted it with a glory that was indeed supernatural. And she? She never had seen anything like it before. Speechless she gazed at it. Hardly did she dare go near. Finally, urged by myself, she summoned courage to touch that wonderful thing yonder in the far corner of the living room. It was a perfect morning for us two.

Later in the day some members of the church of which I was then pastor, sent in a generous basket of things to eat. In the bottom of that basket was a cute little yellow pumpkin. Believe it or not, but when that baby of mine saw the pumpkin, the tree and all its glories, together with the things I had sacrificed to give her, were promptly forgotten.

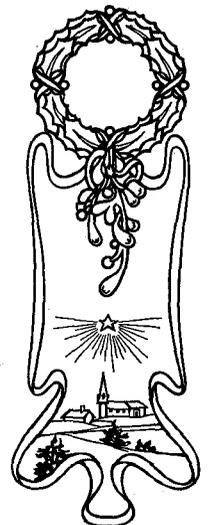
From that moment nothing but the pumpkin would satisfy her. She would roll it down the hall with shouts of glee. She sat on it, she kicked it and she rolled on it. She took it to bed with her, and to church with her it must go.

Whenever she was put in her carriage the pumpkin must go also. Meanwhile the poor doll was completely ignored. She was disconsolate without the pumpkin.

As I watched my daughter in her devotion to the pumpkin and her neglect of my sacrifices for her, God spoke to my saddened heart. He seemed to say, "Son, she is behaving just like My own children. I sacrificed to give the world the greatest of all Christmas gifts—Mine only begotten Son. But like the children that they are, they are spurning Him and are rolling their pumpkins."

As I meditated upon this message from God, I could see this man with the pumpkin of his business, and that wife with the pumpkin of her home. The young man with the pumpkin of ambition, and the maiden with the pumpkin of a career, and all the time God's unspeakable gift was neglected. Now a pumpkin is a proper thing in its place—a pumpkin pie. But let it once get out of place, and become an object of devotion, and then it turns to foolishness. So with these pumpkins that we put ahead of God's great Christmas gift to us. They have their proper place, but always they should be secondary to Christ.

At length my little girl sat on the pumpkin once too often. From much use, and over age, it had become softened. This time the pumpkin gave way under her, and there she sat amidst her tears and the mush of a rotten pumpkin; dirty, disheveled and disconsolate. The end of the pumpkin was the garbage can and she wound up in the bath tub. So will it be with these pumpkins of ours that we put ahead of God's love gift to us. They will perish with the using while He grows sweeter as the years go by.—*R. H. Moon in the "Pentecostal Evangel."*



Christ's Coming - First and Second

(Continued from page 7)

and before His ascension. He will be in the same heavenly glorified body, capable of appearing and disappearing instantly as He did to Mary by the empty tomb and to the men on the highway. Time and space mean nothing to Him who made the heavens and the earth. His seat of authority may be in Jerusalem, but He will appear anywhere and any minute. To question the ability of God's system of operation is an evidence of our lack of knowledge.

I now come to the sixth division, namely, *The Destruction of Satan's Kingdom.*

The destruction of the Antichrist kingdom is an outstanding prophecy in the Holy Scriptures. In 2 Thess. 2:8, we read, "And then shall that wicked," who is the Antichrist, or world dictator, "be revealed," or exposed, "whom the Lord will consume," or remove from his seat of authority, "with the spirit of his mouth and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming." Antichrist and the false prophet will not be able to stand in the presence of Christ, but according to Rev. 19:20 will be cast into the lake of fire, which is to be their everlasting abode. Surely the wages of sin is death. It is at this time Satan is chained and cast into the bottomless pit and a seal is placed upon him, that he might deceive the people no more. It is at this time according to Rev. 11:15, "There will be great voices in heaven saying, The kingdoms of this world have become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ, and he shall reign forever and ever." Then they shall beat their swords into plow shares and their spears into pruning hooks. Nations shall not again lift up swords against nations, neither shall they learn war any more. Oh will it not be wonderful when Jesus comes and puts an end to the forces of evil and establishes righteousness! Praise His name forever more!

The Hidden Ministry

(Continued from page 5)

very eventful or spectacular lives; I trust He may spare us that horror and danger. But like the dear souls who served Mary and the little Christ Child, in hidden ministry, in simplicity and quietness of heart let us please *Him*. Our names may not be known throughout the land or placed on a poster or special speaker's program, as wonderful this or that, but let us rejoice that they are written in the Lamb's Book of Life. A very exalted place, I am sure. And, too, remember "the cup of cold water." The

blessing was not upon one who could create a Niagara (with *noise* and spray). The world spirit is subtle and may come in most plausible and reasonable ways to one who does not know the spirit of the age. We must remember that *real* service, which alone is pleasing to God, does not need the publicity of the lime light. At this Christmas season shall we not gather again at His feet in the quietness of the humble manger and fellowship in a new way with those who served that wonderful night? While there we will learn that the *only* light is that which shines from *Him*. He is the *Light*. Let us *keep* Him in the light. Have you learned to love a shadow? I mean His shadow—such a safe and happy place.

After all, people who are *very* hungry and perishing do not care who *you* are, but they do want to know Jesus. People did not value Him nor did they understand His ministry. It was *hidden* to the world but known to God. Are we willing to follow in His steps? May the New Year be one in which we shall be more perfectly and completely *hidden* in our Beloved.

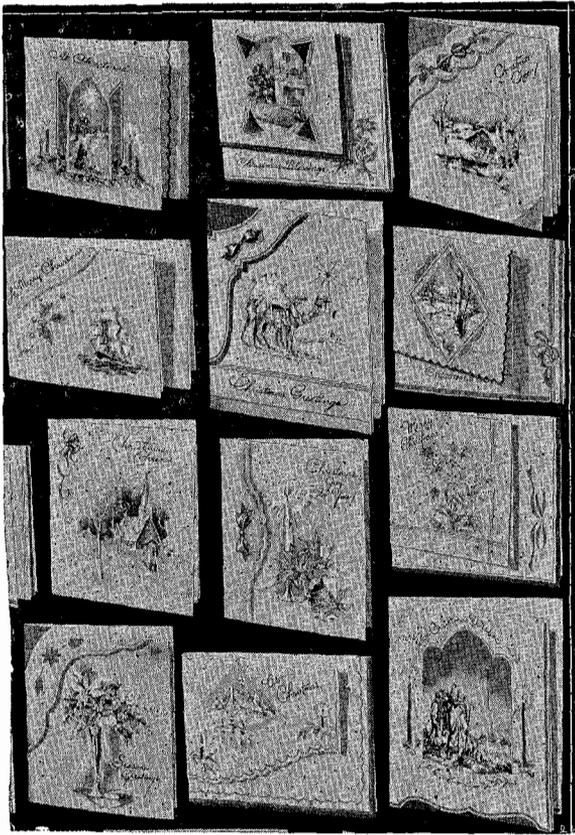
COULD GOD SEND SALT?

The Andersons were having a hard time—no sugar, no flour, no salt. It was getting near Christmas, and they had faith to pray, especially for salt. One has to live for months with no meat but pale, flabby, tropical chicken to appreciate their desire for salt. The last mail before Christmas brought some presents for them but no salt. Days before, and miles away, R. L. Davis looked around for presents to send the Anderson children. He found a doll's head but no body. He did the best he could with the materials he had. On Christmas morning the little Anderson girl complained that her doll was "leaking." Mrs. Anderson looked, and there was salt running out. The doll had been stuffed with salt, and prayer was answered.

JIMMIE MOORE OF BUCKTOWN

By Melvin E. Trotter

This is a very wide-awake story, illustrating the power of the Gospel of Christ to save individuals and to make over a community. It is an absolutely true story, and all the characters represented, though six years ago "considered hopeless outcasts, are today prosperous, happy, contented citizens of Grand Rapids, all through the influence of a Waif of the Slums." The author portrays Jimmie as a little philosopher, and his philosophy and zeal for souls is well rewarded. The "transformation of Bucktown, all through the efforts of Jimmie Moore," is civic history, and the work in that locality has spread to other localities in Grand Rapids. Equally enjoyed by old and young. The book has gone into many editions. Published by Revell & Co.



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