

# The Latter Rain Evangel

The days of Heaven on Earth

If it is your privilege to suffer for Christ's sake, thank God. Never mind any self-defence. Never pay with the same coin, for "Vengeance belongeth unto Me, I will recompense." Leave it all to God and continue quietly in prayer and faith before Him, and you will find as you accept the cup of reproach from the hand of man, the pierced hand of your Redeemer holds out to you the cup of consolation filled to overflowing with that comfort which heaven alone can bestow.

When the cruel hands of heartless men seize upon your most sacred experiences, tear them to shreds and trample them in the dust, lift your heart in adoration to God and praise His holy name that "your life is hid with Christ in God," and that no man can rob the blessing of God out of your heart.—Frank Mangs.

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

THE STORY OF TWO BEGGARS . . . . .

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# The Latter Rain Evangel

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### TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

We are announcing to our readers, with regret, that owing to the prolonged depression which has seriously affected our business, we have been unable to get out an issue of the paper for August, but we are moving all our subscriptions up one month so our subscribers will receive the twelve issues during their fiscal year. We have no doubt that many of our readers are going through similar trials; in fact, some have so written us, but if those who can afford to do so would send in an extra subscription or two when they renew, it would very greatly help us. We appreciate the good help some have given us and thank God for their faithfulness. We covet your prayers.

When the Gideons had their convention in this city they did what no other body of people have been able to do; they secured permission from the Police Department to hold street meetings in the Loop District and held meetings with large crowds attending. One meeting in this busy portion of the city was continued from 8 to 12 midnight. These meetings were very productive of results. A number of men gave their hearts to the Lord.

### CAMP BYRON

There was great expectation in hearts and lives as large crowds wended their way to Camp Byron, the Fifth Annual Campmeeting of the Wisconsin and Northern Michigan District of the Assemblies of God. And they were not disappointed, for the spiritual food that was served by His servants fully compensated for the sacrifice and effort expended to get there.

We found the same spiritual atmosphere at Camp Byron that has marked it since the first Campmeeting. Everyone who comes on the ground senses the presence of the Spirit of God. Even the children have a reverence and a respect that are very unusual in out-door life.

The principal speakers were Mr. John Wright Follette, so well-known to our readers, and Evangelist A. E. Gidman of London, England. There were also a number of missionaries present, namely, Mr. and Mrs. G. Herbert Schmidt of the Russian and Eastern European Mission, Mr. and Mrs. Pettenger of South Africa and Miss Carrie Anderson, who has been working among the Cantonese of the Malay Peninsula, all of whom contributed toward enlarging the spiritual vision of God's children.

There were some meetings that stood out like transfiguration scenes, in which hungry saints sat for hours and paid no attention to the frequent ringing of the dinner bell, while Brother Follette poured out, as the Lord poured in, spiritual truths so illuminating and gripping that the people were loath to move. We are limited in space for Camp Reports but the next issue will contain items of interest regarding Camp Byron in 1938.

## Price Tags

How a Jew Valued Them

LEE KRUPNICK

**P**RICE TAGS! How we meet them at every turn in the material world! "You get what you pay for," is a common expression which holds good not only in the realm of the material but is equally true in the spiritual. There was no mystical magic that brought about the phenomenal growth of the Early Church; it was but the natural result of the high prices paid by those early saints. Read again the Book of Acts and even the casual reader will find price tags in almost every chapter; price tags on which the cost was unmistakably marked — not in dollars and cents, nor yet in Pounds Sterling, for the "goods" delivered to those early Christians were priced at far higher cost than mere material wealth—"prison bars," "stripes oft," "solitary banishment," "the loss of all things"—these and other equally high prices are the marks on those tags, the record of which we find in the Acts and in the Pauline Epistles.

In imagination we can almost visualize that succession of saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs going determinately, to the spiritual market. They were high priced men, those early Christians, and were not satisfied with inferior goods. They noted the prices on the tags attached to "fellowship with Him," to the establishment of new churches where Christ had not been named, to carrying the message to Caesar's household, to revelations of which it was unlawful to write; and we can hear, as it were, those saints saying, "I'll pay the price,"

"Endure the pain,  
Supported by Thy Word."

They could have walked away with cheaper "goods" at a far lower price, and a few here and there did, at great loss to themselves, but for those who paid the price there was untold spiritual gain.

There was no bargain counter in God's market then, and there is none today. What flimsy excuses we try to offer for the lack of spiritual "goods" today, both in individual lives and church life collectively. "It is not the day of miracles," "This is not the age of revivals," when, if we were really honest with ourselves we would hang our heads in shame and admit



Lee Krupnick

that we have been trying to "Jew" God down, and, not succeeding in that, we have asked to

"Be carried to the skies,  
On flowery beds of ease,  
While others *fought* to win the prize  
And sailed through bloody seas."

Instead of paying the price of prison bars we thought we could get the "goods" by enduring some slighting remark and we called that "a big price"; instead of life's blood we offered the price of a bit of perspiration in His service, a bit of leisure time or the tag ends of our strength and money. And the results we have today are but commensurate with the prices we have paid — empty lives instead of dynamic lives, "pumped-up" exuberance and shallow revivals.

But here and there God does have His brave hearts who are willing to "follow in His train," and when on that Easter morning, in the Pentecostal Church of Tulsa, Oklahoma, the well-known, prosperous, Jewish business man, Lee Krupnick, took the humble way and accepted God's free gift of salvation, there was added to the church of Jesus Christ a Twentieth Century Paul with true Pauline characteristics. As with Paul of old, so with Lee Krupnick, the same zeal that characterized his persecution against the church, was now turned to the furtherance of the Gospel. In the exuberance of his new-found joy, he felt certain that all he needed to do was to tell his relatives and friends this matchless story of love and they would accept it wholesale. But this new disciple of Christ was soon to learn that for every onward move in God, for every trophy won for Him, there was a price tag attached and either he could pay the price or sacrifice the "goods."

One of the choice possessions he longed for

was the salvation of his sisters, five in number. He loved them passionately and so almost immediately after his conversion he wrote them of his experience in God and to convince them of the truth of the Gospel. So overjoyed was he, so unspeakably thrilled, that in telling of it now, he said "he felt like jumping" as he wrote on his typewriter. But it was not long till the price tag loomed up before him for he received a reply from one of his sisters. Instead of approval on his new step, there was an arraignment of bitter words, threatenings to come to his home with other relatives and take away his only child, to rescue her from such fanatical parents as they had turned out to be, and have her trained in a Hebrew school instead of allowing her to be trained to worship a "dead man." Sharpest sarcasm followed, foul names, and curses pronounced upon them for changing his religion. Had he not been trained in the best Jewish schools? Had he not built up a city-wide reputation as a leading newspaper man? Had he not been associated with those in high social circles? And to think that he had now left it all for a religion that worshipped a dead Man! He must be insane! He must be living in another world! She had even heard that he refused to go to dances, ball games, and races. And worse yet, he had lowered himself to the extent of speaking in the poorest churches no larger than a "dog-house" and "stuck away on some railroad track."

As Lee Krupnick read on and on he began to think that the price was too great to pay. Those whom he loved dearer than his own life, had rejected and disowned him. Would it not be wiser to step out of any active work for the Lord and live a moderate Christian life? And while he pondered thus a shudder came over him at the very thought of being a "quitter," and remembering again the price Christ had paid for his salvation, he felt this price was, after all, very small. He made the consecration and laid on the altar of sacrifice that which was a very part of himself. Lee Krupnick had met the demands, had paid the price and from then on, the "goods" from God's storehouse began to be delivered to him. Not in the salvation of his sisters, but into his life came a dynamic force that brought returns in days to come.

Other price tags demanded his attention. It was not easy to have his business associates, leading men of high rank with whom he had mingled, deliberately walk to the other side of the street when they saw him coming, to avoid

any contact with him. It wasn't easy to have them call out, "There comes Jesus Christ." Again he was tempted to give it all up. He could move away from Tulsa where he was so well known and not have to face the sneers and jeers. But always, the love of God conquered and again and again he paid the price.

Then came a second letter from the sister in which she reviewed some of his former virtues (?). It reads like a bit of Paul's autobiography: "You were brought up to worship God Almighty. You hated the very name of Jesus. You had the best rabbis money could secure; you went to the best schools of Jewish learning." How strictly he had adhered to Jewish principles! He never would light a match on the Sabbath and had refused to eat meat and butter together, to write or ride on the Sabbath or even *touch* money on that Holy Day. Had he not reached the highest honor that could be obtained in Judaism—that of being a "Koin"?

But it so enraged her to think of his present attitude. Surely he must have lost his mind completely! And so, once again he saw that there was a price tag attached. There followed such a vindictive hatred against his present ridiculous attitude that his stout heart was well nigh crushed. She reminded him of how he had debased himself till he had become the lowest of the low and was associating with the very scum of the earth. Curses upon himself and his wife were pronounced. It were better for him to be dead, than to have brought such disgrace upon his family. The only thing left for her to do, she felt, was to rescue the child from their evil influence, explain to her that her parents were living in another world, and take her away to be properly trained.

Once again he staggered at the price. He had consecrated his time and talent to the service of his Master and had counted it the greatest joy of his life to go into the highways and byways, to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. But this had brought him to the parting of the roads, to the place of choice between the one and the other. Was it worth while to follow on . . . at such a cost!

As he weighed the question we may almost envision him as he again goes to God's great spiritual market. And there he sees some prized possessions—"An hundredfold," "Everlasting Life"; gazing intently at the coveted treasure, he suddenly notices the price—"And everyone that hath forsaken . . . brethren, or sisters . . ." And as he catches a faint glimmer of the eternal

glory, the cost price becomes "strangely small" and that which heretofore had seemed so staggering a price, fades into insignificance. And there, in the light of the eternal he paid the required price, so paltry now, and came away, the possessor of a new force, a fresh touch of God, henceforth to manifest that dynamic power so characteristic of those early apostles. And as we walk with him down the path of days and weeks that follow we find some of the self-same "acts" and "works" that followed in the path of members of the Early Church. Mr. Krupnick will tell his own story:

Some time after my conversion I was given a Sunday School class of six boys of ages from twelve to fourteen. Our little class grew till we had thirty-five boys. There was one boy who had attended before I took the class over but had dropped out and I was told by the other boys that he had been one of the meanest boys they knew. He threw rocks through the windows and did many other mean tricks, so they felt our class was better off without him.

Somehow I could not get this boy off my mind and began to make inquiries. Every time I called up his home to speak to him some excuse was offered and he refused to attend Sunday School or even to speak to me. However, I would not give up but continued calling every week. Upon visiting his home I found that while his parents were not Christians, they were very willing to have the boy attend Sunday School. I thought perhaps if I got in touch with him on Sunday morning, just before Sunday School, I could persuade him to come with me, so I did that Sunday after Sunday, but he was so determined in his refusal that he got up at six in the morning and left the house for fear his parents would call him to the phone to speak to me. I constantly made this boy a subject of prayer and asked for patience and courage to press on till victory was won.

After weeks of faithfully calling at his home and on the phone, I was finally rewarded by the boy consenting to speak to me. Then it wasn't long till he gave me the first bit of encouragement by saying that "sometime he would come to Sunday School." The very next week he told me that if he had some way of coming he would meet me at church. Well, there were four boys in the class whose parents allowed them to drive cars; we called them our "transportation committee," so I instructed one of them to pick this boy up. But he rebelled, saying the boy was too mean to have in the class and that he would

simply wreck it. So I had to begin praying with the boys and after much prayer together one consented to go. To my great disappointment, this lad refused to come. The following Sunday I got in touch with him again but the father informed me the boy had gone fishing. It was a terrific struggle not to become disheartened and give it all up but somehow I felt the Lord would bring great victory out of it and on the following Sunday when I called on the phone, he answered. I said I would come after him myself this time and he promised to come. And sure enough, that Sunday morning, for the first time in years, he attended that class. And say! He was the best boy in the class and I made him my "right hand man." From then on we had no trouble getting him to come and to the amazement of the entire class, as well as myself, he began bringing other boys and then one memorable Sunday he walked into the church with his parents.

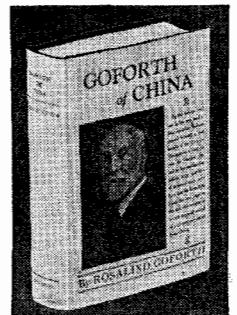
The time came when I had to give up that class of boys as I had so many appointments to speak in churches all around. Often, on Sunday evenings, a group of young people would accompany me to some outlying town, to lend their help in the services, and I shall never forget one Sunday evening, how it thrilled me when I saw this boy, waiting at the church, to accompany me, bringing with him seven of his friends. What a glorious night that was! This "mean boy" of former days, had not only surrendered his all to the Lord, but his heart was very much burdened for his comrades, and how he prayed for them! And that night, even before the service ever began, I saw that boy kneel at the altar with the seven boys he had brought and every one of them gave their hearts to the Lord.

*(To be continued)*

## GOFORTH OF CHINA

By Rosalind Goforth

A vivid record of a great missionary's life and work, written by his wife. The subject of these pages stands out, a recognized figure in Christian missions, who, strong in the Lord he served, feared nothing, and held back nothing from whole-hearted service for his Lord. A truly inspired record of a devoted servant of Jesus Christ. The name of Jonathan Goforth will survive as one of the truly great missionaries to the Orient. His biographer relates the story of his life with loving devotion and unflinching veracity. From beginning to end the book is thrilling and gripping. 364 pages. Price, \$2.00, Postage 15c. Order from us.



## The Story of Two Beggars

DR. WILL H. HOUGHTON  
At Founders' Week Conference, M. B. I.



FEEL CONSTRAINED to speak on what is perhaps the most unpopular doctrine in our Bible—Eternal Punishment. If we are to have successful evangelism, emphasis must be restored to some doctrines and I question very much if there will be many people saved in the period of evangelism ahead until there comes again a new realization that men are LOST.

The message of the church, for the most part, seems to dwell on human righteousness, but our Lord said, "I have not come to call the righteous, but *siniers* to repentance." If *He* could not call the righteous to repentance we may be very certain that we never can. A man must have a sense of sin before he can feel his need of a Savior. It seems that all worry concerning the long future beyond the grave has lost its grip on this generation. Young people invest their time and energy for certain enterprises for which they expect returns for the future. Insurance is a certain indication of the future; men lay aside for the rainy day by way of insurance premiums or bank deposits, and in that sense they are interested in the future. The government is talking much these days about social security, but what about eternal security—security beyond this life?

Man is a bundle of contradictions; he gives his full time and energy for the temporal future and then ignores the long future. A hundred years, at the most, to be spent in this world and *a thousand million years* in the other world and yet he spends all his time getting ready for this world.

However, the future, beyond the grave, looms very large in this Bible of ours. Your libraries are written concerning the past, but the Bible is the literature of perspective; the golden age of the Bible is not in the past, but out ahead of us. Yes, the Bible is much occupied with the future and it is the future which gives meaning to the Bible. Even the Christian, whatever heights he may have attained, has never yet fully attained, for no Christian is a finished product. The Christian says, "Now are we the sons of God but it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall ap-

pear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." And so the Bible is continually pointing to the future.

There seem to be three dominant ideas in the world today concerning the future. Materialism says death is the end. We live a while and then we die and that is the end. "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die." The teaching of evolution is largely responsible for this philosophy, for if man came out of the earth and tumbles back into the earth some day, it is quite natural that he will live an earth-life and *you need not be surprised at the amount of dirt in his life if that is the limit of his horizon*. This is responsible not only for crime but for the vicious type of crime so prevalent in the day in which we live. It is due to this that the murderer goes to the electric chair smoking a cigarette; he has no sense of responsibility. We call him a hard criminal, meaning that he believes the grave ends it all and so he goes to the electric chair with a sneer and a spirit of bravado and tries to impress us that he has no fear for the future and that death means nothing but a long rest.

There is another theory concerning the future and that is the theory of annihilation; that is that the wicked shall one day be blotted out. Then there is the theory of restoration—that God's love will save everyone in the future; it may be after some period of probation or purgatory, after a season of punishment, but somewhere, sometime, there will be given a second chance and everyone will embrace that second chance and be saved. All of these are comfortable but *all* are in direct conflict with the Bible and as for us, we are shut up to the one Book. On page after page of both the Old and New Testament, we find the fact of punishment and the place of punishment.

We shall not quibble over Greek words. Pastor Russell, the founder of Millennial Dawn, some years ago said he had made a very wonderful discovery—that the word "Hell" did not appear in the Greek at all, and then he went on to say that there were three words and three different meanings. When he went to Hamilton, Ontario, the pastor of the Baptist Church there got Pastor Russell on the stand to prove his point. But when they put a Greek Testament into his hand he had to admit that he did not even know the Greek alphabet. Every now and then someone makes a wonderful discovery from the Greek, just as if others had not read the Greek over and over through the years and

ages past. So we shall not quibble over words. But let me give you some descriptive terms from the Bible: "*Outer darkness,*" "*weeping and gnashing of teeth,*" and please take note that it has the definite article "*the*" before the "*weeping*"—"the weeping," "*unquenchable fire,*" "*tortmented,*" "*God's wrath,*" and many others. But somebody says, "Those are figures of speech." Let me ask you, Do you suppose that the figures of speech are less real than the actuality? A symbol is never greater than the thing it symbolizes and if the symbol is that of suffering, the fact must at least measure up to that. Certainly these messengers of God who gave us His Word, have given it by way of warning, and there is not a single ray of comfort in any of these expressions concerning the dark future.

But we need not confine our study to one section. In the story of Lazarus and the rich man, let us note that it is not called a parable. If you study the four Gospels you will find that when the writers understood something that came from the lips of Jesus to be a parable, they set it down as a parable, but Luke does not say this is a parable. I see no evidence of it being a parable; rather it is a statement of an actual happening and Jesus told it by way of warning. It is a tragedy in two acts. Two men are in this world and suddenly they are in the next. Death has come to the palace as well as to the poor beggar on the street who was exposed not only to the weather, but also to disease germs. Here in this world the one had great possessions while the other was in poverty and distress. But suddenly we find them in another world, with quite a change in their circumstances; for apparently the rich man has become poor and the poor man has become rich.

Have you noticed the funeral accounts as given here? I suppose all the story is not told for I presume the rich man had a great funeral procession. Perhaps there was a band that played and certainly there must have been a long line of carriages. Perhaps the representative of the governor was there and the city officials for this rich man had been very influential. Perhaps he belonged to some order of society and it is very possible that the chaplain of the armies to which he had belonged, was present to say the ceremony. And then the male quartette may have been there and sang, "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere." But it takes more than a choir, singing "Nearer My God to Thee," to get him into heaven. You cannot live like the devil and then die and expect to go into the

presence of God. Many a man has had "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere" sung over his casket when he himself at that moment was already in the land of eternal night.

But let us look at the account of these funerals as given by our Lord Jesus. We read, "It came to pass that the beggar died and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom." Talk about honor pall-bearers! To be carried by the angels! And then Jesus says, "The rich man also died and was buried; and in hell." That is the whole story—not much about the funeral given; it is condensed into less than a sentence. It is really the story of two beggars—one begged bread on earth and the other begged water in hell.

Let us digress for a moment to look at a few public objections to the old-fashioned truth of punishment and the idea that God would make hell for man. Who said He did? The Bible doesn't claim that; we are told that God prepared hell for the devil and his angels. But notice in this story that this man said to Abraham, "Send someone up to warn my five brothers lest they also come into this place of torment." He didn't talk about them being *consigned* to that place but "lest they come," showing that it would be of their own choosing, a result of their own lives. Not prepared for them necessarily but they might find their place in it. God has done His best for the salvation of souls. He took from His own bosom His only begotten Son and placed Him on the tree to make possible the way of salvation. Of course every soul without Christ is lost, but God has done His best for the salvation of man, and he has the power of choice.

Not long ago a man, sixty years of age, was killed in an accident. His wife said, "It is not fair of God to cut off my husband without a chance." Sixty years with an open Bible available to him! Sixty years of an open church door! Sixty years with the Gospel message, and then say he had no chance!

Again, some say, eternal punishment is not a reasonable thing; that the penalty would be all out of proportion to the sin committed; a life of sin of perhaps thirty or forty years, and all eternity to suffer for it! The punishment is always longer than the sin; crime may take but thirty minutes, but does the judge sentence the criminal to thirty minutes of punishment? A crime of murder takes but five minutes but it may mean a punishment of fifty or sixty years.

Punishment is always out of proportion to the crime.

But the most popular objection is that God is too loving to allow a hell. How do you know? Where did you get your information concerning the character of God? Says someone, "Go out on a beautiful Spring morning when the sky is blue and the sun shining and see a revelation of God's love in the natural world. I look at the beautiful sky and say, 'Thank You, God, for Your love.'" Do you judge God's love by nature? It is very possible that on the very same day when the sun is shining upon you from a clear sky, that just ten miles away, where two little girls have been left alone in the house while the mother goes down town to do some shopping—as a case I know of in Pennsylvania, where two children were left alone—the lightning struck that home and burned the children to tinder. Do you suppose that mother looked at those children and said, "I see that God is a God of love"? You need some other source than nature to prove the character of God. That day when you pulled your chair up to a full dinner table and said, "Thank God that He has provided so bountifully for me. Surely He is a God of love!"—that very same day thousands of children in the slums of our cities tried to gratify their hunger with dry crusts of bread. Do you mean to tell me that God loves you and doesn't love them?

You cannot read in your experience any evidence of the love of God. Hell is no greater mystery than the starving children in China tonight, and they are starving by the thousands. Hell is no greater mystery than war; if you believe in an infinite God, you believe in One who could stop war if He wanted to do so. Why doesn't He? Is He powerless to do so? You cannot deny the fact of war nor its existence through the years. God has at least consented to it. Can you reconcile war to a God of love? It is no easier than to reconcile hell. There are some things in the nature of God that you cannot understand or work out, that you cannot put to the test of human experience, either as an individual or that of the total of mankind. Down in Texas a school building is burned and three hundred children burn to death. Was He a God of love that day as well as on Christmas day when the very same children received the presents that were given to them, or has God changed and become a monster?

On another occasion I mentioned that one of the problems of this age is that it is entirely

sentimental in its outlook upon life. I suppose there is a sense in which every age has its conception of God determined largely by its own experiences. Those forefathers of ours who left other lands to come to these shores, who made for themselves homes on that rock-bound coast—they didn't talk so much about a God of love for they were having rough experiences. In that hard age they emphasized more the masculine qualities in the character of God, as a result of their own experiences. That is the reason you find in the writings of the Puritan preachers so much about the righteousness and the justice of God, as well as His holiness. Love is not a masculine quality but a feminine one and those forefathers were having a man's experiences; they lived in a man's age, resulting in a masculine, rugged conception of the nature of God. But we happen to live in an effeminate age. A prosperous age is always an effeminate age. You have only to read the history of Babylon, of Greece and of Rome, to know that is true. In every age of general prosperity the people fall into decay and become effeminate and then the feminine qualities of God, such as tenderness, kindness and love, are emphasized.

Now God is a God of love but not the kind of love they talk about. If there is anything we need in our particular age it is a new conception of the masculine characteristics—of righteousness, justice and holiness of God.

In this effeminate age it is almost impossible to get a criminal arrested, and once you have him arrested it is almost impossible to have him tried. And if you have him convicted it is nearly hopeless to get him behind the bars, and if behind prison bars, almost impossible to keep him there; and if he is kept there it is scarcely possible to make him realize that he is in prison. They give him a radio, cigarettes, playing cards, and the prisoner is perfectly willing to have the State pay his board and room. He doesn't at all mind being in prison while his friends are plotting with the politicians. Soon he will be paroled and out he comes to commit some new crimes. But you will never build a country on that sort of material. At least it will not stand very long. This sentimental age has brought about the greatest brutality we know anything about among criminals. I was in a Western city just for one night and in that city there had been a terrible kidnapping crime two or three years before. The friend who took me around pointed out to me the home in which that dear little lad of eight years had lived and then the school

near-by from which he was snatched. A few days after, the body of the little fellow was found out in the country with a bullet hole through his spine and under his finger nails, giving evidence that he had been horribly tortured; and they could see by the expression of his face that he had endured extreme suffering. I say, if there is not a hell, there should be.

When speaking concerning the character of God one time a woman came to me and said, "I do not believe in the kind of God you have been speaking about. The God I believe in is a loving Father. I am a mother. I have an only son and I wouldn't allow any kind of suffering to come to that boy if I could help it. That is the love of a parent." And, of course, she was inferring that God was a God like that. I said, "If you think you have given an illustration of the love of God you are mistaken." Then I said, "There were two young men who committed a horrible crime two years ago. They tortured a fourteen-year-old boy to death just for the sheer thrill of seeing how a person acted when he was dying. The mother of one of the boys was very wealthy and she said, 'I will spend every cent of my millions to set my boy free.' But what about other mothers' sons if that boy had been allowed to run at large?" I read in my Bible that "God so loved *the world*." It is not for any man to say, "God loves me and I can do as I please." God loves all men and for the good of *all* it may be necessary that *you* are anchored in a place called hell. But let us leave this objection right where it is, and go on with our story.

Here in the Gospel is a positive picture concerning hell. How often do you hear someone very bluntly say, "Who knows anything about hell anyway!" Is that so? Here you can get an idea of hell from a man who has been there. You will notice as you read this story that this man doesn't believe that death is the end of everything. He is very much alive, and his faculties are even more acute than they were in this world. He had the power of speech; he could hear what was said to him. His nerves were still sensitive. Very frequently as the body fails the nerves become more sensitive than they were when the body was normal in its functions. He cried out, "I am tormented in this flame." He had memory—one of the keenest causes of torment. Abraham said, "Son, remember!" He had a good understanding of values. He said, "I have five brethren and they are headed in this direction. I don't want them

to suffer here. Send someone from here to warn them." There is nothing in this story that suggests that his personality is less than it was in this world, but rather that it is keener and sharper there. You notice also that he believes that hell is a place. I realize that we can make a hell here by certain conditions and undoubtedly man can make a hell for himself to go to hell on, just as a little bit of heaven here is the Christian's vestibule for a larger heaven ahead. I rather like the reply of that old lady when a Smart Aleck thought he would embarrass her. He said, "Auntie, do you believe in a hell?"

"Yes, I believe in a hell."

"A hell of literal fire and brimstone?" And then the "smarty" added, "Where do you think they got all the brimstone?"

And Auntie responded, "Oh, everyone furnishes his own!"

There is a great deal of truth in that; you make a good deal of your own hell and you are adding to it far more than you realize. Hell is a place, and the suffering that is pictured here is external and eternal; it lasts forever.

Then we also notice that this man did not believe in a second chance, at least he doesn't ask for it. He asks for alleviation, not annihilation. He asks for relief, not release. Much has been said on the words *forever* and *ever*. Some have written books explaining that suffering comes to an end after a while. It is the identical expression used by God Himself when He says "to live forever and ever"; through the ages and ages. If that is the measure of duration for life with God, then it is the measure of duration of suffering.

There is no suggestion of deliverance, no expectation of it. I would like to say that if out there in the future there was to be deliverance, if there was such a thing as that period of suffering coming to an end, whether in one year, ten years, or a hundred years, I would charge Abraham with extreme cruelty for not telling him of the hope. Abraham would naturally have said, "You are suffering now, but an end is coming," and he would have held out hope to him of finding a rest, but there is not one suggestion of it here.

Then, too, the rich man believes that repentance can keep one out of hell, for he asks that someone be sent to his brethren that they might repent. Doubtless he had heard the preacher of repentance while on earth and probably sneered at the message, "Oh that old fashioned

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## Things as They Are -- in Europe

VAUGHN SHOEMAKER



ON MY TRIP through Europe I passed through seventeen countries. I received my first impression of Hitler's Godless campaign on the German boat on which we sailed; his influence has reached far out to sea. There were no religious services on the boat except mass by the Catholics. And when I reached Germany I felt such an absence of the presence of God; I cannot tell you my feelings as I passed through that country. It just seemed as though the Lord had come and I was left behind. As you step into that country you feel depressed. It seemed the moment I crossed the border my communication with the Lord was cut off. Of course, there are no Full Gospel meetings in Germany and no freedom of worship. There is a peculiar situation there. In other countries, when the hand of persecution is upon them, the Christians thrive because of it, but not so in Germany. If there is any spiritual atmosphere in the country it is not obvious. You do not hear of people meeting together for worship, and it would seem to a Christian traveler that God had left the country entirely. I cannot understand why Christians, through persecution are not finding God, as is happening in Russia.

On arriving in Danzig, the Field Headquarters of the Russian and Eastern European Mission, there were workers from all over to be in the big conference which lasted nearly a week. Danzig is a beautiful old city, with beautiful churches. The Assembly there is a fine assembly and I greatly enjoyed speaking there. But it will not be long until Danzig will belong to Germany, and all of these near-by countries. They seem to think all the country needs to be prosperous is to be under Hitler. They look upon him as a savior. In fact, they really worship him. The scene I witnessed in the main street of Danzig when they were having a Torch Parade bore out this statement. In decorating their windows they took out all the merchandise and put in each window a picture of Hitler, and all around the pictures they had palms and all sorts of green foliage, and on either side large, ornamental candles. I will leave you to judge as to whether or not they are worshipping this man.

The night of that hideous torch-light parade was a night I shall never forget. To see those young people with hatred upon their faces, singing about spilling the blood of the Jews, was revolting. There were six or seven of us who went down to see things as they were, and as we were on our way we decided we might get into trouble if we did not give the salute, "Heil Hitler." Everybody does that, and is compelled to do so. Every house is ordered to put the *Swastika* in their window, even some who are strongly opposed to Hitler. So as we went along we decided it might be a little healthier for us if in a half-hearted way we would give the salute as they went by, but as the parade marched by, not one of us raised our hand. I had a feeling I couldn't do it, for I felt such a revulsion against conditions as I saw them.

I went to Germany in full sympathy with the German people, and with the hope of finding out that the German people did not care for the military plans that were being forced upon them. I thought perhaps this man Hitler was forcing these regulations upon them and that they did not want it, but I am sorry to say I found a people who were happy to wear uniforms and take part in anything of a military nature. They loved guns, they loved uniforms and pomp. So I found my sympathies were wasted. It is easy for Hitler to lead such a people. He has given them a few new ideals, working out doles, helping the unemployed and giving them work, and through this has gained the confidence of the people, but they are so blind that they are not able to see that the reason he is doing this is to build them up to a vast army. So I was very much depressed and disappointed when I saw the condition in Germany. The people are poor. They haven't the things they should have. As we went through we saw many farmers who didn't have horses. There would be two farmers at the end of a rope, and they had to pull their own plow. You could tell they owned horses at one time but they didn't have them now. They didn't seem happy, and the only pleasure they had was when they got into a uniform and marched around the street.

On arriving in Poland we found a very depressed country, a country greatly in need of the Gospel. The people are poor, unlettered and very unhappy. It gives one a depressed feeling to enter that country. You cannot put your luggage down for a moment; it will be stolen. You almost have to hold your hands on your

pockets. In Warsaw the people are forced to steal because of the great poverty. But it was in that country we found the real work of the Russian and Eastern European Mission. God blessed in a marvelous way. I wish I could take you to that little town of Stepan close to the Russian border. It was so close that they were building fortifications and we were under suspicion. We had to go to the police to prove what our business was. We went to a meeting twelve miles beyond the railroad, in which the meeting hall, half the size of this church, was packed. The meeting had started at eight o'clock that morning and we arrived at one. They took out some benches, as more could get in when they stood. We had a hard time pressing through the crowd to get to the front, but I never saw such a happy group of Christians. One man walked fifty miles to attend that service. When it rains they go just the same. Is it any wonder that God will bless a people like that? All you have to do is to stand there with an open Bible and the tears stream down their faces. It is wonderful how God blesses a people who seek after Him. I will never forget that meeting, which was really the only country meeting I attended. They would not be dismissed. We had deliberately to push ourselves out through the crowd as we had to go on.

The next place we entered was Prague, Czechoslovakia. I was registered in the Ambassador Hotel where our correspondent on the *Daily News* lived, and my heart began to bleed as they told me how they were killing the Jews right and left. But I somehow sensed that this information was not quite true, and I determined to know the truth about the matter. So Paul Peterson, Gustav Kinderman and I left three days later for Vienna, and here we learned something of what the Jews are passing through. It was cold and rainy and we had that same depressing feeling as we got off the train. I learned that a Jew was trying to discipline the head-waiter of a certain hotel, which resulted in the hotel being taken from the Jew and given to the head waiter, who was made manager of it. Everything was at a standstill in Vienna. The Jews had control of the business and when they were eliminated there was no business. I found there was absolutely no blood shed but they put the Jews through humiliations that were almost worse. I was very careful to get my information from correct sources. If a Jew himself will tell you there is no blood shed you can believe it. A relative of one of my traveling

companions lived in Vienna. She was a buyer for a Jew who had two or three stores, and had lived there many years. It was from her and from this Jew who owned these stores that I received a considerable amount of information. Hitler is now calling himself the second Messiah and he is explaining his actions and persecutions of the Jews by saying that he has been overcome at various times with holy wrath; so that excuses him. Chancellor Schuschnigg is being held prisoner in the Belvedere Palace and he is being slowly driven insane. They put radios in his room where he was held captive and compelled him to hear the progress of the revolution. He smashed every radio, and they put them in the wall where he could not reach them. There were sixty-one Jews buried in one day in one cemetery, but they took their own lives. They are very careful not to kill anyone openly, but are continually making examples of people who buy in Jewish stores. They stamp their foreheads with indelible ink, which says, "This Gentile swine purchased from a Jew," and they hang placards around their necks and make them go up and down the front of the store.

Right around the corner from where we stayed was a Jewish synagogue. They had it plastered from time to time with swastikas. They took the Jewish rabbis who came to the synagogue and dressed them in funny-looking robes and high hats and made them dance to jazz on the church organ. When two Jews meet on the street a Nazi man will separate them and ask each one, "What were you talking about?" If the two stories do not jibe both Jews are jailed. The Nazi will go into a Jewish home in search of Communist propaganda, and put an O.K. on the house. Two or three days later another group will come in and find Communist literature left by the other party, and put them in jail.

When Hitler came to Vienna there were slips of paper scattered around, "Alive he will reach Vienna but not Berlin." So he became frightened and hurried back to Germany before the election, which was the next day. The Jews prayed very earnestly that nothing would harm him. They knew if it did the full force of the penalty would fall on them.

I can understand the cause of this hatred of the Jew. If the devil can make us hate the Jew we are automatically separating ourselves from God. It is natural for us to hate the Jew but we as Christians must stamp it out. We

(Continued on page 13)

**T**HE MESSAGE of Pentecostal power! Still it spreads and proves to be the adequate message of the hour.

McKendree M. E. Church, the scene of a stirring and remarkable Pentecostal revival some years ago, while Dr. Chas. A. Shreve was the M. E. pastor there, has become a permanent home for the Pentecostal message.

In the heart of the Capital city, just five blocks from the White House, this beautiful building has, through the years, been the church home of various presidents of this nation.

Now, under Pastor B. E. Mahan, it has become a thriving Full Gospel center, and thus is an encouragement for assemblies everywhere to realize it is our privilege to "take the city." God said to Joshua before the walls of Jericho had fallen, "Shout, for the Lord has given you the city." He believed and it came to pass.

Some years ago, Brother Harry L. Collier was a government employee in the capital city, holding a position of responsibility, which involved signing checks even for the presidents. But to him came a spiritual vision. He saw the value of a spiritual light-house at the very heart of the nation. It must be!

Resigning his excellent position he began to pastor a small Full Gospel Assembly, which grew and developed. On different occasions while it was located on North Capitol & K Sts., in the earlier building, it was our highly-valued privilege to work with Pastor Collier.

On one of these visits he escorted us to the White House where we were received in line along with others, by President Calvin Coolidge. My father said to the President, "God bless you!" Mr. Coolidge turned to him with an especially appreciative, "Thank you."

There were various instances related in confidence to us by Brother Collier, that gave evidence that the Full Gospel message was not being overlooked, even in high places and seats of power. Consistently he kept the light shining for all who would to see. One of his members flew with Admiral Byrd on his expedition to the North Pole, and had Scripture portions and

Pentecostal literature in the plane at the time it passed over the pole. Then this first pastor was called to his reward.

Now Pastor B. E. Mahan is carrying on with clear vision of its possibilities, the work of this spiritual and thriving assembly. From one of his deacons comes the history of the work:

As early as the year 1907 the Baptism of the Holy Spirit fell in the city of Washington, D. C., upon a group of humble believers. In that same year they rented a hall and held meetings for about a year. Then they conducted their meetings in private homes until the summer of 1915 when they again launched out and rented a building for their services.

The congregation later (1916) moved to Mariner's Hall on Water Street S.W., Washington, near the city morgue. They were known as the Full Gospel Mission. Their hall held about 70 people, and the blessing of the Lord was very marked in this place.

In April, 1922, the church was incorporated as the Full Gospel Assembly, with Rev. Harry L. Collier as its first pastor. In June of the same year they rented the second and third floors of a building at 930 Pennsylvania Ave., N.W., where the Department of Justice Building now stands. The hall held about 250 people. Many were saved, many blessed and many received their baptism in this place. It was packed out time after time at revival services.

In May, 1927, the congregation purchased its own building and moved to the church at North Capitol and K Streets, N. E. This building seated between 450 and 500 people in its main auditorium, but it was not long until this, too, was over-crowded, especially at revival times, and the congregation began looking for larger quarters. Often during special revivals they rented larger buildings to accommodate the crowds.

## The Get A

*Conducted*

The Story of the G  
in Washington, I



Pastor B. E. Mahan

In the spring of 1934, Brother Collier, and the congregation decided to re-decorate the interior of their church building, but when the work was almost completed the congregation was plunged into grief. Brother Collier was stricken with a heart attack and died on April 7th. The first service held in the newly-decorated auditorium was the pastor's funeral.

The congregation called Rev. Benj. E. Mahan, who was at that time in charge of

the Cleveland (Ohio) Pentecostal Church, for their next pastor. He accepted the call and came to them in November, 1934. God honored and blessed under the new regime. The church mortgage was paid in full, and was burned with appropriate ceremonies on July 11, 1937.

The congregation were moved to take a forward step and obtain larger quarters. The old McKendree M. E. Church, located at 915 Massachusetts Ave. N. W., in the heart of down-town Washington, was purchased by the church. This building is located on the main cross-town boulevard by which East-West automobile traffic passes thru Washington; it is near 9th and K Streets, within one block of the City Library and five blocks of the White House. The location is central and ideal for the message of Pentecost.

Before the congregation moved into the new church it was re-decorated thru-out and a new front built, which gives the building an attractive and impressive appearance. It will seat about 750 in its main auditorium, and plans are already under way to build an extension on the rear of the church which will increase the seating capacity by about 300 people and provide ample space for Sunday School purposes.

The first service in this building was held on Sunday, May 8, 1938, which was 11 years to

the day from the time the congregation held its first service in the North Capitol building.

Rev. Guy Shields, evangelist and Bible expositor from Texas, came for the opening revival campaign. Great interest was stirred and many souls were blessed. Services continued for three weeks with Brother Shields, numbers being saved and over twenty-five filled with the Holy Spirit according to the Bible pattern.

—C. L. Hargitt.

**Things as They Are — in Europe**

(Continued from page 11)

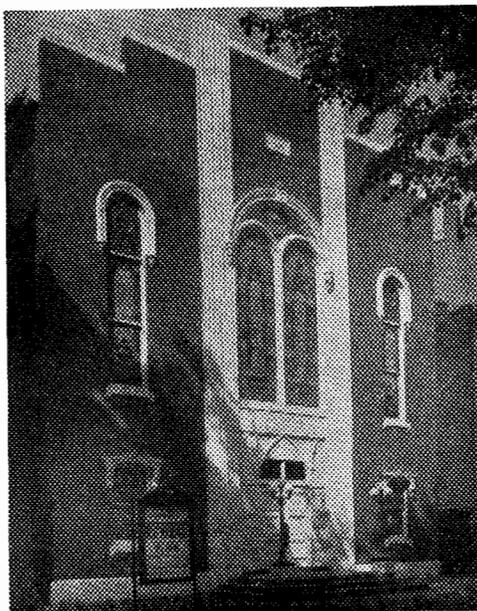
dare not hate the Jew. It is very evident that in Vienna he has brought much of this trouble on himself. In the first place they have control of business 100 per cent. They continually dodge taxes. I received this information from a source that I cannot divulge but I assure you it is reliable. They had the freezing system. That is, if a Gentile starts into business these Jews will combine to make him fail. They have the reputation of freezing out every Gentile who ever started in business. They have control of

the money and sometimes charge as high as 16% interest. Now if you were not a Christian would it be hard for you to hate a people like that? And so the devil puts that hatred into men's hearts, and they do not need much help.

But we can see how God is forcing the Jews back to Palestine. I was very much surprised when I read that our President said we had an open door for these people in America. I found out through the Vice Counsel that we did not increase our quota by *one figure*. I learned there were 35,000 applications to come to America; there were only

1300 in the quota for the year, and after that speech was made the quota was *not increased by a single person*. I am sorry to say it but he was talking for votes. No country wants the Jew. He is being forced back to Palestine. They will go back whether they prefer to go or not. We are seeing prophecy fulfilled right before our eyes. They are heading for "Jacob's trouble."

(Continued on page 24)



New Home of the Full Gospel Assembly

**Painted Page**

Zelma Argue

the Pentecostal work  
E. Mahan, Pastor.

## A Miraculous Intervention

**D**URING the furlough of Mr. and Mrs. Boyd of Yunnan Province, West China, the church at Kuangnan, in charge of a native evangelist, grew and many were added to their number, among them the Chief Jailer of the city, Mr. Cha. He had heard the Gospel many times on the street corners, before the Boyds went on their furlough, but to him it was a foreign religion, and they must be wary of everything that was not Chinese. It was his experience with robbers, when the "Man in white" helped him on his horse, after he had been knocked off, that impressed him. "Surely this must be the Christ, the Son of God, about whom the foreign missionary preaches," thought Mr. Cha.

Some days later he was soundly converted, and was among the first to be baptized. On Sunday nights when free from prison duties he loves to declare what great things God has done for his soul. He always has an up-to-date testimony, with snap-shots of prison life, and of God's all-sufficient grace in that dark habitation of criminals. "All enthused with his new-found joy in the Savior he saw that this was the only hope for the criminals, so he invited the missionary to come and speak to the prisoners and pray for them, which he did.

"That afternoon a prisoner was missing. The law is that when a prisoner is missing, his jailer must take his place until he is recaptured. If he escapes the jailer's life must go for his. Mr. Cha was in great distress. Such a thing had never happened before in all the years he had been there. He was summoned before his superior officer:

"Did you not bring the foreign missionary into the prison today?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Did he not close his eyes and use magical arts to loosen this prisoner?" demanded the officer.

"No, sir. The missionary appealed to them to forsake the way of sin and turn

to the true God who alone had power to change their hearts and make them worthy citizens of China. At the close of his talk he prayed to God to watch over the Word sown in their hearts, and then left us," said Mr. Cha.

"If this prisoner is not recaptured before the city gates are closed at nine o'clock, you must take the prisoner's place," was the verdict.

After the evening meal Mr. Cha retired to his room to pray the matter out before God. He felt the enemy was at work to hinder the Gospel among the official class, and they seemed to be filled with superstition regarding the foreign missionary's power through prayer. Through this "magical" power we were able to heal malignant diseases, certain members of our own family had been practically raised from the dead, two helpless women and child overcame armed bandits on the mountains, a blind boy and blind girl were healed through prayer. Could it be possible that even prisoners could break away from the chains that bound them through the magical art of prayer? Thus

(Continued on page 24)

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## Love -- Human and Divine

### A Contrast

MISS JANET ROGERSON



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" (Rom. 5:7,8).

Since the love that lays down its life for its friends is the very highest expression of love earth ever displays, we are dependent upon divine revelation if we are ever to realize, even in the smallest degree, the infinitude of difference between man's love and God's. Had the love of God not outstripped, in infinite measure, the utmost bounds of human love, the whole race had suffered eternal death. In the closing days of the life of Jesus, it makes sorrowful reading how the love of the disciples failed Him. Jesus' sad statement, "All ye shall be offended because of me this night," drew from Peter this confident declaration, "If I should die with Thee, I will not deny Thee in any wise." And the inspired narrative continues, "Likewise said they all." Their sincerity is unquestionable. Those men had forsaken everything to follow Jesus. In the near presence of the One whom they loved so devotedly, with no immediate sign of the Shepherd being smitten, it was easy to express their love. But when the approach of Judas and a great multitude with swords and staves, caused them to sense danger, "they all forsook Him and fled." One returned to follow Him even into the palace of the High Priest. Was it idle curiosity that caused Peter to return? I think not. Perhaps he had a vague idea that in some way he might render help. Or perhaps he expected to see the Master extricate Himself from His strange position by a display of supernatural power. Quite confidently we may assume that Peter never expected to hear the High Priest and his confederates condemn Jesus to be guilty of death. When this fear-begetting pronouncement was made, like a flash Peter would realize that, to be recognized as an associate of Jesus might mean death to himself as well. An inspired writer tells us that "Fear hath torment." I am persuaded it was in the torment of such a dread revelation that Peter denied His Lord with oaths and curses.

Behind the little maid, Peter saw the shadow of the cross. How many of us could have stood firm with that terrible truth breaking in upon our souls? Instead of blaming Peter, are we not approximating more closely to the truth when we say that in this denial Peter was but the mouth-piece of the whole human race? Here we see what a complete reversal there can be in human love when a supreme test comes. Let us now view this truth from another angle. It is a proverb that human love has its highest and noblest expression in the outpouring of a mother's heart toward her children. In my school-days we learned a poem called, "The Drunkard's Home." Here is the first verse as I recall it:

"A drunkard reached his cheerless home,  
The night without was dark and wild,  
He forced his weeping wife to roam  
A homeless wanderer with her child."

The poem goes on to describe the increasing severity of the storm and the growing conviction in that mother's heart that both of them could not be saved. The final verses show us mother love at its highest. Knowing full well that it meant death, that mother denuded herself of clothing to wrap it round her child. When the storm abated, the discovery was made of a mother frozen to death with a living babe in her arms. Such heroic tales could be multiplied many times over. In II. Samuel, chapter 18, we have a love tender as any mother's revealed in David's lament for his dead son, "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee. O Absalom, my son, my son!" But Joab, with ruthless hand, paints another side of this so moving story, which makes one's heart recoil by its sheer ugliness. Listen to those stern, terrible words of Joab, "Thou hast shamed this day the faces of all thy servants, which this day have saved thy life . . . in that thou lovest thine enemies and hatest thy friends: for thou hast declared this day that thou regardest neither princes nor servants: for this day I perceive that if Absalom had lived, and all we had died this day, then it had pleased thee well." Verse 7 declared that there had been a great slaughter of 20,000 men—and the king, out of all that vast number, was breaking his heart for one only, *his own son*. Other fathers had lost *their* sons, equally precious to them as Absalom to David; wives had lost their husbands, sisters had lost their brothers. Perhaps many a tender dream of young love had gone forever through the cruel slaughter of that day, yet the king's tears flowed for but one

only of that vast army of the dead, his own son, and a rebellious son at that. It was for *her* babe that mother in the poem gave her life.

As I was meditating on this truth, God in a flash of memories showed me the utter selfishness of my own heart affections. During the Great War my youngest brother was with our troops in German East Africa. Our lads, and the German youths were dying like flies in that pestilential land. I shall never forget the day we received news of my brother's death. Such an agony of distress was in our home that day, that the most trivial things are as clearly remembered as if it had all happened yesterday. But things which had made no impression on me at all, save to excite a passing wave of emotion, were brought back to memory by the Spirit of God. Day after day I had scanned the papers to see if *my* brother was safe. No matter how many battalions had been wiped out, if only *my* brother's name was not listed among the killed, missing or wounded, that was a good day's news from the front for me. To bring this searching matter nearer home, how many of us have shed tears or lost even one night's sleep through grief of heart over the appalling slaughter of men, women and helpless little children in Spain? Can we deny that human love is limited to a deep concern for its own, and the minimum of concern for others? In other words, can we deny the ugly selfishness of the love of the human heart?

"But God commendeth *His* love toward us in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." In that verse we soar above the extremest heights of human love to the only place in all the vast immensities of space, where such a love could be found, to the heart of God Himself. We breathe the atmosphere of another land in that so wonderful verse.

There is one type in the Old Testament which approaches, in faintest outline, 'tis true, a portrayal of this love—Abraham's attitude toward his son Isaac in the supreme crisis of his life. We have seen how passionately a true parent's heart exclaims, "I don't care what I suffer, if only my child is spared." The more intense the suffering which threatens the child, the more passionate the cry of the parent to be a substitute. How differently Abraham acted! Though he knew that all the far-reaching promises of God made to him, centered in his son for their fulfilment, and though his heart beat with as devoted a love toward his son as any father's ever did, not once did he offer to take Isaac's

place. There was no cry of anguish to God that his life might be forfeited for Isaac's. No, at the command of God he made all the necessary arrangements to slay his son.

But here the analogy ceases. Abraham was motivated to sacrifice Isaac because of his true allegiance to God, but God offered up His only Son for rebels who had defied Him at every point, urged by an unholy desire to rid the universe of the God who created it. Had the heart of God been as the human heart, then assuredly the whole world would have gone to eternal perdition before God would have allowed one pang of pain or sorrow to touch His beloved Son.

God is Omnipotent. Jesus need never have become incarnate, to go to such depths of suffering as no human mind can conceive, because of any power of man to make Him a Savior. No, man was utterly powerless to move the Godhead to act, savingly, toward a fallen race. The compulsion was in the Godhead itself, a compulsion whose name is Love.

We are sounding vast depths now with totally inadequate instruments. No language known to man can portray the infinite love of the Triune God toward a race which shook its fist in His face and held high carnival when His love was nailed to a tree. God spared not His only begotten Son. A love so infinite can bear away the burden of a whole world's sin and open the heart of God to any believing "who-soever." Little wonder Satan works unceasingly to darken this transcendently glorious fact. His one hope of success lies in persuading people

(Continued on page 19)

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## What the "Gideons" Are Doing

ALFRED ANDERSON  
In the Stone Church



AM ONE of those lucky Irishmen. I was born twice. The first time in Ireland, and the second time I was born in a police station in the city of Toronto. I have been a policeman for twenty-four years and ten months. Being a police officer would never give me an opportunity to stand behind this sacred desk, but being a sinner saved by grace, gives me the opportunity to witness for my Savior. In the city of Toronto we have what is known as the Christian Police Fellowship Group and they are on fire for Christ. One of them is a Pentecostal chap. God enables us, by His grace, to tell those who do not know about the Lord Jesus Christ.

Coming over here to this meeting we got off the car at the wrong place, but I firmly believe that all things work together for good to them that love God. I saw a street meeting in progress and could not resist the temptation of witnessing for my Lord. The angels are rejoicing in glory over one soul who gave his heart to God on that street corner. I am glad I missed my way.

It is my privilege to tell how this organization known as the Gideons came into being. On the 23rd of October, 1898, there was registered in the Old Central Hotel in the town of Boscobel, Wisconsin, a salesman by the name of Samuel E. Hill. It was a stormy night, and there came to this same hotel another salesman by the name of John A. Nicholson, known to the commercial men as "Old Nick." When he had attended to his horse he entered the hotel and asked for a room. The proprietor said, "I am sorry, Nick, but every room is taken. But I would like to accommodate you," and glancing down the register he found a room with two beds in it but only one taken. He went up and interviewed Mr. Hill who said, "Send him up." For the first time these two salesmen met face to face. They got their orders off for the day, to the different firms they represented, and as they were about to retire John A. Nicholson said, "It is my habit always before I close my eyes in sleep to read my Bible and remember those at home before the throne of grace." The other man said, "I, too, am a Christian. Let us read

*The Gideons came to this city, 800 strong, from all over the United States and Canada, in their 39th International Convention July 21-24. The beautifully appointed rooms of the Congress Hotel were placed at the disposal of this active Christian organization, the sole purpose of which is to win men to Christ by personal work and Bible distribution.*

*The Blue Room of this hotel presented an unusual sight as a thousand Christian men and women gathered for the annual banquet. Inspiring sacred music, soul-saving experiences, whole-hearted Christian fellowship marked the evening to be a never-to-be-forgotten one. On the following day four hundred Gideons spoke in the various churches of the city. The Stone Church had the pleasure of listening to one of Toronto's Christian policemen.*

the Word together." So they read the fifteenth chapter of John and prayed together, and long into the night they talked about the other salesmen who were without Christ and without hope.

The next time these two men met was May 31, 1899, at Beaver Dam, and again they discussed the commercial travelers' state. So they decided to call a meeting of Christian commercial travelers in July, 1899, in the city of Janesville. Over a hundred letters were sent out and when the day came for the meeting they hoped to see fifty or sixty, but to their amazement there was only one other man who turned up. His name was W. J. Knights. They had a time of fellowship and prayer and decided to form an organization. Sam'l E. Hill was made the President, W. J. Knights, the stranger who had just come, was made the Vice President, and John A. Nicholson the Sec'y and Treasurer. They took up a collection amounting to 75c. They wanted God to be the center of everything and they knelt and asked His guidance regarding the name. After a time of prayer the stranger said, "Brethren, we shall be called 'The Gideons,'" and he gave for his reason that Gideon was a man of humility, a man of faith, willing to obey God at any cost. And then he quoted what the angel said to Gideon of old, "The Lord is with thee," and felt that God had spoken that word for them as they would work for souls among their fellow-travelers. That is their first objective, and that is emphasized to every one who joins their organization. Toronto, Canada, is called the city of churches, but sad to say, fifty per cent of them are closed during the summer. You will find a sign on them, "Closed for the month of July." Others have amalgamated, and some Sunday Schools are closed altogether. It is a tragedy that the churches are not out for souls in the summer.

It was not for ten years after, that the organization began placing the Bibles in hotels. The first twenty-five Bibles were placed in the Superior Hotel, Iron Mountain, Montana, in 1908. The Gideons of the United States have placed 1,476,579 copies of this blessed Word in hotels up to the present time.

Twenty-seven years ago, May 31, 1911, the Gideon Organization was formed in the Dominion of Canada. At the end of our fiscal year we have only 187 members but we thank God for them, and that He has called us to be stewards of His, placing His Word in hotels, in jails and in the schools. I am glad for the efforts of our American brethren to get this blessed Word in our public schools. In Canada we have been privileged to place over 90,000 Bibles in different places. More than 10,000 in hotels, 5,000 in prisons and jails, and over 20,000 in our public schools, besides other countries. A few weeks ago I was at a dedication service when 500 Bibles were presented to our boys and girls in East Toronto, and a year ago we dedicated 1,000 Bibles to the boys and girls of Toronto. Geographically, Canada has been used in this precious work to send Bibles as far south as Trinidad in the Tropics, to the Arctic Circle in the far North. We received an order for twenty-four copies of the New Testament for the Arctic Circle. There is only one boat a year that leaves for that country.

Some one may ask, "Do you think the money spent for these Bibles has been worth while?" I would answer ten thousand times ten thousand, Yes. We have seen suicides averted, homes that were broken, reconciled; we have seen drunkards by the dozen reclaimed by the Lord Jesus, and many about whom we will not know until we reach the other side. It is a grand business in which to be engaged, placing this Holy Word where it will be read and bring about results.

I would like to give you some concrete instances of what the Word has accomplished. A young man entered one of our hotels, and later wrote us as follows: "Early in January I arrived, under the influence of liquor, at a hotel in Toronto, though I managed not to arouse the suspicion of the man at the desk, with \$15 in my pocket and a bottle of whiskey. I stayed at the hotel for a week, paid my bill and with the balance purchased more whiskey. On Sunday evening, with money gone I was about to commit suicide; in fact, I had on my hat and coat ready to go and commit the deed when my eye fell on a Gideon Bible on the table.

The index referred to the 34th Psalm. I arose again to carry out my intention, but again the Bible seemed to speak to me. The verse that gripped me was, 'This poor man cried and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.' I went back to bed and stayed there until I got right with God. Now I have a good position, a Christian wife and a comfortable home. And I praise the Lord He didn't stop there. I own my own furniture and a car, and best of all, I have Jesus."

This is what a little girl wrote to the Women's Auxiliary. She was staying in a Home for unfortunate girls. She said, "I was raised a Roman Catholic and until coming to Bethel Home for Girls I never saw the inside of a Bible. What I have learned has been quite a revelation to me. I feel if I had been taught the Bible from the beginning my life would have been different. Through the Bible and this Home I have taken a stand for the Lord. I enclose a dollar for providing a Bible for someone else."

I want to take you to the city of Guelph, sixty miles from Toronto. We have a Reformatory there to which young men are sent for crimes committed. We Gideons go there four times a year to hold services. On one occasion when we went, there were 663 young men inside the prison walls, all under the age of 25 years. It was not compulsory that they come to the services, but 300 came to hear what Jesus had meant to us in our life. As I looked over that company of young faces my heart beat within me. I saw they were there because of what God classifies in His precious Book as SIN.

Naturally being a police officer I saw men whose faces I knew. On the right I saw a bright, handsome young chap whose name I did not remember but whose face I knew. I told the boys I was a police officer from Toronto, but not there on duty for the Dominion. I said to them, "Society is turned against you. You will want a friend when you get out. I want to tell you about a Friend I met years ago, One who has never left me, and I want to recommend Him to you. You can find Him in this Word," and I read, "Thou shalt call His Name Jesus for He shall save His people from their sins." When I had finished I heard someone say, "Mr. Anderson, will you come to Cell No. . . . ?" "Will you come to Cell No. . . . ?" I went to the first cell and found a young man from the city of Ottawa put there for stealing cars. He told me he had read the Bible through since coming there. I thank God that before I left that cell he passed from death unto life. So I

went from one cell to another and pointed them to the Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world.

Just a few weeks ago God broke down a great barrier about which we have been praying for years, and we are allowed to enter the fourth largest penitentiary in Canada, at Kingston. God used the Gideons in that place. It is where the hardened criminals are. I have here a letter from a young man who is a son of a Presbyterian minister. Ministers' sons go wrong just as other young men. This young man says he finds great comfort in his Bible and enjoys every minute spent since becoming a new creature in Christ Jesus. These letters are all written on prison paper, and are censored and sent out through the office. This chap says he feels he has made considerable progress since the last meeting; matters have taken a turn for the better. Another writes that he is reading his Bible and praying every night, and is beginning to understand what he reads. And so I could tell you of many others who have turned to God through His Word in the prisons.

I do not want to boast for the city of Toronto, but I hold in my hand a report from the Chief Constable, which states that we had only one murder in the city last year, and also the year before, and the men who did it paid the penalty with their lives. While it is true that major crimes have decreased, Juvenile crimes (youth under 16) have increased. Do you blame us for trying to get the Word of God into the schools? The Word of God is a silent missionary in the prisons and jails for 365 days in the year.

As a police officer I have never been called to a home to settle disputes because of liquor and other intoxicants where Christ is an honored guest. When I enter a home I get the man and his wife together and say, "There is just one thing lacking in this home." "What do you mean, officer?" "There is just one thing lacking. Christ is not here. If He were here you would not have to send for us." May God help the people of America to go back to the family altar, and have Christ as the unseen Guest in every home.

\* \* \*

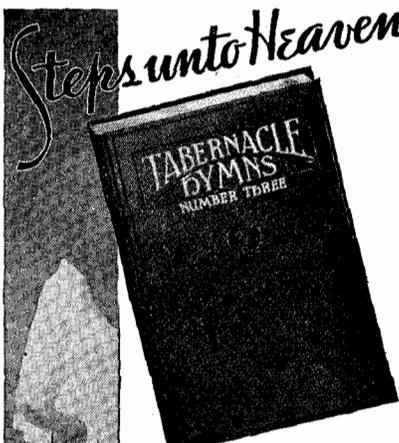
The Gideons have placed 2200 Bibles in the public schools in the State of Michigan. Some of the Superintendents of Schools have expressed their appreciation of this noble work. Minnesota, Michigan and Colorado are the leading states in having the Bible in the schools.

### Love — Human and Divine

(Continued from page 16)

to believe in a God who is harsh, tyrannical, indifferent and cruel. Full well he knows the effect of the impact of such a love upon the most degraded heart, and so with devilish cunning he seeks to foist the blame of all suffering, from a little child mangled in a motor accident, to the appalling slaughter of a Great War, upon God. There is one superlative answer to the master lies of the devil, an answer so glorious that we would we had the voice of an archangel to send it vibrating to earth's remotest bounds: "God commendeth His love toward us in that, while we were *yet sinners, Christ died for us.*" Blessing and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God forever and ever. Amen.

The sermon on "The Two Beggars" is excellent to give to the unsaved. Order a quantity of this issue at 5c per copy, for this purpose.



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## The Prophetic Digest

ALBERT J. LEBECK, Sacramento, Calif.

### Duce Foresees War Between Fascists and Reds

Eventual war between the Fascist and Communist nations "to decide the fate of Europe" was foreseen by Premier Mussolini.

In the preface to a book reviewing the work of Fascism and the Fascist Grand Council the last fifteen years, Il Duce described the war in Spain as "the first clash between Fascism and Communism and its democratic allies."

Discussing the possibility of a greater struggle between the same forces on a European or even world scale, Mussolini wrote:

"Fascism does not fear the fight that must decide the fate of the continent."

### Spain's Rebels Plan Air Force of 2,000 Planes

The Spanish Nationalists plan a peace time air force of 2,000 planes if they win the civil war.

The disclosure was made by General Alfredo Kindelan, chief of the Nationalist air force, in an exclusive interview with the United States.

"Generalissimo Francisco Franco considers that Spain, due to her geographical position, needs a big air force," he said.

"I have submitted plans to budget for a strength of 2,000 planes as a peace time force. That is proof that after the war, Spain will once more assume her rightful place among the nations.

### Tragedy in Holy Land Saddens Entire World

British diplomatic duplicity during the World War is bearing its bitter fruit today in tears and human blood in the Holy Land.

The soil where once the Prince of Peace lived and taught is once more in travail as assassination stalks through the streets of Jerusalem, claims its victims on the road to Bethlehem and carries its terror into Nazareth.

Nor is the end anywhere in sight.

The hatred of Arab for Jew and Jew for Arab is increasing steadily in depth and bitterness; and while Rachel weeps anew for her children, there is also woe in many a Moslem household.

It all dates back to pledges made by Britain in 1918, pledges which were contrary to one another and which had as their insignia the double cross.

While the almost legendary Lawrence of Arabia was inciting the Arabs to drive out the Turks on the promise their independence would be recognized if the Allies won the war, Lord Balfour in London was pledging to the Jews that Palestine would be set aside as their homeland when peace was restored.

So both huzzaed when Lord Allenby led his triumphant legions into Jerusalem and raised the British flag where once had stood the temple of Solomon.

But the common rejoicing was shortlived. For the

Arabs were not less attached to the land that had been their home for 1,000 years than were the Jews, to whom by tradition it was sacred.

And so as Israel came home, the Arabs saw only their final expulsion from the country. Race and religion both were involved; and a deep and fundamental conflict has developed into a common misery for all concerned.

### A Land of Milk and Honey Again

In Biblical days Palestine was called a land flowing with milk and honey, writes *Public Opinion*. It was famed for its main crops of wheat, barley, grapes, figs, pomegranates, olives, and dates. Through the centuries wars, poverty, and neglect have resulted in the depletion of forests, soil erosion and loss of fertility. Malarial marshes developed and farm land was buried with sand along the coast. In 1918 Palestine could barely support its reduced population, and farming methods were primitive. Fruit growing was insignificant.

But twenty years have seen great changes. Instead of an area of 7,500 acres under citrus fruit cultivation, today there are 75,000 acres. Eleven million cases of citrus fruit (including grapefruit, a new product) were exported last year. Whereas milk cows were scarce in 1918, today there are over 10,000 fine dairy cows and the average annual milk yield per cow is five times greater. Although five years ago bee-keeping was very limited, last season's crop is estimated at 275 tons of excellent honey.

Other industrial developments — poultry raising, tobacco growing, vegetable and fruit growing, canning — are likewise remarkable. The latter-day prophecy of Joel 2: 21-27 is no longer in the remote future — pastures in the wilderness, fruit trees, fig trees, vines, wheat, wine, oil, and plenty. And note Joel 3:18, "The hills shall flow with milk." Certainly this is fulfilled today.—*Pentecostal Evangel*.

### Plans for World Church Council are Formulated

An historic church document aimed at the most far-reaching union of Christian churches since the Reformation emerged today from a world conference of churchmen representing 130 Protestant denominations.

The document is the draft of a constitution, approved unanimously by seventy-five delegates from twenty nations, including the United States, for the first World Council of Churches in History.

It will be submitted at once to all participating churches by the Archbishop of York, who presided at the five day conference.

An accompanying letter will ask the churches to unite in the organization for "the fellowship of churches which accept our Lord Jesus Christ as God and Savior," and send delegates to the proposed council meeting.

## Trouble -- A Servant

JOHN WRIGHT FOLLETTE



WID you ever test yourself as to how you react to trouble or tragedy? In life's school we very often find that God uses trouble or misfortune to prove our faith or to test our character. Trouble has a way of stalking down the road and meeting us, so many times, when we least expect it.

I am sure that we all know that such proving and testing may befall us without our being personally or directly the cause for it. Many, many times it is quite beyond our control. If it were otherwise we

would probably avoid all such testings and keep an easy, smooth path. But we should remember that trouble is a part of the divine arrangement and has a place in our program as well as the hours of sunshine and music. Trouble, or severe testings are not necessarily a sign of sin, failure or lack of spirituality. It is often a sign of spiritual life and growth which God must test and prove, for we are His workmanship.

Among many people there is an idea or notion that the life of the Christian is, or should be, a sort of charmed life, void of trouble, testing and tribulation or affliction. Such people have shaped up for themselves, or hold as an ideal of real Christian living, an impossible, or unscriptural conception as an objective. Where in the world such people, so bewitched, have been living all these years, or what books or history they have read, is quite beyond me! Surely they do not know history, Christian experience or the Bible. For all these keep ever before us the truth that "man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward" (Job 5:7). Ps. 34:19, "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but

*All of us know trouble—at least I hope we do.  
Trouble is a servant, but known as such to few.  
We are taught to shun her, and if she comes too near  
Seldom do we face her, but run away in fear.  
Good and bad must meet her, the universe around—  
Sinners, saints, kings and knaves,—she comes where  
man is found.*

*Always make her serve you, for she can serve you well;  
Just how you may use her, your life will always tell.  
Trouble is but passive—it's by our power to will,  
We make her either bless us or do the soul some ill.  
How do you translate her? From phrases filled with  
pain*

*To messages of strength—from loss to endless gain?  
By faith we see behind the outer frightful mask  
A servant in disguise, to do a gracious task.  
Hearts may feel her wounding and life may suffer loss;  
Faith translates her working as freeing gold from dross.  
Trouble will discover to any yielded heart  
Hidden depths of power it only knew in part;  
Sympathizing power, and love which understands;  
Strength to help another with trouble-tested hands.  
Trouble will release you from self and make you kind,  
Adding new dimensions to heart and soul and mind.  
Do not shun this servant, but look beyond her task  
To beauty she will work for which you daily ask.  
Always see in trouble a chance to grow in grace,  
Not a stroke of evil to hinder in your race.  
Live the life triumphant; above her fiery darts  
Rich fruitage will be yours to share with needy hearts.*

the Lord delivereth him out of them all." II. Cor. 4:17, "For our light affliction which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." II. Tim. 3:12, "Yea, and all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." John 16:33, "In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." Rom. 5:3, "And not only so, but we glory in tribulations also: knowing that tribulation worketh patience." Surely on the basis of all these Scriptures, we

as Christians know better than to pray for exemption from trouble; and since we know that in God's plan it is a part of our inheritance, let us not avoid its peculiar ministry.

History is replete with examples of lives wrecked because of the ungrateful reaction to trouble. In spite of the accumulated experiences of the ages and the wisdom and philosophy of the seers, many still fail to recognize that behind her mask, trouble is a *servant* to assist us. Any other view is due to lack of vision and perspective in that range. Too many see the immediate, the local, and interpret life and relative questions from a circumscribed point. The Scripture says, "While we look *not* on the things seen." As Christians, after we are convinced in our hearts, that trouble is not designed to defeat us, is not a mere nuisance or cruelty, but is one of the corrective elements in great living, we must needs learn *how* to use it. How many problems would be solved and shipwrecks of faith be avoided, could we take a positive, constructive attitude and see that trouble is one of the agents and mighty instruments placed in our hands for

the shaping of character and the releasing of potential power for a corrective and glorious building.

How do you use trouble? Naturally, (due to physical and fundamental elements in our makeup) we shun pain, discomfort or trouble. But that is because we relate them purely in their action upon the physical or the present mood. So many times hours are spent in praying trouble, the great servant, *away*. At times we take long, circuitous journeys to avoid a meeting with her. And finally, when we are compelled to meet her we spend a long, long time telling her, or God, that we do not like her and we reason and reason why we ever had to meet her at all. But trouble is not to be reasoned with; she is utterly unreasonable. She is to be *used*. Please disabuse your minds of that erroneous thought, that if you are good, or a really spiritual Christian, totally yielded and consecrated, your life is therefore to be a charmed one and that God will spare you from all trouble or disappointment. No, to reach such a fine position of consecration and yieldedness, is only to make you a fit candidate for tribulation. Tribulation is a word which God uses in relation to saints. The etymology of the word means *threshing*. A farmer does not thresh weeds; he threshes the golden wheat, that the grain might be separated *from* the chaff and sticks. He is after grain, not trying to pound out some straw. Therefore He says, "Tribulation worketh patience," that is, the golden grain of patience, longsuffering and kindness comes by way of threshing or tribulation. Think of the splendid spiritual grain of character and noble living produced only through the tribulation process. The spiritual tone and quality of the mighty men of God came only through trouble and suffering.

In the world about us, in the fields of fine music, art and literature, the artist never reached the climax of his labors and gave to the world the best in creative beauty and strength until he knew the poignant touch of personal sorrow or grief or trouble. So many times it is like a divine alchemy turning the ordinary and prosaic life into a glorious display of divine power, fortitude and beauty.

It is the *use* of trouble which releases the deeper springs of our lives and sets aflow the streams of mercy and understanding which a perishing world and humanity needs. Do not misunderstand me; I am not saying that trouble alone makes us strong or noble and has transforming power. I am dealing with you as

Christians who believe Romans 8:28, and that, as you see, is never to be applied to lives that are unredeemed. That is why so many unsaved people never understand the outworking of the Scripture in the daily walk but if the Christian has anything remotely approaching the Spirit of Christ he can make trouble to be a servant and bring forth the best in him. As I suggest in my poem, trouble is a servant.

But trouble in itself is neutral, or passive; the whole matter depends upon *how* one uses it. One may take an inactive attitude and lose the benefit of the trial; justify himself and trouble will make him bitter or resentful, or it can make him hard, cruel and cynical. People who have no faith, no perspective of thought or vision let trouble do all sorts of harmful and cruel things to them, but thanks be to God, there are so many wonderful people upon whom trouble has fallen who were able to see and discern behind its mask, a servant, at their beck and call, to build them lives of strength and beauty. In a simple study of such lives we find faith and a certain creative power which made out of their calamity a magnificent privilege. You have noticed in lives a two-fold reaction to tragedy or trouble; either it will break us in spirit, melting the hardness and bringing us in our helplessness to God, or it will throw us upon our feeble resources and human reasonings, and this in turn, as time hardens us in spirit, makes us critical and often cynical. It robs the heart of the great privilege of trusting God and the developing of the life into rich and helpful avenues.

Trouble will make you either *bitter* or *better*. Notice how very much alike these words are and how very little is needed to change them; just the letter "I". Yes, dear ones, it is the "I" that changes the whole matter; when the "I" keeps out of the question, out of the difficulty, life will be better, but when the "I" is introduced and we get mixed in the trouble, the "I" is sure to get hard and we become bitter. Too many times this "I" gets in the way, the poor little hurt *ego* gets a slap and down the street he runs, screaming for attention; the dear little *ego* sits in his doorway and weeps tears of self-pity until his eyes are so red and inflamed he just cannot *see* things as they are or should be. It takes the quiet heart, peace of spirit and clear vision (long range vision, if you please) to interpret trouble into terms of strength and high living. Little souls, small people, are usually hurt all the time; the self (the *ego* within) is unduly

important and consequently is easily hurt or flattered. Such souls have too small a world and hence everything relates directly to the self within. They will have a very difficult time, to say the least. Many times such souls are persons who are seeking justice, fairness, and a proper adjustment in life. They never seem to learn. We are not here for justice, we are here to *live*. If you expect to be a spiritual and victorious Christian you may as well learn here and now, to drop justice out of your vocabulary as far as it may relate to *your* life. We do not get justice *now*. God's Saturday night of settlement has not yet come.

Some live as though life, and the Christian experience, were some kind of a slot machine: you put in a dime's worth of kindness and pull out three yards of blessing; then five cents' worth of charity and you know that God must bless you next Saturday night. Be very good, kind, or generous and next week the wind will blow you a fortune. It is true that what you sow you shall also reap, and bread cast upon the water shall return, but God does not include the time element in the statement. So we shall not always receive our justice here and now. Jesus never taught justice; Paul did not receive justice; even great leaders in history did not always receive justice here and now. Do not mistake me: I do not mean that a Christian or a spiritually-minded one is not conscious of the hurt, of the trouble or injustice. Believe me, dear souls, the Holy Spirit makes one all the more sensitive to the pain, the hurt and the injustice, but the victorious soul has found the gift of grace and the love of God sufficient to hinder the trouble from marring his spirit. The closer one gets to Christ the more sensitive he will be to pain, little petty mean ways and all the train of unkind and unlovely things which would vex the heart and tarnish the spirit. But the eyes are now anointed and he sees in them privileges of overcoming and high living. I am sure we have all lived long enough to have had such injustice done us. And yet today, God has given us grace not to harbor any resentment or hard feelings. To have the trouble or injustice and *know* the feel of it and yet live above and far from its damaging power is a sign of real spirituality, a sign of Christian character which He has wrought in the life.

Someone learned of a real injustice done me in material things one time and he was horrified because it came from a Christian source. "Such treatment as that," he said, "is absolutely wrong.

I would not stand for it." Of course it was wrong and unfair, and at the time I was amazed and tried, but I kept my heart and life open for justice and the right thing to be done by me; but I was neglected and seemingly forgotten. God had taken me quite a long way on the road and I knew He would take care of the matter so I took of His grace and love, and stood it. Consequently it never caused a resentful spirit nor did I allow the hurt and the disappointment to fester into a sore. And today I praise God for the reality of His life in my heart to keep it sweet when trouble and unfair dealings would chill it to indifference and hardness.

Had we time we could trace through history, both sacred and secular, scores of noble men and women who were *not* spared the hard places in life. They were good, moral, kind, noble and yet came under the disciplinary measures of trouble. Certainly Paul knew trouble or he could never have written, "In labours more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck." Yet out of it all he comes purified and strengthened, a noble expression of God's grace and an example for the ages to come, that trouble may be used to build a Christian character.

In the old Testament we find both Joseph and Job and many others, demonstrating the same truth. Surely Joseph might have said, "All these things are against me. Where is God? Why all this confusion and trouble when He promised me great victory and triumph?" But listen to him after the faith comes through, "But as for you, ye thought evil against me; but God meant it unto good" (Gen. 50:20).

We are following in the steps of Christ and He said, "The servant is not above his Lord." And we read of Him, "Though a Son, yet learned He obedience through the things which He suffered."

What are you seeking in your trouble today? Is it deliverance or development? You may have the one and not grow or you may have both and grow. Get your development first and the deliverance will be yours also. Let this servant minister to you in a way no other servant can. Take the positive attitude and use your trouble as one of the most skillful and wonderful instruments God ever placed into your hands for the working out of the character of Christ to be duplicated in you.

Trouble, if correctly used, will bring you great

peace and a deep surrender of spirit which nothing else can work in you. I have not gone far on the way (thirty years in a walk in the Spirit) but I can give as my personal testimony that these deeper revelations of truth and clear understanding of the things of God have come through suffering. I cannot offer you any other method. May God grant you grace to take your share of trouble; do not pray for exemption but may He teach you how to use this strange servant to build your life into the noble proportions of strength and beauty and from your life healing streams of understanding and love will flow to broken lives and timid, fearful hearts for, "He who suffers most has most to give."

### A Miraculous Intervention

(Continued from page 14)

reasoned the rulers, while Mr. Cha poured out his soul before God in prayer.

Even before his prayer was finished he suddenly heard the clanging of chains, and thinking that possibly another prisoner was breaking away, he rushed out with his flashlight in his hand. Descending a large stone pillar with his head toward the ground and his chained feet pointing skyward, was the missing prisoner. He called for help and soon got his man securely fastened in a cell, then reported the matter to his superior officer who inquired, "How did you capture him?"

"Through prayer, sir. I was laying the matter before God, bringing all my strong reasons to bear on my case, why this prisoner should be immediately found and brought safely back. I heard the clanging of chains and found my man who had been on the roof the greater part of the evening, waiting a favorable opportunity to make his escape under cover of night."

"Prayer again," said the officer, at the same time pleased that Mr. Cha was free to return home after reporting that all was well at the prison.—*Extracts from Mrs. Boyd's letter.*

### The Story of Two Beggars

(Continued from page 9)

idea of repentance!" He laughed at it then, but he believes in it now. "Send someone to my brethren that they repent, lest they come to this place." And in passing let me remind you that this is the only prayer in the Bible made to a saint, and it was not answered.

Now to get back to our break. You say that God is a God of love. Do you know anything about God's love from history? But you re-

spond, "The Bible says 'God is love.'" Are you turning to the Bible for your information? Then come along with me. Read from the first chapter of Genesis and see how far you have to go to come to a passage concerning God's love. It covered a space of two or three millenniums this side of creation. Has He taken all that time to tell man of His love? Before that, over and over again, God has shown His displeasure. God has evidenced His hatred of sin long before He had a thing to say concerning His love.

God is love, and you can learn the extent of that love through the lips of Jesus Christ, in Jno. 3:16. There is a reason for the giving, a reason for the coming of Jesus, a reason for His death and a reason for the cross. "Herein is love, not that we loved Him but that He loved us, and gave His Son to be a propitiation for our sin." "God spared not the old world because of sin," says Peter, and further, "God spared not the angels that sinned." Paul says, "Yes, Peter, you are correct, but this is also true, that God spared not His own Son." Here is life! Here is escape from sin and its penalty. "He who knew no sin was made sin." Is that an explanation of that cry, that deepest of mysteries, that came from the lips of the Son of God, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" Was He forsaken? Yes, otherwise there would be no significance in that cry. When God turned away His face, the Son of His love suffered separation from His Father. When Jesus uttered that cry, He was separated from God that He might take our poor, broken lives and unite them to God forever. Hallelujah! What a Savior!

### Things as They Are — in Europe

(Continued from page 13)

We are sorry for them, but we know that some day when the fires of persecution become too intense, they will turn to Christ. They will look upon Him whom they have pierced and acknowledge Him as their Messiah.

### THE MARK OF THE BEAST

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