

EVANGEL

The Latter Rain

GOD'S PRIEST

The priest of God, ordained is he
To spend time oft on bended knee,
In priestly garb he needs must stand,
Bearing the censer in his hand,
And this his task, by God decreed,
To bear aloft the people's need,
Though waiting long, response delayed,
God's priest must stand, bold, unafraid.

And if within his breast he bears
A hidden pain none other shares,
Shall he from his high office turn?
Shall thus his priestly service spurn?
O, priest of God, turn not thou back,
Gird up thy loins, nor be thou slack,
The day appeareth — comes the dawn,
O, priest of God, pray on, pray on!

—Bernice C. Lee

June, 1939

Merging with "The Gospel Call"

The Latter Rain Evangel
VOLUME 30 - - - NUMBER 8

MANY of our subscribers are aware of the real struggle we have had in the last four or five years to keep *The Latter Rain Evangel* on the field. From time to time we have appealed for new subscriptions but we never received sufficient from these appeals to keep the paper going.

Readers without number have written most enthusiastically of the blessing the paper has been to them and others, and when the way seemed darkest we took courage and kept the paper continually before the Lord, seeking His guidance and help. We made some changes during the past year, hoping thereby to reduce expenses, but there has not been sufficient monetary help therefrom to keep going.

There are several reasons for this slump in our subscription list, the principal one being the financial depression through which our country has been passing, which has affected every class of people to whom we have been ministering through the printed page. The following pathetic note from one who has been on our list for eleven years, is just one of many we receive every week: "At the age of 65 and after at least forty years of prosperity that always afforded me a dollar when I wanted it, I find myself overtaken by the Communistic enforced depression without a job and hardly a dollar to go on."

Another reason, which is deeply regrettable, is that in the busy rush that has gripped even the Christian world, people are not taking time to read. Sad to say, reading and meditation have almost become lost arts. A striking article appeared some time ago in *The United Presbyterian*, stating that while in 1930 there were 870 religious papers, there are now only 600 and some of these on the decline both in number and in size. Does this not speak loudly of the growing indifference to spiritual things and lukewarmness of Christians?

The book-stands were never so filled with periodicals of every description, many of a very questionable nature, and they are eagerly devoured. The Daily paper and even the Sunday edition find their way into many Christian homes, yet they have neither time nor money for a religious magazine. A Christian man said to us some time ago rather apologetically, "Do you know, we haven't one Christian magazine in our home?" Yet there were a number of secular magazines in prominent display. Read what the Lord Jesus says to the Church of Laodicea (Rev. 3:14-18) and see if it is not a picture of the church today, even those who make great professions.

* * *

For reasons stated above, *The Latter*

Rain Evangel after thirty years, is obliged to make a very radical change. Beginning with the July issue we are merging with *The Gospel Call* (Mr. Paul B. Peterson, Editor), the official organ of The Russian & Eastern European Mission, with headquarters at 35 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago. This monthly paper devoted to the extension of the kingdom of God in Eastern Europe and the Far East, will be increased from 16 to 24 pages. Both Miss Meyer and myself will be on the staff as Associate Editors of the combined magazine, and we will be doing our utmost to fill the added pages with spiritual material such as has always appeared in *The Latter Rain Evangel*. Some of the Departments, such as *The Get Acquainted Page* and *The Sunday School Laboratory*, will be continued under the new regime, and we believe our readers will find the larger paper most helpful and inspiring.

There will be at least 10 pages devoted to matter such as has been appearing in *The Latter Rain Evangel*, and in addition to these our readers will receive stirring reports from this most fruitful field of Eastern Europe. There are few mission fields that are producing such results as are found in this territory. The great persecution that accompanies the preaching of the Gospel, which cleanses and purifies the church and causes it to grow, reads like a chapter from Apostolic days. In merging *The Latter Rain Evangel* there is compensation in the thought that we are linking up with a work that is continually quickened by revival fires, where the Holy Spirit accompanies the preaching of the Word and signs and wonders are wrought "in the Name of the holy Child Jesus."

Under the new arrangement our subscribers will receive the paper for the unexpired time of their subscription, and we trust that those which expire will be promptly renewed. Remember, you are getting 24 pages monthly for only \$1 per year throughout the world, except Great Britain, Australia and New Zealand, where the price will be 3/6.

We cannot close these notes without thanking our family of readers, a number of whom have been with us from the beginning, for their prayers and monetary assistance all these years. When the books are opened and the rewards are meted out we know that our faithful standbys who through their sacrifice have helped us to sow beside all waters, will share in the reaping in the crowning day.

In conclusion, we plead as Paul of old, "Give attendance to reading." It is a known fact that we remember only 20% of what we hear, while we remember 50%

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Published Monthly by
THE EVANGEL PUBLISHING HOUSE

18 W. 74th St., Chicago

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Entered as second-class matter, April 8, 1909, at the Postoffice, Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

\$1.00 per year in U.S.A. Canada and Chicago, \$1.12. All Foreign Countries \$1.20 (5 shillings). 10c per copy.

Special rates to Assemblies ordering twelve or more copies. Write for terms. Send drafts, express money orders payable to The Evangel Publishing House. Foreign Countries send international money orders. Do not send personal checks unless 10 cents is added for exchange.

Contemporaries wishing to copy any article from this paper will kindly quote "LATTER RAIN EVANGEL."

A red cross on your wrapper signifies that your renewal has been received.

A cross opposite this note means your subscription expires with this number.

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Chinese Become Believers thru the Gospel of Healing

ARTHUR JOHNSON

DURING the past two years, when China has been in an unusual state of unrest and turmoil, God has graciously visited that land and brought some of the people into a knowledge of a rest, a knowledge of a salvation unaffected by the things of earth and time. Especially has He worked in a marked way in the district of Lunan, Yunnan Province, Southwest China, where we have been laboring the past few years. It has been marvelous in our eyes to see entire families turn to the Lord, grow in Him and then become so concerned for the salvation of their fellow-citizens that they have been willing to sacrifice of their scanty store to help establish Gospel light-houses in neighboring villages.

Due to illness and a need in Yunnanfu, we had to leave Lunan, where we had established an outpost some years previous, and we left in charge of the work there, a Mr. Leu, a native evangelist. God has used this man in the salvation of many souls and often given him wisdom in handling the various problems and situations as they arose. One of the means which God has used in drawing men and women to the Gospel, is Divine Healing. During one of our itinerating trips, while holding meetings in Lunan, there was a young man who attended very faithfully. He was a paralytic, unable to stand on his feet, for he had no strength whatever in his limbs, and his only means of getting around was by laboriously dragging himself along on the ground on his hands and knees. Somehow he had a determination to get help from God and hence would ask for prayer for his healing over and over again. Finally the native evangelist, weary of his "much coming" and feeling that perhaps God would have him learn to trust God for himself, told the paralytic to go home and get hold of God for himself. Back over the streets of Lunan, Mr. Bee dragged those helpless limbs to his little humble room and prayed that God would heal him. And there, in that hovel of a home, He who was once the lowly Nazarene, imparted to this beggar, His own life and strength; for suddenly he felt strength surging through those lifeless ankles. He ventured to arise and lo, he was able to stand on his feet. The first opportunity he had, he came over to the Gospel hall, but no one recognized him. Mrs. Leu, the wife of the evangelist, watched him walking in and, thinking he was a stranger, she asked, "Who are you?"

Scarcely could she believe his words, as he told her he was the paralytic. What rejoicing there was in the assembly and the news of his healing travelled throughout the countryside. As a result people came to the Gospel Hall to inquire further into "this doctrine." Others, who were prejudiced in their hearts, tried to explain away the miracle by saying that he had been healed through the foreigner's medicine, but this was not the case. The miracle is an outstanding one and has been a witness against the materialists and atheists in that section of Yunnan. Within the space of a few months, the numbers had so increased that we had to tear down a partition in the Gospel Hall and not many weeks later, a second partition was torn down, to make room for the people who came.

Within recent years the entire countryside has been opened up to us and whenever we find it possible, we go on itinerating trips and hold meetings. Occasionally, after we have given a message out in the open, one has come to us and said, "Oh yes, I heard you giving out this doctrine in Lunan," and then would admit to us that he really believed in his heart. But taking an open stand for God means much in a heathen land and they do not always have the courage to make an open confession. But we praise God for the drawing power of the Gospel, and Lunan, being a market town, has been the means of having surrounding districts opened to us until now we have three outposts within a radius of from four to seven miles of Lunan. They are partly indigenous works, and in one case, the meetings are held in a native home which has been opened to the Gospel. But it is in these poor, humble places, some without windows or floors, where God has been pleased to dwell and has filled with the glory of His presence.

One of our most flourishing outposts and one which, to us is a miracle, is at Natural Bridge, so called because there is a natural bridge there. It is situated about seven miles from Lunan and often Mr. Bee, who lives there, had listened to the preaching of the Gospel in the market of Lunan, but he had never yielded. One day the Chinese evangelist approached him regarding his soul's salvation and this time Mr. Bee responded. He gave his heart to the Lord and for four years he lived a faithful Christian life midst much persecution from the people in the village. He was ostracized from heathen society; they taunted him,

The author of this article is one of our Stone Church missionaries, just returned from China, with Mrs. Johnson and their three children, for their second furlough. Mr. Johnson is most enthusiastic over the opportunities for the Gospel in China, particularly in the Province of Yunnan, where they have labored for the past two terms.

saying that these foreigners had some evil intent in turning their hearts away from heathenism. But Mr. Bee stood firm through it all. Then after four years, one by one, the other members of his family clan were persuaded that this was truly a reality, for had he not been delivered of his tobacco habit and the curse of drinking! His health, too, had improved and his godly life spoke loudly. God was working and one family after another turned away from heathen idols, to the living God. Now the remarkable feature of the work in Natural Bridge, was that when one member of a family began attending the Gospel meetings, the entire family would follow. Now we have at least ten families coming to the services. That means quite a congregation as sometimes there are five and more members in one family. As we saw the interest increasing we felt we should provide some sort of a meeting place, and Mr. Leu suggested that some one of the Christians should open his home for this purpose. Mr. Bee's brother offered his home, and the Christians in Lunan sacrificed of their means to purchase the seats. This outstation is entirely self-supporting, as are also the other stations.

The last family to join the ranks of believers was won to Christ through a remarkable healing in their own family. Mr. Lee suffered from a tumor which was steadily growing worse in spite of the numerous remedies which he had tried. Finally he was told of the power there is in the Gospel of Jesus Christ to heal. The Chinese evangelist was asked to come and pray for him, and God delivered the man, for the tumor entirely disappeared. From that time on he declared that as far as he and his family were concerned, they would serve the Lord.

In China the power of the devil is very evident and many are demon possessed. But we praise God that He is greater than these demon forces and He has on several occasions proven Himself along this line in our work there. In Natural Bridge we had a couple who attended the services and both were converted. But the wife was suddenly attacked by demon power and became very violent. Mr. Neu was summoned by the family, to pray for this

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The Sunday School Laboratory

The Relation of the Home, the Church and the Sunday School

RALPH M. RIGGS

AS I HAVE considered this subject of, The Relation of the Home, the Church, and the Sunday School, I have looked to the Lord for something new and fresh for tonight, and I trust the Lord, in turn, will lead us on together. If anyone should count it necessary to have a Scripture laid down as a basis, you may just remind yourself of the various Scriptures all through the Bible, which lay emphasis on child training. It was said of Abraham that he would "command his children and his household after him." When the Israelites came into the land of Canaan they were instructed by their leaders to teach their children the commandments; to "write them upon the posts of thy house, and on the gates." And the commands of the Bible are that the children should be carefully trained. Solomon said, "Train up a child in the way that he shall go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Ephesians 6 tells us that the children should be brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. So, all through the Scriptures you find backing for the God-given necessity of training our children in the way of God.

In considering our subject, we will begin, first of all, at the home and its contribution to the Sunday School. First we must admit, that which is physically apparent, that if it were not for the Home and its children, there would be no necessity of the training of children by the Sunday School. The home produces the material and this modern tendency of limited families will eventually affect our Sunday Schools; but we still have millions and millions of children all around us, enough to keep this generation very busy in reaching out and gathering them in—these children which the homes have produced.

Then we notice, also, that the home is largely responsible for the quality of the material that is brought into our Sunday Schools. The home influence, without any doubt, is by far the greatest influence that is brought to bear upon the child. Statistics very properly confirm this statement. I believe they have computed that home influence controls the child at least 80% more than does the influence of the public school or the church. The child, from its babyhood is brought up in the home; it spends six of the most formative years there, toddling around mother's knee. Then the child inherits from its father and

mother all of the qualities that it has, and through the impression of the strong guidance of the father and mother, that little one is molded and shaped, so when the Sunday School gets hold of him, he is already deeply impressed. Parents must therefore remember that the responsibility of the child cannot be laid altogether on the Sunday School. The responsibility is *upon the home*, by heredity, by environment, and by training.

Then we will further say, that the home is responsible as to whether or not the children go to Sunday School. We will divide the attitudes into three classes. First of all, there are a few homes that are alive and alert to the opportunities of the Sunday School and they bring, or send the children. These homes are not in the majority by any means. Then there is the great class of homes which will *permit* their children to be brought to Sunday School, providing you, or I, or someone else will get them. They do not have enough interest in the church to do the sending or the bringing, but at least they are apathetic and somewhat kindly disposed, and they are willing that their children come to Sunday School if brought. Most of the homes are in that category and there lies your opportunity today. Then there are a few, on the other hand, who are opposed and refuse to have their children go. So as we consider the Relation of the Home to the Sunday School, we will think of that great middle class whose children will never come unless someone goes and gets them, but who *will* come if we will bring them.

Then, when the children get started, the home governs largely whether or not that child will be on time. That is an important factor and in our six-point system, that is one of the requirements. So many times, slothfulness and carelessness on the part of the home, are responsible for the child being late. Remember that the next time you take a child to task for being late. The offering also, is largely controlled by the home, as is the fact whether or not the child is to do its homework. Do you require him to study at home and prepare his lesson? Co-operation from the home is necessary for this.

Now let us notice that the home needs the Sunday School in connection with the training of its children. In other words, however much prayer may be made in the home, however good that home may be, it

At the Third Sunday School Convention conducted under the auspices of The Stone Church Sunday School, May 19-20, there were a number of practical and inspiring talks given by outstanding Sunday School workers. Pastor Ralph M. Riggs of Springfield, Mo., whose church has one of the largest Sunday Schools in the Assemblies of God, was one of our main speakers. He is an authority on Sunday School work and from time to time we will publish other helpful messages given by him.

is not complete and sufficient in itself. The children of our homes need the influence of the Sunday School for their full development and rounded training. There are some homes where the children will not receive any religious training whatsoever, outside of the Sunday School. The old-fashioned family altar, I fear, is going out of style. It should not be so among Pentecostal people and we insist that our family altars be kept burning, and that parents minister in a scriptural way to their children. But there are countless homes where the Bible is never opened, the name of God never mentioned, nor prayer made at the table. And therefore, in that home, there is tremendous need for the influence and power of the Sunday School. Without that influence the lives of the children may be ruined forever. And again we say that however much of prayer and reading of the Bible there may be in the home, that home still needs the Sunday School and its contribution toward the spiritual welfare of the children. Any child can well profit by the skilled, trained teaching of those who are qualified for their task.

Every Sunday School teacher should be ready for this task. But we shall assume that our teachers are trained and capable, and this brings us to the comparison: that the Sunday School teacher, by virtue of her training, is more able to impart scriptural knowledge to the child, than is the mother herself. And therefore, any godly mother would do well to commit her boy or girl to a trained, godly teacher. In addition to this, there is the godly influence of the *life* of that trained teacher. Children idolize their teachers if they love them; children are hero worshipers and the Sunday School teacher looms high on their horizon which results in their lives being molded and strengthened by means of the Sunday School teacher. And father and mother, you are denying your child that which will prove very beneficial if you are denying them the influence of the Sunday School teacher. So send your children to Sunday School.

Then we would add, your children need the inspiration of public worship. Just as

the adult can never grow in grace as God wants him to grow, simply by staying at home, reading his Bible and praying, but must come under the influence and association of spiritual people and under the ministry of the Word from God-ordained pastors and teachers, equally so must children, not be denied the privilege and the great benefit of public worship which they receive in their Sunday School assemblies.

Did you ever stop to think that little folk are big folk not yet grown up? We often consider that big folk are little folk, grown up, but little folk are big folk with the same kind of tendencies and inherent needs which adults have. So if you, father and mother, love to come to the church, love to worship and there receive inspiration, remember that your child needs it too. Don't look upon your child as chattel, as do the heathen in Africa. Some farmers in the country are more careful about the pedigree of their hogs than they are about the spiritual training of their children; they devote thousands of dollars and years of study for the development of their farm or live stock, and consider as a side line, the training of these precious children with whom God has entrusted them. Possibly you folk in the city may be something like that, failing to realize that your child is a personality which is committed to you of God, which personality needs careful development and training and includes the privilege of worshipping together. They can bow their heads and bend their tiny knees and clasp their hands in as beautiful a way and one that is as well pleasing to our heavenly Father as you and I ever did. Put them in the Sunday School where they may worship in such a fashion.

Then your children need the association of other Christian children. They perhaps have brothers and sisters at home, but even so, they have a very limited number with whom to associate, and certainly, in 99 cases out of a hundred—unless there are twins or triplets, these would be of different ages, and so it is a splendid thing if the children can go to Sunday School where they will associate with those of the very same age. Thus they will learn to apply Christian principles and learn how to act as Christian children should act; they can learn that best in the Sunday School.

Now let us look at it from a different angle—the co-operation between the home and the Sunday School in this matter of Sunday School work. How are they to work together? We shall consider it on the line of the various departments.

The Cradle Roll Department is that which includes the babies up to three years of age, or possibly four. There is a difference between the Cradle Roll and the Cradle Roll Dept. The latter refers to the children enlisted in the Department

but that doesn't help the babies at home. For this, the church and the Sunday School must go to the home and make a contact. The father and mother of the home should report to the Sunday School concerning the baby which they desire to have enrolled, and in every church there should also be a Cradle Roll Department.

Now the children in the Beginners and Primary Departments are absolutely dependent upon their parents bringing them. It is interesting to watch our Record Board in Springfield, and we find that it is the Beginners' Department that gets the star every time for having in attendance the largest percentage of their total enrollment. How do you account for that? They cannot come themselves but oh, the power they have on the hearts of father and mother! I can just imagine that from one end of the week to the other that little child is pleading to go to Sunday School and saying, "Now I have to go to Sunday School tomorrow and have a penny and you must be sure to get me up and ready in time." We cannot deny the fact that they must have mother's and father's help to get there, so let me appeal to the parents—Don't disappoint their little hearts, but be sure to have them ready and bring or send them. Even when they get to an older age, the Junior and Intermediate Departments, there must still be this co-operation. I refer to the visits of the Sunday School teacher to the home. They ought to visit the homes of their pupils. But you say, "I cannot! I work!" I notice we can do many things we don't think we can do and if we really want to do it, we will find a way. We find time to go to the parks and other places and all I ask of the teachers is that they really love their children and then everything will come out all right. If you love the children of your class you will visit them now and then. Thus you will find out the condition of the household and then you will understand why Johnny acted as he did in the class last Sunday, and you will have sympathy with the child. If the child is sick, visit the pupil and on his birthday send a card and keep in touch constantly with the home.

Finally, let me mention the Adult Department and there is a great need there. It is our happy privilege to have over three hundred in our Adult Department in Springfield. Every adult member of your church should be a member of the Sunday School. Let me repeat that and look you right in the eye: Every man and woman, boy and girl of the Pentecostal Church should come to Sunday School, not merely coming with the attitude of "Well, I am here and I hope you are satisfied," but with a real earnest desire to pore over God's Word, feed upon it and be strengthened; and when you come, father, you set a wholesome example to every member of

your family. It is not enough to say, "You go. I want you all to go to Sunday School." You must be on hand yourself. Don't forget that God has made you a priest over the home; you are the head of the family and God will not let you put all the responsibility over on your wife and then slink back and say you have done your duty in sending them. Let our adult departments be strong and we will find every other department will be on the increase.

Now the other phase of my message concerns the relation of the church to the Sunday School, on which much emphasis could be laid. It is recorded of Jesus that He went about preaching, teaching and healing. And when He sent His disciples into all the world on the terms of the great commission, He said, "Preach the Gospel to every creature and go into all the world and teach all nations." You will find that teaching is as much our responsibility as is preaching, and it is just as much a part of our God-given duty as anything else in which we are engaged, in this Pentecostal ministry; while the church provides the preaching ministry, there is also the teaching ministry. The Lord has commanded us to feed His sheep, and the lambs as well. Give attention to all the flock.

Why is there so much error in our land today? Because there is such a lack of teaching. There needs to be a distinctive department in every church where full time is given exclusively to the teaching ministry, the breaking of the bread of life and imparting it to all the members of the flock, and no church is obedient to the command of the Lord which does not have a Sunday School definitely teaching the Word. Teaching breaks the bread, and enables us to assimilate it and have it become a part of our very being. Sunday Schools are institutions for teaching God's Word and breaking it into beautiful pieces, enabling all to partake of it.

Then the Sunday School provides a beautiful way in which various members of the congregation can be actively engaged. D. L. Moody made the statement that it was far better to put ten men to work than it was to do ten men's work. It is a curse that the modern church depends largely upon a paid preacher and a paid choir to perform all the duties, and the members sit there like stones. God never intended it to be so. Everyone ought to be working hard for Jesus. The Sunday School is the best institution I know of where we can put people to work for God. You would have less trouble in the churches if you put more of your people to work. They will be so busy that they won't have time to criticize and then, too, they will find it is not so easy to do things as they thought it was. Share your ministry and your labors. Have more classes

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Samson Slays a Lion

(Continued)

JOHN WRIGHT FOLLETTE

WHAT does Samson do with the slain lion? He pushes it off on the side of the road and goes on to Timnath and the wife—this is his real business and he attends to it. What a very sensible and spiritual thing to do! But do not think that is the end of the story, or the one and only lion. This lion is representative. He stands for all the lions of the natural man. Most people have found there is a regular menagerie—enough for all the zoos in the country.

And now for a word of encouragement—what happened to Samson's lion is *truth* and happens to *all* the other lion manifestations. Remember, that judicially, objectively, the whole old lion (tail, claws and all) is dead right now. The Scripture tells us so: Col. 2:20; 3:3; Gal. 2:20; 6:14; 5:24. This is true in experience as far as we by faith "reckon", "yield", "mortify" (count to be dead), "put off", "put away", "deny self", "abide", "walk in the Spirit", etc. We do not fight, we reckon. What a glorious and liberating truth! Paul found it and lived in the power of it—and I am sure he knew a lion when he met one. Gain the victory and *go on*. So many times I have told my students, "Never let the glory of the present victory so dazzle your eyes that you cannot see the conflict or battle just down the road." Just as sure as you slay one lion there will be its mate and all the little cubs. I know, as all of us do, there is a crisis in experience, when up to all the light we have, we say an eternal *No* to flesh and nature, and, as it were, slay the lion and really consent in our wills, to its death. God takes us at our word and proves us by letting us meet as many lions as He sees good to let out. So do we show our surrender to God and He clothes us with His Spirit and gains the victory. Let us remember what Samson did—he put the dead lion off the road and *left it* alone. Will you please try to remember to do that?

Right here let me speak of several groups of people suggested by this story. First, there are Christians who seem to know nothing about the lion or possession with Christ at all. They seem to park on salvation, the baptism, healing or some wonderful experience, and stay put. They no doubt will land in heaven, for we are not doubting their salvation, but they are weak and have so little to offer that is vital and helpful. But if they once dared to really make a move toward their spiritual

possessions I am sure they would discover a lion too—he is now taking a nap and not bothering them. Since they have no special conflict with the lion of greed, pride, or lust, they are deceived into thinking they are all finished and now ready for translation. But you see, the lion of flesh may be in the subtle, undreamed-of latent powers of the human heart, never yet given a chance to come out. Jeremiah gives a good description of the lion. Jeremiah 17:9, in the Hebrew, reads, "The heart is deceitful above all things and it is desperately sick." Some render it—*incurable*. A very good picture of the lion. Such people are often sweet and lovely but sort of useless and uninteresting.

Then we have a group of people who are very conscious of their possessions, of the wife at Timnath and the vineyards. They are in a continual, energetic struggle to possess these—in an eternal warfare, always in some kind of conflict, having a time of it with the world, the flesh and the devil. Their general theme, testimony, prayer and life, revolve about the one matter—the flesh and overcoming: "This is flesh"; "that is flesh"; "he is in the flesh", and "that was *so* of the flesh", etc. They have become so involved in the conflict, they forget the Spirit is to do the warring; they war and roar and take on in general, until, should you see them in the conflict, tumbling around on the floor "doing conflict" you could scarcely tell the lion from the person. The dust is thick and one hears groans and a desperate prayer for possessions. But I am sure Samson did not fight all day. There is an end to all things. He got through (and with grace) and so do we.

Often in assemblies, we find still another group. These have slain the lion and now see him in death. Their theme is death, *death*, DEATH. I am dead, you are dead, he is dead, we are dead. Yea! all are now dead. The atmosphere is that of a graveyard or morgue. I can't do this or the other, for I am dead. I must die, you must die, he must die. Please remember, that by and by dead things smell, and if you are not careful the whole atmosphere will tell it too. You see, they have discovered a phase of truth very real and true, but have developed a sort of complex in the matter and have failed to know the life and resurrection to follow. Truth is balanced and often there are different phases to even one truth.

But praise God, there is another group,

and I trust we may all be found in it. They do as Samson did. When he pushed the lion off to the side of the road, instead of watching it, or commenting on it, or poking it, or feeling sorry for it, he went about his business, which was Timnath, and a wife. He became occupied with his inheritance, and not the lion. The wife and Timnath hold his interest and not the conflict or dead lion. I can almost hear him, "Even though I have met this lion along the way and slain him, my objective is Timnath and a wife—not this lion." He has awakened to a very vital and powerful truth. Always keep your objective before you and in correct perspective to all else in the landscape.

A man driving his car in traffic along the highway recently, suddenly discovered that all the traffic ahead of him was turning right into a dirt road. He thought of course there was a *detour* ahead and so followed the traffic. After driving for some miles he hailed a farmer and said, "Where does this detour end?" "Aw! this ain't no detour," replied the farmer. "You are following a funeral procession to a cemetery."

Make your own application and draw your own conclusion. Where are *you* going? So many, although they do not know it, are really following some funeral procession to the cemetery. Just to think you are getting somewhere is not enough—you are, but where? Many are in the cemetery and parked there, for they never kept their objective before them.

Of course the rotting is a very necessary part of the process in preparing the carcass—it must be clean, dry, and merely *suggest* the lion. We slay the lion and *leave* him. One is not terrified if the lion wiggles its tail or if it rolls its eyes. Samson knew the philosophy of the matter and left it alone, even though the lion switched its tail and groaned. He is dead. Some do not seem to know or understand this truth—they are all at sea if the lion snorts or rolls its eyes in death. Can't you hear them? "Do you suppose I got the right kind of experience?" "I wonder if I am really saved?" "Was that the baptism or some sort of emotional experience? Dear, dear, where am I anyway? What is this experience all about? Shall I tell anyone, or will they think I am backslidden?" "Yes, I am sure the lion wiggled his tail! Can he really be dead?" Yes, the lion is really *dead*. But if you fool around looking at him and poking him to see how dead he is, you will surely lose out. RECKON and go on to Timnath. The lion likes all the attention and pity you can give him, and will hold you as long as you are willing to reason. Don't *reason*—just reckon!

Shall we ever learn this lesson? Let the penetrating rays of the sun do the work and the sun will dry out the carcass.

Do not be so occupied with the process; the sun does that. There is a subtle danger in hanging around the thing—the pretty fur and fine form may arouse your sympathy and you will enter into a compromise and spoil the whole thing.

So Samson goes on and enters into his inheritance, his possessions—wife, vineyards, and Timnath. Now let us follow him as he makes a return trip to visit his old home. It is so in the life of the Christian. Walking along the dusty highway he becomes conscious of the past victories and he remembers the days of conflict and teaching. He is reviewing some of the precious lessons of faith which God taught him as he pressed on to Timnath. He thinks again of the love, mercy, patience, grace and faithfulness of God in dealing with him and his life. How wonderful is this adorable Lord as he goes over some of the lessons of reckoning, faith and identification—all so necessary to spiritual life and culture. Suddenly he comes to the very spot where one great battle took place—even the slaying of the lion. Yes, he is where he *learned to stand still* and let God do the roaring. He just had to, for there was no other way. How clearly now he sees he is not the lion—he is a new creature in Christ Jesus. He is not the old Adam he once thought he was, struggling to make him look and act like God's last Adam. No, he is a *new* man and he now reckons, has faith and counts and does not trust his feelings.

Suddenly he sees something along the side of the road, off near the brush—a dry, clean, weather-beaten carcass. Yes, that is all that is left of the lion—that strong, beautiful lion. No struggle, no stench, no lion! He finds but the suggestion of a lion. It is like the echo of a voice—but not the voice.

And as he looks at it he hears in the warm, sunny air the sound of bees, humming and buzzing as they pass and repass, going and coming. He is interested and notices that they come and go to and from the carcass. Down he gets upon his knees (an excellent place for discovery) and there, hidden in the depths of the carcass is honey—sweet, luscious honey. He tastes it and finds it is most refreshing.

Is this not true to type? It is the spiritual experience of those who go on, and on and on with God. Not only does one slay a lion and move on to Timnath but he also learns to gather honey from the conflict. Does the Word not say, "Nay, in all things, we are more than conquerors through him that loved us"? Praise God, that is true! He has become a partaker *first*, of the fruit. To slay the lion is to conquer, but to gather the honey from the dry carcass is to be more than conqueror. Hallelujah! But he does not enjoy it alone—the life of the truly spiritual Christian is not self-centered. Out

of the abundance of a life and heart (which for necessary delays often seems to be self-centered) there flow power and life and food for hungry hearts. He has some for his mother and father and friends. And when they ask him where he got it, he does not tell them. That is his secret with the Lord. The heart knows, and God knows and that is enough. There is a lovely spiritual truth suggested in the fact that there was plenty for the household. The secret of its power and source is in the heart of the one who is exercised and moved upon by God. Remember that in the miracle of turning the water into wine, the same truth is found. When the ruler of the feast had tasted the water that was made wine he knew not whence it was! But the servants which drew the water knew—I like that, for I believe it is a bit of revelation as to the source of spiritual ministry. It is only those who serve who know, and when you truly, or spiritually serve, you will also know.

"But what are the bees?" someone asks. I believe they are the secret desires and purposes of the Lord for one who is to slay a lion. They are the tokens of God, centered in the very thing that has caused you so much trouble, the thing over which you have gained the victory. He will make that very lion a place of witness—that out of it you may have fruitage. But remember, the bees never made any honey in the lion while he roared. It was too busy roaring. The bees of God's desire for fruitage never come in a carcass while the flesh is rotting. But when it is dry, clean, bleached and weather-beaten, He says, "Now, bees, you may go in."

Are you discouraged today? Are some of you still roaring? Are you saying, "It doesn't seem as if I shall ever get any honey out of this lion"? Let me tell you something: Everyone of you has reached into the carcass of some lion and taken out of it *some* sweet, I am sure. And as we move on with God He will make it still more possible. So many times in the lives of Christians (and especially workers) there is a lack of real spiritual ministry and *food* because the dear souls have no message. They have an experience but no message that is vital, fruit-bearing and helpful—no honey. They cannot wait and pay the price of rotting and dying. They think it is too self-centered and not active enough. So not only do they miss much but their ministry is hampered or light because they have not learned this precious, costly truth. So many are trying to gather honey when the lion is roaring or when they are slaying it. Or being over-anxious to teach and preach, they reach in their hands, only to find the lion is rotting and there are no bees, and of course no honey. The carcass becomes even weather-beaten. I like that so much—it is so true.

Trust God to make every lion the nest-

ing place for His bees, and with *joy* (a secret and sacred joy) you will reach in and gather the honey. God is with you for this very thing—trust Him and sing!

A FORETASTE OF GLORY

IN THE EARLY days of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit it was nothing unusual for the Lord to reveal Himself in a vision or a dream. Indeed, it was more frequent than otherwise that the Baptism in the Spirit was accompanied by a vision of Jesus..

An old member of the Stone Church, Mrs. Jennie Baer, has just passed away in California, and among her possessions was found an account of a vision she had while living in Chicago.

"My husband and I had spent the evening reading the blessed Word of God, which was meat and drink to our souls. A little after ten we went to prayer and God so wonderfully met us that we were lost in Him until twelve o'clock. We arose from our knees and retired, conscious continually of His presence.

"As I lay on my bed rejoicing, it seemed that my spirit left my body. With Paul I could say 'whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell.' By the Spirit I was seemingly in the front entrance of our home, my arms extended upward. A great power lifted me up and up and I soared up into the heavens. Back I came in spirit, and again I was carried upward.

"Again I was carried to the platform of the Stone Church. While talking to the congregation I was lifted from the platform and carried up through the building. The congregation rushed out, but a cloud hid me from view as I passed into the heavens. Then the spirit came back into my body but the joy that overwhelmed me through that experience can never be put into words. My heart cried out, 'Unworthy! Unworthy am I, my blessed Lord, that Thou shouldst bestow such wonderful blessings upon me!'

"On another occasion I was carried up in the Spirit very high. A voice spoke to me saying, 'Are you afraid?' I replied, 'No, not with the everlasting arms of Jesus underneath me. He holds me up.'"

Mrs. Baer went to be with the Lord February 16, 1939, and is now in the presence of Him whom she so loved and served.

Merging With "The Gospel Call" (Continued from page 2)

of what we see. Keep in touch with what God is doing in the closing days of this dispensation. Support this most fertile evangelistic field with your prayers and gifts. The ripened grain is bending low ready to be garnered by Spirit-filled workers. Let us work while it is day, ere "the night cometh."
—Anna C. Reiff.

The Get Acquainted Page

Conducted by ZELMA ARGUE

A Consecration — A Call — A God-Honored Ministry

The Story of The Appleton Gospel Temple, Clarence Goudie, Pastor

YES, PERHAPS it was of small moment—this passing out of Gospel tracts among city officials and clerks in the great City Hall of Chicago, where he was employed—and yet, in the eyes of God, it was doubtless the very foundation He prized for the structure, not only of the building called Character, but also of a part of the Church



Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Goudie

invisible, of which this tract distributor was to become the builder in later years.

How captivating it is to watch God's dealings with a human soul! How tactfully He begins building operations and then proceeds to add to the foundation one story after another. One of the first shafts to be sunk for this structure, took place at a funeral which Clarence Goudie attended. He was deeply impressed by the minister's words, as was also his mother, and so they planned to go over and hear this preacher again, in his own church, which was *The Stone Church*. However, before this was possible, the mother took ill and was taken to the hospital, and when he did attend the church on that Sunday morning, his main reason was, not to hear the preacher, but to ask prayer for his mother. That very morning, upon invitation of the pastor, he went to the altar and definitely gave his heart to the Lord. A baptismal service had been scheduled for the night service and this young man joined others in obeying the command of the Lord. Shortly after he received the infilling of the Holy Spirit. It wasn't long till he was actively engaged in the church, being president of the young people for

a time and conducting the singing among them; then he, together with Vaughn Shoemaker, was instrumental in bringing the Gospel Fellowship Club into existence. Later on he took charge of a Full Gospel work in Harvey, Illinois, speaking there twice on Sundays and once during the week.

With all these outside activities, he was still employed as secretary to the Chief Inspector of the City Fire Department and it was here, behind the scenes, that much work for God was being done. Every time reports were passed out, or specifications given, a Gospel tract was slipped in the same envelope, and thus many opportunities were created and personal work followed.

God was fast bringing the structure into the definite outline of His planning, when a little later on, He privileged young Mr. Goudie to attend the Central Bible Institute of Springfield, Missouri, and through those years of training He further developed His plan.

Followed those trying years, when he and his young bride were engaged in pioneer work in South Dakota and Minnesota. But all the while God was preparing them for greater usefulness, for in the Fall of 1935 they were unanimously called to take charge of the Gospel Temple of Appleton, Wisconsin, where they have labored ever since, with God's attendant blessing upon the work.

One of the secrets of the steady and healthy growth of the Appleton Gospel Temple is that each member seeks earnestly to win others to Christ. And wherever members become workers in this great task of building for God there is certain to be progress made. In some cases it took months and years of prayer before certain "stones" were added and properly placed in this invisible church, but prayer always prevailed, until even the most rebellious became followers of the lowly Nazarene.

Little did a saloon-keeper and former tavern proprietor dream that when he moved to a certain address, it would mean a complete transforma-

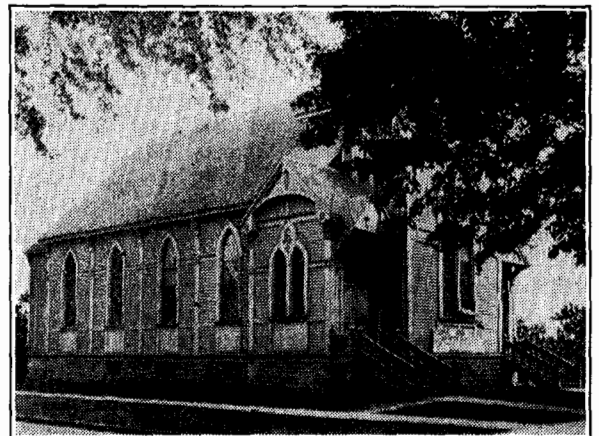
tion of his life and home as well, all because his new neighbors were Christians. No sooner had the family moved there than they were invited to attend church, but neither the saloon-keeper nor his wife would consent to go. However, there was one entering wedge and this was used when they asked if their little son might come to their Sunday School. Consent was given and for years these neighbors faithfully took the child to Sunday School. Then, after many invitations had been spurned, the father finally accepted and attended a revival service conducted by Evangelist Watson Argue. He decided it was the only way of "getting rid of these persistent neighbors." This was but the beginning of a regular attendance on his part, for a keen interest was created. He came again and again, was saved the third night and later his wife was converted; the home which had been on the verge of a shipwreck now became a peaceful and God-fearing dwelling place. He has been a faithful member and actively engaged in the church ever since.

Mr. and Mrs. Goudie have gathered around them a consecrated band of young people who have a zeal for souls that is outstanding. For the past three and a half years they have held services regularly in the county jail, and many are the hands raised for prayer at these services—sometimes every heart in the meeting has been touched, as evidenced by the uplifted hand for prayer. The sheriff has commended this group for their faithfulness in this ministry. At the close of the jail service the group go to the church for prayer in which they pour out their burdened hearts on behalf of these unfortunate men.

In the summer time when many churches are closed they are exceedingly busy launching out into tent meetings, street services, using amplifiers and every legitimate means to get the Gospel to the non-church goer.

Precious "stones" have been placed into the building through the instrument of

The Gospel Temple, Appleton, Wisconsin



divine healing and through the witness of a godly life, which so often speaks louder than words. A most remarkable healing was that of a very bad case of eczema. A lady was suffering intensely with this stubborn disease. Blisters on arms and hands caused the flesh to peel, leaving it raw and open and causing extreme itching. Ultra violet ray treatments were tried but this only spread the eczema. The doctor insisted on her going to the hospital for treatment but according to God's Word she was anointed for healing. She noticed a steady improvement and in a week the blisters had dried up and the unbearable itching had gone. Encountering the doctor on the street he inquired as to when she would be going to the hospital for treatment. In reply she showed him her hands. He was quite taken aback and asked what she had done, which opened the way for a testimony for God's glory. This incident has caused this family to move forward in the Lord, and has encouraged them to bring all, even the smallest matters, to God in prayer.

The mother of a family who have recently received the Pentecostal experience had been suffering for months with ulcers of the stomach, which left her very weak so that a good deal of the time she was confined to her bed. There was constant suffering caused by a gnawing, throbbing sensation. Her diet was milk and cream. She hoped to have strength to attend the Byron Camp and wondered how she could arrange about her milk and cream diet while there. But God had good things in store and as always, did the exceeding abundant. She was anointed with oil and God healed her that very night. The next morning she ate a heavy breakfast and since then has eaten anything she desires. This healing happened over a year ago. She has a healthy, normal appetite and enjoys her meals without any ill effect.

About two years ago they began to pray earnestly that God would fill the pews which were not occupied, and the answer came in a most unusual and precious manner. The Lord came into their midst and filled the house with His glory. There was such a sense of the presence of God that the pastor could not minister but they sat and worshipped in His presence. Then new faces came and folk became interested in the power of God.

Commensurate with the growth of the invisible church, there has been a strengthening of the "building made with hands" as well. God has enabled them to meet every payment as it fell due, besides raising several thousand dollars for improvements on the building. And such a band of faithful workers as they have been! Hours and hours of hard labor have been put in by the men after laboring hard all day, and somehow, God has graciously sent them men who were capable of doing the

very work they needed accomplished. Their missionary budget also has steadily increased.

And thus the Master Builder has built up and added on, carefully working according to His blue-print, ever since that day, years before there was even a sign of a Full Gospel work in Appleton—when a group of humble saints met together for prayer meetings, beseeching God that such a work might become a reality. An odd group it was—one from this church and another from that, but they were on a stretch for God and amid much persecution they pressed into His best. According to specifications the work was continued in prayer and God honored and established them, and as they "continued with one accord in the temple, . . . day by day, the Lord added to their number those whom He was saving."

Services at The Gospel Temple (Durkee & Harris Sts.) are as follows: Sunday School 9:30 A.M., Morning worship 10:45, Evangelistic 7:45 P.M., Christ's Ambassadors 6:30. Midweek meetings, Tuesday and Thursday at 7:45.

"Come thou with us and we will do thee good."

HOW LONG ?

IT WAS the time for morning rice. The sky was clear above. Chinese refugees in the large encampment near the border between Canton and British Territory were about to breakfast when interrupted by the roar of military planes. No explanation was necessary. In a panic they fled toward the British line. They had been through it before—but nothing quite so bad, however, as this proved later. No respect was shown to the non-combatant British, death-dealing bombs and fiery bullets from machine guns doing damage within their lines.

Red-cross ambulances and trained medical workers were rushed from the city thirty-five miles away, to the scene of horror. All day they toiled, digging out some from among the debris, picking up women and children in all stages of mutilation. Some lived to reach the hospital but succumbed shortly afterward.

Ten miles away from Hongkong on the quiet island of Cheung Chau we had known nothing of this until we reached the city at five p.m. to take leave of two missionaries who were starting for their upcountry station. These heroic men are both heads of families, one with three children, the other with five. Having returned from furlough recently they naturally feel an urge to encourage their Christian flock, many of whom have suffered heavy losses by the downfall of their city. The mission

property is in ruins, two bombs having completely demolished the building with all its furniture.

Fortunately for them there is a British gunboat going as far as Canton today, the first for some time since passenger steamers have been banned from service by the Japanese in control of Canton. From there they will trek across country. Dangers of many kinds confront them besides war: Chinese robbers on the alert for plunder, native foods and tea made from unfiltered river water, malarious mosquitoes, etc., etc. It will be months before their wives will see them again, if ever. And during this interval there is little hope of word sifting through as mails are finding it more and more difficult in transit.

From two of our C. M. A. friends who visited us Monday, we have heard an amazing story of divine deliverance from death. They have just returned from a distant outpost station in company with another couple who had been warned by their mission to move the Chinese Bible School to a safer zone in French Indochina. The Chinese Principal and his wife, as well as many of the students, were in the party.

One morning they found themselves the target for a machine-gun attack from the air. Mrs. P. (shielding her two small children in the bottom of the vessel as best she could) glanced upward through a small window and saw bullets coming down like rain.

Mrs. N. (whose three children were safe in Hongkong attending school) was trying to comfort the panic-stricken wife of the Principal when a bullet hit Mrs. Lam. Four hours of agony following ended the useful life, the victim having been a clever nurse as well as a most capable teacher in the school. Several of the students were wounded.

One could fill pages with war atrocities, shocking and bestial, that go on daily, perpetrated upon a peace-loving people. Citizens are being ground down under the iron heel of militarism. Nor is China the only nation to suffer—business men tell us that conditions in interior Japan are appalling. Another case of the innocent suffering for the guilty.

What is our duty as a so-called Christian nation? How can we best help them, these two countries engaged in human slaughter? Both are heathen, and certainly their social culture and ancient ethics have not removed hatred and greed from their hearts. In fact this aggressive nation is saying that they are copying what other so-called Christian nations have done before them. Is this not a challenge to "cease from man and look above us, trust in God and do the right"?

—Mrs. M. A. Burnside.

A Parish of Three and a Half Million

KATHERINE COOKE

IT IS fifteen years since I stood on this platform, which was before I sailed for India the first time. It was in this church that I had my vision of the lost and received my call to India. I praise God that we have the same Jesus over there as you have here; He works in the same way. I have witnessed scenes where boys and girls, men and women have been precious filled with the Holy Spirit.

I remember so well one scene which took place in our little assembly. A brother missionary and his wife, whom God was using in a marvelous way throughout India, had come to us to hold special meetings. We had one man in our meetings who had caused considerable trouble and the people did not like him. He finally went away for a position and declared he would never return again. While we were having these special meetings the Lord worked in a precious way. The first two meetings were very ordinary but on the third day there was a great melting on the part of the people. Some of the women who had caused me no end of trouble with quarrels, etc., began to make up with each other. One old woman went over to another and wept and wept, asking her forgiveness and then that woman asked forgiveness in turn. That went on all over the place. It was on that very day that word came to us that Benjamin and his wife had returned to the village. I wondered what would happen because they had said they would never return and our people said they would never have them back. But he had lost his job. While they were still away the wife kept praying and asking God to reveal His will to them and one Sunday night she was so troubled that she could not sleep. She finally said, "Benjamin, we have to go back," and so they came. As he returned to the village God began to deal with him; the first thing we knew he came to the chapel, got down on his knees, and asked the people for forgiveness. What a time we had that day! There was such rejoicing that people from all around came to see what had happened, and when they saw these people who they knew had been enemies, with their arms around each other, praising the Lord, they said, "Well, surely something has happened!"

Let me remind you that India is a land about half the size of the United States but we have over four hundred million people crowded into that territory. Can

you imagine such a multitude? and that millions of them have never heard the Gospel? Thousands are dying every day without having ever heard the Name of Jesus. The work which I left, is situated in North India, in Bihar Province. To the north of us are mountains, to the east is Bengali, to the west are the United Provinces. In this territory there are over three and a half million people and up to the time that we Pentecostal missionaries entered the district, there had not been *one* witness among all those people. Think of it—*three and a half million people for your parish!* Most of the people live in the villages, in mud or grass huts, in filth and degradation. Their idea of cleanliness is to take some mud or cow-dung and smear the floor with it.

India's people are very religious. They consider the cow as being holy. When the women get up in the morning they wouldn't think of beginning their day's work without first making the fire-place holy, so they take some cow-dung and smear it all over the fire-place. Before they start grinding their meal on the big stones which turn round and round, they must first smear them over so that they may be holy. Before they can eat a bite of their meal they must place some food before the idols, even though the monkeys may come and steal it.

But with all this religion, they know not the Lord as Savior. Why? How shall they hear without a preacher? It is very difficult to do pioneer work there. When I first went into this district I took a tent and some equipment and several Indian helpers. I remember, when we got to the station, we felt as though we had reached the jumping off place; we could see nothing but a few mud huts and there wasn't even a conveyance to take our luggage into the country. I said to the station master, "Is there no conveyance?" He said that he might be able to get one for me in about five or ten minutes. Well, I had lived in India long enough to know that that might mean three hours. So I decided I would start off across the fields to look for a location. It was about 11 o'clock in the morning and the sun was very hot and as I went across the fields the children ran away because they were afraid of me; the coolie women who were working in the fields would scream at the sight of me; others would pull their saaries over their faces and say in fright, "Here comes a man!" as they scattered in all

directions. I said, "How am I ever to reach these people?" and as I walked through those village lanes I earnestly prayed that God would work and somehow give us an entrance.

When I reached my destination I called for the head man of the village and asked him for permission to put up my tents. Now they are quite anxious to please you for they think you will speak well of them to the magistrate, so it wasn't long till a man came around with a petition and I sat there, in the grove, waiting for the consent to come. There is no sense of sanitation among them and I could scarcely endure the smells, so I had some coolies come and sweep the road. However, the smells remained. It wasn't till about four o'clock that evening that the ox-carts came lumbering up the road, and then we began putting up the tents. If you want to develop patience, come to India and you will learn that tribulation worketh patience. I was not used to handling heavy tents but there was no one else to supervise the job so I had to do the best I could. We had some hamboo poles and had to raise the tent quite high because of the hot sun; time and time again we would get it raised only to have it fall down on us again. Then we would try it all over again. Finally I said, "You aren't trying at all. You don't care if I ever get a shelter up." Then they said they would try once more, and finally they got it up. After supper, I fixed my bed and retired. In the morning, as I was wondering how I would ever reach the people, I heard an old priest come down the road calling to all the people that it was time to worship. The Mohammedan doesn't worship idols, but he believes that Mohammed is the prophet, and they say we are all infidels because we worship three gods. So I heard this man calling, "There is one God, and Mohammed is His prophet. Come, all ye faithful, awaken to pray, for it is better to pray than to sleep." Then I could hear the people moving around and getting up. They stand, with their faces turned toward Mecca, and pray. That is, they go through a form of prayer but do not know what they are saying. They have merely learned it by heart and they are very careful to obey all that their "holy" book, the Koran, tells them to do. I have often thought, that if we as Christians, were half as eager to obey the commands of our Lord Jesus Christ, as they are to obey the commands of their prophet, Christianity would soon sweep the earth.

As I listened to these cries of the priest, I too got up and dressed; I knelt down and praised God that I could talk to One who would understand and answer and once more I besought Him to show us how to reach these people. There was much opposition on the part of the Brahmins who were strong in this section. One day as

I had come down the road I heard the men saying to the people, "Don't you go near that woman. She is here for an evil purpose. She will take out your tongues and your eyes and put them in her little black box (meaning our camera). So don't go near her." Now, as I was praying, I heard the cries of a child, and as I looked, I saw her being carried down the road. Blood was dripping from her foot. I sent one of the boys to ask them to bring the child to me. But they were afraid to do this. The little one was about ten years old, was married and living in the home of her mother-in-law. This day, she had gone to the well to draw water, a big stone had fallen on her foot and smashed her toe and now her mother-in-law was bringing her back amidst much screaming. I knew if they took her home they would take cow-dung and smear it over the sores and that would just make the pain worse, so finally I succeeded in persuading them to bring the child to me. I carefully washed her foot, put some ointment on it and bandaged it up. The child was more afraid of me than she was about her toe and she kept screaming. However, when it was all cared for, she felt some better and I asked them to bring her back the next day.

All that day I was busy getting things in order and the next morning when this woman brought the child, there were a number of others with her. They brought little babes with all manner of dreadful sores; eyes that were all mattered up so that we had to soak them open, and as we pressed back the little lids out would gush the pus. We had dozens of such cases, people suffering with ring-worm and all sorts of diseases. One man had a dreadfully festered heel and he had tried to cleanse it with a piece of a nail for it was full of worms. We had to get down on the ground and pick out those worms.

Now I am not a medical missionary but when they come with sores like that, there is nothing else to do but to take care of them. I often wished I could be like the Lord Jesus and merely speak the word and they would be healed. But do you know, I think God wants us to be willing to get down in the dirt and take care of their filthy sores to show these people the love of God. As we do this for them, they marvel about it and say, "No one cares for us like you do." When I was leaving for furlough an old woman came and threw herself down at my feet, took hold of my ankles and said, "Don't go away. What will we do? You are our mother and our father. You are all we have. There is no one else that cares for us."

The Hindu religion has no love in it, but we had a chance to demonstrate the love of God.

The next day they brought still others,

suffering with fevers, and we prayed for them and some were healed as we laid our hands on them. As they came I explained to them that we were not there simply to help their bodies but that we had come to teach them the way of salvation, so I had them sit down and we preached to them the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Afterwards we took care of their sores; thus we had an opportunity of demonstrating the very thing we had talked about.

I remember one little babe they brought. Two weeks before she had fallen into the fire and her hands were terribly burned. Really it was almost impossible to tell that they were hands. They had smeared mud and cow-dung over them and tied them

"We think of the work of the Gospel achieved here by our father. More than a hundred churches he has built in our land, and year by year each of these churches beheld his face and heard from his lips the Word of Life. Wherever there was a human habitation in the Maroftsy land, even to the smallest hut built of grass and leaves, there he stooped to enter that he might lead our tribe to Christ. He climbed steep mountain tracks beneath the scorching sun; he descended into deep and silent valleys, he cut his way through pathless jungle and forest, he waded the swamps, he endured exhausting heat and perilous journeys that he might seek and save us. He made his life of no account. He showed love to the most debased, and kindness to those who opposed the Gospel, that he might bring them to Christ. He bore with our ignorance and folly. The pillar on which we leaned is broken. The signpost which directed our footsteps has been removed. May God send us a man with a spirit like his, that the work of redemption may be accomplished in our tribe."
—*Translation of a native of Madagascar's letter regarding a missionary, William Kendall Gale.*

up with leaves, till now they were a terrible mess. We washed the hands and separated the fingers, binding each finger separately, explaining that only Jesus could heal those hands. Thus we taught the people to look to Him. About the fourth day, we took the bandages off and we found that new skin had grown all around the fingers and the people said, "Oh look, Jesus has healed those hands!" That testimony went far and wide.

One morning two men came and they threw themselves down on the ground, took hold of my ankles, and said, "We won't let you go till you give us what we want. We have, in the village about six miles away, an old father; he is dying and

moaning and groaning. For ten days he has not been able to swallow. His throat is all closed up." This old man had come to die and he didn't know what would happen to him. The men had even brought an ox-cart, so sure were they that I would come. So I got in with some of the workers and off we went to the village. When we arrived I asked where the man was and they told us he was in a corner of a hut. We found him on a bed of straw, his wife next to him, weeping. There was no way of letting air into the hut except through the door and that doorway was crowded with all the village people. As our eyes became accustomed to the darkness we were able to see what the old man looked like and we knew at once he was in great pain. I asked him what his trouble was and he said, "I am suffering. I cannot swallow water and my time has come to die, and where am I going? I am afraid." Then he added, "But we heard you were over there telling about a Savior and that sick people were being healed and I said to my son, 'You ask her if she won't come over and see a poor old man and tell him the story also.'" There we had another opportunity of preaching the Gospel and it was wonderful how God answered prayer. We knelt down on the mud floor and read to him the Scriptures, sang some songs and then told him how Jesus would take him home to heaven with Him if he would only believe and confess his sins. He said, "I do believe," and then he asked, "What is His name again? Tell me His name again. I am old. I cannot remember." So we repeated the name of Jesus; then we laid our hands on him and anointed him and prayed for him to be able to swallow, and that Jesus should reveal Himself to him, take away his fear and let him realize that He was his Savior. As we repeated the Name of Jesus such a wonderful look came into his face; it seemed all the worry disappeared and he said, "Now I can swallow." I asked them to bring him some water and he was able to drink it—the first he had swallowed in ten days. Then he drank some milk and began repeating the name, "Yesu." It was growing late and we had to leave so we sang another little chorus and departed.

Let me ask you this question, Why didn't he believe before? Why did he have to wait till the eleventh hour? Because he had just heard the story for the first time. "How can they hear without a preacher?" Sometimes one of them will ask, "Is this a new thing? How long have you known it?"

We will answer, "Oh, so many years."

"How long have your people known it in America?"

"Quite a few years."

"And you have waited till now to come and tell us! Well, if there is anything to

it, surely you would have come before."

Yes, if it is so wonderful and so true, why haven't we gone before? Why aren't there more out there to tell the story?

We came home from that village and two or three days later the young men came back. They said, "The old man is calling for you. He has had peace since you were there. We want you to come back and sing the songs again before he dies." So we got into the ox-cart and when we got to the hut we knelt by the old man's side, sang some hymns and read the Scriptures and then we had to leave. But as we were coming away the old woman came running after us and said, "The old man is calling you. He said when you were here before you laid your hands on him and this time you didn't do that." So we retraced our steps, laid our hands on him, and left him repeating the name "Yesu." The next day they told us the old man had gone to be with Yesu.

In the cool season we take our tents and go out to the villages; in some places they receive us and in others we are chased out by the mob. One man who owned a grove invited us to come and put up our tents there. We had the people come by the hundreds every morning and we had them sit down while we taught them the Word of God, before we prayed for their sick. About 75% of the people of India are illiterate, but this old man could read a little. After we had been in this village a while we felt it was not safe to remain in tents any longer as the sun was getting so hot, so we pulled up our stakes to come to the main station. The old man came over and said, "What are you doing?" When we told him we had much to do at our station and that it was getting too hot, he said, "But Missahib, I haven't learned anything. How can you expect me to learn anything so soon—a poor old thing like I am, without any brains?" And I thought, Yes, how true it is! We expect them to remember the story after hearing it but a very few times but I know that over here, people who have heard the story all their lives, cannot remember in the evening, what the afternoon message was about. They cannot even remember the text.

After much pleading, Mr. Dyke, who has charge of my station while I am home, called us back and said, "Here is a needy soul. Come, let us give him what he desires." So we squatted down and three or four other old men gathered around; we talked some more and sang hymns until it seemed I could sing them in my sleep. The old man wanted to learn a certain verse so he had us repeat over and over again John 3:16 and then he would repeat it.

After we returned to our station he would send word from time to time saying,

"I learned that verse, but when are you coming back to teach us some more?" How can they hear without a preacher, and how can they preach unless they be sent?

GOD'S PROTECTION IN DANGER

THE LORD called me to the mission field as a child going to school. One day I felt the pressure of God upon my soul and I had to leave my girl friends and pray. For three days there was a burden of prayer upon me. I didn't understand it, but on the third day the Lord spoke to my heart, "Would you like to go as a missionary?" I answered, "Gladly."

My mother worked among the Chinese in San Francisco. She had a class of eighty Cantonese, and a number of them came out for Christ. So the Spirit of God early dealt with me. He works out His purposes before we are born, and has a plan for each of our lives. May God help us to fit into that plan that He has marked out for us.

In going out to the mission field I realized I was going to the border of Tibet, in Kansu Province, North China. There were no doctors there, and I definitely took the Lord as my Physician; put my body into the hands of the Lord, and during the thirty-six years I have been on the mission field I have proved the Lord to be faithful. He kept me in sickness, and protected in many dangers. And during all these years He has supplied my needs. One day three of us needed twenty dollars to make a trip across China. We definitely asked the Lord for this money, and the next day two of us received that amount in the mail. God had begun to work a whole month ahead to meet that pressing need.

During the time that I was a faith missionary, after resigning from the C. & M. A., there was a period of nine years in which the Lord wonderfully supplied my needs, and kept me in health and strength. For two years nothing came in to speak of from the homeland, but the Lord provided. Mrs. Hector McLean came up to our station and asked me to come down and teach her daughter, and also work among the Chinese. She gave me a gift that helped me to get home on furlough.

Then many times I have known the Lord as my Protector. How true it is that "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him and delivereth them." Oh the many times we have known the angels of the Lord to bear us up in their hands! One day, Mr. and Mrs. Lower and others of us were traveling along the road in mountain chairs. Suddenly the first man put down his chair and that halted the whole procession. Just

then we heard a crack and breaking of the rock overhead and great pieces came down just ahead over our path. It was the Lord that caused the head man to stop.

At another time we were traveling along a robber-infested road, going from one city to another. It was so dangerous the evangelist and I prayed continually. As we reached a certain point he said, "Now around that curve ahead is the place where people are often robbed." We knelt down on the roadside and prayed God to protect us. When we came to a half-way town the people invited us to stay over the night with them, but we felt we must go on. A few hours later a band of 80 armed men came and took everything from the poor people. We passed through many terrifying experiences, but that verse "Underneath are the everlasting arms," has been a strength to us.

It is blessed to be led by God even in the apparently little things. One day we were preparing to go to a market place to speak. There were two places we had in mind and felt led to pray very definitely that God would guide and direct us to the right place. We chose the one near-by and the message was well received. Then we went home. We found the door locked and could not make the old lady who looked after the place hear us knock. With a stick we managed to lift the latch and went in. There was a big fire in the kitchen and the rice was steaming, and we saw some wood was beginning to scorch. If we hadn't chosen the near-by market place and come home early our house would have burned down. The old lady lay on the floor right by the stove. We called her but she didn't answer. On examining her we found the poor old lady dead on the floor. So we quickly ran out and told the neighbors and the police. Unless we took these measures the foreigner would be to blame. The coroner had me search her pockets and I drew out a big piece of raw opium. He saw by her finger nails she had been an opium addict, and was satisfied we were not responsible.

God has protected us very signally during the past years. Once from the Red Army. The native Christians were at the hall and heard the Reds breaking through the front door. They fled on hands and knees, crawling through the fields to the brick-kiln where they were saved. On another occasion there was a terrific explosion in Yunnan Fu. I was walking along the street and suddenly heard a tremendous noise. When we got home we found the front door down, many of the windows broken, but none of the missionaries killed. The Lord had each one somewhere else. One missionary had a feeling she must leave the city. She had read, "When you see the enemy surrounding the city, flee to the mountains." That verse took hold of her and she left. An-

other missionary was asleep in an upstairs room. She was awakened and got out of bed and came down and stepped outside the door, when the roof fell in, right on the bed where she had been lying.

There were forty Chinese praying in a church when this explosion occurred and they were all safe. Had they been in their homes they would doubtless have been killed, for it was the district where their houses were, that was affected. And so the Lord has marvelously taken care of His children in the midst of peril.—Miss Grace Agar in the Stone Church.

Chinese Become Believers Through the Gospel of Healing

(Continued from page 3)

woman. As he began to pray the demons actually talked back to him, giving their particular names and saying, "I know you." But after much fervent prayer and waiting on God, the demons were rebuked and the woman was clothed again in her right mind.

As these families turned from heathenism to Christianity, they discarded their idols and all forms of heathen worship. One home after another was stripped of its paper gods which had been worshipped faithfully for many years. One day we announced that we would have a joint meeting of several days, for all the Christians to come together and have a time of fellowship and the Word. At the close of one of these meetings the Christians formed a semi-circle in the courtyard and witnessed the burning of a heap of idols and ancestral tablets which the Christians from Natural Bridge had stripped from their homes. There was great rejoicing and together we raised our hands as the group sang, "Hallelujah, Thine the Glory."

It is a bitter struggle for some who have been steeped in heathen superstition to give up all their former practices and turn to Christ, but He gives the needed grace. Many times they would yield much sooner than they do, were it not for fear that grips them. We had one woman who was a strict vegetarian and for over twenty years she had been striving to gain merit with the gods, by good works. Many times we had exhorted her to turn to the living God and we believe she was convinced in her heart that this was the right way, but she feared those who acted in the capacity of priests. At last Christ conquered and she had a precious experience of conversion. She, too, took down her ancestral tablets and other idols, and ever since has faithfully served the Lord. She is along in years but seldom misses a meeting and as she sits there in the front row, she is an inspiration to us all as we see her drinking in the message. Her son was the first one to re-

ceive the Baptism of the Spirit in Lunan.

It has been very precious to see God meeting the needs of these old people. He knows how bound they have been all their lives and now, when they hear the Gospel for the first time, it is often difficult for them to understand. But so often God has revealed Himself in some particular way, thus making Himself real to them. I remember one old man whom we baptized at Ileang, a British Pentecostal Station. He was past seventy years of age but when he became converted he wanted to be baptized. As we led him into the water, the people on the banks said, "It is a shame to make such an old man go through an ordeal like that. It may kill him." But instead of it harming him physically, the Lord gave him a definite healing touch.

WITH THE LORD

We regret to record the home-going of Mrs. Phoebe Holmes Spence of China, on Friday, April 7th. Mrs. Spence of late years has been laboring in Yunnan Province, and has had a most precious ministry among the better class, University students, doctors, officials and their wives, whose hearts have opened to the Gospel because of China's sorrow. But her intensive zeal and untiring ministry in behalf of China told on heart and life, and she went home. It was a great shock to Brother Spence who is now on furlough and who was in a convention in Toronto when the news reached him. Three daughters in China mourn her loss.

His eyes were very bad, but that day after he had gone home, he discovered that his eyesight had been fully restored. Now he witnesses on the village streets, telling the people how for fifty years he had faithfully worshipped old Buddha without ever receiving any benefits through it, but now, when he was obedient to the command of the Lord and was baptized, his eyesight had been restored. And thus God has honored His Word and proved Himself faithful at every turn.

Just recently the Lord opened up a new door of service for which we ask a deep interest in your prayers. The government is taking steps to gather all the lepers and segregate them in colonies, one of which is located just about thirteen miles from Lunan. This presents to us a very fruitful field, for we have always found that lepers turn to the Lord readily. They have nothing to live for in this life and the Gospel of Jesus Christ has a strong appeal to them.

Besides this, they are often in dire need of material help, such as clothing and food. So, feeling that God was laying this work upon our hearts, we approached the official at Lunan for permission to work amongst them, and he gave his very hearty consent. There are approximately three hundred lepers in Lunan County alone and we are believing that the Lord will give us a real harvest among this most needy people. Pray for the work while we are absent from the field, that in these perilous times, God will keep the Christians faithful to their testimony.

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Ex-Prosecutor is Indicted in Abortion Probe

More indictments were promised by Special Prosecutor John Harlan Amen as he recently investigated an abortion racket which he said is responsible for 100,000 illegal operations annually in Brooklyn alone.

Poison "Syndicate"

Recently, Philadelphia police were tracking down members of an incredibly business-like poison ring which had murdered with arsenic not one or two victims, but more than 100 over a 10-year period in half a dozen eastern states. A score of graves had been opened, 13 persons were under arrest and two slayers stood convicted, but authorities said they had "only scratched the surface" of what seemed likely to prove the greatest mass murder case in history.

A Glut and a Famine Exist Side by Side

Recently an official daily report of the U. S. Treasury showed that this country had \$15,360,000,000 worth of gold. Cast in a single mold, this hoard would make a huge, glittering block 20 feet square and nearly 62 feet high. It would be about as tall as a six story building, and would weigh 15,000 tons.

No other nation in history has ever accumulated such a vast store of gold. It is such a Gargantuan quantity that the United States has not been able to find a use for more than half of it. Some of it is used in international transactions; some is held as a base for American currency. But nearly 10 billion dollars worth is used for nothing at all.

In the immediate future, the Treasury's supply of gold will increase. Frightened by the looming prospect of war, Europe is sending ton on ton of the metal to the U. S. The current acceptance of gold from abroad is at a rate of more than \$100,000,000 — 100 tons — a week.

The world's supply of governmental gold is about \$26,800,000,000. Of this sum, the U. S. owns 57 per cent, or more than half.

New Alliance Predicted

Philip Marshall Brown, representing the American Peace Society, told the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee on May 1st, that an "arrangement" between Russia, Germany and Japan is "perhaps an immediate possibility."

He declared such a lineup would result

from an agreement between Russia and Germany, which he said is the aim of Russia's present "power politics," and from the existing alliance between Japan and Germany.

European Power in Planes

According to unofficial but authoritative military statistics the strength of European powers in first line planes is as follows: Germany, 9,500; Russia, 6,100; Italy, 4,800; and Great Britain, 3,300.

Business Urges War on Japan

Spokesmen for American business interests abroad declared recently that the U. S. should protect a \$1,000,000,000 a year market in China and the Philippines at the risk of war with Japan, if necessary.

Dogs For War

Dogs for use in war are now being trained all over the world. Russia has its school for dogs in Moscow. In Japan a training kennel has been functioning since 1933. In Poland and Italy kennels for war dogs have been common. The frontier guards of Estonia are provided with dogs. In France Alpine troops are making tests with them.

The dogs are trained for a number of purposes. They are used to carry messages for the medical corps and for guards. They will travel fast over rough terrain and swim rivers to reach their destination. They go to find medical corps men when they have located the wounded. If the end of telephone wire is attached to the collar of a military dog he will lay the wire more quickly and more silently than can men. He will carry supplies on his back and can also work with a gas mask.

Super Flying Fortress

Remarkably little has leaked into the press about a monster plane developed for possible use by the U. S. Army. Now nearing completion at the Douglas plant in Santa Monica, California, it is by far the biggest aircraft ever built, with speed, lifting power, and range well outstripping those of the giant Yankee Clipper so widely publicized in recent weeks. Though it is a landplane, the new ship would have a gross weight, when fully loaded with bombs, of about 120,000 pounds—as compared with the new Clipper's 82,500. Its range may be as much as 7,000 miles. Besides use as a super-bomber, the ship could be employed as a transport to rush several score machine gunners to a crucial spot in a crisis.

Roman Catholic Population Gains in U. S.

A Roman Catholic population of 21,406,507 for the United States, Alaska and the Hawaiian Islands is reported in the official Catholic Directory for 1939.

The total is an increase of 239,827 over that of last year.

Methodists Open Meeting to Prepare Church Merger

The Methodist Episcopal, Methodist Episcopal South and Methodist Protestant church who represent 8,000,000 members were united May 10th in their Kansas City Conference. The new church owns property valued at more than \$650,000,000.

A Rising Godless Generation

The American Institute of Public Opinion whose "Straw" polls have been proved accurate by subsequent elections, recently polled the generations on their opinion of the Bible. The results showed that of people under thirty years of age, the Bible was the favorite book of only 6 per cent.

In most cases, the young people have not "rejected" the Word of God; they simply have no knowledge of it—no opportunity to appreciate it.

Atheist Advance in America

Several years ago, James H. Leuba took a "religious census" of scientists. Of 23,000 scientists covered by his questionnaire, only 30% declared themselves as believers in a personal God and immortality.

Recently Dr. Lueba extended his questionnaire to the names listed in "Who's Who in America." The parties polled on the question of belief in a personal, prayer-answering God and in personal immortality, were classified according to their replies as follows:

	Believers in God	Believers in Immortality
Bankers -----	64%	71%
Business men ---	53	62
Lawyers -----	53	59
Writers -----	32	40

The "wisdom of this world," the pseudo-science and the false scholarship of the "intellectual" world are increasingly organizing themselves against God and His Word.

Sex Statistics

Ellsworth B. Buck, Vice President of New York City's Board of Education, pub-

lished a batch of statistics, last February on the city situation, showing a "shocking" number of illegitimate births, rapes and social diseases among the children of school age.

To fortify his arguments, Buck had come forth with some new statistics on the problem, this time on a national scale. Devoted largely to illegitimacy, the survey included such findings as these:

Of the approximately 40 children in every 1,000 born out of wedlock, almost half have mothers between the ages of 15 and 19 years. Moreover, about 1,800 illegitimate children a year, or 5 per cent of the total, are born to child-mothers of 10 to 14 years.

The Sunday School Laboratory

(Continued from page 5)

than you do; multiply the classes and put others to work. Many of them will develop a teaching ministry.

When the householder in the parable went away, he left every man his work; not merely the preacher and the singer. So the Sunday School provides a beautiful realm where we may all be actively engaged for the glory of the Lord. This is where young people are trained for the ministry; talents are developed and ability comes forth. You have a child in the Junior Department taking charge of the prayer requests and leading the singing and you are giving that child an opportunity for self expression, and the first thing you know you have developed a worker. The next thing, you find them going off to Bible School and then off to the mission field, winning souls for Jesus, all because you developed them and got them started in the Sunday School. That has happened over and over again under my own observation as well as in the records of many others. So remember that your Sunday School is a place where you may train workers for the kingdom of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

Let me also say that the Sunday School is the best known feeder of the church. You can bring new members into the church by this means faster than in any other way. Consider how many members have come into the church through the Sunday School and then ask yourself this question: "Could the membership not be doubled very profitably in that way?" But you say, "We don't have room." Let me ask you, "Are you just a mutual fellowship? satisfied to stay as you are?" If so, I say earnestly, God's curse is upon us. We have begun to retrograde and slip away if we sit down and rest. God wants us to work and bring in others who are just as precious in His sight as the ninety and nine who are safe in the fold; and if you really want your church to grow, I can

guarantee that if you get your Sunday School evangelized and energized, you have a power that will build up your church faster than anything else.

The Sunday School is the child of the church. It is a wretched modern tendency in homes where they deliberately refuse to have children, for it is God's divine will that children should grace every family; and it is a horrible situation where the church doesn't have a Sunday School. It is the business of the church to create and foster the Sunday School; to feed and nourish it. Don't make it fight its way through but supply the needs of that child until it is able to supply its own.

Then contrariwise, remember, Sunday School leaders, the Sunday School is just a child of the church and should never become insubordinate; it should always be deferential and should have in its whole program, the welfare of the church. It is a terrible condition where people come to Sunday School and do not stay for the church service. It is the deferential child of the church.

I trust God has enabled us to bring you something in this message of The Relation of the Home, the Church and the Sunday School, that will be of benefit to you and to the kingdom of God.

"When one looks into the quiet eyes of Him that sitteth upon the throne, the tremors of the spirit are stilled. Pharaoh, king of Egypt, is but a noise; and the valley of the shadow of death is tuneful with songs of praise. Storms may rave beneath our feet, but the sky above is blue. We take our station with Christ in heavenly place; we dwell in the sabbath of God."

—David M. McIntyre.

AT HOME WITH THE LORD

Mrs. A. H. Argue of Winnipeg, Canada, has joined the ranks of that great throng which no man can number.

She has been a sufferer for some months during which time her husband and daughter Zelma were confined to their home. She went to be with her Lord on May 5th. Hers was a hidden ministry. In the fear of the Lord she reared a precious family that will cherish the memory of her godly training.

Of the six children who mourn her loss, four are in the ministry, all of whom are active in Pentecostal circles: Zelma, who travels with her father in evangelistic work; Watson, Pastor of Calvary Temple, Winnipeg; Beulah, wife of Rev. C. Bannerman Smith, Pastor of the Ottawa Assembly; and Elwin, now engaged in evangelistic work in Canada. She will always live through her children whom she so conscientiously trained in the fear of the Lord.

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MRS. ESTHER B. HARVEY
In the Stone Church Convention

WHEN I consecrated my life to God He led me to lay on the altar not only things I knew about, but whatever the future held for me for time and eternity. When my three children were taken, one after the other, and my husband, the Lord took me back to that consecration I made, "Didn't you put on the altar the things you didn't know?" They are there now, and I have proved that He always gave grace.

The Lord helped me to give up something else this last year. I had a home over in India. It was nothing but a mud house but it had been my home for 25 years. It was the first place I lived in when I went to India. I went away and returned as a bride. Those rooms held memories that were precious beyond words. I can remember victories the Lord gave in that home, when He made a certain room sacred because of His presence and because of memories of loved ones. When the flood came I cried, "Oh God, do not let my home go!" But I became willing to give that up, and I believe He will give me another, and He can fill that one with His presence and glory.

Before I went to India the Lord gave me a vision of the people. I saw widows, children, lepers,—great crowds of people coming for healing, and they were healed. This year I have seen that vision realized.

Our evangelist had been a teacher in our Boys' School, a Hindu master, a non-Christian, but we had a rule in our School that the teachers had to go to church once on Sunday. The message got hold of his heart. While sleeping he suddenly awakened, a hand gripped him and the Lord spoke, "I am the way. Enter." He had been crying out to his god for peace, but the Lord continued to knock at his heart. He tried to sleep but couldn't, so finally cried out to God, "Teach me how!" He told his wife that he was going to be baptized, and she wanted to be baptized also, but she was very quarrelsome. We had no end of trouble with her.

But during some special meetings a great change came. The baby was sick with pneumonia and she bundled it up and came. I remember how she sat on the floor by the door. All of a sudden the power of God fell and she was baptized in the Spirit. He changed that old nature and gave her a heart like His own. She was transformed. Now she goes out into the villages with her husband and is intense in her zeal to bring others to Christ.

Her husband had previously received the Baptism. Sometimes he reminds me of Elijah of old. On one occasion he said, "I will prove that our God lives and answers prayer. Bring forth the worst case you have." They brought a paralyzed man, and God healed him.

It was just two years ago that we opened an outstation. Our people tithe, and out of this fund they support two out-stations. The church prayed and we left this native worker to choose a place. They went to a village and said, "We will pray so many days until God opens the doors in this place." In a few days someone came to them and told of a woman dying with fever. She had been lying on her bed for weeks. "Can you do anything for her?" they asked. Our evangelist went and prayed for the woman and God delivered on the spot. The next day the woman was about the house.

When the news spread others came, people having all kinds of diseases, the blind, the lame, the demon-possessed. There was no church building and no place to have a meeting but on the tiny veranda. The people thronged the roads and the crowds increased until traffic was blocked. Sometimes you would see a man carrying another on his back.

When we heard what God was doing, we went out to see. The Sunday I was there a thousand people were prayed for. They simply mobbed us. Many deaf and dumb were healed. They began to call him the deaf and dumb teacher, saying he taught the deaf and dumb to talk. I remember a man bringing his boy nine years old, who had never spoken in his life. We gave out tickets to those who heard the message, to have everything orderly. This man didn't have a ticket and I told him he would have to wait. He said, "I cannot wait. My boy has never spoken. I know he will be healed as soon as you pray for him." I said, "Do you believe when we pray that your child will be healed?" He said, "I know he will." As soon as we prayed the boy spoke. The father took off his hat and threw it up in the air. He came back every day to show how the boy had learned new words.

Some one brought a little crippled girl. I asked, "How did you get here?" "Somebody brought me." "How will you get home?" "I am going to walk back." Some of these heathen people put us to shame. That little girl, after we prayed for her, walked out of the building. A

heathen sweeper, forgetting he wasn't a Christian, threw up his hands and shouted, "Hallelujah! Victory be to Christ!" And that whole crowd shouted a glad cry. As I went through the crowd I met an old woman who had been paralyzed and was healed. She lifted her arm and said, "In the Name of Jesus I can lift it now." A woman who had been demon-possessed for 38 years was instantly delivered. A leper came, with three of his fingers diseased. He was healed. A year later I met him, and he was still healed. A child was dying with cholera, for whom there was no hope. God instantly delivered.

We asked God to work on our main station as He had on the out-station. They brought a little girl who had club-feet. She crawled on hands and feet; never been able to stand. We prayed for her but there didn't seem to be any difference. I encouraged her to look for healing as she went. The next day in the school a boy said that his cousin who was a cripple could now raise herself up. It was the child who had club-feet. The bones that had been twisted and drawn, straightened and now she walks flat on her feet. And so the Lord worked in miracles of healing till all in that district learned to know the power of our God.

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