

EVANGEL

The Latter Rain



FOR MOTHERS

Wherever there is a song at eventfall,
Or lamplight falling through an open door;
Wherever there is shelter from the storm,
Or comfort for a heart with grief made sore;

In every simple, homely joy that comes,
And in that hour of need when each must be
A lonely soul who stretches hands to God—
The thought of you must ever come to me.

This one short day they set apart for you,
But we who strew our blossoms on your way—
We know that in the hearts that hold
you close,

Each day of every year is **Mother's Day.**
—Caroline Walker.

Courtesy of The War Cry

May, 1939

THE MOTHER'S TRUST

"They shall take to them every man a lamb, according to the house of their fathers, A LAMB FOR A HOUSE. It is the Lord's passover. The BLOOD shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are, and when I see the BLOOD, I will pass over you." (Ex. 12:3, 11, 13).

Beneath the blood-stained lintel I with my children stand;
A messenger of evil is passing through the land.
There is no other refuge from the destroyer's face;
Beneath the blood-stained lintel shall be our hiding-place.

The Lamb of God has suffered, our sins and griefs He bore;
By faith the blood is sprinkled above our dwelling's door.
The foe who seeks to enter doth fear that sacred sign;
Tonight the blood-stained lintel shall shelter me and mine.

My Savior, for my dear ones I claim Thy promise true;
The Lamb is "for the household"—the children's Savior too.
On earth the little children once felt Thy touch divine;
Beneath the blood-stained lintel Thy blessing give to mine.

O Thou who gave them, guard them—those wayward little feet,
The wilderness before them, the ills of life to meet.
My mother-love is helpless, I trust them to Thy care!
Beneath the blood-stained lintel, Oh, keep me ever there!

The faith I rest upon Thee Thou wilt not disappoint;
With wisdom, Lord, to train them my shrinking heart anoint.
Without my children, Father, I cannot see Thy face;
I plead the blood-stained lintel, Thy covenant of grace.

Oh, wonderful Redeemer, who suffered for our sake,
When o'er the guilty nations the judgment storm shall break,
With joy from that safe shelter may we then meet Thine eye,
Beneath the blood-stained lintel, my children, Lord, and I.

—Author Unknown.

GOD'S DELAY

The party of missionaries who recently sailed for India realized afresh that God was the Captain of their boat. A letter from Miss Lydia Vaux tells vividly of the dangerous sailing and of His care. When the storm was at its worst, in the darkness of the night, He spoke to her these never-failing words, "Underneath are the everlasting arms," and she saw, as it were, the boat being upheld in the great, strong arms of God. Had the boat started from New York at the time it was scheduled, it would doubtless have been disastrous. It was very evident that the delay was of God, for another freighter which sailed on that day, sank, and all on board were drowned. Another ship was washed against the rocks and broken. So we praise God for watching over the precious lives who left all to carry the Gospel to dark India.

There is a great need today of God-fearing mothers. Susanna Wesley was the mother of 19 children and every one of them came into the church of God. On

the other hand the mother of Néro, who fiddled while Rome burned, was a murderer. One morning a notice appeared in a city paper that two young women without identification had been taken into a hospital from an automobile wreck at 2 o'clock. Before the paper had been out an hour two hundred mothers had telephoned to the hospital to find out if the women were their daughters. Two hundred mothers who did not know where their daughters were the night before. Two hundred mothers whose daughters had not returned home.

Our readers who have been praying for a Pentecostal outpouring will read with joy the most unusual account of a nine-weeks' meeting in Fargo, No. Dakota, on page 8 of this issue, when pulpit and pew were empty and the Holy Spirit presided in the "glory room"; when hours in His Presence seemed like minutes; when strong men wept for souls and sinners were mightily gripped and turned to God.

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ANNA C. REIFF, Managing Editor
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The Business of Coat Making

From One Mother's Heart to Other Mothers
MRS. ALICE REYNOLDS FLOWER

BACK IN the early part of First Samuel there is one verse which has always carried to me a deeply significant meaning. Speaking of Hannah, Samuel's mother, the record says, "Moreover his mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him from year to year, when she came up with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice." There had been earlier events with which all are familiar—a woman's yearning heart, a life of devotion to God, fervent petition, a gracious answer; and then—a marvelous consecration, as the footsteps of the young Samuel were led by his own parents to the House of God for his future abiding place. Here was a mother who kept her vow, withholding from God no part of the price.

Returning once more to the home of Mount Ephraim, this devoted woman still found a way to minister to her cherished son. Can we fully imagine the joy every stitch in that garment afforded her? Did her eyes sometimes grow dim with tender love-longing and concern for the absent boy as she busily plied her needle? I wonder. To Hannah, making that coat was no ordinary bit of sewing; it was her one chance to express yearly in practical manner the love of her heart. And she did it faithfully, delivering each tiny garment personally to her Samuel there in the House of God. What a splendid place to do her ministering!

*I hope that only joy was in her heart,
No sadness, when each year she brought
to him
The little coat she fashioned with such love,
To fit his growing body straight and
slim;
And that her breath was quickened by
the sound
Of rushing feet across the Temple floor,
Responsive to kind Eli's "Quick, my child,
That she may find you waiting at the
door."*

God never intended this business of coat-making to end with godly Hannah. This will always be the appointed task of every true mother. I seem to feel even now the coats fashioned for me by my precious mother, in glory now for over twenty years. She was a good coat-maker, as her three daughters (two of whom are out in war-torn China) can freely testify. She gave us to God, but she faithfully fulfilled her responsibility of providing coats for us each; and now we rise to call her blessed.

What were these coats so diligently and lovingly prepared for our need? First—

a coat of prayer. She started this coat for me before I was born, and many were the faithful stitches taken to make it complete. In my teen years there were months of conflict over the will of God before making a complete surrender to receive the mighty Pentecostal outpouring. I can hear her now pouring out her soul to God for me, calling my name in prayer, as I stoop quietly in the hall outside her closed bedroom door. And that coat was laid upon me inescapably. Thank God! May He give us more mothers who will fashion like coats for our bewildered young people today, for I believe God inclines His ear especially to a godly mother's prayer.

But mother's coat-making did not end with prayer. She fashioned for us coats of consistent living and her every-day walk before us stirred our hearts to follow God similarly. How a mother can control the atmosphere of the home! A deep truth some poet expresses thus—

*"The baby has no skies
But mother's eyes;
Nor any God above
But mother's love:
His angel sees the Father's face,
But he the mother's full of grace."*

Yes, it starts with babyhood, and eternity will never fully reveal the far-reaching result of a godly mother's walk in her home. Fervor in the church is good, labor for others greatly commendable: but "making the coat of consistent living" in that home, dear mother, is your most important task. Do not lead your children to the House of God, then leave the task entirely to the pastor or Sunday School teacher. You are the family's spiritual coat-maker, fortunate indeed if you have a godly husband, like Elkanah, to help you with the task. If not, God will grant you special help for the need. Precept is grand, but—like the proverbial bridge barely scant of the opposite side—fails utterly, if it is not backed up with practise through the trying daily routine of the home life.

Next, the coat of discipline—poorly made, or sadly neglected by many today. To begin with, I fear people misunderstand the very word at times. It is a kind word rightly understood and practised—just as the trellis is kind to the properly trimmed vine that is taught to grow thereon in lovely symmetry. No home is beautiful or happy without obedience, respect, honesty and co-operation: and true discipline serves to this end when rightly administered by God-fearing parents, who

conscientiously train "these tender plants" in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

Sometimes it would seem easier, tired mother, to pass infringements by; but you may have far greater distress and inconvenience in the final count by so doing. There are homes today hiding ghastly skeletons, that would have never existed, if some mother had insisted on obedience at the very outset. No wonder many young folk find it hard to bend to God's will, never having known godly respect for their parents' word; and, as mothers, we actually make it hard for our children in later years by ignoring or minimizing the importance of this coat.

One more coat that seems to be especially important these impossible days for youth everywhere—understanding love. For the past quarter century I have had a deal of coat-making to do myself, for God has given me the joyous privilege of motherhood six times over, and then added to my "heart family" many other dear young folk. There is always a keen pain in my heart when some perplexed, young person, opening her heart, says, "I could not talk this over with father or mother, for they would not understand." This is a mistaken idea sometimes; yet barriers do come so easily, and a mother must keep ever wisely stitching on this "coat of understanding" if she would successfully fulfil her highest ministry in the home.

Too busy for occasional "heart-chats" and "seasons together before God"? Perhaps you think so; but holding the confidence of that bright boy or attractive daughter is worth any effort, or sacrifice of personal desire or ambition. Real coat-making may mean pricked fingers, bent knees, tired bodies—but how it pays! And I speak from rich experience. It paid Hannah both in Samuel the prophet whose name was known of God from Dan to Beersheba, and in the later children which God was pleased to give her as a reward for the consecration of her first-born. If George Fox could say, "Every Quaker should make himself felt for ten miles around," should we not say as much for our truly godly homes today? But do we? And why not?

Christians are pleading for revival—but, please God, let it come first to our homes, where family altars have been neglected, where confidence between mothers and daughters is waning, where fathers and sons fail to meet life's problems together, where plain, every day holiness is lacking. No one can do more to help such revival than mothers themselves, awake to all the glorious possibilities of their calling.

*"They talk of a mother's toil and care,
Of the tasks that her hands must do,
Of the furrows that creep o'er the brow
once fair,*

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"Eating on the Heap"

MISS ALICE GARRIGUS

BURDENED with the lack of unity among God's people, even in the Pentecostal ranks, my heart went up to God for the answer to Jesus' prayer, "That they all may be one."

While thus musing, some strange words came to me: "Eating on the heap!" I knew they were taken from an experience in Jacob's life, and turned at once to Gen. 31. In order to understand this article, you will need to read the chapter carefully.

Jacob had been living in Haran for twenty years, serving his uncle Laban fourteen years for his two wives and six years for his cattle.

Some one has said: "At Bethel, he learned what God was; at Haran, what Jacob was." It is certain that at Haran he met his match in his uncle Laban. It was a case of Greek meeting Greek, and but for God, poor Jacob would have fared badly.

At the end of the twenty years, God spoke to him in a dream and said, "I am the God of Bethel, where thou anointedst the pillar, and where thou vowedst a vow unto me: now arise, get thee out from this land, and return unto the land of thy kindred. . . ."

"Then Jacob rose up and set his sons and his wives upon camels; and he carried away all his cattle, and all his goods which he had gotten in Padan-aram, for to go to Isaac his father in the land of Canaan. And Laban went to shear his sheep: and Rachel had stolen the images that were her father's."

After three days, Laban returned and found Jacob had departed taking all his goods; to make matters worse, his household gods were gone and there was no doubt in his mind but that Jacob had stolen them. Filled with wrath, he gathered some brethren with him and they started after Jacob, determined to have vengeance.

On his way, God appeared to him in a dream and said, "Take heed that thou speak not to Jacob either good or bad." This, however, did not hinder him from giving Jacob "a piece of his mind" when he met him.

His story was plausible. He felt he had been greatly wronged in not being able to kiss his daughters and grandsons and send them away with songs and tabret and harp, as he would like to have done; then, too, for Jacob to steal his gods was a dreadful thing.

One side of a story always sounds con-

vincing till you hear the other side. Jacob was traveling in the will of God; he had *not* stolen the gods, and he had good reason for leaving during Laban's absence as the probabilities were that if Laban had been home, he would not have gotten away at all or would have gone leaving all behind.

Stung to the quick at the charge of stealing the gods, Jacob told his story of the past twenty years which was not flattering to Laban. When he finished, Laban, still full of fight, said: "These daughters are my daughters, and these children are my children and these cattle are my cattle and all that thou seest is mine."

Those looking on must have wondered what the next move would be—both parties were smarting under the wrongs they had received and could see nothing beyond. Suddenly the unexpected happened. Laban cries out: "What can I do?" Then he adds: "Now come thou, let us make a covenant, I and thou, and let it be for a witness between me and thee."

It is the sudden and unexpected things that try us, and certainly here was a great test for Jacob. "Make a covenant" with one who had just called him a "thief"? with one who had never lost an opportunity to take advantage of him? with one who never kept his word? How could he do that?

Somehow, God must have come to Jacob's help and furnished him grace to conquer himself, for he took a stone and set it up for a pillar, then ordered stones to be gathered for a heap—and "they did eat there upon the heap."

In Oriental lands, to eat together was a very sacred thing. It meant a love covenant for forty years. Old wrongs and injuries were forgotten and the two agreed to befriend each other, even to giving their lives, if necessary.

Let us look at this heap of stones and see what it meant to Jacob to eat there: Here we have gathered the injuries of twenty years. The deceit in giving him Leah when he had served seven years for Rachel—the changing of his wages ten times—the injustice of making him bear all the losses—and now the false accusation that he was a thief!

Never was Jacob more like God, than when he sat down on one side of that pile of stones with Laban on the other—"and they did eat there." Heaven was victor and hell was defeated. Love began to flow in and out and so delightful was the

Twenty-eight years ago the Lord used one of His handmaidens to plant a vineyard in the barren fields of Newfoundland. Through the warm winds of the Spirit, and the prayers of a precious band that watered the soil, the incorruptible seed fructified and grew until it became most prolific. Some of the fruit-bearing branches were carried over the walls of the vineyard and dropped down into barren wastes which were transformed into gardens of the Lord. From this one little vineyard, planted under God by Miss Garrigus, the author of this unusual article, there have grown between fifty and sixty assemblies throughout Newfoundland and two in the far-off coasts of Labrador.

atmosphere that they tarried all night. In the morning, Laban, this man who had started out breathing curses, was going in and out blessing and kissing everyone. Then he took his departure and Jacob resumed his journey.

He had not gone far when he found his little company had been reinforced by a band of angels that went with him—and Jacob said, "This is God's host." God could well afford to send His angels to accompany a man who had had such a mighty victory over himself.

Many years have passed since Laban and Jacob ate there "on the heap," but hearts have not changed. Still there are wrongs and misunderstandings; still there are cruel separations, each party feeling he is right and is the injured one; others taking sides, and so the divisions increase. Oh the unspeakable shame of it all!

No doubt you have heard of the two goats who met on a narrow plank crossing the stream. There was no room to turn around, and there they stood facing each other, till one lay down flat and let the other walk over him.

In view of the fact that the coming of Jesus cannot be far away and that His bride is to be "one," it behooves us, as far as is possible, to "eat on the heap."

Do you say, "That is a hard thing to do"? Remember that upper room where Jesus ate with His disciples. There was Judas, who sold Him for \$17—Peter, so soon to deny with oaths and curses, that he knew Him—the others who were going to leave Him alone—yea, going farther—the insults, the shame, the spitting, the nails and the spear—Jesus, ate on the heap of it all and said: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

Three times a year, the children of God used to journey to Jerusalem to the feasts. They traveled in companies for safety, and

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"The Night Cometh!"

"I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh when no man can work." Jno. 9:4.

E. C. SUMRALL
In The Stone Church

FOR OUR text this afternoon we would like to choose three words, "*The night cometh!*"

The morning has already come and the light of God, through the Son of God, has already lightened this world, and according to I. Thess. 5: 5-8 we are children of the day, children of light and not of darkness.

But I should like in this message, to sound an alarm to the sleeping church. I believe there should go up a cry to awaken the church of God from its spiritual lethargy and slumber, calling it to arise, put on its strength and stand at its post. Jesus is coming soon and He has bidden us to watch and pray that we may be ready to meet Him. If there was ever a time when the church needed to watch it is today when there is so much error and confusion—false cults and false religions everywhere. This is no time to be sleeping on the job. We must awaken and stand at our post of duty and be faithful as never before. Has not the Almighty said in this Book, "It is required of stewards, that a man be found faithful?" He did not say it was necessary for us to have great success or tremendous crowds, but He did ask us to be faithful, and everyone can be faithful with that which He has entrusted into his care.

If you want to be ready when He comes, you must be faithful now. In the Book of Revelation we find that the great company which comes riding on white horses, is spoken of as a people who are *called*—thank God, we have been called. It is a company which has been *chosen*, and it is further referred to as a people who have been *faithful* to the Lord Jesus Christ. He is not coming for a church, or for an individual that has been overcome by sin and temptation; He is coming for a people who have been triumphant over sin and are living an overcoming life.

As Pentecostal people we do not believe in secret orders, but if you won't tell anyone, I belong to a secret order, an ancient order. One of the charter members of this ancient order, was Enoch, who, when he left this world, left behind him this testimony, that he pleased God. That characteristic made him eligible to belong to this secret order. If you have not joined this order we invite you to enlist today. The Name of it is, "The Ancient Order of Full Overcomers." It is an order to which God desires all His people to belong and

only the blood-washed and redeemed are eligible as members. Are you overcoming? The night is coming.

But someone says, "If only I could get victory over this tongue of mine. I get with someone and I just cannot help but talk about people. You had better conquer that thing or you may find yourself left when the saints go marching in to the Marriage Supper of the Lamb.

Is the church overcoming sin and the world today? It is almost heart-breaking to see the way the world has marched into the church. If you turn to the third chapter of Revelation you will see there, the relation Christ has to the church in this dispensation. He is outside of the church. Think of it! It is enough to make the angels weep, and yet many of God's people can sit idly by and slumber, and stay away from services, neglect prayer and Bible reading, never giving any thought to the tragedy of the Son of God standing on the outside of His church which He purchased with His own blood.

We need to broadcast boldly that the night is coming and the opportunities which the church has today, of doing good and getting people saved, will soon be gone. Just stop a moment to consider that less than one-half of the population of so-called Christian America, do not belong to any church! It is a staggering fact. Let me ask you this serious question, Does that sound as though the Church of God is militant? Does it sound as though the church of the living God were wide awake and on the job? I warn you that you and I shall have to give an account unto God if we are indifferent to these conditions. From well known authorities we learn that 90% of the membership of our Protestant churches are not even saved. What a field of labor this presents to the true church! And yet so many people sit around and say, "I don't have anything to do!" "I wonder why the pastor doesn't give me some task to perform." There is plenty to do if you will do it. There is your neighbor, your milkman and your groceryman—work to do everywhere if you will only do it.

Not only do we have unconverted church members, but sad to say, we have ministers in our pulpits who have never tasted of the goodness of God in the matter of salvation. I heard a Baptist minister relate recently of how a minister in his own denomination took him to task about

mentioning a born-again experience in his church, adding that he would never preach that in *his* pulpit. Such leaders could not point a soul to God if they wanted to do so. There is too much stress put on education to the neglect of a real depth of spirituality. Above all, a minister needs to know God so that he may lead others to Calvary.

May I further tell you that 91% of the Protestant church members do not attend church on Sunday; they stay at home. Only 9% attend church. I would like to know where the 91% are. No doubt some have gone to see Uncle John or Aunt Mary; others have gone to the movies and ball games and other places of amusement, and yet we still read in God's Word, "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy." Does it not all point to the fact that the night is coming upon us? Is it not time to awaken and put on our strength and go forth to meet the enemy of our souls?

Then let me give you another startling statement: Only 4% of these church goes attend the prayer meeting. I ask you, Is it any wonder that there is a lack of power in the church of God today! Is it any wonder that we do not see the eyes of the blind opened and the ears of the deaf unstopped? and when the altar call is given that we do not see the altar lined with hungry hearts?—since the people have forsaken the house of prayer.

It is splendid, and commendable, when a church has a strong membership, when a church is strong in its missionary spirit and strong financially. We thank God for all that, but let me ask you, Where does the real strength of a church lie? The aforementioned three qualities should be but the fruits of the one important thing—the fact that they wait upon the Lord, for there it is that they renew their strength. Our strength comes when we are on our knees and all other things are secondary. Ask yourself this question, Have I spent five minutes on my knees today? You won't have to worry about a missionary budget when the power of God is falling; people will readily empty their pocket books then.

What we need is to have the Gospel plow put deep into every soul, break up the fallow ground and turn it over.

I have said on a number of occasions that if I ever get to the place where I am not free to preach my convictions, I will go on some street corner and preach God's Word. But I find there are people everywhere with hungry hearts for the pure and unadulterated Word. It is the only thing that will enable you to stand in the hour of testing and trial.

If you want to see a perfect picture of the condition of the church today, turn to an Old Testament type; look at poor

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Samson Slays a Lion



JOHN WRIGHT FOLLETTE

FOR OUR LESSON this afternoon I want to bring to our remembrance an Old Testament story, familiar, I am sure, to all of us. I trust there shall be conviction and also inspiration and help in the analogy we may draw from the dramatic incident in Samson's life—for I wish to talk about Samson and the lion he slew. The story is recorded in Judges, fourteenth chapter.

First, let us notice that the slaying of the lion is not the main objective toward which Samson is moving. It is rather an experience he encounters as he travels toward his objective—Timnath and a wife. One may be helped here. Do not interpret any single experience in the Christian life as final. No one experience, no matter how graphic, arresting and profoundly moving it may be, should be counted as the final objective of Christian living. Life is made up of a series of crises and telling experiences, but all are in turn to lead one to a more comprehensive understanding of, and spiritual approach to the consummation.

Samson is looking toward and desiring to reach Timnath and a wife. The meaning of the word "Timnath" is possession, or inheritance. And is that not just what every wide-awake, spiritually-minded Christian is seeking? To receive Christ as a personal Savior and the mighty baptism of the Spirit and the gifts, are all initial and make an equipment, as it were, to move out by faith and so actually *possess* what Christ has freely given us, and what the Holy Spirit longs to lead us all into. "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things" (Rom. 8:32)! Is that not wonderful? It is revolutionizing to receive Christ as a gift, but the text says that *with* Him we are *also* to receive *all* things which come with Him—the possession for Christian living. In the normal life of man, the wife is the complement or completing factor. The full meaning and significance of the normal life as planned by God is in this plan and union. So in the normal life of the Christian, the complete, normal and perfect life is one made up of proper adjustment and understanding between the *natural* expression demonstrated in the physical life *and* the correct meaning and use of the *spiritual* significance of life. I cannot take time here to develop this glorious, spiritual truth, as suggested by Christ Himself, in the answer He gave Satan when tempted in the realm of the

natural: "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God" (Matt. 4:4). Here Christ is taking the place of the ideal man, or the last Adam and as such, makes a difference between the sources of life and power. Even as man (the perfect thought of God) the *first* suggestion is *above* the natural to God; He does not say Christ or angels, but *man* is not to live by bread alone. In other words, the normal, properly adjusted life of the person is not only human and material, but there is the spiritual side to be cultivated and trained to make a perfect balance in living. He is to live first by a spiritual touch and communion with God, the vital and supreme source of all life. So Samson has come to a great awakening—he desires Timnath and a wife. But you must remember that the *desire* is one thing and the possession quite another.

The desire moves on to a stage of faith and great adventure, and he starts down the dusty road toward Timnath. And next in order is the lion—very true to life. And what is the lion? you ask. One does not need to press very far toward possessing his rights in Christ before he finds who or what the lion is. It is nothing less than the flesh or nature which always resists and opposes the Spirit and hinders any approach toward spiritual possessions. And the Scripture says it was a *young lion*. This is very suggestive indeed. It is not an old, worn-out lion with teeth gone and near-sighted. He is young, agile, strong and beautiful. His skin is soft and tawny, his limbs are nimble and sure as he moves along—a picture of grace and beauty. Is he not the king of beasts? What a picture of the natural man, the human heart! We are quite mistaken if we restrict the meaning of the word *flesh* to ugly, outbreathing forms of sin such as murder, pride, adultery and selfishness. The word, *flesh*, in the New Testament is *sarx* and means the *whole* natural man—his fine and splendid powers for natural expression, his gifts in the realm of nature, his good, *religious* desires and commendable features are *all* natural—*sarx* or *flesh*. As we have moved on with God into deeper fellowship I am sure we have discovered this truth. The word *flesh*, when used in the Bible with a moral meaning, refers not only to the physical body, but means the whole of the unregenerated person—spirit, soul and body. The life impulses and desires are called, "lusts of the flesh." "If by the Spirit ye are walking, ye shall not fulfil

the lusts of the flesh" (Gal. 5:16). Also see Eph. 2:3, II, Peter 2:8, Rom. 13:14, I. John 2:16. Note that the Bible use of the word "lust" is not restricted to inordinate desires, for the Holy Spirit is said to "lust against the flesh." Gal. 5:17, also Jas. 4:5. The word *flesh* does not necessarily mean anything vile and vulgar. The Bible speaks of "fleshy wisdom," "fleshy tables of the heart," "fleshy mind." Paul does not say his body or nature alone are fleshly—he says, "I am fleshly" (Rom. 7:14), and also "in me (in my flesh, *sarx*) dwelleth no good thing." "Flesh" is self. In other words, anything in my natural makeup or disposition which opposes the Spirit and the development of spiritual life, is flesh. How beautiful and attractive the young lion is at times. But alas! He wars, and is hungry and seeks his prey. A Christian does not have to move far down the dusty road *toward* Timnath before he hears the roar and is conscious of the presence of the young lion. Flesh and spirit are diametrically opposed and shall ever be so.

Let us now consider another bit of truth suggested by the story. Samson knew the wife was in Timnath and also that there were vineyards of refreshing grapes there, but he also knew he did not actually, experimentally possess them. He desired and anticipated both. Many Christians forget that truth is both objective and subjective. One may contemplate to be blest while meditating upon and refreshing his heart with objective aspects of truth—what we sometimes call judicial truth. But there is the subjective side also—how much of the truth so refreshing in contemplation is actually by experience, ours? One may sing himself into a glorious, ecstatic state of bliss, singing about a starry crown and white robes, but *how much* of the spiritual quality of life *does he now* possess which in turn will make the crown a real possession? Samson might have become quite enthusiastic saying, "Isn't it all wonderful! I have a wife in Timnath!" "Oh how delightful are the grapes and how refreshing!" And all the time he is clean *this* side of Timnath, and a lion between. It is very inspiring to sing, "I am walking in the light," but are we sure our feet are not stuck in the mud?

He has a great, good, noble desire, but that young lion says, "No!" Samson is alone and has no carnal weapons. You see he did not start out to slay a lion; he *thought* he was going right down to Timnath. And is it not just so in the Christian life? The vision (when we are in the Spirit) is so real, so glorious and so overwhelming that we never think of a battle—we are too blest for that. All we think about is the lovely presence of the adorable Christ. And how good God is to let us move down the road *alone* and without natural help. How jealous God is over

His own! He so desires to develop and make His people spiritual and strong. He purposely takes away the helps and crutches just to get us alone on the roadway. There are times and certain crises when each soul must stand alone, naked and stripped before his or her lion. God so orders our steps. Were it otherwise, our flesh would call to our help all our friends, neighbors, and saints. There are times, of course, when God uses friends to counsel and help and pray for us, but in time, the very helps and crutches which served so beautifully once, only clutter the way and become dangerous to one who is called to walk by faith alone. Do not be afraid when God directs the traffic. He will send all the help which we think we simply must have, off on another road, and send you down the road alone. Why? To bless you and to help you meet your lion.

Oh yes, I know you are saved, sanctified and baptized and have the gifts—but remember, you have a lion also. And listen—by being alone no one else ever saw Samson's lion. And if you stay alone with God when He directs your steps, no one will see your lion either. Now isn't that grand? Let us say "Amen!" The Lord knows, and so do you and I, that we all have lions, but He does not ask us to lead them around in a circus parade. No doubt many of them are seen without doing that.

So Samson stands there, without a weapon or anyone to call upon, facing this great issue in his heart and life. He meets his lion and no one else's. Perhaps the same issue or question some of you are facing today in your desire for a deeper fellowship and richer possession. In the walk of the Spirit, let us remember the greatest problem (or enemy) is not, "Where will I get the next month's rent?" "How shall I make the next payment on the car?" Your greatest enemy or lion, is nearer and far more intimate than that. God will force you into a place where you will stand alone in the dusty road of life, conscious of one fact, that none other, than you, yourself, are causing the greatest difficulty. Stop placing the blame on everyone else and everything under the sun; you are your greatest enemy. I personally fear

myself more than the devil. The devil is already conquered—but, are all the finer,

subtle points of my strange personality, conquered?

Then we read that the Spirit of the Lord came upon Samson and under the inspiration and power of that Spirit, he laid hold of the lion and rent it as though it were a kid, with a grace and power that startled even himself. For he well knew that he could not have done it. You will find that over and over again this truth is taught in both Old and New Testament, by Christ, and also by Paul, who elaborates on the teachings of Christ. The conflict is always a conflict between spirit and flesh—not flesh and flesh. "The Spirit warreth against the flesh and the flesh against the Spirit." Does Christ not ask, "How can Satan cast out Satan?" Here is a rich field, dealing with methods and principles and a basic theme for Christian living. Flesh cannot kill flesh. Were it not so pathetic, it would be amusing to see in some assemblies, the flesh try to kill and overcome other flesh. All flesh, but of different types. I wish we might learn the lesson of letting God by the Spirit, do what we so many times in the energy of religious flesh, try so hard to do. God says, "Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord." So many times the Christian becomes over-anxious (in the standing still period) and then starts a salvation all his own. The self-reformation, by self-will and resolutions, make a make-shift salvation which in turn comes clattering down over our heads. God does not want us to depend on any foreign powers of the human or natural man, lest we partake of them. He says, "Let me get hold of you and I can take care of the lion. I can roar through you and slay it." You see when one uses any other method than God's way, the lion resurrects all the time. One may put up a stiff battle and fight and "the fur may fly" but after the battle, the lion gets up again, shakes himself and starts roaring. But don't miss the point—Samson did not stand off on the side of the road and look on; he was most wonderfully exercised and much occupied. He became clothed upon with the Spirit and thus he was empowered. It took both—he became the instrument—a divine intervention. (To be continued)

*Up from the vineyards of Timnath
A young lion came one day—
The flesh in its strength and beauty
And roared as he sought his prey.
Snarling and growling from hunger
He moved down life's dusty road,
And roared as he saw a Christian
Alone and near no abode.*

*The Christian stood without
weapons,
No carnal strength did he know,
But clothed with Jehovah's power
He fearlessly met the foe.
The lion of flesh then gathered
All powers that he could bid,
But the Spirit was triumphant
And rent him as though a kid.*

*A helpless heap by the roadside
The vanquished young lion lay;
Under the hot, Eastern sunshine
His beauty turned to decay.
His roar became but an echo
The Christian at times could hear
As he journeyed on to Timnath—
God's love casting out all fear.*

*The sun continued its shining;
The flesh all rotted away
Exposing a dried-out carcass
Where the honey bees came to stay.
Bees make no honey in lions
That roar in the flesh and cry,
Nor still in dead lions rotting,
But in carcasses bleached and dry.*

*Often returning from Timnath,
The Christian now homeward
bound,
Turns off from the dusty roadside
Where a place of spoil is found,
And humbly gathers sweetness
Where his roaring flesh once died,
Enough for himself and others
From a carcass bleached and dried.*
—J. W. F.

It is a fact that many of our noblest patriots, our most profound scholars, and our holiest ministers, were stimulated to their excellence and usefulness by those holy principles which they derived in early years from pious mothers.

Our mothers are our earliest instructors, and they have an influence over us, the importance of which, for time and eternity, surpasses the power of language to describe. Every mother should be a Sabbath-school teacher. Her own children should be her class; and her home be her school-house. Then her children will bless her for her tenderness and care; for her pious instructions, her fervent prayers, and the holy example.

The Get Acquainted Page

Conducted by ZELMA ARGUE

The amazing story of God's revival at The Fargo (N. Dak.) Gospel Tabernacle, when pulpit and pew were empty, and for 9 weeks the Holy Spirit was in control. Richard Carmichael, pastor.

THE FARGO Gospel Tabernacle continues to be a sanctuary of blessing. In the following article it is the purpose of the writer to give an account of a very unique outpouring of the Spirit upon the local church a few months ago. However, it seems only fitting that he should first give a short historical sketch of the work.

Ever since the first pastor, the Rev. H. H. Ness, accepted the invitation of less than a dozen faithful Pentecostal believers to conduct a series of meetings some twelve years ago until the present writing, Fargo has had a growing full gospel work. From a very humble beginning the work soon took on momentum under the capable leadership of Bro. Ness. First, a room in an old, forsaken college, then to a Methodist church and eventually to the present splendid building which was dedicated in 1931. Rev. Ness pastored the church until the fall of '33. Then Rev. Luther Shurland, one of the local members, pastored until the fall of '34. At that time a call was extended to the present pastors, Rev. R. R. and Evangelist Adele Carmichael, formerly of Quincy, Illinois.

Mere figures and data are dry reading so we shall not spend more time here. However, much could be said concerning the faithfulness of the saints in the erection of the tabernacle which is appraised at thirty thousand dollars; the financial victories thru prayer; past revivals—one conducted by Evangelist Watson Argue when the spacious auditorium overflowed into the lower room—and the some two dozen young people who have gone into the ministry from this place.

We shall now try to give an account of the visitation which we recently witnessed. May I say that it is quite impossible to put it into words. There are so many things that one simply cannot find words to express during such visitations of God.

At the particular time of which I write, there came *such* an inborn hunger for God! And this hunger swept over the entire church at the same time. As usual, this desire led the pastor to call an evangelist for special meetings. Plans were under way. The evangelist had sent advertising material and this was at the printers. Special prayer meetings were opened to precede the campaign. Expectations were running high. The opening date was upon us. When alas, without any explanation, the evangelist wired, "Must cancel

revival. Will explain later." Now what were we to do? How could we have a revival without an evangelist? The pastor became panicky. He would wire a friend in Illinois. Certainly he could secure him

he had a revival on his hands. If Mrs. Carmichael had only been at home it would not have been so bad, but she was preaching in California. The pastor finally decided that he would continue the meeting for a few nights and in the meanwhile contact another evangelist.

The opening night service was marked with unusual unction. Scores pressed into the prayer-room at the conclusion of the message to wait upon God. What appeared at first to be just an ordinary tarrying service developed into a very extraordinary one. The power of God descended and spread over us like a cloud of glory. We were all strangely moved. There was



Mr. and Mrs. Carmichael and Family

at a moment's notice. Yes, he could come and would arrive in time for the opening night service. The pastor was now resting easy and confident. Sunday morning he preached upon the subject, "How to Have a Revival." But little did he realize how circumscribed were his ideas of a revival. Instead of the afternoon ushering in the evangelist from Illinois it brought a telegram. That night a puzzled pastor walked into his pulpit and read to the congregation, "Sorry to disappoint you. Had severe wreck. All in hospital."

Now it was evident to the pastor that

no outward manifestation but such an inward searching and surrender. An utter breaking up of the depths of the soul. It seemed the Holy Spirit was moving over the chaos of human unworthiness. He was breathing, fanning, flaming. We were all silent and motionless. So conscious of Him! so willing just to sit in silence! When we arose from our humble positions of prayer we were aware that something unusual had come. Just what was in store for us we did not know but all the next day the saints were phoning each other and, with praises, were speaking of the

wonderful service. The pastor received several calls and was delighted with the attitude of the people. He, determined to secure a special speaker, wired another evangelist but to no avail.

The tabernacle has a very spacious sound-proof prayer-room which will accommodate about three hundred people. For some reason it seemed best to the pastor to have the Monday night service in the prayer-room. At the proper time the service opened with song. While we were singing the power of God swept over us like a great wind. Perhaps a score of people fell prostrate upon the floor. Wave after wave of glory rushed over us. It was with utmost difficulty that the sedate pastor kept his composure. For almost three hours these waves kept rolling in. Each wave seemed to lift us higher and higher

to the pastor and just as plain to the people. It was not to center around a sermon but the Spirit; not preaching but praise. Dogma was to become Doxology. The pastor was certain that it was to be a revival with an empty pulpit. How silly it seemed! How could the church dispose of its pastor for even one service? 'Twas absurd to have a revival campaign without a preacher! The pulpit has always played a remarkable part in every revival. Yes, maybe. However, not such a large part on the day of Pentecost. Have you noticed that? Perhaps more Spirit and less pulpit might solve some of our pressing problems in some of our Pentecostal and other churches too. If you think this is absurd, what would you think if I told you that it was certain on this first Monday night that not only was this to be a revival with

ago when I attended my first Pentecostal meeting. Many of the saints testified to me that they were experiencing the same sensation. That to me was very remarkable. God never grows old! The spirit of man never becomes calloused to the touch of God. Spiritual things never become commonplace. We may become unconscious of the absence of spiritual things and we may fall into the habit of getting along without the touch of God but when His gifts are upon us we are very, very conscious of the fact, and will, I believe, always be aware. A lack of the awareness is a lack of the fact. Oh, what a pull! What a constraining power! What inner urgings the Holy Spirit can create! The urge to be present at the services was so great that to have been compelled to remain at home would have seemed imprisonment. The spirit had a tryst with its God and nothing must hinder—nothing could hinder.

There was no urging the people to come. Some nights there was an urging to get them to go home but never to come. For instance, a young school teacher walked in from her school six miles in the country for the services. She testified, "I can't help it. I live all day just for the services. My heart, all day long, is in this glory room." She was not a beginner, but had received her baptism some years before. God is ever new! People drove as far as forty miles round trip and, night after night with their families, remained until a late hour.

This Tuesday night, the third night of the meeting, was, indeed, a wonderful meeting. The first person that arrived this night tiptoed into the glory room and found it filled with His Presence. He knelt and at once was lost in the Spirit. The next person on coming had the same experience. And so on. When I arrived there were at least one hundred people present and all were lost in the Spirit. No one noticed my coming nor took notice of my presence. Here were scores of people lost in divine worship. Worship, which to my way of thinking, was of the highest type. No polished altars. No oriental rugs. No stain-glass windows. No strains of an expensive organ. Such things are proper in their places but unnecessary here. Such could have only detracted from the scene. Here were spirits in communion; souls in adoration; and bodies—some prostrate, some kneeling, and others standing but all with uplifted hearts, hands, and voices. No trappings of earth could have enhanced the beauty of it all nor could a wizard at the console of the world's largest organ have provided such exquisite harmony as that company of untrained voices were sending up to heaven. It was an unlearned oratorio whose theme was Jesus. It was all so heavenly, so wholesome and harmonious.



The Fargo Gospel Tabernacle

into the Spirit and the shouts of the people sounded exactly like the breakers of the sea. It was the sound of many waters for so mightily were the people lifting their voices in praise to their victorious Lord.

Perhaps it was the most heavenly sight I shall ever witness in this life. But I surely have had a foretaste of heaven. Quite miniature, I will admit, but of the same quality though lacking in quantity. We had no crowns to cast at His feet but what we did possess we gladly yielded. There was an utter abasement of self. During this time there seemed to be nothing out of divine order. All seemed so united in spirit. All were bathed in the Shekinah glory. When it lifted we just sat and looked at one another. We had nothing to say. He had already said it. Even the word "heavenly" would have been too human at such a sacred time. There were no words to adequately express it at all. Complete silence seemed the most fitting. We left that service a changed congregation. I mean just that—a *changed congregation*. Not a single soul but what shared and shared alike in the divine visitation that Monday night.

The revival was on! No, it was not to be a preaching mission. That was plain

an empty pulpit but also a revival with empty pews. Yes, that was certain also. It was to be literally a moving forward upon bended knees. So the main auditorium of the tabernacle was deserted for the first time in its history. A sign was posted at the entrance pointing the people to the prayer-room. However, by this time it was no longer called the prayer-room but the glory room. For such had it become that first Monday night. In our sound-proof prayer-room we were secluded from the annoyances of earth. But time after time I wished for the ability to tear away those four walls and rush the whole world into our sanctuary. I longed to broadcast our joy and worship to the world. If people who are distressed with doubt and discouragement could only have entered the glory cloud with us! What utter delight! What complete satisfaction reveling in His presence!

Tuesday night came with as much expectation as a Holy Ghost revival usually creates. The older saints were just as eager as any. The people could hardly wait for the time to come. I found myself exceedingly anxious and began eyeing my watch in the middle of the afternoon. I was as curious as I was twenty-three years

Numbers of people arrived after I did. As each would enter he would be enveloped in the glory. Sinners came and were seized with heavy conviction. One man trembled all the way home as he drove his car. He said he could not explain it but would either have to get right with God or stay away from the meetings. He got right with God. God delivered him instantly from cigarettes, drink, and swearing.

All during this Tuesday night service there was such a sense of the presence of Christ. He was there, and some, as it were, were bathing His feet with tears, while others were breaking their alabaster boxes and pouring the contents upon His sacred head. Again we had no crowns but what we had we gladly gave Him. We sang our hosannas and cast our spiritual palm branches before Him and spread the best we had as a resting place for His feet. Our hearts we opened and surrendered the throne of our lives to our blessed King.

After what seemed to be half an hour from the time I entered, I looked at my watch and was surprised to find that four hours had elapsed. Four hours seemed but thirty minutes. I knew then how the multitudes could spend three days with Jesus. Three days with empty stomachs. And I also understood why He refused to send them away hungry. If He could turn five loaves and two fishes into an abundance for five thousand, He could take what seemed to be thirty minutes and cram into them the abundant blessing of four hours.

Such a night as this would be an experience of a lifetime. If one should have experienced no more he could say, "Enough, Lord!" Moses saw but one burning bush and saw that one bush but once. And in the experience of that revelation traveled on for forty long years. But this night was only a sample of many nights to come. Nine weeks in all we saw the burning bush; we ate of the bread and fish; we drank wine made by the Master's touch; we fingered the seamless robe; we bathed His feet and anointed His head; and we leaned upon His breast. Many exclaimed, "This is heaven!" It was! For it is not the streets of gold, nor the river of life, nor the tree that produces the medicated leaves that make heaven. No. It is Jesus. And for nine weeks that glory room, on a small scale to be sure, was heaven. Jesus was there. And you can't separate Jesus from heaven.

It would take far more space than allotted me were I to recount the happenings of each night of the nine weeks. However, each night seemed to have its own characteristics. One night there would come a spirit of weeping over the entire audience. Such weeping! Such sobbing! Such

convulsive agony! Strong men would yield themselves to this spirit of intercession. Little puddles of tears would stain the kneeling benches and the floor. Such expressions as, "Oh God, my heart is literally breaking for my unsaved loved ones!" And, "Oh Lord Jesus, wrap your arms around this lost and dying world and save it!" Usually the sobbing would be without words. I had read of such intercession in the revivals of Wesley and Finney. I did so appreciate this interest in the unsaved and encouraged it much. No one who was thus exercised carried this weight with him when he left the room. It seemed he remained until the prayer was finished or the Spirit lifted. I understood by this that it was really the work of the Spirit and the intercessor was only a channel (Rom. 8:26); not interested in himself but in the unsaved. The weeping saint was not burdened because of any condemnation upon his own conscience. This was gratifying.

At another meeting holy laughter would descend upon the people. Anyone who has gotten a heavy anointing of the Spirit will be able to appreciate this. It is something hard to put into words. There comes such an exuberance of the Spirit that the only adequate momentary outlet is laughter. Laughter is an emotional expression. A safety valve for extreme joy. It hardly seems reasonable and just that we should exclude the Christian from its benefit. We don't. Weeping and laughter are both safety valves for emotions. God knew what He was doing when He gave them to us. If you have never gotten to the place where you have had an occasion to use them you should consult a doctor at once. They are unknown in the animal world. They have no need for them since they are not self-conscious. Since a man is self-conscious he is emotional so his Creator has favored him with these safety valves. Since self-consciousness makes man emotional one can imagine what God-consciousness would do for him. And having the same effect upon him, but in an intensified manner, one can see the necessity of these divine equipments. Imagine billows after billows like the tide of the ocean rolling over and over you! And then imagine these billows as waves of liquid glory. Imagine the heaving and the babbling when you found yourself completely submerged beneath the billows and no way out. Let me describe it in the words of Jonathan Edwards, the famous Congregationalist divine of two centuries ago, "In many instances the people were wrought up into the highest transport of love, joy and admiration, and had such views of the divine perfections and the excellencies of Christ, that for five and six hours together their souls reposed in a kind of sacred elysium, until the body seemed to

sink beneath the weight of divine discoveries, and nature was deprived of all ability to stand or speak." No song has ever been written that would properly express the joy unspeakable.

Yes, every night was different. Sinners were saved without an altar call. Believers baptized without human effort. The Holy Spirit came forth in manifestation. Messages were given in tongues and interpreted. The gift of prophecy was made a blessing at different times. The word of wisdom and the word of knowledge came with light upon the Holy Scriptures. A great desire came to search the Bible. It all tended to glorify the Lord. Nothing was said or done by anyone that tended to glorify man but all glorified our blessed Lord Jesus Christ.

While we were most thankful for the outward manifestation of the presence of the Lord with and upon us, we were deeply grateful for the wonderful undercurrent of divine grace. Oh, how deeply it flowed and how sanctifying it was! Confessions were made! Wrongs were righted. It was easy to say, "Brother, please forgive me." And the answer, "Yes, yes, my brother, just forget it. It is all under the cleansing blood of Jesus." Mountains of difficulty dwindled into mole-hills and were forgotten. Dark, swirling rivers of selfishness were swallowed up in the clear ocean of love. Some who had withdrawn themselves from the fellowship found themselves again united by the Spirit. One sister cried, "This is the first blessing I have gotten since I left the tabernacle. This is so wonderful I don't know if I can stand another drop."

A number of beautiful choruses were written during this visitation. The words of one ran:

*Wine, heav'nly wine
Flows from the Living Vine.
The Living Vine that grows
Within my soul.
Wine, heav'nly wine
For Jesus is the Vine.
The Living Vine that grows
Within my soul.*

This article has reached a greater length than was intended. In closing let me say again that words cannot express what we saw and experienced during those nine weeks of visitation. Nor can we adequately compute what they meant to our work here. On the closing night we were encouraged with a word from the Lord assuring us that these nine weeks of blessings were not to be considered the unusual but the usual for He desired always to be our Guest. And true to His word He is constantly reminding us of His presence.

The Sunday School Laboratory

CHILDREN IN THE CHURCH

By ALVIN L. BRANCH

THE EMPHASIS which is being placed on the importance of the Sunday School in these days is gratifying indeed, and the practical suggestions for carrying on this vitally important work are very helpful.

In our zeal for the Sunday School let us never lose sight of the fact that it is not an end in itself, but is the best means we know to attain that end. Neither have we reached that end when the children are born again. The great objective is that they may be saved to become healthy, active members of the church, which is the body of Christ. They are the church of the next generation in the making. How can they fulfill, or even reach, this place if they do not attend and take part in the regular services of the church both week days and Sundays?

Judge Crane of the Supreme Court of New York says, "A church that is not alarmed by the absence of her children is not worthy of perpetuation; indeed, she is only worthy of the slow death which is her sure fate."

Many a pastor and Christian worker sighs deeply as he sees the rivers of young humanity flowing out of the church doors at the close of the Sunday School period, and wishes something could be done about it. It will take more than sighs and wishes to solve this serious problem.

A long step in this direction can be taken by the parents who attend church. They could and should see that their own children are in the church services, and that they sit with their parents, and behave themselves properly. The success of this will depend on whether the parents control the children, or the children control the parents. I would to God there might be a revival of the old fashioned family pew! The best results are obtained where people are saved by families, and with the help of the family altar and family pew they move forward and upward together.

This can not apply to the children whose parents are not only unsaved, but often wholly indifferent to their spiritual welfare, but it will create a more favorable background for similar results with those unfortunate children from ungodly homes. We can not *compel* such children to attend the church services: we must make them *want to attend*.

This is all but impossible unless they are truly born again at a reasonably early

age. When they become partakers of the divine nature, and only then, will there be natural response in their hearts to divine worship. Until that time they are likely to be bored and restless, especially if the weather is hot. It should be the unalterable purpose of Christian parents and teachers to see that every child in the Sunday School is converted before he leaves the Junior Department; and it should be a matter of agonizing concern if they are not saved before they leave the Intermediate Department. If they do not get a definite experience of the living Christ in their lives by that time the chances are that they will begin to drift away in the increasingly swift currents of sin, and be lost to the church and to God. Let the combined efforts of the Junior Church, the Sunday School, and Child Evangelism concentrate on bringing the child into a personal acquaintance with Jesus Christ as his Savior. Jesus is very real to Christian children, and their hearts turn as naturally to Him in worship as the morning glories turn to the sun.

In one church of which I was pastor a little fellow seven years old was saved and baptized in the Holy Spirit. He always sat on the front seat and kept his eyes riveted on me during the entire sermon. He would then go home and review the entire message to the rest of the family. Interest in the church service in his case was no problem.

In order to get the child to like the church service we must go back and learn the reason, or reasons, why he is not interested. After we have succeeded in getting him to Sunday School let us find out what mental and emotional reactions toward the worship of God are produced by his Sunday School experience. If it is a small, one room Sunday School there is almost unavoidable, distracting confusion, and it is difficult to sense the presence of God in confusion. If there are separate class rooms they should be attractive. I have seen some in dark basements partitioned by rough boards, and little better than stalls for cattle. It gives the impression, and it may be a lasting one, that religion is cheap; much cheaper than day school.

Quite opposite to this unfortunate situation is the condition of the class rooms in the church where I am now writing this article, namely, the Bible Assembly in

South Gate, California, of which Rev. and Mrs. N. E. Gresham are the capable and consecrated pastors. This is their first church, and they are the first and only pastors the church has had. Finances were limited when they built the church, and the pastor learned the plasterer's trade in order to do the work himself. He neatly plastered each room, and his wife with rare artistic taste planned, and with the help of two other women of the church, completed the decorating. The furniture in each room is adapted to the age of the class and charmingly enameled in the cheery colors and tints that each class has chosen as class colors. A few good framed pictures and mottoes on the walls leave the impression that somebody cares. Surprising as it may seem this has all been done at comparatively little expense.

As you step into each class room it gives you a feeling of real pleasure and beauty, and is sure to have a psychological and spiritual effect on the child that will cause him to want more; and he can go from the class room to the church service without a conscious or unconscious shock due to contrast. The teacher can quicken his sense of worship in these bright and cheerful class rooms by maintaining a spirit of worship in which he can easily be led to the worship service in the church without feeling that it is something different.

The adoption of the six point credit system in the Sunday School by which the child is given credit in the record book and on his report card for attendance at the church service has been found helpful in getting children to stay to church.

Children may get real pleasure from the sermonette preached especially for them before the regular sermon, but when that is over it gives them a feeling of being apart from the regular service, instead of a part of it. Boys in the early adolescent period, when their feet and hands are so big and awkward, resent being called Jesus' little lambs by unwise and untactful speakers.

Children appreciate being approached as human beings with at least some measure of intelligence. It does not follow that the child has not enjoyed, nor received benefit, because he does not understand all, or part, of the sermon. The most lasting benefit comes from the realization that he is in the house of God, and God is there. There can be no such realization without reverence in the church. Neither children nor older people can get as much good from a church service if the interval between is one pandemonium of chatter and talk, and children racing up and down the aisles and under and over the seats.

God have mercy on the older ones who set such an example! I am appealing to pastors to insist on their people praying during the interval, preferably in the seats where the children can be with the parents

rather than at the altar while their children are running "wild and wooly" somewhere else.

Impressions and intimations are quite as important as instruction. Jesus did not attempt to explain the new birth to Nicodemus. He told him he must be born again, and left the working out of the experience and understanding to the Holy Spirit whose office it is to do it. We can easily over-intellectualize our efforts with children, forgetting that some of the best moments of our lives have been when we have just sat still and enjoyed the presence of God. Children are more sensitive to a spiritual atmosphere than the average adult, because their hearts have not been calloused by the cares of this life.

Jesus did not inaugurate a program of children's work: He just drew them to Himself by the magnet of His great love. We can by no possible means improve on the way He did it. It will not be so great a problem to get and hold the children in the church services if we first make every effort possible to win them to the Lord, and then see to it that He is given the pre-eminence in those services, carefully avoiding the distractions that will rob us and them of the sense of the presence of God, without which all religious services are empty forms.

"Eating on the Heap"

(Continued from page 4)

as they journeyed they used to sing. One of their hymns was the 133rd Psalm: "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! . . . for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore."

Some years ago, the last service of a series of meetings held in the Lighthouse Mission, Brooklyn, N. Y., was to be a healing meeting.

After a heart-searching message on the relation of the spirit to the body, the call was made for those who desired prayer to come forward.

No one moved, the silence became painful. It was broken at last by a gentleman who rose and said, "I am a business man here in Brooklyn, but God has shown me that I am the meanest man in the city. I want to go to the altar for forgiveness." A sister followed, saying, "I am a Pentecostal woman, but God has been showing me I use my tongue too much. I am going to the altar for cleansing." Many more followed in like manner.

At last a sister at the altar said, "I have a confession to make: There is a sister here I have not spoken to for a long while. I have often crossed the street to avoid meeting her; I want her to forgive me." It was not long before these sisters met in the aisle and "ate on the heap."

It was nearly midnight when we entered

into the healing service—but according to His Word—"There the Lord commanded the blessing."

No sooner were hands laid on the sick than they were slain under the power of God and came up shouting, "I'm healed! I'm healed!" So delightful was the atmosphere that someone asked when we could have another "forgiving meeting."

I have heard of many kinds of meetings: Salvation meetings, Holiness meetings, Healing meetings, etc., but never before had I heard a call for a "Forgiving meeting." Is it because there is no need? I fear not; but "eating on the heap" is costly, and few are ready to pay the price.

The Business of Coat-Making

(Continued from page 3)

*Of the burdens and heartaches too,
But they know not the joy stitched in each
little dress,
The pattering footsteps that brighten
and bless,
The thrill of a baby's loving caress—
Ah, nobody knows but mother.*

*"There was never a task by the Father
given,
That brought not its blessing too,
And the life that lies the nearest heaven
Was given, O mother, to you.
The task is great, but the joy is sweet,
The hours of prayer bring a faith
complete;
And the highest wisdom our life can meet
Lies hid in the heart of a Mother."*

"The Night Cometh!"

(Continued from page 5)

Samson who once enjoyed the sweet, precious, glorious and mighty anointing of the Spirit of God on his life, but he loved a woman down in the valley of Zorek whose name was Delilah. In Judges 16 we read how she tempted and tried that man, trapped him and ensnared him till finally she succeeded in destroying his power with God. The Word says, "And it came to pass, when she pressed him daily with her words, and urged him, so that his soul was vexed unto death; that he told her all his heart, and said unto her, There hath not come a razor upon mine head; for I have been a Nazarite unto God . . . if I be shaven, then my strength will go from me, and I shall become weak, and be like any other man." The world today is constantly pressing the church. She is saying, "There is no harm in that." "This is not hurtful." Daily she is seeking to get entrance. The world does not give up the first time she makes her attack on the church—she keeps right on pressing with her words, and mark what I tell you—there are some of our precious Pentecostal churches into which the world, at least

to some degree, has gained entrance. How did the world get in? By *pressing daily*. In the same way was Delilah successful. Would to God that His people were that determined in their effort to win people for Himself. We need to use more urging in our ministry to the lost.

Delilah pressed Samson daily; she urged him, and further, she stayed with him and tried him until his soul was vexed unto death. As God brought this picture before me and talked to my soul, it seemed as though I could see that man, lying between life and death, not caring whether he lived or died—vexed unto death with the pressing and urging of that woman. That was Samson's condition. And sad indeed is the next verse, where he told her all his heart, and further on we read that "his strength went from him." The moment that vow of separation between you and the world is broken and you go back and flirt with the world, the Spirit of God leaves you.

All those things you put off years ago when you were saved, are you still separated from them, or have you taken on some of those old habits again? The beautiful Nazarite vow must be kept if you are to enjoy that sweet anointing of the Spirit of God upon your life. Is it there today? Do you feel it now, playing upon the chords of your soul? Be faithful, for "the night cometh."

DUST

Dust!
In drifts about the Maker's feet
It lay;
Great piles of waste, in color,
Reddish gray;
A little wind would sweep it
All away—

Dust!
The Maker stooped and toyed
There with it;
And with His hands He fashioned
Bit by bit;
Prolonged His play till all the
Pieces fit—

Dust!
Piece to its piece—He shaped a
Perfect whole;
Endowed it with mind to give it
Self control;
The Maker breathed—Man was a
Living Soul—

Dust!
Then rising up stood by his
Maker there,
The moral nature of his God
To share;
Eternally the creature of
His care. —R. R. Carmichael.

Boy Engraves on Tombstone

It was a mighty humble place, but it was home to the mother and her boy. She left the little fellow all alone, but since she went away, he was always figurin' what he could do and in the tenderness of his childish affection for her, he determined to put a stone at her grave. They had been partners and now that she was taken, the little fellow's loss was irreparable. It wasn't easy to get a stone—his earnings were small but his love was strong. He went to a stone cutter's yard but soon found that the cheapest stone was far too expensive for him to buy. There was a broken shaft of marble in the yard where an accident had happened; just part of the remains of the shaft was lying there—the boy fixed his eyes upon it . . . the proprietor kindly set such a low price on it, it came within his means. The boy bought it but much was yet to be done—the brave little chap, though, was equal to it. The next day here he came with a four-wheeled cart and managed to get it in place out at the lonely grave and cut big capital letters on the stone. He used a file he had sharpened to a point to do the work. Tender little hands of love worked tirelessly away on the broken shaft. He tried to keep the lines as straight as he could and he worked away until it read,

MY MOTHER

SHEE DIED LAST WEAK

SHEE WAS ALL I HAD. SHE

SED SHEAD BEE WAITING FUR

And here the lettering stopped. One day the custodian of the cemetery missed the lad and then for several days. The man came out from the church where the mother's funeral had been held. He ordered another grave to be dug by the side of the mother's. This grave was to be smaller—'twas for that sweet child. The boy was selling papers and was hurrying across the street, when a run-away team of horses came plunging upon the boy. When they picked him up, he had something in his hand. It was a file sharpened down to a point. He lived only a day or two but up until the last, he would keep saying, "I didn't get it done, but she'll know I meant to finish it, won't she? I'll tell her so, for she'll be waiting for me." Well, many a tear was shed when he was laid away. Friends and strangers paid tribute to the little boy of great love for his mother.

When the men of the cutter's yard heard about it they chipped together and got a stone. They went to the superintendent of the Sunday School, which the little

fellow attended, and learned his real name. They inscribed it on the stone and underneath they cut these tender words—

"He Loved His Mother."

Have you ever thought of how much greater love had Jesus for you and for me? He loves you enough that He desires to inscribe His truth upon your heart—Christ seeks you for His eternal glory. Heed the call of Jesus—He beckons you home!

Book Review

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By Edward H. Moseley

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Portents of this Dying World

ALBERT J. LEBECK, Sacramento, Calif.

Since we have submitted our material for the April issue many things have transpired in Europe. Germany has swallowed Czechoslovakia and taken Memel; Italy has taken over Albania; and Japan has gone deeper into China.

By the time you read this column many more events of tremendous significance may have taken place. There seems to be no end to the insatiable appetite of Hitler and Mussolini and the Japanese Military clique. England is aroused, as she has never been before and is determined to stop the totalitarian powers at all cost. She is rallying many nations of Europe to her side in endeavoring to block Hitler and Mussolini. This may bring a "show-down" in Europe.

Many seem to think that the Spring of 1939 will be the most momentous event in modern history. All kinds of strange moves are being made in Europe. What the outcome will be, only time will tell.

Recent news dispatches state that Hitler would like to take possession of the city of Danzig on his fiftieth birthday anniversary on April 20th. This may be a preliminary step to the seizure of the Polish Corridor. Poland may not protest the "seizing of the city of Danzig," but she will protest the "taking of the Corridor," as it would make her a "land lock nation," without any seaport. This would naturally bring Poland, eventually, under the dominion of Germany. England and France have thrown their support behind Poland and are determined to go to her aid if her territory is invaded. This may be the fuse to blow Europe into another world conflagration. Yet in reviewing what has transpired, it appears that Hitler, by some means or another, will manage to gain possession of this area, without the firing of a shot.

One writer states, "Germany's success in another World War would depend largely on whether she controlled the Baltic Sea." This sea can be controlled by the seizure of a small Danish port of Elsinore, which is only six miles across the strait from Sweden. With this port in Hitler's possession, he could render Russia practically useless by destroying her commerce and at the same time would have access to the raw materials of Sweden and Finland, which are sufficient to keep Germany clothed, fed and armed for a long time.

Czechoslovakia a Rich Prize

Germany's seizure of Czechoslovakia netted them the full equipment for 36

divisions. The Czech motorized material and heavy artillery was the best in Europe. Behind these stood the Skoda and other armament plants, including two plane factories.

Memel Aids Germany to Conquer Poland

Though Memel's loss crippled Lithuania, the gain added only 1,000 square miles of flat bare countryside to a Reich swollen, in six years under Hitler, from 181,500 square miles and 60,000,000 people to 260,000 square miles and 90,000,000 people. Strategically, however, the Memel gain placed Germany on three of Poland's borders and put the Fuehrer in position to frighten Poland out of any "stop-Hitler" bloc, while the Nazis, working through Hungary, move on Rumania.

Rumania Signs Up With Berlin

Rumania recently signed a trade agreement with Germany, giving the Reich sweeping control of Rumania's trade, industry and commerce. Germany's access to her rich agricultural country and oil fields are a great asset to her. This trade agreement may be merely a preliminary step to the conquering of this country. Now she is in position to work in Rumania to bring about its weakening and becoming an easy victim to Germany.

Spain's War Ends

After two years, eight months and 11 days, Spain's civil war finally came to an end. Termination of the conflict which cost more than 1,000,000 lives, untold human suffering and incalculable property destruction. It might be added, that it is estimated to cost \$40,000,000 in order to rehabilitate Spain.

Spain's fire of hate, which for nearly three years threatened to ignite all Europe, is still a danger point. The Iberian Peninsula might yet spell trouble for France and Britain. As Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy hailed Franco's victory as "another milestone in the formation of a strong nation allied with the Rome-Berlin Totalitarian Dictatorships," reports from Spain state work is rushed on the Spanish fortifications commanding British Gibraltar. Italy through Spain, will be able to gain control of the entrance to the Mediterranean and thereby control the Mediterranean Lake. Franco is expected to have an army of nearly 1,000,000 men ready for any emergency. This army will be one of trained fighters, who fought two and one-half years with modern weapons. It

will be a strong ally for Italy and Germany in case of a war with France and England.

England Seeks Russia's Aid

There isn't very much difference between the government of Germany and Russia. Russia has not been seeking any territorial conquest as she has more territory than she can handle, yet there has been a reign of terrorism within her borders.

Great Britain and France never welcomed the invasion of the hordes of Russian troops into Europe because, when the war terminated, it would be a threat to European Democracy and bring about the penetration of Communism; yet we see Britain today soliciting the aid of Russia which reveals her desperate position. England has been hoping that Germany and Russia would get into an armed conflict, thus weakening both powers, and they become easy victims for England. At least they would not be of any force to dictate to the democracies. Russia realizes this and therefore may be slow in accepting the invitation of England to join the alliance to bloc Hitler. It does not wish to be a mere tool of England at her expense. Yet England realizes, because of geographical reasons, she cannot do anything militarily effective to save Poland and Rumania or the other southeastern European nations from falling into Hitler's orbit of power without the aid of Russia.

Washington Officials Believe World War Has Been Started in Europe

In high authoritative quarters here, the World War is considered as already having started. Since the occupation of Prague by Germany there have been not even vague attempts at conversations between the totalitarian axis and the London-Paris coalition.

True, the British belatedly have begun to mobilize the smaller nations in a "stop the dictators" movement. Hitler and Mussolini have not dignified these efforts by a counter attempt to offer to discuss our problems as has been customary since Munich. Whatever discussions now are taking place are in the Anglo-French camp.

It is believed that unless Hitler is forced into action he will rest for a week or so before he strikes at Danzig and the corridor and possibly Holland. All this, however, is guess-work, because no one but the two dictators themselves know where the next blow will fall.

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"Jews may be scattered and seek to become amalgamated with other nations but ever by the awful stirrings of persecution does God disturb that peace and turn again the longing eyes of His ancient people to their own land. They have no home and they never will have until this land becomes once more their home. God by the instinct which comes of possession and long years of wonderful history interwoven with the very warp and woof of their national life, as well as by His stirring up the nations against them, is keeping their hearts turned ever to Palestine, the land of Abraham and the prophets, of Moses and the temple; yea, the land of their terrible mistake in crucifying their Messiah. Back they must come like the murderer to the scene of his crime and like the wandering child to his home. The Jew is simply bound to that land and he will wander restless and unhappy until he finds himself home again. . . . Destiny, God, instinct, persecution; in short, everything that concerns them, attracts, drives, impels this people to this land. So poor, storm-tossed Israel is guiding her craft almost unconsciously like the needle that points to the pole and she shall find her haven of rest in that port and in that alone from which she came forth.

"Lord Beaconsfield (Benj. Disraeli) said, 'The world is finding out that the Jew cannot be destroyed.' You cannot wipe him out. You can crowd him into filthy ghettos. You can burn him but you cannot destroy him. Germany threw two thousand of them alive into a fire in a cemetery at Strasburg, and burned them to death. Spain turned six hundred thousand out at one time, and one of the refugees standing on the shores of Africa, seeing his wife and two sons die before his eyes, said, 'My God, my misfortunes would tempt me to deny Thy law, but I AM A JEW. DO WITH ME AS THOU WILT.'"

The above is taken from "Mt. Peaks of Prophecy & Sacred History," a classic on God's Dealings with Israel and the Land of Palestine. This book (195 pages, cloth) which has sold for 70c, will be offered during May and June at 25c per copy.

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